

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine — Volume 54, No. 333, July 1843 eBook

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PART II.

“Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
Rage like all angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven’s artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud ‘larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?”

Shakspeare.

My entertainer received me with more civility than I had expected. He was almost fashionably dressed; his grim features were smoothed into an elaborate smile; and he repeated his gratification at seeing me, in such variety of tones that I began to doubt the cordiality of my reception. But I could have no doubt of the elegance of the apartment into which I was shown. All was foreign, even to the flowers in the vases that filled the windows. A few bas-reliefs in the most finished style; a few alabasters as bright as if they had been brought at the moment from Carrara; a few paintings of the Italian masters, if not original and of the highest value, at least first-rate copies—caught the eye at once: the not *too* much, the not *too* little, that exact point which it requires so much skill to touch, showed that the eye of taste had been every where; and I again thought of the dungeon in the city, and asked myself whether it was possible that Mordecai could be the worker of the miracle.

Naturally making him some acknowledgment for his invitation, and saying some civil thing of his taste, he laughed, and said, “I have but little merit in the matter. All this is my daughter’s. Moorfields is *my* house; this house is Mariamne’s. As our origin and connexions are foreign, we make use of our opportunities to indulge ourselves in these foreign trifles. But we have a little ‘reunion’ of our neighbours this evening, and I must first make you known to the lady of the *fete*.” He rang the bell.

“Neighbours!” said I; “all round me, as I came, seemed solitude; and yours is so beautiful, that I almost think society would injure its beauty.”

“Well, well, Mr Marston, you shall see. But this I advise you, take care of your heart if you are susceptible.”

A servant announced that his mistress would attend us in a few minutes, and I remained examining the pictures and the prospect; when a gay voice, and the opening of a door, made me turn round to pay my homage to the lady. I had made up my mind to see one of the stately figures and magnificent countenances which are often to be found in the higher orders of the daughters of Israel. I saw, on the contrary, one of the gayest

countenances and lightest figures imaginable—the *petit nez retroussé*, and altogether much more the air of a pretty Parisian than one of the superb race of Zion. Her manner was as animated as her eyes, and with the ease of foreign life she entered into conversation; and in a few minutes we laughed and talked together, as if we had been acquaintances from our cradles.

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The history of the house was simply, that “she hated town and loved the country; that she loved the sea better than the land, and loved society of her own selection better than society forced upon her.—On the sea-shore she found all that she liked, and escaped all that she hated. She therefore lived on the sea-shore.—She had persuaded her father to build that house, and they had furnished it according to their own recollections, and even their own whims.—Caprice was liberty, and liberty was essential to the enjoyment of every thing. Thus, she loved caprice, and laid herself open to the charge of being fantastic with those who did not understand her.”

In this sportive way she ran on, saying all kinds of lively nothings; while we drank our coffee out of Saxon porcelain which would have shone on the table of a crowned head.

The windows were thrown open, and we sat enjoying the noblest of all scenes, a glorious sunset, to full advantage. The fragrance of the garden stole in, a “steam of rich distilled perfumes;” the son of the birds, in those faint and interrupted notes which come with such sweetness in the parting day; the distant hum of the village, and the low solemn sound of the waves subsiding on the beach, made a harmony of their own, perhaps more soothing and subduing than the most refined touches of human skill. We wanted nothing but an Italian moon to realize the loveliness of the scene in Belmont.

“The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a night
Medea gather’d the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Jason.”

As I glanced on the little, superbly dressed Jewess, sitting between her father and myself, I thought of the possibilities to come.

——“In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And, with an unthrift love, did run from Venice.”

We soon after had the moon herself, rising broad and bright from the ocean; and all was romance, until a party were seen coming up the avenue, laughing and talking very sportively.

“I beg a thousand apologies; but I had forgotten to mention that we have a small dance this evening, chiefly foreign, and, as you may perceive, they keep early hours,” said Jessica, rising to receive them.

“They are French, and emigrants,” added Mordecai. “All is over with them and theirs in France, and they have made the best of their way to England, therein acting more wisely than those who have stayed behind. I know France well; the ‘*tigre-singe*,’ as their

countryman described them. These unfortunates have been consigned to me by my correspondents, like so many bales of silks, or barrels of Medoc. But here they come.”

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I certainly was not prepared for the names which I now heard successively announced. Instead of the moderate condition from which I had supposed Mordecai and his pretty daughter, aspiring as she was, to have chosen their society, I found myself in a circle of names of which the world had been talking since I was in my cradle, if not for a dozen centuries before. I was in the midst of dukes, counts, and chevaliers, marechals and marchionesses, the patrons and patronesses of the Marmontels and D'Alemberts, the charm of the Du Deffand *soirees*, and the originals for the charming piquancies and exquisite impertinences of L'Espinasse, and the *coterieisme* of Paris.

All that I had seen of the peerage of our haughty country was dim and dull to the gay glitter of the crowd around me. Nature never moulded two national characters so distinct in all points, but the French exterior carries all before it. Diamonds and decorations sparkled on every side. The dresses of the women were as superb as if they had never known fear or flight; and the conversation was as light, sportive, and *badinant*, as if we were all waiting in the antechamber of Versailles till the chamberlain of Marie Antoinette should signify the royal pleasure to receive us. Here was stateliness to the very summit of human pride, but it was softened by the taste of its display; the most easy familiarity, yet guarded by the most refined distinctions. The *bon-mot* was uttered with such natural avoidance of offence, and the arch allusion was so gracefully applied, that the whole gave me the idea of a new use of language. They were *artistes* of conversation, professors of a study of society, as much as painters might be of the style of the Bolognese or the Venetian school.

I was delighted, but I was still more deeply interested; for the chief topics of the evening were those on which public curiosity was most anxiously alive at the moment—the hazards of the revolutionary tempest, which they had left raging on the opposite shore. Yet, “Vive la France!” we had our cotillon, and our songs to harp and piano, notwithstanding the shock of governments.

But we had scarcely sat down to the supper which Mordecai's hospitality and his daughter's taste had provided for us—and a most costly display of plate and pine-apples it was—when our entertainer was called out of the room by a new arrival. After some delay, he returned, bringing in with him a middle-aged officer, a fine soldierly-looking figure, in the uniform of the royal guard. He had just arrived from France with letters for some of the party, and with an introduction to the Jew, whom I now began to regard as an agent of the French princes. The officer was known to the whole table; and the enquiries for the fate of their friends and France were incessant and innumerable. He evidently suppressed much, to avoid “a scene;” yet what he had to tell was sufficiently alarming. The ominous shake of the Jew's head, and the changes of his sagacious visage, showed me that he at least thought the evil day on the point of completion.

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"Living," said he, "at this distance from the place of events which succeed each other with such strange rapidity, we can scarcely judge of any thing. But, if the king would rely more on his peasantry and less on his populace, and more on his army than either, he might be king of France still."

"True!—true!" was the general acclamation.

"He should have clung to his noblesse, like Henri Quatre," said a duke.

"He should have made common cause with his clergy," said a prelate, with the physiognomy of one of Titian's cardinals.

"Any thing but the Tiers Etat," was uttered by all, with a general voice of horror.

"My letters of this evening," said Mordecai, "tell me that the *fete* at Versailles has had dangerous consequences."

"*Ciel!*" exclaimed a remarkably handsome woman of middle age, with the "air noble" in every feature. "Pardon me, it must be an error. I was present. It was the most brilliant of all possible reunions. It was a pledge to the salvation of France. I hear the sound of 'Richard, O mon Roi!' in my ear at this moment. When, oh when, shall I hear it again!" She burst into a passion of tears.

The name was electric. All began that very charming air at the moment. Sobs and sighs stole in between the pauses of the harmony. Their rich and practised voices gave it the sweetness and solemnity of a hymn. Fine eyes were lifted to heaven; fine faces were buried in their clasped hands; and the whole finished like the subsidence of a prayer.

But madame la duchesse was full of her subject, and we were full of curiosity. We implored her to give us some idea of a scene, of which all Europe was thinking and talking. She required no importunity, but told her tale with the majesty of a Clairon. It was at first all exclamation. "O my king!—O my unhappy but noble queen!—O my beloved but noble France! *O Richard! O mon Roi!—Le monde vous abandonne!*" She again wept, and we again sympathized.

"For weeks," said she, "we had been tortured at Versailles with reports from the capital. We lived in a perpetual fever. The fury of the populace was terrible. The wretches who inflamed it constantly threatened to lead the armed multitude to the palace. We were almost without defence. The ministers could not be prevailed on to order the advance of the troops, and we felt our lives from hour to hour dependent on chance."

"It was my month of waiting as lady of honour. I found the queen always firm; or, if she ever trembled, it was at the want of firmness in others. She had made up her mind for the worst long before. She often said to me, in those revolutionary nights when we sat

listening for the sound of the cannon or the tocsin from Paris—'France is an abyss, in which the throne must sink. But sovereigns may be undone—they must not be disgraced.' The world never possessed a more royal mind.

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“At length an opportunity seemed to offer of showing the true feeling of the court to the army. The regiment of Flanders had come to take its tour of service at the palace, and the *garde du corps* had sent them an invitation to a grand military banquet. There was nothing new, and could have been nothing suspicious, in the invitation; for it was the custom of the *garde*, on the arrival of any regiment at Versailles, as a commencement of mutual civility. The regiment of Flanders was a distinguished corps—but the whole army had been tampered with; and the experiment was for the first time a doubtful one. As if to make it still more doubtful, the invitation was extended to the national guard of Versailles.”

Every eye was now fixed on the narrator, as she went on with increasing animation.

“Never was there a day of greater anxiety. We were sure of the *garde du corps*; but treachery was roving through France, and the banquet might only produce a collision. The entertainment, by being in the opera salon, was actually within the palace, and all the royal suite remained in the royal apartments, in fear and trembling, during the entire day.

“But as the night advanced, the intelligence, which was brought to us every five minutes from the salon, became more tranquillizing. The coldness which had existed in the beginning between the *garde* and the troops of the line had vanished, and loyal healths, gay speeches, and charming songs succeeded. At length a gallant young lieutenant of the *garde*, in a fit of noble enthusiasm, cried—‘We all are the soldiers of France—we all are loyal, all are happy—Why shall not our king witness our loyalty and our happiness?’ The tidings were instantly conveyed to the royal apartments. The king rose—the court followed. We entered the salon. Oh, that sight!—so new, so touching, so indescribable!”

Her voice sank for a moment. She recovered herself, and proceeded—

“The queen leaned on the arm of the king, the dauphin and dauphiness followed; Madame Elizabeth, that saint on earth if ever there was one, headed the ladies of the court. All rose at our entrance; we were received with one acclamation. The sight is still before me. I had seen all that was brilliant in the courts of Europe. But this moment effaced them all. The most splendid *salle* on earth, crowded with uniforms, all swords drawn and waving in the light, all countenances turned on the king, all one shout of triumph, loyalty, and joy! Alas! alas! was it to be the last beat of the national heart? Alas! alas! was it to be the last flash of the splendour of France; the dazzling illumination of the *catafalque* of the Bourbons; the bright burst of flame from the funeral pile of the monarchy?”

Her voice sank into silence; for the first time unbroken throughout the room.

At length, to relieve the pause, Mordecai expressed something of a hope that the royal family slept in peace, for that one night at least.

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"I really cannot tell," briskly said the fair narrator. "But I know that the ladies of the court did not. As the king retired, and we remained in the opera boxes to amuse ourselves a little with the display, we heard, to our astonishment, a proposal that the tables should be cleared away, and the ladies invited to a dance upon the spot. The proposal was instantly followed by the officers climbing into the boxes, and by our tearing up our pocket-handkerchiefs to make them cockades. We descended, and danced loyally till daybreak."

"With nothing less than field-officers, I hope?" said a superb cavalier, with a superb smile.

"I hope so too," laughed the lady; "though really I can answer for nothing but that the cotillon was excessively gay—that our partners, if not the best dancers upon earth—I always honour the *garde du corps*,"—and she bowed to the captain; "were the most obliged persons possible."

"Ah, but roturiers, madame!" said a stiff old duke, with a scorn worthy of ten generations of ribands of St Louis.

"True; it was most melancholy, when one comes to reflect upon it," said the lady, with an elevation of her alabaster shoulders to the very tips of her ears. "But on that evening roturiers were in demand—popularity was every thing; the *bourgeoisie* of Versailles were polished by their friction against the *garde du corps*. And I am sure, that if the same experiment, distressing as it might be, were tried in every opera salon in the provinces, and we had longer dances and shorter harangues, more fiddles and fewer patriots, all would be well again in our 'belle France.'"

"But—your news, monsieur le capitaine," was the demand all round the table.

"I almost dread to allude to it," said the captain, "as it may seem to contradict the opinion of madame la duchesse; yet I am afraid that we shall have to regret this fete as one of the most disastrous events to the king." He stopped. But the interest of the time overcame all other considerations. "Ah, gallantry apart, let us hear!" was the general voice; and, with every eye instantly fixed on him, and in the midst of lips breathless with anxiety, and bosoms beating with terror at every turn of the tale, the captain gave us his fearful narrative:—

"The banquet of the 1st of October," said he, "had delighted us all; but its consequences, which, I quite agree with madame, ought to have restored peace, were fatal. It lulled Versailles into a false security, at the moment when it roused Paris into open rebellion. The leaders of the populace, dreading the return of the national attachment to our good king, resolved to strike a blow which should shake the monarchy. Happening to be sent to Paris on duty next day, I was astonished to find

every thing in agitation—The workmen all in the streets; the orators of the Palais Royal all on their benches, declaiming in the most furious manner. Crowds

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of women rushing along the Boulevards, singing their barbarous revolutionary songs; some even brandishing knives and carrying pikes, and all frantic against the fete. As I passed down the Rue St Honore, I stopped to listen to the harangue of a half-naked ruffian, who had made a rostrum of the shoulders of two of the porters of the Halle, and, from this moving tribune, harangued the multitude as he went along. Every falsehood, calumny, and abomination that could come from the lips of man, were poured out by the wretch before me. The sounds of 'Vive Marat!' told me his name. I afterwards heard that he lived on the profits of a low journal, in a cellar, with a gang of wretches constantly drunk, and thus was only the fitter for the rabble. He told them that there was a conspiracy on foot to massacre the patriots of Paris; that the troops from the provinces were coming, by order of the king, to put man, woman, and child to the sword; that the fete at Marseilles was given to the vanguard of the army to pledge them to this terrible purpose; that the governors of the provinces were all in the league of blood; and that the bakers of Paris had received an order from Versailles to put poison in all their loaves within the next twenty-four hours. 'Frenchmen,' exclaimed this livid villain, tearing his hair, and howling with the wildness of a demoniac, 'do you love your wives and children? Will you suffer them to die in agonies before your eyes? Wait, and you will have nothing to do but dig their graves. Advance, and you will have nothing to do but drive the tyrant, with his horde of priests and nobles, into the Seine. Pause, and you are massacred. Arm, and you are invincible.' He was answered by shouts of vengeance.

"I remained that night at the headquarters of the staff of Paris, the Hotel de Ville. I was awakened before daybreak by the sound of a drum; and, on opening my eyes, was startled by lights flashing across the ceiling of the room where I slept. Shots followed; and it was evident that there was a conflict in the streets. I buckled on my sabre hastily, and, taking my pistols, went to join the staff. I found them in the balcony in front of the building, maintaining a feeble fire against the multitude. The night was dark as pitch, cold and stormy, and except for the sparkle of the muskets from below, and the blaze of the torches in the hands of our assailants, we could scarcely have conjectured by whom we were attacked. This continued until daylight; when we at last got sight of our enemy. Never was there a more tremendous view. Every avenue to the Place de Greve seemed pouring in its thousands and tens of thousands. Pikes, bayonets on poles, and rusty muskets, filled the eye as far as it could reach. Flags, with all kinds of atrocious inscriptions against the king and queen, were waving in the blast; drums, horns, and every uncouth noise of the raging million filled the air. And in front of this innumerable mass pressed on a column of desperadoes, headed by a woman, or a man disguised as a woman, beating a drum, and crying out, in the intervals of every roar, 'Bread, bread!'

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“To resist was evidently hopeless, or only to provoke massacre; but I had already dispatched an express to the officer in command at the Tuileries, to come and save the arms and ammunition deposited at the Hotel de Ville; and we expected the reinforcement from minute to minute. While my eyes turned, in this fever of life and death, towards the quarter from which the troops were to come, a sudden shout from the multitude made me look round; a fellow, perhaps one of the *funambules* of the Fauxbourg theatres, was climbing up to the belfry by a rope, with the agility of a monkey. His purpose was seen by us at once, and seen with fresh alarm; for, if he had been able to reach the great bell, the terrible ‘tocsin’ would have aroused the country for ten leagues round, and have poured a hundred thousand armed peasantry into Paris. I pointed him out to the guard, and they fired a volley at him as he swung above their heads. They missed him, the populace shouted, and the fellow, taking off his cap and waving it in triumph, still climbed on. I next fired both my pistols at him; which was the luckier of the two I cannot tell, but I saw him stagger just as he planted his foot on the battlement; he was evidently hit, and a general yell from the multitude told that they saw it too; he made a convulsive spring to secure himself, fell back, lost his hold, and plunged headlong from a height of a hundred and fifty feet to the ground! Another tried the same adventure, and with the same fate; three in succession were shot; but enthusiasm or madness gave them courage, and at length half a dozen making the attempt together, the belfry was reached, and the tocsin was rung. Its effect was terrible. The multitude seemed to be inspired with a new spirit of rage as they heard its clang. Every bell in Paris soon began to clang in succession. The din was deafening; the populace seemed to become more daring and desperate every moment; all was uproar. I could soon see the effect of the tocsin in the new crowds which recruited our assailants from all sides. Their fire became heavier; still, in the spirit of men fighting for their lives, we kept them at bay till the last cartridge was in our muskets. But, at the moment of despair, we saw the distant approach of the reinforcement from the Tuileries; and breathed for an instant. Yet, judge of our astonishment, when it had no sooner entered the crowd, than, instead of driving the wretches before them, we saw the soldiers scatter, mix, and actually fraternize with the *canaille*; a general scene of embracing and huzzaing followed, the shakos were placed on the heads of the rabble, the hats and caps of the rabble were hoisted on the soldiers’ bayonets; and to our horror alike at their treachery and our inevitable destruction, the troops wearing the king’s uniform, pushed forward, heading the column of insurrection. We fired our last volley, and all was over. The multitude burst into the hotel like a torrent.

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All our party were either killed or wounded. For the last half hour we had not a hundred men able to pull a trigger against a fire from the streets, from windows, and from house tops, on every side of the squares. That any one of us escaped from the showers of bullets is a miracle. My own escape was the merest chance. On the first rush of the crowd into the hall, I happened to come in contact with one of the leaders of the party, a horrid-looking ruffian in a red cap, who roared out that he had marked me for bringing down the citizen climber up the belfry. The fellow fired his pistol so close to my face that it scorched me. In the agony of the pain I rushed on him; he drew his sabre and attempted to cut me down; but my sword was already out, and I anticipated him by a blow which finished his patriotism, at least in this world. In the next moment, I was trampled down, and we fell together."

I can of course offer but an imperfect transcript of the brave guardsman's narrative; seconded as it was by an intelligent countenance, and that national vividness of voice and gesture which often tell so much more than words. But, to describe its effect on his auditory is impossible. Every countenance was riveted on him, every change of those extraordinary scenes was marked by a new expression of every face round the table. Sighs and tears, wringing hands, and eyes turned on heaven, were universal evidences of the interest excited by his fearful detail. Yet, unused as I was to this quick emotion among my own sober countrymen, I could scarcely wonder even at its wildness. They were listening to the fate of all that belonged to them by affection, loyalty, hope, and possession, on this side of the grave. Every hour was big with the destinies of their king, their relations, and their country. On the events happening, even at the moment, depended, whether a deluge of blood might not roll over France, whether flame might not be devouring their ancient castles, whether they might not be doomed to mendicancy in a strange land, wanderers through the earth, without a spot whereon to lay their head, fugitives forever. Yet the anxiety for those left behind was of a still deeper dye; the loved, the familiar, the honoured, all involved in a tide of calamity, irresistible by human strength or skill.—All so near, yet all so lost; like the crew of some noble ship hopelessly struggling with the winds and waves, within sight of the shore, within reach almost of the very voices of their friends, yet at the mercy of a tremendous element which forbade their ever treading on firm ground.

But there was still much to tell; the fate of the royal family was the general question; and the remainder of the melancholy tale was given with manly sensibility.

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“When I recovered my senses it was late in the day; and I found myself in humble room, with only an old woman for my attendant; but my wounds bandaged, and every appearance of my having fallen into friendly hands. The conjecture was true. I was in the house of one of my father’s *gardes de chasse*, who, having commenced tavern-keeper in the Fauxbourg St Antoine some years back, and being a thriving man, had become a ‘personage’ in his section, and was now a captain in the Federes. Forced, *malgre*, to join the march to the Hotel de Ville, he had seen me in the melee, and dragged me from under a heap of killed and wounded. To his recollection I probably owed my life; for the patriots mingled plunder with their principles, stripped all the fallen, and the pike and dagger finished the career of many of the wounded. It happened, too, that I could not have fallen into a better spot for information. My *cidevant garde de chasse* was loyal to the midriff; but his position as the master of a tavern, made his house a rendezvous of the leading patriots of his section. Immediately after their victory of the morning, a sort of council was held on what they were to do next; and the room where I lay being separated from their place of meeting only by a slight partition, I could hear every syllable of their speeches, which, indeed, they took no pains to whisper; they clearly thought that Paris was their own. Lying on my bed, I learned that the attack on the Hotel de Ville was only a part of a grand scheme of operations; that an insurrection was to be organized throughout France; that the king was to be deposed, and a ‘lieutenant of the kingdom’ appointed, until the sovereign people had declared their will; and that the first movement was to be a march of all the Parisian sections to Versailles. I should have started from my pillow, to spring sabre in hand among the traitors; but I was held down by my wounds, and perhaps still more by the entreaties of my old attendant, who protested against my stirring, as it would be instantly followed by her murder and that of every inmate of the house. The club now proceeded to enjoy themselves after the labours of the day. They had a republican carouse. Their revels were horrible. They speedily became intoxicated, sang, danced, embraced, fought, and were reconciled again. Then came the harangues; each orator exceeding his predecessor in blasphemy, till all was execration, cries of vengeance against kings and priests, and roars of massacre. I there heard the names of men long suspected, but of whom they now spoke openly as the true leaders of the national movement; and of others marked for assassination. They drank toasts to Death, to Queen Poissarde, and to Goddess Guillotine. It was a pandemonium.

“A drum at length beat the ‘Alarme’ in the streets; the orgie was at an end, and amid a crash of bottles and glasses, they staggered, as well as their feet could carry them, out of the house. They were received by the mob with shouts of laughter. But the column moved forward; to the amount of thousands, as I could judge by their trampling, and the clashing of their arms. When the sound had died away in the distance, my humble friend entered my room, thanking his stars that ‘he had contrived to escape this march.’

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“Where are they gone?’ I asked.

“To Versailles,’ was his shuddering answer.

“Nothing could now detain me. After one or two helpless efforts to rise from my bed, and an hour or two of almost despair, I succeeded in getting on my feet, and procuring a horse. Versailles was now my only object. I knew all the importance of arriving at the palace at the earliest moment; I knew the unprotected state of the king, and knew that it was my place to be near his person in all chances. I was on the point of sallying forth in my uniform, when the precaution of my friend forced me back; telling me, truly enough, that, in the ferment of the public mind, it would be impossible for me to reach Versailles as a *garde du corps*, and that my being killed or taken, would effectually prevent me from bearing any information of the state of the capital. This decided me; and, disguised as a courier, I set out by a cross-road in hope to arrive before the multitude.

“But I had not gone above a league when I fell in with a scattered platoon of the mob, who were rambling along as if on a party of pleasure; tossing their pikes and clashing their sabres to all kinds of revolutionary songs. I was instantly seized, as a ‘courier of the Aristocrats.’ Their sagacity, once at work, found out a hundred names for me:—I was a ‘spy of Pitt,’ an ‘agent of the Austrians,’ a ‘disguised priest,’ and an ‘emigrant noble;’ my protestations were in vain, and they held a court-martial, on me and my horse, on the road; and ordered me to deliver up my despatches, on pain of being piked on the spot. But I could give up none; for the best of all possible reasons. Every fold of my drapery was searched, and then I was to be piked for *not* having despatches; it being clear that I was more than a courier, and that my message was too important to be trusted to pen and ink. I was now in real peril; for the party had continued to sing and drink until they had nearly made themselves frantic; and as Versailles was still a dozen miles off, and they were unlikely to annihilate the garrison before nightfall, they prepared to render their share of service to their country by annihilating me. In this real dilemma, my good genius interposed, in the shape of an enormous *poissarde*; who, rushing through the crowd, which she smote with much the same effect as an elephant would with his trunk, threw her huge arms round me, called me her *cher Jacques*, poured out a volley of professional eloquence on the shrinking heroes, and proclaimed me her son returning from the army! All now was sentiment. The *poissarde* was probably in earnest, for her faculties were in nearly the same condition with those of her fellow patriots. I was honoured with a general embrace, and shared the privilege of the travelling bottle. As the night was now rapidly falling, an orator proposed that the overthrow of the monarchy should be deferred till the next day. A Federe uniform was provided for me; I was hailed as a brother; we pitched a tent, lighted fires, cooked a supper, and bivouacked for the night. This was, I acknowledge, the first night of my seeing actual service since the commencement of my soldiership.

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"In ten minutes the whole party were asleep. I arose, stole away, left my newly found mother to lament her lost son again, and with a heavy heart took the road to Versailles. The night had changed to sudden tempest, and the sky grown dark as death. It was a night for the fall of a dynasty. But there was a lurid blaze in the distant horizon, and from time to time a shout, or a sound of musketry, which told me only too well where Versailles lay. I need not say what my feelings were while I was traversing that solitary road, yet within hearing of this tremendous mass of revolt; or what I imagined in every roar, as it came mingled with the bellowing of the thunder. The attack might be commencing at the moment; the blaze that I saw might be the conflagration of the palace; the roar might be the battle over the bodies of the royal family. I never passed three hours in such real anxiety of mind, and they were deepened by the total loneliness of the whole road. I did not meet a single human being; for the inhabitants of the few cottages had fled, or put out all their lights, and shut themselves up in their houses. The multitude had rushed on, leaving nothing but silence and terror behind.

"The church clocks were striking three in the morning when I arrived at Versailles, after the most exhausting journey that I had ever made. But there, what a scene met my eye! It was beyond all that I had ever imagined of ferocity and rabble triumph. Though it was still night, the multitude thronged the streets; the windows were all lighted up, huge fires were blazing in all directions, torches were carried about at the head of every troop of the banditti; it was the bivouac of a hundred thousand bedlamites. It was now that I owned the lucky chance which had made me a Federe. In any other dress I should have been a suspicious person, and have probably been put to death; but in the brown coat, sabre, and red cap of the Sectionaire, I was fraternized with in all quarters. My first object was to approach the palace, if possible. But there I found a *cordon* of the national guard drawn up, who had no faith even in my mob costume; and was repelled. I could only see at a distance, drawn up in front of the palace, a strong line of troops—the regiment of Flanders and the Swiss battalion. All in the palace was darkness. It struck me as the most funereal sight that I had ever beheld.

"In my disappointment I wandered through the town. The night was rainy, and gusts of wind tore every thing before them, yet the armed populace remained carousing in the streets—all was shouting, oaths, and execrations against the royal family. Some groups were feasting on the plunder of the houses of entertainment, others were dancing and roaring the 'Carmagnole.' One party had broken into the theatre, and dressed themselves in the spoils of the wardrobe; others were drilling, and exhibiting their skill by firing at the king's arms hung over the shops of the restaurateurs.

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Those shops were crowded with hundreds eating and drinking at free cost. All the *cafes* and gaming-houses were lighted from top to bottom. The streets were a solid throng, and almost as bright as at noonday, and the jangling of all the Savoyard organs, horns, and voices, the riot and roar of the multitude, and the frequent and desperate quarrels of the different sections, who challenged each other to fight during this lingering period, were absolutely distracting. Versailles looked alternately like one vast masquerade, like an encampment of savages, and like a city taken by storm. Wild work, too, had been done during the day.

“As, wearied to death, I threw myself down to rest on the steps of one of the churches, a procession of patriots happened to fix its quarters on the spot. Its leader, an old grotesque-looking fellow, dressed in a priest’s vestments—doubtless a part of the plunder of the night—and seated on a barrel on wheels, like a Silenus, from which, at their several halts, he harangued his followers, and drank to the ‘downfall of the Bourbons,’ soon let me into the history of the last twelve hours. ‘Brave Frenchmen,’ exclaimed the ruffian, ‘the eyes of the world are fixed upon you; and this night you have done what the world has never rivalled. You have shaken the throne of the tyrant. What cared you for the satellites of the Bourbon? You scorned their bayonets; you laughed at their bullets. Nothing can resist the energy of Frenchmen.’ This flourish was, of course, received with a roar. The orator now produced a scarf which he had wrapped round his waist, and waved it in the light before them. ‘Look here, citizen soldiers,’ he cried; ‘brave Federes, see this gore. It is the blood of the monsters who would extinguish the liberty of France. Yesterday I headed a battalion of our heroes in the attack of the palace. One of the slaves of the tyrant Capet rushed on me sword in hand; I sent a bullet through his heart, and, as he fell, I tore this scarf from his body. See the marks of his blood.’ It may be conceived with what feelings I heard this narrative.—The palace had been sacked, the queen insulted, my friends and comrades murdered. I gave an involuntary groan; his fierce eye fell upon me as I endeavoured to make my escape from this horrible neighbourhood, and he ordered me to approach him. The fifty pikes which were brandished at his word made obedience necessary. He whispered, ‘I know you well; you are at my mercy; I have often played the barrel organ outside the walls of your *corps-de-garde*; you are acquainted with the secret ways of the palace, and you must lead us in, or die upon the spot.’ He probably took my astonishment and silence for acquiescence; for he put a musket into my hand. ‘This night,’ said he, aloud, ‘will settle every thing. The whole race of the Bourbons are doomed. The fry may have escaped, but we have netted all the best fish. We have friends, too, in high quarters;’

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and he shook a purse of louis-d'ors at my ear. 'We are to storm the palace an hour before daybreak; the troops must either join us or be put to death; the king and his tribe will be sent to a dungeon, and France, before to-morrow night, will have at her head, if not the greatest man, the richest fool, in Europe.' He burst out into an irrestrainable laugh, in which the whole party joined; but the sound of cannon broke off his speech; all shouldered pike or musket; I was placed under the especial surveillance of a pair with drawn sabres, which had probably seen some savage service during the night, for they were clotted with blood; and with me for their guide, the horde of savages rushed forward, shouting, to join the grand attack on the defenders of our unfortunate king.

"My situation had grown more trying at every moment, but escape was impossible, and my next thought was to make the best of my misfortune, enter the palace along with the crowd, and, when once there, die by the side of my old comrades. I had, however, expected a sanguinary struggle. What was my astonishment when I saw the massive gates, which might have been so easily defended, broken open at once—a few random shots the only resistance, and the staircases and ante-rooms in possession of the multitude within a quarter of an hour. 'Where is La Fayette?' in wrath and indignation, I cried to one of the wounded *garde-du-corps*, whom I had rescued from the knives of my *sans-culotte* companions. 'He is asleep,' answered the dying man, with a bitter smile. 'Where are the National Guard whom he brought with him last night from Paris?' I asked, in astonishment. 'They are asleep, too,' was the contemptuous answer. I rushed on, and at length reached my friends; tore off my Federe uniform, and used, with what strength was left me, my bayonet, until it was broken.

"I shall say no more of that night of horrors. The palace was completely stormed. The splendid rooms, now the scene of battle hand to hand; the royal furniture, statues, pictures, tossed and trampled in heaps; wounded and dead men lying every where; the constant discharge of muskets and pistols; the breaking open of doors with the blows of hatchets and hammers; the shrieks of women flying for their lives, or hanging over their wounded sons and husbands; and the huzzas of the rabble, at every fresh entrance which they forced into the suites of apartments, were indescribable. I pass over the other transactions of those terrible hours; but some unaccountable chance saved the royal family—I fear, for deeper sufferings; for the next step was degradation.

"The rabble leaders insisted that the king should go with them to Paris. Monsieur La Fayette was now awake; and he gave it as his opinion that this was the only mode of pleasing the populace. When a king submits to popular will, he is disgraced; and a disgraced king is undone. It was now broad day; the struggle was at an end; the royal carriages were ordered, and the *garde-du-corps* were drawn up to follow them. At this moment, the barrel-organ man, my leader of the night, passed me by with a grimace, and whispered, 'Brother Federe, did I not tell you how it would be? The play is only

beginning; all that we have seen is the farce.' He laughed, and disappeared among the crowd.

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“There was one misery to come, and it was the worst; the procession to Paris lasted almost twelve hours. It was like the march of American savages, with their scalps and prisoners, to their wigwams. The crowd had been largely increased by the national guards of the neighbouring villages, and by thousands flocking from Paris on the intelligence of the rabble victory. Our escort was useless; we ourselves were prisoners. Surrounding the carriage of the king, thousands of the most profligate refuse of Paris, men and women, railed and revelled, sang and shouted the most furious insults to their majesties. And in front of this mass were carried on pikes, as standards, the heads of two of our corps, who had fallen fighting at the door of the queen’s chamber. Loaves, borne on pikes, and dipped in blood, formed others of their standards. Huge placards, with the words, ‘Down with the tyrant! Down with the priests! Down with the nobles!’ waved above the heads of the multitude. ‘Make way for the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice,’ was shouted, with every addition of obloquy and insolence; and in this agony we were forced to drag on our weary steps till midnight. One abomination more was to signalize the inhuman spirit of the time. Within about a league of Paris, the royal equipages were ordered to halt; and for what inconceivable purpose? It was, that the bleeding heads of our unfortunate comrades might be dressed and powdered by the village barber—to render them fit to enter Paris. The heads were then brought to the carriage windows, for the approval of the royal prisoners; and the huge procession moved onward with all its old bellowings again.

“We entered the city by torchlight, amid the firing of cannon; the streets were all illuminated, and the mob and the multitude maddened with brandy. Yet the scene was unlike that of the night before. There was something in the extravagances of Versailles wholly different from the sullen and frowning aspect of Paris. The one had the look of a melodrame; the other the look of an execution. All was funereal. We marched with the king to the Place du Carrousel, and when the gates of the palace closed on him, I felt as if they were the gates of the tomb. Perhaps it would be best that they were; that a king of France should never suffer such another day; that he should never look on the face of man again. He had drained the cup of agony; he had tasted all the bitterness of death; human nature could not sustain such another day; and, loyal as I was, I wished that the descendant of so many kings should rather die by the hand of nature than by the hand of traitors and villains; or should rather mingle his ashes with the last flame of the Tuileries, than glut the thirst of rebellion with his blood on the scaffold.”

The story left us all melancholy for a while; bright eyes again overflowed, as well they might; and stately bosoms heaved with evident emotion. Yet, after all, the night was wound up with a capital cotillon, danced with as much grace, and as much gaiety too, as if it had been in the Salle d’Opera.

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I rose early next morning, and felt the spirit-stirring power of the sea breeze. In those days, Brighton covered but the borders of the shore. It was scarcely more than a little line of fishermen's cottages, fenced against the surge by the remaining timbers of boats which had long seen their last adventure. Scattered at distances of at least a quarter of a mile from each other, lay some houses of a better description, a few deeply embosomed in trees, or rather in such thickets as could grow in the perpetual exposure to the rough winds and saline exhalations of the Channel. Of those, the one in which I had taken up my present residence was amongst the best; though its exterior was so unpresuming, that I was inclined to give Mordecai, or rather his gay heiress, credit for humility, or perhaps for the refinement of striking their visitors with the contrast between its simplicity of exterior and richness of decoration within.

It was a brisk, bright morning, and the waves were curling before a lively breeze, the sun was glowing above, and clusters of vessels, floating down the Channel, spread their sails like masses of summer cloud in the sunshine. It was my first sight of the ocean, and that first sight is always a new idea. Alexander the Great, standing on the shores of the Persian Gulf, said, "That he then first felt what the world was." Often as I have seen the ocean since, the same conception has always forced itself on me.

In what a magnificent world do we live! What power, what depth, what expanse, lay before me! How singular, too, that while the grandeur of the land arises from bold irregularity and incessant change of aspect, from the endless variety of forest, vale, and mountain; the same effect should be produced on the ocean by an absence of all irregularity and all change! A simple, level horizon, perfectly unbroken, a line of almost complete uniformity, compose a grandeur that impresses and fills the soul as powerfully as the most cloud-piercing Alp, or the Andes clothed with thunder.

This was the ocean in calm; but how glorious, too, in tempest! The storm that sweeps the land is simply a destroyer or a renovator; it smites the surface, and is gone. But the ocean is the seat of its power, the scene of its majesty, the element in which it sports, lives, and rules—penetrating to its depths, rolling its surface in thunder on the shore—changing its whole motion, its aspect, its uses, and, grand as it is in its serenity, giving it another and a more awful grandeur in its convulsion. Then, how strangely, yet how admirably, does it fulfil its great human object! Its depth and extent seem to render it the very element of separation; all the armies of the earth might be swallowed up between the shores of the Channel. Yet it is this element which actually combines the remotest regions of the earth. Divisions and barriers are essential to the protection of kingdoms from each other; yet what height of mountain range, or what depth of precipice could be so secure as the defence so simply and perpetually supplied by a surrounding sea? While this protecting element at the same time pours the wealth of the globe into the bosom of a nation.

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Even all this is only the ocean as referred to man. How much more magnificent is it in itself! Thrice the magnitude of the land, the world of waters! its depth unfathomable, its mountains loftier than the loftiest of the land, its valleys more profound, the pinnacles of its hills islands! What immense shapes of animal and vegetable life may fill those boundless pastures and plains on which man shall never look! What herds, by thousands and millions, of those mighty creatures whose skeletons we discover, from time to time, in the wreck of the antediluvian globe! What secrets of form and power, of capacity and enjoyment, may exist under the cover of that mighty expanse of waves which fills the bed of the ocean, and spreads round the globe!

While those and similar ramblings were passing through my mind, as I sat gazing on the bright and beautiful expanse before me, I was aroused by a step on the shingle. I turned, and saw the gallant guardsman, who had so much interested our party on the night before. But he received my salutation with a gravity which instantly put an end to my good-humour; and I waited for the *denouement*, at his pleasure. He produced a small billet from his pocket, which I opened, and which, on glancing my eye over it, appeared to me a complete rhapsody. I begged of him to read it, and indulge me with an explanation. He read it, and smiled.

"It is, I own, not perfectly intelligible," said he; "but some allowance must be made for a man deeply injured, and inflamed by a sense of wrong."

I read the signature—Lafontaine, *Capitaine des Chasseurs legers*. I had never heard the name before. I begged to know "the nature of his business with me, as it was altogether beyond my conjecture."

"It is perfectly probable, sir," was the reply; "for I understand that you had never seen each other till last night, at the house of your friend. The case is simply this:—Lafontaine, who is one of the finest fellows breathing, has been for some time deeply smitten by the various charms of your host's very pretty daughter, and, so far as I comprehend, the lady has acknowledged his merits. But your arrival here has a good deal deranged the matter. He conceives your attentions to his fair one to be of so marked a nature, that it is impossible for him to overlook them."

I laughed, and answered,

"Sir, you may make your friend quite at his ease on the subject, for I have not known her existence till within these twenty-four hours."

"You danced with her half the evening—you sat beside her at supper. She listened to you with evident attention—of this last I myself was witness; and the report in the neighbourhood is, that you have come to this place by an express arrangement with her father," gravely retorted the guardsman.

All this exactness of requisition appeared to me to be going rather too far; and I exhibited my feeling on the subject, in the tone in which I replied, that I had stated every thing that was necessary for the satisfaction of a “man of sense, but that I had neither the faculty nor the inclination to indulge the captiousness of any man.”

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His colour mounted, and I seemed as if I was likely to have a couple of heroes on my hands. But he compressed his lip, evidently strangled a chivalric speech, and, after a pause to recover his calmness, said—

“Sir, I have not come here to decide punctilios on either side. I heartily wish that this affair had not occurred, or could be reconciled; my countrymen here, I know, stand on a delicate footing, and I am perfectly aware of the character that will be fastened on them by the occurrence of such rencontres. Can you suggest any means by which this difference may be settled at once?”

“None in the world, sir,” was my answer. “I have told you the fact, that I have no pretension whatever to the lady—that I am wholly unacquainted even with the person of your friend—that the idea of intentional injury on my part, therefore, is ridiculous; and let me add, for the benefit of your friend, that to expect an apology for imaginary injuries, would be the most ridiculous part of the entire transaction.”

“What, then, am I to do?” asked the gallant captain, evidently perplexed. “I really wish that the affair could be got over without *fracas*. In fact, though the Jewess is pretty, Lafontaine’s choice does not much gratify any of us.”

“What you ought to do, sir, is sufficiently plain,” said I. “Go to your friend; if he has brains enough remaining to comprehend the nature of the case, he will send you back with his apology. If he has not, I shall remain half an hour on the sands until he has made up his mind.”

The captain made me a low bow, and slowly paced back to the lodging of his fiery compatriot.

When I was left alone, I, for the first time, felt the whole ill-luck of my situation. So long as I was heated by our little dialogue, I thought only of retorting the impertinent interference of a stranger with my motives or actions. But, now, the whole truth flashed on me with the force of a new faculty. I saw myself involved in a contest with a fool or a lunatic, in which either of our lives, or both, might be sacrificed—and for nothing. Hope, fortune, reputation, perhaps renown, all the prospects of life were opening before me, and I was about to shut the gate with my own hand. In these thoughts I was still too young for what is called personal peril to intervene. The graver precaution of more advanced years was entirely out of the question. I was a soldier, or about to be one; and I would have rejoiced, if the opportunity had been given to me, in heading a forlorn hope, or doing any other of those showy things which make a name. The war, too, was beginning—my future regiment was ordered for foreign service—every heart in England was beating with hope or fear—every eye of Europe was fixed upon England and Englishmen; and, in the midst of all this high excitement, to fall in a pitiful private quarrel, struck me with a sudden sense of self-contempt and wilful absurdity, that made me almost loathe my being. I acknowledge that the higher thoughts, which place those

rencontres in their most criminal point of view, had then but little influence with me. But to think that, within the next hour, or the next five minutes, I might be but like the sleepers in the rude resting-place of the fishermen; with my name unknown, and all the associations of life extinguished—

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“This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod”—

was an absolute pang. I could have died a martyr, and despised the flame, or rather rejoiced in it, as a security that I should not perish forgotten. But a fancied wrong, an obscure dispute, the whole future of an existence flung away for the jealous dreams of a mad Frenchman, or the Sport of a coquette, of whom I knew as little as of her fantastic lover, threw me into a fever of scorn for the solemn follies of mankind.

The captain returned. I had not stirred from the spot.

“I regret,” said he, “that my friend is wholly intractable. He has convinced himself, if he can convince no one else, that he has wholly lost the good opinion of his fair one, and that you are the cause. Some communication which he had from London, informed him of your frequent intercourse with her father. This rendered him suspicious, and the peculiar attention with which you were treated last night, produced a demand for an explanation; which, of course, heightened the quarrel. The innamorata, probably not displeased to have more suitors than one, whether in amusement or triumph, appears to have assisted his error, if such it be; and he returned home, stung to madness by what he terms her infidelity. He now demands your formal abandonment of the pursuit.”

All my former feelings of offence recurred at the words, and I hotly asked—“Well, sir, to whom must I kneel—to the lady or the gentleman? Take my answer back—that I shall do neither. Where is your friend to be found?”

He pointed to a clump of frees within a few hundred yards, and I followed him. I there saw my antagonist; a tall, handsome young man, but with a countenance of such dejection that he might have sat for the picture of despair. It was clear that his case was one for which there was no tonic, but what the wits of the day called a course of steel. Beside him stood a greyhaired old figure, of a remarkably intelligent countenance, though stooped slightly with age. He was introduced to me as General Deschamps; and in a few well-expressed words, he mentioned that he attended, from respect to the British, to offer his services to me on an occasion “which he deeply regretted, but which circumstances unfortunately rendered necessary, and which all parties were doubtless anxious to conclude before it should produce any irritation in the neighbourhood.”

To the offer of choice of weapons, I returned an answer of perfect indifference. It had happened, that as my father had destined me for diplomacy, and had conceived the science to have but two essentials, French and fencing, I was tolerably expert in both. Swords were chosen. We were placed on the ground, and the conflict began. My antagonist was evidently a master of his art; but there is no weapon whose use depends so much upon the mind of the moment as the sword. He was evidently resolved to kill or be killed; and the desperation with which he rushed on

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me exposed him to my very inferior skill. At the third pass I ran him through the sword arm. He staggered back with the twinge; but at the instant when he was about to bound on me, and perhaps take his revenge, a scream stopped us all; a female, wrapped in cloak and veil, rushed forward, and threw herself into Lafontaine's arms in a passion of sobs. An attendant, who soon came up, explained the circumstance; and it finally turned out, that the fair Mariamne, whatever her coquetry might have intended at night, repented at morn; recollected some of the ominous expressions of her lover; and on hearing that he had been seen with a group entering the grove, and that I, too, was absent, had conjectured the truth at once, and flown, with her *femme de chambre*, to the rendezvous. She had come just in time.

The reconciliation was complete. I was now not only forgiven by the lover, but was the "very best friend he had in the world;—a man of honour, a paragon, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*." The wound of the gallant chasseur was bound up, like an ancient knight's, with his mistress's scarf. She upbraided me, with her glistening eyes, for having had the audacity to quarrel with her hero; and then, with the same eyes, thanked me for the opportunity of proving her faith to *cher et malheureux Charles*. Her little heart poured out its full abundance in her voluble tongue; and for a quarter of an hour, and it is a long life for happiness, we were the happiest half dozen in Christendom.

How Mordecai would admire all this, was yet to be told; but my casual mention of his name broke up the rapture at once. Mariamne suddenly became sensible of the irregularity of alternately fainting and smiling in the arms of a handsome young soldier; and in the presence, too, of so many spectators, all admirers of her black eyes and blooming sensibilities. She certainly looked to me much prettier than in her full-dress charms of the evening before, and I almost began to think that the prize was worth contending for; but the guardsman and the old general had felt the effects of the morning air, and were unsentimentally hungry. Mariamne and her attendant were escorted to the edge of the plantation by her restored knight; and I accepted the general's invitation to breakfast, instead of drowning myself in the next pond.

The general was lodged in the first floor of a fisherman's dwelling, which, in more polished parts of the land, would have been pronounced a hovel; but in Brighton, as it then was, bore the name of a house. We entered it through an apartment filled with matters of the fisherman's trade,—nets, barrels, and grapnels; and in a corner a musket or two, which had evidently seen service, though probably *not* in his Majesty's pay. The walls were covered with engravings of British sea-fights and favourite admirals, from the days of Elizabeth; patriotic in the highest degree, and most intolerable specimens of the arts; the floor, too, had its covering, but it was of nearly a dozen children of all sizes, from the bluff companion of his father down to the crier in the cradle; yet all fine bold specimens of the brood of sea and fresh air, British bull-dogs, that were yet to pin down

the game all round the world; or rather cubs of the British lion, whose roar was to be the future terror of the foreigner.

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The general welcomed us to his little domicile with as much grace as if he had been ushering us into the throne-room of the Tuileries. I afterwards understood that he had been governor of the “Invalides;” and the change from the stately halls of that military palace must have severely taxed the philosophy of any man; yet it had no appearance of having even ruffled the temperament of the gallant veteran. He smiled, talked, and did the honours of his apartment with as much urbanity as if he had been surrounded by all the glittering furniture, and all the liveried attendance, of his governorship. I have always delighted in an old Frenchman, especially if he has served. Experience has made me a cosmopolite, and yet to this hour a young Frenchman is my instinctive aversion. He is born in coxcombry, cradled in coxcombry, and educated in coxcombry. It is only after his coxcombry is rubbed off by the changes and chances of the world, that the really valuable material of the national character is to be seen. He always reminds me of the mother-of-pearl shell, rude and unpromising on the outside, but by friction exhibiting a fine interior. However it may be thought a paradox to pronounce the Frenchman unpolished, I hold to my assertion. If the whole of “jeune France” sprang on their feet and clapped their hands to the hilts of their swords, or more probably to their daggers, to avenge the desecration of the only shrine at which nine-tenths of them worship, I should still pronounce the Frenchman the most unpolished of Europeans. What is his look of conscious superiority to all that exist besides in this round world? The toss of his nostril, the glare of his eye, the contempt of his gathered lip? Give me the homeliest manners of the homeliest corner of Europe—nay, give me the honest rudeness of the American savage, in preference to this arrogant assumption of an empty superiority. Why, the very tone in which every Frenchman, from fifteen to five-and-forty, utters the words “la France,” is enough to raise the laugh, or make the blood boil, of all mankind.

Nearly twenty years after this, I happened to be sitting one day with Gentz, the most memorable practical philosopher of his age and country. Germany was then in the most deplorable depression, overrun with French armies; and with Napoleon at Erfurth, in the pride of that “bad eminence” on which he stood in such Titanic grandeur, and from which he was so soon to be flung with such Titanic ruin. Our conversation naturally turned on the melancholy state of things.

“I think,” said the great politician, “that this supremacy must fall. I might not think so if any other nation were the masters of Europe; but France, though often a conqueror, has never been a possessor. The insolence of the individual Frenchman has been the grand obstacle to the solidity of her empire.”

To my remark, that her central position, her vast population, the undaunted bravery of her troops, and the military propensities of her people, fitted her to be the disturber of Europe.

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"Yes," was the sage's answer; "but to be no more than the disturber. Her power is the whirlwind; for purposes which man may never be able fully to define, suffered, or sent forth, to sweep the Continent; perhaps, like the tempest, to punish, nay, perhaps in the end to purify; but the tempest is scarcely more transitory, or more different from the dew that invisibly descends and silently refreshes the land."

"But Napoleon," said I, "with an army of a million recruited from thirty millions, opposed to the worn-down force and exhausted treasures of the Continent! What an iron wedge driven in among their dilapidated combinations! What a mountain of granite, with the cloud and the thunder for its crown, domineering over the plain!"

"True—perfectly true," he replied, throwing back the long locks from a broad forehead which reminded me of a bust of Plato. "True. Man may be as little able to decide on the means by which the power of France will fall, as on the purposes for which that tremendous fabric of splendid iniquity first rose. But, look into that street."

It happened that a French regiment of cuirassiers, with the fine clangour of its drums and trumpets, was passing under the window at the moment.

"You see there," said he, "the kind of feeling which that really striking show produces; not a window is open but our own. The blinds of every window have been let down, not an eye looks at these troops. Yet the public of Vienna are extravagantly fond of display in all its shapes; and punchinello, or a dance of dogs, would bring a head to every pane of glass, from the roof to the ground. The French are individually shrunk from, hated, abhorred.

"Naturally enough, as conquerors," I observed; chiefly from a desire to hear more of the sentiments of the celebrated German.

"No—no!" said he, almost in a tone of vexation. "The Germans are as much alive to the merits of their enemies in the field, as any other nation in the world. They acknowledge the soldiership of the French. I even believe that the talents of their extraordinary emperor are more sincerely acknowledged in Vienna than in Paris. But it is the intolerable insolence of the national character, that makes its bravery, its gaiety, and even its genius detested. Trust me; this feeling will not be unfruitful. Out of the hut of the peasant will come the avengers, whom the cabinet has never been able to find in the camp. Out of the swamp and the thicket will rise the tree that will at once overshadow the fallen fortunes of Germany, and bring down the lightning on her aggressors. In this hope alone I live."

I once more asked him, "From what quarter is the restoration to come?"

"I know not—I care not—I ask not," said he, starting from his chair, and traversing the room with huge strides. "The topic feels to me as if a sword was now griding its way

through my frame. But France will never keep Austria, nor Prussia, nor the Rhenish Provinces, nor Holland, nor any spot on earth beyond the land inhabited by Frenchmen. It is true," said he, with a stern smile, "that she may keep her West India islands, if your ships will let her. The negroes are her natural subjects. They have backs accustomed to the lash, and black cheeks that will not redden at her insolence."

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"Are the German sovereigns of your opinion?"

"To a man. It is but this morning that I was honoured with a reception by our good emperor. His conviction was complete. But you will not see Austria stir a single step, until war is the outcry, not of her court, but of her people. The trumpet that leads the march will be blown not from the parade of Vienna or Berlin, but from the village, the pasture, the forest, and the mountain. The army will be the peasant, the weaver, the trader, the student, the whole of the pacific multitude of life turned into the materials of war; the ten thousand rills that silently water the plain of society suddenly united into one inundation; the eyes of every man looking only for the enemy; the feet of every man pursuing him; the hands of every man slaying him. The insolence of the Frenchman has contrived to convey a sting of the bitterness of conquest into every heart of our millions, and our millions will return it with resistless retribution."

"You have cheered and convinced me," said I, as I rose to take my leave. "It certainly is rather strange, that France, always mad with the love of seizure, has been able to acquire nothing during the last hundred years."

"You will find my theory true," said Gentz. "The individual insolence of her people has been the real impediment to the increase of her dominions. She is not the only ambitious power on the face of the earth. Russia has doubled her empire within those hundred years, yet she has kept possession of every league. Prussia has doubled her territory within the same time, yet she has added the new solidly to the old. I am not an advocate for the principle or the means by which those conquests have been accomplished; but they have been retained. Austria has been for the same time nearly mistress of Italy, and though the French arms have partially shaken her authority, it was never shaken by popular revolt. And why is all this contradistinction to the flighty conquest and ephemeral possession of France? The obvious reason is, that however the governments might be disliked, neither the Austrian soldier, nor the Prussian, nor even the Russian, made himself abhorred, employed his study in vexing the feelings of the people, had a perpetual sneer on his visage, or exhibited in his habits a perpetual affectation of that coxcomb superiority to all other human beings, that pert supremacy, that grotesque and yet irritating caricature, which makes the *Moi, je suis Francais*, a demand for universal adoration, the concentrated essence of absurdity, the poison-drop of scorn."

"When will this great consummation arrive?"

"When the tyranny can be endured no longer; when the people find that they must depend upon themselves for its redress; when a just Providence finds the vindication of its laws required by the necessities of man."

"From what quarter will the grand effort first come?"



“From the nation most aggrieved.”

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“What will be its result?”

To this moment I remember the sudden light which flashed into his cold grey eye, the gasping lip, and the elevation which even his stooped form assumed; as he answered with a tone and gesture which might have been imagined for one of the prophets of the Sistine Chapel—

“The result,” said he, “will be the fall of the French empire, for it is a house built on the sand;—the extinction of Napoleon, for it is his creation, and the one cannot survive the other;—the liberation of Europe, for its united strength can be chained no longer;—perhaps the liberty of man, for the next step for nations which have crushed foreign dominion is to extinguish domestic despotism. Europe once free, what is to come? A new era, a new shape of society, a new discovery of the mighty faculties of nations, of the wonders of mind, of matter, and of man; a vast shaking of the earth and its institutions; and out of this chaos, a new moral creation, *fiat lux et fugient tenebrae*.”

The prediction has been partly realized. Much is yet to be fulfilled. But, like Gentz, I live in hope, and think that I see an approach to the consummation.

But the party to whom I was now introduced were of a different order from the generality of their country. Originally of the first education and first society of France, the strictness of the military service had produced on the the most valuable effect of years. The natural vividness of their temperament was smoothed down, their experience of English kindness had diminished their prejudices; and adversity—and no men bear the frowns of fortune better than their nation—gave them almost the manly calmness of the English gentleman. I found the old general all courtesy, and his friends all good-humour. My conduct in the affair of the morning was after their own hearts; I had, by common consent, earned their good graces; and they gave me on the spot half a dozen invitations to the regiments and chateaus of themselves and their friends, with as much hospitable sincerity as if they had only to recross the Channel to take possession of them again. Lafontaine was still moody, but he was in love; and, by this fact, unlike every body else, and unlike himself, from one half hour to another.

The conversation soon turned on a topic, on which the emigrants every where were peculiarly anxious to be set right with English feeling, namely, their acquittance from the charge of having fled unnecessarily.

“Men of honour,” observed the general, “understand each other in all countries. I therefore always think it due, to both Englishmen and Frenchmen, to explain, that we are not here in the light of fugitives; that we have not given up the cause of our country; and that we are on English ground in express obedience to the commands of our sovereign. I am at this moment, in this spot, on the king’s duty, waiting, like my gallant friends here, merely the order to join the first expedition

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which can be formed for the release of our monarch, and the rescue of France from the horde of villains who have filled it with rebellion.” All fully accorded with the sentiment. “The captivity of the king,” said he, “is the result of errors which none could have anticipated ten days since. The plan decided on by the council of officers, of which I was one, was the formation of a camp on the frontier, to which his majesty and the princes should repair, summon the chief authorities of the kingdom, and there provide for the general safety with a deliberation which was impossible in Paris. I was sent off at midnight to take the command of the District of the Loire. I found myself there at the head of ten regiments, in the highest order, and, as I thought, of the highest loyalty. I addressed them and was received with shouts of *Vive le Roi!* I gave an addition of pay to the troops, and a banquet to the officers. A note was handed to me, as I took my seats at the head of the table. It simply contained the words, ‘You are betrayed.’ I read it aloud in contempt, and was again answered by shouts of *Vive le Roi!* While we were in the midst of our conviviality, a volley was fired in at the windows, and the streets of Nantz were in uproar—the whole garrison had mutinied. The officers were still loyal: but what was to be done? We rushed out with drawn swords. On our first appearance in the porch of the hotel, a platoon posted in front, evidently for our massacre, levelled by word of command, and fired deliberately into the midst of us. Several were killed on the spot, and many wounded. Some rushed forward, and some retreated into the house. I was among those who forced their way through the crowd, and before I had struggled to the end of the long street, the cry of ‘fire’ made me look round—the hotel was in a blaze. The rabble had set it on flame. It was this, probably that saved me, by distracting their attention. I made my way to the chateau of the Count de Travancour, whose son had been on my staff at the Invalides. But the family were in Paris, and the only inhabitants were servants. I had received a musket-ball in my arm, and was faint with loss of blood. Still, I was determined to remain at my post, and not quit my district as long as any thing could be done. But I had scarcely thrown myself, in weariness and vexation, on a sofa, when a servant rushed into the room with the intelligence, that a band of men with torches were approaching the chateau. To defend it with a garrison of screaming women was hopeless; and while I stood considering what to do next, we heard the crash of the gates. The whole circle instantly fell on their knees before me, and implored that I should save their lives and my own, by making my escape. A courageous Breton girl undertook to be my guide to the stables, and we set out under a shower of prayers for our safety. But, as we wound our way along the last corridor, I saw the crowd of soldiers and

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populace rushing up the staircase at the opposite side of the court, and calling out my name joined to a hundred atrocious epithets. My situation now obviously became difficult; for our advance would be met at the next minute by the assassins. The girl's presence of mind saved me; she flew back to the end of the gallery, threw open a small door which led to the roof; and I was in the open air, with the stars bright above me, and a prodigious extent of the country, including Nantz, beneath.

"Yet you may believe that the landscape was not among my principal contemplations at the moment, though my eyes involuntarily turned on the town; where, from the blazes springing up in various quarters, I concluded that a general pillage had begun. That pillage was the order of the day much nearer to me, I could fully conceive, from the opening and shutting of doors, and the general tumult immediately under the leads where I stood. "Situation, gentlemen," said the old general, smiling, "is something, but circumstances are necessary to make it valuable. There never was a finer night for an investigation of the stars, if I had been an astronomer; and I dare say that the spot which formed my position would have been capital for an observatory; but the torches which danced up and down through the old and very dingy casements of the mansion, were a matter of much more curious remark to me than if I had discovered a new constellation.

"At length I was chased even out of this spot—my door had been found out. I have too much gallantry left to suppose that my Breton had betrayed me; though a dagger at her heart and a purse in her hand might be powerful arguments against saving the life of an old soldier who had reached his grand climacteric. At all events, as I saw torch after torch rising along the roofs, I moved into the darkness.

"I had here a new adventure. I saw a feeble light gleaming through the roof. An incautious step brought me upon a skylight, and I went through; my fall, however, being deadened by bursting my way through the canopy of a bed. I had fallen into the hospital of the chateau. A old Beguine was reading her breviary in an adjoining room. She rushed in with a scream. But those women are so much accustomed to casualties that I had no sooner acquainted her with the reasons of my flight, than she offered to assist my escape. She had been for some days in attendance on a sick servant. She led me down to the entrance of a subterranean communication between the mansion and the river, one of the old works which had probably been of serious service in the days when every chateau in the West was a fortress. The boat which had brought her from the convent was at the mouth of the subterranean; there, the Loire was open. If you ask, why I did not prefer throwing myself before the pursuers, and dying like a soldier, my reason was, that I should have been numbered merely among those who had fallen obscurely in the various skirmishes of the country; and besides, that if I escaped, I should have one chance more of preserving the province.

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"But, at the moment when I thought myself most secure, I was in reality in the greatest peril. The Loire had long since broken into the work, which had probably never seen a mason since the wars of the League. I had made no calculation for this, and I had descended but a few steps, when I found my feet in water. I went on, however, till it reached my sword-belt. I then thought it time to pause; but just then, I heard a shout at the top of the passage—on the other hand I felt that the tide was rushing in, and to stay where I was would be impossible. The perplexity of that quarter of an hour would satisfy me for my whole life. I pretend to no philosophy, and have never desired to die before my time. But it was absolutely not so much the dread of finishing my career, as of the manner in which it must be finished there, which made the desperate anxiety of a struggle which I would not undergo again for the throne of the Mogul. Still, even with the roar of the water on one side, and of the rabble on the other, I had some presentiment that I should yet live to hang some of my pursuers. At all events I determined not to give my body to be torn to pieces by savages, and my name to be branded as a runaway and a poltron."

A strong suffusion overspread the veteran's face as he pronounced the words; he was evidently overcome by the possibility of the stigma.

"I have never spoken of this night before," said he, "and I allude to it even now, merely to tell this English gentleman and his friends how groundless would be the conception that the soldiers and nobles of an unfortunate country made their escape, before they had both suffered and done a good deal. My condition was probably not more trying than that of thousands less accustomed to meet difficulties than the officers of France: and I can assure him, that no country is more capable of a bold endurance of evils, or a chivalric attachment to a cause."

I gave my full belief to a proposition in which I had already full faith, and of which the brave and intelligent old man before me was so stately an example.

"But I must not detain you," said he, "any longer with an adventure which had not the common merit of a Boulevard spectacle; for it ended in neither the blowing up of a castle, nor, as you may perceive, the fall of the principal performer. As the tide rushed up through the works, I, of course receded, until at length I was caught sight of by the rabble. They poured down, and were now within a hundred yards of me, while I could not move. At that moment a strong light flashed along the cavern from the river, and I discovered for the first time that it too was not above a hundred yards from me. I had been a good swimmer in early life: I plunged in, soon reached the stream, and found that the light came from one of the boats that fish the Loire at night, and which had accidentally moored in front of my den. I got on board; the fisherman carried

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me to the other side; I made my way across the country, reached one of my garrisons, found the troops, fortunately, indignant at the treatment which the king's colours had received; marched at the head of two thousand men by daybreak, and by noon was in the Grande Place of Nantz; proceeded to try a dozen of the ringleaders of the riot, who had not been merely rebels, but robbers and murderers; and amid the acclamations of the honest citizens, gave them over to the fate which villains in every country deserve, and which is the only remedy for rebellion in any. But my example was not followed; its style did not please the ministers whom our king had been compelled to choose by the voice of the Palais Royal; and as his majesty would not consent to bring me to the scaffold for doing my duty, he compromised the matter, by an order to travel for a year, and a passport for England."

* * * * *

"Toutes les belles dames sont, plus ou moins, coquettes," says that gayest of all old gentlemen, the Prince de Ligne, who loved every body, amused every body, and laughed at every body. It is not for me to dispute the authority of one who contrived to charm, at once, the imperial severity of Maria Theresa and the imperial pride of Catharine; to baffle the keen investigation of the keenest of mankind, the eccentric Kaunitz; and rival the profusion of the most magnifique and oriental of all prime ministers, Potemkin.

Mariamne was a "belle dame," and a remarkably pretty one. She was therefore intitled to all the privileges of prettiness; and, it must be acknowledged, that she enjoyed them to a very animated extent. In the curious memoirs of French private life, from *Plessis Les Tours* down to St Evremond and Marmontel—and certainly—more amusing and dexterous dissections of human nature, at least as it is in France, never existed—our cooler countrymen often wonder at the strange attachments, subsisting for half a century between the old, who were nothing but simple fireside friends after all; and even between the old and the young. The story of Ninon and her Abbe—the unfortunate relationship, and the unfortunate catastrophe excepted—was the story of hundreds or thousands in every city of France fifty years ago. It arises from the vividness of the national mind, the quick susceptibility to being pleased, and the natural return which the heart makes in gratitude. If it sometimes led to error—it was the more to be regretted. But I do not touch on such views.

As the Jew's daughter had been rendered by her late adventure all but the affianced bride of Lafontaine, she immediately assumed all the rights of a bride, treated her slave as slaves are treated every where, received his friends at her villa with animation, and opened her heart to them all, from the old general downwards, even to me. I never had seen a creature so joyous, with all her soul so speaking on her lips, and all her happiness so sparkling in her eyes.

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She was the most restless, too, of human beings; but it was the restlessness of a glow of enjoyment, of a bird in the first sunshine, of a butterfly in the first glitter of its wings. She was now continually forming some party, some ingenious surprise of pleasure, some little sportive excursion, some half theatric scene, to keep all our hearts and eyes as much alive as her own. Lafontaine obviously did not like all this; and some keen encounters of their wits took place, on the pleasure which, as he averred, “she took in all society but his own.”

“If the charge be true,” said she one day, “why am I in fault? It is so natural to try to be happy.”

“But, to be happy without me, Mariamne.”

“Ah, what an impossibility!” laughed the little foreigner.

“But, to receive the attentions even of the general, old enough to have married your grandmother.”

“Well, does it not show his taste, even in your own opinion, to follow your example, and admire what you tell me *you* worship?”

“You are changed; you are a *girouette*, Mariamne.”

“Well, nothing in the world is so melancholy as one who lets all the world pass by it, without a thought, a feeling, or a wish. One might as well be one of the pictures in the Louvre, pretty and charming, and gazed at by all the passers-by, without a glance for any of them, in return. I have no kind of envy for being a mummy, covered with cloth of gold, and standing in a niche of cedar, yet with all its sensations vanished some thousand years ago.”

“Was this the language you held to me when first we met, Mariamne?”

“Was this the language *you* held to me, when first we met, Charles? But I shall lose my spirits if I talk to you. What a sweet evening! What a delicious breeze! *Bon soir!*” And forth she went, tripping it among the beds of flowers like a sylph, followed by Lafontaine, moody and miserable, yet unable to resist the spell. Of those scenes I saw a hundred, regularly ending in the same conclusion; the lady always, as ladies ought, gaining the day, and the gentleman vexed, yet vanquished. But evil days were at hand; many a trial more severe than the pretty arguments of lovers awaited them; and Lafontaine was to prove himself a hero in more senses than one, before they met again.

It happened, that I was somewhat a favourite with Mariamne. Yet I was the only one of whom Lafontaine never exhibited a suspicion. His nature was chivalrous, the

rencontre between us he regarded as in the strongest degree a pledge of brotherhood; and he allowed me to bask in the full sunshine of his fair one's smiles, without a thought of my intercepting one of their beams. In fact, he almost formally gave his wild bird into my charge. Accordingly, whenever he was called to London, which was not unfrequently the case, as the business of the emigrants with Government grew more serious, I was her chosen companion; and as she delighted in galloping over the hills and vales of Sussex, I was honoured by being her chief equerry; she repaying the service by acting as my cicerone.

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"Come," said she one day, at the end of an excursion, or rather a race of some miles along the shore, which put our blood-horses in a foam, "have you ever seen Les Interieurs?"

"No."

"I saw you," she remarked, "admiring the Duchesse de Saint Alainville at our little ball the other night."

"It was impossible to refuse admiration. She is the noblest looking woman I ever saw."

"*One* of the noblest, sir, if you please. But, as I disdain the superb in every thing"—— She fixed her bright eyes on me.

"The fascinating is certainly much superior." A slight blush touched her cheek, she bowed, and all was good-humour again.

"Well, then," said she, "since you *have* shown yourself rational at last, I shall present you to this superb beauty in her own palace. You shall see your idol in her morning costume, her French reality."

She touched the pane of a window with her whip, and a bowing domestic appeared. "Is her Grace at home?" was the question. "Her Grace receives to-day," was the answer. My companion looked surprised, but there was no retreating. We alighted from our horses to attend the "reception."

The cottage was simply a cottage, roofed with thatch; and furnished in the homeliest style of the peasants to whom it had belonged. We went up stairs. A few objects of higher taste were to be seen in the apartment to which we were now ushered—a pendule, a piano, and one or two portraits superbly framed, and with ducal coronets above them. But, to my great embarrassment, the room was full, and full of the first names of France. Yet the whole assemblage were female, and the glance which the Duchess cast from her fauteuil, as I followed my rather startled guide into the room, showed me that I had committed some terrible solecism, in intruding on the party. On what mysteries had I ventured, and what was to be the punishment of my temerity in the very shrine of the Bona Dea? My pretty guide, on finding herself with all those dark eyes fixed on her, and all those stately features looking something between sorrow and surprise, faltered, and grew alternately red and pale. We were both on the point of retiring; when the Duchess, after a brief consultation with some of the surrounding matronage, made a sign to Mariamne to approach. Her hospitality to all the emigrant families had undoubtedly given her a claim on their attentions. The result was a most gracious smile from Madame la Presidente, and I took my seat in silence and submission.



“Is France a country of female beauty?” is a question which I have often heard, and which I have always answered by a recollection of this scene. I never saw so many handsome women together, before or since. All were not Venuses, it is true; but there was an expression, almost a mould of feature, universal, which struck the eye more than beauty. It was impossible to doubt that I was among a high *caste*; there was a general look of nobleness, a lofty yet feminine grace of countenance, a stately sweetness, which are involuntarily connected with high birth, high manners, and high history.

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There were some whose fine regularity of feature might have served as the model for a Greek sculptor. Yet those were not the faces on which the eye rested with the long and deep delight that “drinks in beauty.” I saw some worthy of the sublime spell of Vandyke, more with the magnificence of style which Reynolds loved, and still more with the subdued dignity and touching elegance of which Lawrence was so charming a master.

On my return to French society in after years, I was absolutely astonished at the change which seemed to me to have taken place in the beauty of high life. I shall not hazard my reputation for gallantry, by tracing the contrast more closely. But evil times had singularly acted upon the physiognomy even of the nobles. The age of the *roturier* had been the climacteric of France. Generals from the ranks, countesses from the canaille, legislators from the dregs of the populace, and proprietors from the mingled stock of the parasite and the plunderer, naturally gave the countenance, formed by their habits, to the nation formed by their example.

Still there were, and are, examples of this original beauty to be found among the *elite* of the noble families; but they are rare, and to be looked on as one looks on a statue of Praxiteles found in the darkness and wrecks of Herculaneum. In the words of the old song, slightly changed—

“I roam’d through France’s sanguine sand,
At beauty’s altar to adore,
But there the sword had spoil’d the land,
And Beauty’s daughters were no more.”

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ENGLISH MUSIC AND ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

Musical taste, as we observed in a former article, has undergone fewer mutations in England, than in most other countries where the art has been cultivated and esteemed. In order, therefore, to acquire an accurate knowledge of the state of musical taste and science which now prevails among us, it will be necessary to take a brief retrospect; and as much of the music still popular was composed during the earliest period of the art in England, we shall rapidly trace its history from the times of those early masters, whose names are still held in remembrance and repute, down to the present century.

When England threw off the Papal yoke, music was little known beyond the services of the church. Though the secular music of this period was barbarous in the extreme, yet masses were universally sung, and music had long formed a necessary element in the due performance of the services of the Romish church. During the reign of Henry VIII. few alterations were made in public worship; and the service continued to be sung and carried on in the Latin language, as before. From Strype’s account of the funeral of this

monarch, it appears that all the old ceremonies were observed, and that the rupture with Rome had caused no alteration in the obsequies performed on such occasions.

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In the reign of his successor, the church service was entirely changed, and the Protestant liturgy was first published for general use. Four years after this event, on the accession of Mary, the “old worship” was again restored. But when, at length, the reformed religion was firmly established by Elizabeth, and the ritual permanently changed, the music of the old masses, suited to the genius and structure of the Romish service, was no longer available for the simpler forms of worship by which it was replaced. During the holiest and most solemn portions of the ancient worship, the organ had for centuries been heard in the cathedrals, while the choruses of praise and adoration resounded through the aisles. Men’s opinions may undergo a change, but the feelings and ideas created by early association, and fostered by habit, are far more lasting and enduring. The poet must have lamented the loss of the music, which, in the stern ascetic spirit of Puritanism prevailing at a later period of our history, he assisted to banish from our churches, as he sang—

“But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heav’n before mine eyes.”

At the period of which we speak, the want of music in the services of the church seems to have been severely felt, though perhaps the simpler forms of the new ritual were comparatively but little adapted for musical display. Great exertions were made throughout the kingdom by the deans and chapters to restore the efficiency of the choirs; and Elizabeth, in the exercise of what then appeared an undoubted prerogative of the crown, issued her warrant for the impressment of singing men and boys for the castle of Windsor. The churches and cathedrals still, indeed, retained their organs; “the choirs and places where they sing” were still in being; all the *materiel* was at hand; but, with the exception of the production of John Marbeck, called “The Book of Common Prayer Noted,” which was printed in 1550, there was as yet no music for the new services in the English language. Two years after the accession of Elizabeth, and one year after the bill for the uniformity of common prayer had passed the legislature, a choral work, “very necessarie for the church of Christ to be frequented and used,” was published, among the authors of which the name of Tallis appeared. The musical necessities of the newly established church appear to have stimulated or developed

talents which, under other circumstances, might perhaps have been less prominently brought forward: at all events, the demand for this music would seem a principal reason

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why the early English masters should have devoted themselves so exclusively to sacred composition. Tallis and his pupil Byrd, both men of original genius, produced many compositions for the newly introduced ritual, which, by their intrinsic merit and comparative superiority, aided also by a constant demand for new music of the same character, gave a permanent direction to the exercise of musical talent; and the services of Tallis and Byrd became the classic objects of emulation and imitation, and sacred music became, in a peculiar manner, the national music of England. The compositions of these "fathers of our genuine and national sacred music," are still preserved, the latter of whom, Byrd, died in 1623, at the age of probably near eighty years.

The year 1588 forms an epoch in our musical history. An Italian merchant, who, by his mercantile connection with the Mediterranean, had opportunities of obtaining the newest and best compositions of his native country, had, for some years, been in the frequent habit of procuring the best singers of the day, to perform them, privately, at his house in London. This gentleman had at length the spirit and enterprise to publish a volume of Italian madrigals, entitled, "Musica Transalpina, Madrigales translated of four, five, and six parts, chosen out of divers excellent authors; with the first and second parts of La Virginella, made by Maister Byrd, upon two stanzas of Ariosto, and brought to speak English with the rest." These pieces seem to have given birth to that passion for madrigals which was afterwards so prevalent, and thus became the models of contemporary musicians. The next composer of any note was Orlando Gibbons. He died at an early age, soon after the accession of Charles I., to whom he had been appointed organist. This master composed several madrigals, but, like his predecessors, he devoted himself principally to sacred composition. The secular productions of Tallis, Byrd, and Gibbons, together with those of contemporary composers of inferior note, are, for the most part, now forgotten; but the sacred music of these three masters still forms a part of every collection of church music. Canons and fugues were the favourite modes of that early period; vain substitutes for melody, rhythm, and correct accentuation, in which particulars music was then greatly deficient. The merits of the compositions of the Elizabethan age, vaunted by the lovers of antiquity as the golden age of English music, are thus summed up by Dr Burney: "It is, therefore, upon the church music, madrigals, and songs in parts, of our countrymen during the reign of Elizabeth, that we must rest their reputation; and these, in point of harmony and contrivance, the chief excellencies of such compositions, appear in nothing inferior to those of the best contemporary compositions of the Continent. Taste, rhythm, accent, and grace, must not be sought for in this kind of music; indeed, we might as well censure the ancient Greeks

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for not writing in English, as the composers of the sixteenth century for their deficiency in these particulars, which having then no existence, even in idea, could not be wanted or expected; and it is necessarily the business of artists to cultivate or refine what is in the greatest esteem among the best judges of their own nation and times. And these, at this period, unanimously thought every species of musical composition below criticism except canons and fugues. Indeed, what is generally understood by taste in music, must ever be an abomination in the church; for, as it consists of new refinements or arrangements of notes, it would be construed into innovation, however meritorious, unless sanctioned by age. Thus the favourite points and passages in the madrigals of the sixteenth century, were in the seventeenth received as orthodox in the church; and those of the opera songs and cantatas of the seventeenth century, are used by the gravest and most pious ecclesiastical composers of the eighteenth.” Of the skill of the performers, for whom this music, still listened to and admired, was written, he also observes, “that the art of singing, further than was necessary to keep a performer in tune, and time, must have been unknown;” and that “if L500 had been offered to any individual to perform a solo, fewer candidates would have entered the lists than if the like premium had been offered for flying from Salisbury steeple over Old Sarum without a balloon.” For ourselves, we do not hesitate to acknowledge that, in our opinion, the services of these patriarchs of the English school surpass the great majority of similar productions by our later masters. They may, indeed, suffer when compared with the masses of the great continental masters; but they nevertheless possess a certain degree of simple majesty, well suited to the primitive character of the ritual of that church which disdains the use of ornament, and on *principle* declines to avail herself of any appeal to the senses as an auxiliary to devotion. We have been the more particular in our notice of these early masters, because, long without any rivals, their church music even now stamps the public taste, and is still held in the highest esteem by many among whom their names alone suffice to hold the judgment captive.

It is needless to advert to Humphrey and other composers, some of whose productions are still in vogue; enough has been said to show with what reason the *absolute* correctness of English taste in sacred music, in which we suppose ourselves so peculiarly to excel, may be called in question.

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We proceed to sketch the history of the other branches of the art in England, and commence at once with Henry Purcell, the greatest of our native masters, previously to whom music is said to have been manifestly on the decline during the seventeenth century. It has been often remarked of Purcell, that he had “devance son siecle.” Many of his faults, defects, or crudities, may undoubtedly be attributed to the age which he adorned. The tide of public approbation has of late set strongly in his favour; and could the fulsome panegyrics, of which he has been the object, be implicitly received, Purcell would be considered as nothing less than a prodigy of genius. Several attempts at dramatic music had been made before Purcell’s time. Matthew Lock had already set the songs of *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, and had also given to the world “The English Opera, or the vocal music in *Psyche*,” in close imitation of Lulli, the long famed composer of Louis XIV. Purcell followed in the new track, taking for his models the productions of the first Italian composers. The fact, that Purcell was under obligations to the Italians, may startle many of his modern admirers; but with a candour worthy of himself, in the dedication of his *Dioclesian* to Charles Duke of Somerset, he says, that “music is yet but in its nonage, a forward child. ’Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master.” And in the preface to his Sonatas, he tells us that he “faithfully endeavoured at a just imitation of the most famed Italian masters.” An able critic has also remarked, that he thinks he can perceive the obligations which Purcell had to Carissimi in his recitative, and to Lulli both in recitative and melody; and also that it appears that he was fond of Stradella’s *manner*, though he seems never to have pillaged his passages. Many of our readers are doubtless aware, that Purcell’s opera of *King Arthur* has been lately revived at Drury-Lane, where it has had a considerable *run*. The public prints have been loud in its praise; and this work has been styled “the perfect model of the lyric drama of England.” The intervention of spoken dialogue, by many in their innocence hitherto supposed to be a defect in the construction of a musical drama, is strangely metamorphosed into a beauty in *King Arthur*. In short, from some of these *critiques*, *King Arthur* would appear to be the only perfect drama or opera which the world has ever seen. To show the real value of these criticisms, we may mention the fact, that in an elaborate article of a journal now before us, in which many of the pieces of this opera are enumerated and highly commended, the writer has curiously enough passed by in silence two airs, of which Dr Burney observes that they contain not a single passage which the best composers of his time, if it presented itself to their imagination, would reject; and on one of which he also remarks, that it is “one of the few airs

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that time has not the power to injure; it is of all ages and all countries.” There is doubtless much in Purcell, which, though quaint and antiquated, the musician may nevertheless admire; but excellence of this kind is necessarily lost upon a general audience. Melody in his day was rude and unpolished; for there were no singers to execute, even if the composer had the ability to conceive. Thus Purcell’s melody, though often original and expressive, is nevertheless more often rude and ungraceful. In the words of a recent writer on this subject, “We are often surprised to find elegance and coarseness, symmetry and clumsiness, mixed in a way that would be unaccountable, did we not consider that, in all the arts, the taste is a faculty which is slowly formed, even in the most highly gifted minds.” We suspect that the pageant saved *King Arthur*; the scenic illusions by which contending armies were brought upon an extended plain, together with the numerous transformations, continually commanded that applause which the music alone failed to elicit. With many, however, the mere *spectacle* was not all-sufficient; but Opinion was written down, and independently of the *prestige* attached to the name of Purcell, the press would have effectually put down all exhibition of disapprobation. The theatre might be seen to become gradually deserted, and party after party, stunned by the noise and blinded by the glare, might be observed to glide noiselessly away as the performance proceeded, while an air of fatigued endurance, and disappointment, was plainly visible on the countenances of those that remained behind. This opera has been frequently revived; how much of the success which it has met with may be attributed to what Rousseau, when speaking of the operas of that period, terms “a false air of magnificence, fairyism, and enchantment, which, like flowers in a field before the harvest, betokens an *apparent* richness,” may be matter of speculation; but it is recorded that even on its *first* introduction on the stage, it caused a heavy loss to the patentees, in consequence of which their affairs were thrown into Chancery, where they remained some twenty years. Even Purcell’s fame is confined to our own shores, and we are not aware that his music was ever known upon the Continent.

Arne, who established his reputation as a lyric composer by the music of *Comus* in 1738, is the next composer whom we think it necessary to mention. To this master belongs the singular glory of having composed an English opera—a term by which, as will be seen hereafter, we mean a musical drama in which the whole of the plot is carried on without the intervention of spoken dialogue. *Artaxerxes*, the only work of the kind which we possess, was first produced in the year 1762. Though the music is of a form now obsolete, this opera has seldom been long a stranger to our stage, having been from time to time revived for the debut of new and ambitious

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singers. One of these revivals has recently taken place; the piece, however, was performed for a few nights only, and perhaps popularity may be, at length, deserting *Artaxerxes*. This “standard work of the English school” appears to be of more than doubtful parentage. Arne is stated to have crowded the airs, those of Mandane in particular, with all the Italian divisions and difficulties of the day, and to have incorporated with his own property all the best passages of the Italian and English composers of his time. With the exception of *Comus* and *Artaxerxes*, none of his pieces or operas met with great success; and he seems to be principally remembered by those compositions which were the least original. “Rule Britannia,” by the combined effect of the sentiment of the words and the spirit and vivacity of the music, now become a national song, does not possess the merit of originality. Long before it was *nationalized*—if one may use such a word—by Englishmen, it was observed that in an Italian song, which may be seen at page 25 of Walsh’s collection, the idea—nay, almost all the passages—of this melody might be found. In the well-known song, “Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,” passages occur taken almost note for note from a *cantabile* by Lampugnani. According to Dr Burney, Arne may also claim the glory of having, by his compositions and instructions, formed an era in the musical history of his country. The former relates that music, which had previously stood still for near half a century, was greatly improved by Arne in his endeavours “to refine our melody and singing from the Italian;” and that English “taste and judgment, both in composition and performance, even at the playhouses, differed as much from those of twenty or thirty years ago, as the manners of a civilized people from those of savages.” Dr Busby, on the other hand, remarks, that “it is a curious fact that the very father of a style, more natural and unaffected, more truly English, than that of any other master, should have been the first to deviate into foreign finery and finesse, and desert the native simplicity of his country.” But it is by the compositions in which this degeneracy may be most particularly remarked, that Arne’s name as a musician has been preserved. This fact has undoubtedly a double aspect. We may therefore, indeed, be permitted to ask,

“Who shall decide when *doctors* disagree?”

Either the public taste has erred, or the bastard Italian was superior to the genuine English. Either way there is something wrong, and it matters little whether we elevate the composer at the expense of the public, or whether we commend the national taste while we depreciate and decry the excellence of the music or the merit of the musician.

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To Arne succeed several masters, many of whose compositions are still popular. Arnold, Boyce, Battishall, Shield, Horsley, Webbe, and Calcott, are the leading names of a numerous class who are chiefly remembered for their anthems and glees, amongst which may be found the *chefs-d'oeuvres* of a school of which we shall more particularly speak hereafter. The dramatic compositions of these masters are, for the most part, consigned to oblivion; nor has any permanent impression been made upon the public, by a native opera, for many years. While our national school has been thus barren, the Italian opera has been long cultivated and esteemed. The first opera, performed wholly in Italian, was given at the Haymarket theatre in 1710. Handel began to write for this theatre in 1712, and continued to produce operas for many years. The Italian opera appears to have been in the most flourishing state about the years 1735 and 1736. London then possessed two lyric theatres, each managed by foreign composers, carrying on a bitter rivalry, and each backed by all the vocal and instrumental talent that could be found in Europe. Porpora, by Rousseau styled the immortal, at the Haymarket, and Handel at Covent-Garden—the former boasting the celebrated Farinelli and Cuzzoni among his performers, the latter supported by Caustini and Gizziello. The public, however, appears to have been surfeited by such prodigality; for Dr Burney observes, “at this time”—about 1737—“the rage for operas seems to have been very much diminished in our country; the fact was, that public curiosity being satisfied as to new compositions and singers, the English returned to their homely food, the *Begger's Opera* and ballad farces on the same plan, with eagerness and comfort.” In 1741, Handel, after producing thirty-nine Italian lyric dramas, and after struggling against adversity, with a reduced establishment in a smaller theatre, was compelled by ruin to retire for ever from the direction of the Italian stage. The opera then passed into other hands, and was continued, with various success and few intermissions, down to the present time. It has been the means of introducing to our countrymen the works of an almost innumerable host of foreign composers. Bach, the first composer who observed the laws of contrast as a principle, Pergolisi, Gluck, Piccini, Paesiello, Cimarosa, Mozart, Rossini, and Bellini, are the principal names, among a long list of masters, of whom we might otherwise have remained in utter ignorance. Performers of every kind, singers of the highest excellence, have come among us; the powers and performances of Farinelli, Caffarelli, Pachierotti, Gabrielli, Mara, and others, are handed down by tradition, while all remember the great artists of still later times. These have been our preceptors in the art of song, and to them, and them alone, are we indebted for our knowledge of the singer's, powers; and but for their guidance and instruction, our native home-taught professors

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would have been centuries instead of years behind. It may, however, be some consolation to reflect, that we have not been alone in our pupilage; for Italy, herself the pupil of ancient Greece, has in her turn become the preceptress of the modern world in music, as well as the other branches of the fine arts, in all of which her supremacy has been universally acknowledged. Besides the native musicians whose names we have enumerated, many *ephemerae* of the genus have fluttered their short hour, and been forgotten. On turning over the popular music of the early years of the present century, or the music which may, perhaps, have formed the delight and amusement of the last generation, the musician will marvel that such productions should have been ever tolerated. Native skill has undoubtedly advanced since this period; and however worthless much of our present music may be considered, it is nevertheless superior to most of the like productions of our immediate predecessors. We have some living composers whose works are not without some merit; but they can scarcely be placed even in the second class. Their compositions, when compared with the works of the great continental masters, are tame, spiritless, and insipid; we find in them no flashes of real genius, no harmonies that thrill the nerves, no melodies that ravish the sense, as they steal upon the ear. Effort is discernible throughout this music, the best of which is formed confessedly upon Italian models; and nowhere is the universal law, of the inferiority of all imitation, more apparent.

These observations apply with especial force to the *dramatic* music, or compositions of the English school. The term opera, is incorrectly used in England. The proper meaning of the word is, a musical drama, consisting of recitative airs and concerted pieces; without the intervention of spoken dialogue, it should consist of music, and music alone, from the beginning to the end. With us it has been popularly applied to what has been well characterized as “a jargon of alternate speech and song,” outraging probability in a far higher degree than the opera properly so called, and singularly destructive of that illusion or deception in which the pleasure derived from dramatic representations principally consists. Music is in itself no mean vehicle of expression; but, when connected with speech or language, it gives a vast additional force and power to the expression of the particular passion or feeling which the words themselves contain. It appears, as one listens to an opera, as if the music were but a portion, or a necessary component part of the language of the beings who move before us on the scene. We learn to deem it part of their very nature and constitution; and it appears, that, through any other than the combined medium of speech and song, the passions, we see exhibited in such intensity, could not be adequately expressed. The breaking up of this illusion by the intervention

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of mere dialogue, is absolutely painful; there is a sudden sinking from the ideal to the real, which shocks the sense, and at once destroys the fabric of the imagination. Rousseau says of the lyric drama, that “the melodies must be separated by speech, but speech must be modified by music; the ideas should vary, but the *language* should remain the same. This language once adopted, if changed in the course of a piece, would be like speaking half in French and half in German. There is too great a dissimilarity between conversation and music, to pass at once from one to the other; it shocks both the ear and probability. Two characters in dialogue ought either to speak or sing; they cannot do alternately one and the other. Now, recitative is the means of union between melody and speech by whose aid, that which is merely dialogue becomes recital or narrative in the drama, and may be rendered without disturbing the course of melody.” Recitative is peculiarly adapted to the expression of strong and violent emotion. The language of the passions is short, vivid, broken, and impetuous; the most abrupt transitions and modulations which are observed in nature, may be noted down in recitative. Writing recitative is but committing to paper the accent and intonation, in short, the *reading* of the language to be delivered by the performer; and the composer may almost be considered as a master of elocution, writing down that reading of a passage which he thinks may best express the passion or the sentiment of the words. The effect of this reading or intonation is often aided and increased by the sound of instruments, sometimes, expressing the harmonies of the passages or transitions noted for the voice, at other times, perhaps, performing a graceful independent melody or harmony, in which case it is said to be “accompanied:” It may be easily conceived, how powerful an instrument of dramatic effect, this species of composition may become in the hands of a skillful composer. We have already given two examples of its power, one, of recitative in its simplest form, the other, of accompanied recitative.[1] It would seem scarcely credible that so powerful an agent of the lyric drama should be utterly neglected, among a people who undoubtedly *claim* to be considered a musical nation, and whose composers certainly esteem themselves among those to whom musical fame might be justly awarded. But such is nevertheless the fact, and we are not aware of any modern composer of the English school who has fully availed himself of its powers and capabilities. It has been said of *Artaxerxes*, that the attempt then made to apply recitative to the English language is unsuccessful; but it may be asked, whether the long continued popularity of this work may not, in *some* degree at least, be owing to the absence of the incongruous mixture of speech and song. However this may be, it is at least a singular coincidence, that the single opera of our language, in which dialogue does

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not break and interrupt the unity and consistent action of the drama, should be the only musical work which has been distinguished by such constant and enduring marks of popular favour and approbation. Another species of dramatic music, the *cantabile* of the Italians, is equally neglected among us. The *cantabile* includes much of the most exquisite music of the Italian masters, and we know of nothing more touchingly beautiful, throughout the whole range of musical composition, than many of the *andante cantabili* of this school. This, also, has been rarely attempted by the English masters, and their puny efforts will bear no comparison with the rich, graceful, flowing measure of the true Italian.

[Footnote 1: No. cccxxvii, p. 137.]

All music is, in a greater or less degree, essentially dramatic. Its beauty often depends, entirely, upon the fidelity and truth with which nature is followed. Even instrumental music aims at dramatic effect, and fanciful incidents, and catastrophes are often suggested by the melodies and harmonies of a symphony, or concerto. These creations of the imagination are in themselves a source of interest and delight, wholly different, in their nature, from the pleasure conferred by mere sounds. How beautiful are the scenes, about to follow, depicted in the overtures to *Der Freyschutz* and *Oberon*; what wild *diableries* are not suggested by those wonderful compositions! There are sounds of awful mystery, proceeding, as it were, now, from the dread rites of dark malignant beings of another world, now, from the mad frolics of mischievous and reckless imps; in the midst of which a stream of beauteous, gentle melody—like a minister of grace—breaks forth; now, gliding smoothly along, now, rushing on impetuously, or, broken and interrupted in its course, as though the powers of good and evil were striving for the mastery; and at length, as if the former were victorious in the strife, that melody again bursts forth, loud and expanded in the bold exulting tones of triumph, with which the imaginary scene is closed.

Similar observations might be made of many other pieces of instrumental music; but these effects depend upon the imagination of the hearer, there being no words to convey definite ideas to the mind. In vocal music, where the words express no passion or emotion, the voice becomes little more than a mere instrument of the composer or the performer. Now, the national music of our country is for the most part adapted to words of this description, and the anthem, the madrigal, and glee, are thus necessarily deficient in dramatic power and expression. The glee has been described as "*quelque chose bien triste*," and few but the fanatics of the school who have listened to a succession of glees, will, we think, deny the accuracy of the description. The oratorio is often highly dramatic; but we have few, if any, oratorios of merit, of native production. Our operas we have already designated as plays, with songs scattered about at random. Thus, music of the highest class is rarely attempted in this country; and the neglect of the one great requisite of musical excellence, *may* have prevented our

composers from assuming that rank, to which they might otherwise have shown themselves entitled.

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There is, however, another class of composers whom we must not omit to notice: we mean the song-writers of the day, the authors of those ballads and vocal compositions, with knights and ladies fair, houris, sentimental peasants, or highborn beauties, as the case may be, lithographed upon the title-page. This class is entitled to notice, not because of the merit or ability they possess, but because these masters (!) really produce the popular music of the day, and because at present we literally possess no other new music. The first object of the publisher of a song is, or used to be, to have it sung in public by some popular performer. This is not done without fee and reward; but the value of the subject of the publisher's speculation, is greatly increased by the publicity gained by the introduction of the song at the theatre or the concert-room. When this event takes place, *claqueurs* are active, the friends of the singer support them, the playbills announce "a hit," and a sly newspaper puff aids the delusion; copies of the ornamented title-page are distributed among the various music-sellers, to be exhibited in their windows, and the song is popular, and "sells." Modest merit is unknown among us now. Thus songs and ballads without number, which would otherwise remain in well-merited obscurity on the shelves of the publisher, are forced into notice and repute. The trade, no doubt, benefits by this system, the commercial end of these speculations may indeed be answered, but the public taste is lowered by each and every of these transactions.

We may here notice the extravagant price of music of every description in England. For a piece of four or five pages, the sum of 2s. is commonly demanded. Even where there has been an outlay in the purchase of the copyright, this sum can scarcely be considered reasonable; but when the same price is asked for music which has become common property, it is out of all reason. The expense of engraving four or five pages of music, the cost of the plates, together with the expense of paper and printing a hundred copies of a song of this description, does not amount to L5; therefore the sale of fifty copies will reimburse the publisher; while, if the whole hundred are disposed of, he is an actual gainer of cent per cent upon his original outlay, while the profit upon every copy subsequently struck off is necessarily enormous. On the Continent, music may be purchased for about one-third the sum which it would cost in England. In Paris, Pacini's "partitions," an excellent edition of the popular Italian operas, are sold for twelve francs each. The whole set may be purchased at the rate of eleven francs the opera. While in London, the identical copies purchasable abroad by those not in the trade for about 8s. 6d. of our money, are sold at two guineas each. The profits of "the trade" on musical instruments, are also enormous. On the pianofortes of most of the London makers, a profit of *at least* thirty or thirty-five per cent is realized by the retailer; and on a grand piano, for which the customer pays 130 guineas, "the trade" pockets on the very lowest calculation upwards of L40.

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English performers next claim our notice and attention. In this new field of observation we find little to commend; defective training is the great cause of our inferiority in the practical performance of music, in all its branches. This is especially manifest in the home-taught singers of the English school. The voice is never perfectly formed nor developed, and brought out in the correct and scientific manner possessed by the accomplished artists of other countries. Some of the most popular of our singers sing with the mouth nearly closed, with others the voice is forced and strained, proceeding not from the chest, but from the throat, the muscles of which are necessarily contracted in the effort. We have, no doubt, many difficulties to overcome in the structure of our language, in which the accent is thrown on the consonants rather than on the vowels. Unlike the Italian, which is thrown out, *ore rotundo*, directly from the chest, the English language is spoken from the throat, and, in general, also with the mouth nearly closed. The Italian singer finds no difficulty in bringing out his voice; but the Englishman has first to conquer the habit of his life, and to overcome the obstacles his native tongue opposes to his acquirement of this new but necessary, mode of using the voice. The difficulty, of laying this only foundation of real sterling excellence in the vocal art, is very great, and much care and study is indispensable. Those who have occasion to use the voice loudly in the open air, insensibly acquire the power of thus eliciting the voice. The chest tones in which many of the "Cries of London" are often heard in the streets of the metropolis, are a familiar example of nature's teaching; another instance of which may probably still be found among the "*bargees*," of Cambridge, whose voices, in our younger days, we well remember to have often heard and admired, as they guided or urged forward their sluggish horses along the banks of the still more sluggish Cam, in tones proceeding *imo profundo* of the chest, and magnificent enough to have made the fortune of many a singer. These men, indeed, seemed to pride themselves upon their vocal powers; and many of them could execute a rapid shake, with accuracy and precision. The voice is nature's instrument, but, like the instruments fashioned by the hand of man, it will not yield its best tones to the unskilful. There are many instrumental performers whose chief excellence lies in their tone, and who could call forth tones, from even an ordinary instrument, far superior to those which an inferior performer would be able to produce from the best Straduarius or Amati. To the singer, tone is even of greater value than to the instrumental performers; for the method of instruction which improves the qualities of the vocal organ, also imparts a power and certainty of expression and execution, which cannot be otherwise acquired. The finest singers are ever found to be those, who have best

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studied and developed the powers of the instrument which nature had bestowed upon them. This is the first grand requisite for the singer; without it, respectable mediocrity may occasionally be attained, but real excellence never can be gained. We know of no English-taught singer who possesses it. So little are the voice and its capabilities understood in this country, that instances might be mentioned where basses were mistaken for barytones, barytones for tenors, and contraltos for sopranos. However incredible this may appear, it is, nevertheless, strictly and literally true. The consequence of such strange blunders is what might be naturally expected; the voice, forced out of its natural compass, prematurely gives way, and at a period of life when the vocal organ, if properly trained and developed, should have arrived at maturity and perfection, the singer's powers are gone, and, in the prime of life, he is compelled to abandon his profession, and subsides into the mere singing-master, to *misinstruct* the rising generation, and to mar the prospects of others who succeed him, as his own hopes were blighted by the errors of his own instructors. To what other cause can be attributed the constant and mysterious disappearance of new singers? How many young vocalists appear from time to time; lauded at first to the skies, for a few seasons listened to and admired, but whose reputation gradually decays, and who at length disappear from the stage and are forgotten. There are some who endure for years; but they fulfil no promise of their early youth. Under these circumstances, we could ill afford to lose an artist who seemed destined to achieve a lasting reputation. Our musical stage has but now sustained a heavy loss in one of the brightest ornaments it ever possessed; the charms of a happy home have withdrawn her from public life—but the genius of Miss Adelaide Kemble will not be soon forgotten. Another bright ornament of our stage, however, still remains. Possessing less physical energy and tragic power than her contemporary, Mrs Alfred Shaw is, nevertheless, the most pure, polished, and cultivated English singer we ever heard on the boards of our national theatre. The finish and refinement of her style, and the clear distinctness of her enunciation, make her the worthy model for the imitation of all who are desirous to excel. Were our future *debutanti* trained on the system which has thus developed the powers and capabilities of these eminent artists, less frequently would be observed the musical disappearances of which we have been speaking.

The English tenor is a nondescript animal; singing from some unknown region, his voice possesses no natural character, but its tones are forced, strained, and artificial. Our tenors and counter-tenors—a sort of musical hermaphrodite, almost peculiar to this country, and scarcely recognized by classical composers—delight in what is called the “pure,” or, “the good old English”

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style. This style, coldly correct, tame, dull, flat, and passionless, requires but little in the singer. The bass of this school is a saltatory creature; he is, for the most part, either striding through thirds, or jumping over fifths and octaves, much as he did a hundred years ago. During this period, the art of singing has made immense advances elsewhere; the execution of Farinelli, in 1734, thought so wonderful, would not suffice for even a third-rate singer now; and the powers of B. Ferri, described by Rousseau, are scarcely more than would be expected of every singer of the Queen's Theatre.

Rossini's music, replete with difficulties of execution, has compelled even the unwieldy bass to overcome his reluctance to rapid motion, and he is now obliged to condescend to runs, arpeggios, and other similar feats of agility. In an opera buffa at a Neapolitan theatre, called *Il Fondo*, we once heard Tamburini execute the well-known song "Ma non fia sempre odiata" in his falsetto, with a taste and expression scarcely surpassed by Rubini's performance of the air. On another occasion, at the same theatre, the prima donna was taken suddenly ill in the midst of a terzetto, in which Tamburini had the bass, and, while supporting her on the stage, this accomplished musician actually took the soprano in his falsetto, and performed the part of the indisposed lady in a manner which drew down universal applause. The English school, "still tardy," and "limping after" the Italian, is yet far behind. It has, undoubtedly, made some advances, but it is still the child, *following* indeed, but,

"Haud passibus aequis."

With us, the pupil commonly begins where he should end; songs are placed before him almost as soon as he has mastered the elements of music. At a time, when his whole study and endeavour should be to form and cultivate the voice, and by long, patient, and persevering exercise, to develop and command its powers, and to acquire flexibility and certainty of execution, his efforts are expended in learning—as it is called—songs. This process may be carried on *ad infinitum*; but none of the objects of the pupil's study can be ever *sung*, in the real acceptance of the term, on this method of instruction. The well-known anecdote of the early youth of one of the greatest singers the world has ever known, who, after the drudgery of a daily practice of exercises alone for seven years, was bidden by his master to go his way, the first singer in Europe, is an example of the advantages of the opposite system. The compass of an ordinary tenor is about two octaves, from C below the line, to C in alt. Within this compass, the tenor makes use of two voices; the chest or natural voice—which ranges over the whole of the lower octave and the lower half of the higher octave—and the head-voice or falsetto, which is commonly used throughout the whole of the remainder of the upper octave, the higher notes of which can be reached only in the falsetto. In

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passing from one 'voice' to the other, especially while descending the scale, a break or crack may be observed in the untutored and uncultivated voice. When this defect has been overcome, and the student has acquired the power of passing from one 'voice' to the other without this break, the voice is said to be joined. The soprano also has to contend with a similar difficulty. It often requires many months of constant and unremitting practice to overcome this natural defect of the vocal organ, and in some voices it is never entirely conquered. An acute ear might often detect the faulty joining of the voice, in both the Gravis, when executing a distant descending interval. This obstacle meets the student at the very threshold of his career; but we have met with many English taught amateurs, who were altogether ignorant even of what was meant by joining the voice. In fact, the art of singing, or of acquiring a mastery and control over the voice, of remedying its defects, and developing its latent powers, is comparatively unknown in England; our professors are for the most part entirely ignorant of the capabilities of the human voice, as an *instrument*, in the hands of the performer. Many of these observations apply to our instrumental performers. With few exceptions, defective training has, in this branch of the musical art, long prevented us from producing performers of equal celebrity with those who have visited us from the Continent. From them we have become acquainted with effects, which we should have deemed the instruments on which they played wholly incapable of producing. Our young professors now often follow these men to their own country, there to learn of them that proficiency which they would seek in vain to acquire at home.

In the midst of all this ignorance, with our one opera, our anthems, madrigals, glees, and ballads, we nevertheless esteem ourselves a musical people, and every one is ready to exclaim with Bottom, "I have a reasonable good ear in musick!" Music certainly is the fashion now, and no one would dare to avow that he had no music in his soul. It may be thought, that none but a people passionately devoted to music, could produce a succession of patriots ready to sacrifice health and wealth, rather than their countrymen should fail to possess an Italian opera. Some one is ever found equal to the emergency; there is seldom any lack of competitors for the "forlorn hope" of the management of the Italian opera, and, undismayed by the ruin of his predecessors, the highest bidder rushes boldly on to the direction of the Queen's theatre. Forty thousand pounds of debt has been known to have been incurred in a single season; and it has been calculated that a sum little short of a million sterling, besides the produce of the subscriptions and admissions, has been sacrificed to the desire of an Italian opera. Every autumn is rich in musical festivals, as they are called, by which, though the temples of God are desecrated, and the church,

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in common with the theatre and the concert-room, becomes the scene of gaiety, frivolity, and amusement; and though the speculation is a charitable one, by which it is *hoped* that the funds of the benevolent institutions of the town or county may be increased, a considerable loss is nevertheless often incurred, which falls upon the committee, or upon the borough or county members, according to the equity of the case. These gentlemen also furnish another proof that there are at least some among us who will incur any risk, and make any sacrifice, rather than forego the indulgence of their musical tastes and inclinations. Are there not also choral and madrigal societies, glee-clubs, and concerts innumerable, in every part of the country? It is surely a mistake to suppose, "*Que les Anglois ont peu d'aptitude pour la musique*;" we agree that the remainder of the sentence, "*Ceux-ci le savent et ne s'en soucient guere*," is altogether inapplicable now, however true it might have been when the lively Jean-Jacques framed the sentence. Our ambition has been roused, or our vanity has been piqued, and we are now pretty much in the same condition with the French, when it was said of them, that they "would renounce a thousand just rights, and pass condemnation on all other things, rather than allow that they are not the first musicians of the world." This is one of the signs of the times, and we hail it as a symptom of better things.

In the metropolis, music has advanced with far greater rapidity than in the provinces. This appears the natural and inevitable result of causes to which we have already alluded. Ten or fifteen years ago, the street-music of London consisted of such tunes as Tom and Jerry—an especial favourite—the Copenhagen Waltz, and other *melodies* of the same class. Now we have instruments imitating a full orchestra, which execute elaborate overtures in addition to the best airs of the first masters of Europe. The better the music the greater the attraction, even in the streets of London; and the people may be seen daily to crowd around these instruments, and to listen with attention to Italian and German melodies. We have, of late, repeatedly heard the juvenile unwashed, whistling airs learned from these instruments, which, however humble, thus appear to influence the taste of the poorer classes. During several weeks of the present year, operas in an English dress were simultaneously performed at three of our theatres. The very gods in the galleries now look benignly down upon the Italian strangers, which—to use a theatrical phrase—draw better houses than any other performances would command.

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In the country, the advancement is less manifest. A provincial musical party is generally a fearful thing. In the society of the metropolis, none but the really skilful musician is ever heard; in the country, these are rare beings; or, if the scientific performer is sometimes found, like the diamond in the mine, he shines in vain, there are none to appreciate his excellence. It is truly painful to see a number of fair young creatures, one after another, brought up to the instrument; there to exhibit, not taste or skill, but ignorance and inability. It is even still more painful to be condemned to listen to the performance of the best specimens, selected from the stock of school-taught pieces, beyond which many of the fair performers know little or nothing. We beg pardon of our fair young countrywomen; the fault lies not with them. The indiscriminate teaching of music cannot make all musicians. Many have no warm taste for music, and many more, who, under other circumstances, might have pursued the art as an amusement and recreation, are disgusted from their earliest youth by its being made a task, the difficulty of which is immeasurably increased by imperfect instruments. The general taste of the provincial world has advanced but little, for many years. There is a certain class of music, which has been respectfully listened to for upwards of a century; which, having been admired before, is therefore proper to be admired again. Few would dare to criticize, or avow a distaste for, music which has so long been popular. Handel and some others still meet with universal deference, and their very names alone suffice to silence any one who, more hardy than the rest, should be disposed to find fault. This music, however, is heard with cold indifference; it calls forth no feeling, and excites no enthusiasm. It is, indeed, seldom adequately performed. Many of Handel's songs are truly dramatic; but the purists of "the good old school," sternly adhering to their—self-styled classic—insipidity, never condescend to a meretricious display of dramatic power. The Italian and German schools are not understood by the "million." We have on many occasions observed a large audience, who, after having listened with an air of puzzled stupidity to the performance of the most beautiful *cavatine* by the first singers of the day, would the next moment, one and all, be thrown into apparent ecstasy by a wretched ballad, wound up by the everlasting ponderous English shake. This mode of conclusion, to which true taste is an utter stranger, is still considered indispensable; though, in the Italian school, it has been exploded upwards of a century. Such is the music which calls forth the latent enthusiasm of an English assembly, and a very respectable degree of excitement is often thus produced. There are many, who believe this music to be of the highest class of excellence, and who affect to despise the music of every other school. There are also many, who

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assert that all other music is artificial and meretricious—who contend that the Italian and German schools are usurping an undue ascendancy over the genuine, but modest, merit of our native music. That Bishop, Calcott, Webbe, Arne, and the rest, had reached the perfection of their art, would seem a bold assertion; and their most enthusiastic admirers would probably hesitate to state it as their conviction, that the compositions of their favourites contain the elements of universal popularity. Such, however, is the logical deduction from these premises, and the necessary conclusion from opinions, which those who hold them will not easily evade. If the music of our country does indeed possess the excellence, so fondly asserted by its numerous admirers, we might naturally expect, amid the general demand in Europe for musical entertainments, that its beauties should not be entirely neglected and unknown. But while the Italian opera has found its way over nearly the whole of Europe, and is absolutely naturalized in England, France, and Spain, our musical productions are unknown beyond the limits of their native shores. This, being a negative proposition, is not capable of direct proof. Michael Kelly gives an amusing account of the performance of the celebrated hunting song at Vienna, in which the discordant cries of “Tally-ho, Tally-ho,” are said to have driven the Emperor in indignation from the theatre, a great part of the audience also following the royal example. “The ladies hid their faces with the hands, and mothers were heard cautioning daughters never to repeat the dreadful expression of Tally-ho.” We have, ourselves, heard a no less air than “Drops of Brandy,” performed by a military band, stationed on the balcony of the palace of the King of Naples, on the evening of the royal birthday. The crowds enjoying the cool air on the St^a Lucia, exclaimed “Inglese, Inglese!” English, English! as this odd reminiscence of our countrymen was first heard. We are not aware of any other instances in which English music has been introduced upon the Continent. More such instances may undoubtedly exist; but the broad fact, that our music makes no way among other nations, cannot be disputed. The judgment of the civilized world can scarcely be in error; and it is difficult for the most ardent admirer of his country’s music, to account for the fact on any hypothesis which is not founded on the real inferiority of the English school.

This inferiority can be no matter of surprise, when we consider the energy with which the tuneful art is cultivated, and the importance with which it is invested, by the Italians. In the freedom happily enjoyed by Englishmen, all pursuits are open to individual enterprise and ambition; and every path to fame or opulence is thronged with busy eager aspirants, all running the race of eminence and distinction, with that strong purpose of the will which leaves but little opportunity for the indulgence of tastes, which, though

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they often exist among the individuals of these classes, are for this reason seldom cultivated. In Italy, insurmountable barriers are erected across these paths, which, in England, all are invited to pursue. The jealousy of despotic governments is ever on the watch to stifle and put down the genius that would busy itself on the serious affairs of men. Instances might be mentioned in which this monstrous system has been carried into effect. The smothered energies of these restless spirits must somewhere find a vent, and Arteaga has eloquently described one of the effects thus produced upon the Italians. "The love of pleasure," he remarks, "the only recompense for the loss of their ancient liberty which the Italians possess, and which in every nation decreases in proportion as political virtue diminishes, has caused an excessive frequency of theatrical pageants and amusements. In every small town, in every village, a theatre may be found. Subsistence may fail the indigent, the rivers may want bridges, drainage may be necessary to fertilize the plains, hospitals may be needful for the sick and infirm, there may even be no provision to meet a public calamity, but a species of Coliseum is nowhere wanting for the idle and unemployed." Operas are the national entertainments at these numerous theatres. The *impresario*, or manager, is generally one of the most wealthy and considerable personages of the little town which he inhabits. He forms a company, and he engages a composer to write an opera for the opening of the season, which generally consists of twenty or thirty nights, during which period seldom more than two operas are performed. The first night of one of these seasons is most amusingly described by the biographer of Rossini. "The theatre overflows, the people flock from ten leagues' distance; the curious form an encampment round the theatre in their calashes; all the inns are filled to excess, where insolence reigns at its height. All occupations have ceased; at the moment of the performance the town has the aspect of a desert. All the passions, all the solitudes, all the life, of a whole population, is concentrated at the theatre. The overture commences; so intense is the attention, that the buzzing of a fly could be heard. On its conclusion, the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds, or hissed, or rather howled at, without mercy. In an Italian theatre, they shout, they scream, they stamp, they belabour the backs of their seats with their canes, with all the violence of persons possessed. It is thus that they force on others the judgment which they have formed, and strive to prove it a sound one; for, strange to say, there is no intolerance equal to that of the eminently sensitive. At the close of each air the same terrific uproar ensues; the bellowsings of an angry sea could give but a faint idea of its fury. Such, at the same time, is the taste of an Italian audience, that they at once distinguish whether the merit of an air belongs to the singer, or composer."

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Contrast the scene here described with the appearance presented on similar occasion by the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket. There, few are bold enough either to applaud or disapprove. Many simple, perhaps, but beautiful and refined, characteristics of the composer or performer, may pass unnoticed; but some common-place embellishment, which is considered safe, will command the expression of approbation which the trait of real genius had failed to elicit. After a few representations, the fear of applauding *unwisely* is diminished, but still, as was once said of the French under similar circumstances, "they affirm with the lips, but with the eye they interrogate;" and it is not till a sort of prescription has been established in favour of certain airs and passages, that the Englishman banishes doubt and distrust, and claps his hands, and shouts *bravo*—accenting the word strongly on the first syllable—with an air of confidence and decision. We would, nevertheless, entertain the hope, that our national reserve, or the *mauvaise honte*, which our countrymen contrive to exhibit on every possible occasion, is one cause of this apparent dulness; at all events, it would seem highly probable that a people among whom music is a necessity, should, in the unbiassed judgment of contemporary nations, be our superiors in the art.

In the north of England, musical taste is much more widely diffused than in the south. The Committee of the Privy Council on Education, report favourably also of the musical attainments of the people of Norfolk. Mr Hogarth, in his excellent and able work, observes, that "in the densely peopled manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, music is cultivated among the working classes to an extent unparalleled in any other part of the kingdom. Every town has its choral society, supported by the amateurs of the place and its neighbourhood, where the sacred works of Handel and the more modern masters are performed, with precision and effect, by a vocal and instrumental orchestra, consisting of mechanics and work people; and every village church has its occasional oratorio, where a well-chosen and well-performed selection of sacred music is listened to by a decent and attentive audience, of the same class as the performers, mingled with their employers and their families. Hence, the practice of this music is an ordinary domestic and social recreation among the working classes of these districts, and its influence is of the most salutary kind." We can ourselves bear witness to the truth of many of these remarks. In some of the more rural portions of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, we have often listened to the voices of little bands of happy children, who, while returning home after the labours of the day were over, were singing psalms and hymns to tunes learned at the national or Sunday schools. A highly interesting example of the superior musical capacity of the inhabitants

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of this county, came under our observation a few years ago, at a large and populous village situated on the borders of one of the extensive fields of industry of which we speak. On the anniversary of the opening of the school, the children frequenting it—in number nearly 300—had been long accustomed to march in procession up to the mansion of the neighbouring squire, the founder and endower of the school. Ranged upon the lawn in the presence of their aged benefactor and his family—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, were among them—led by no instrument, and guided only by the voices of their teachers, they performed an anthem, in parts, with an accuracy and precision which was truly wonderful. As their young voices rose in simple beauty to the skies, tears coursed down the old man's cheek, and though already bowed by the weight of nearly ninety years, he bent still lower, to hide the emotion which overcame him. Six months after this occurrence, those children were drawn up to pay their last tribute of respect to their benefactor, as his remains passed to their final resting-place. In the churches of the north, the school-children may be seen singing with evident delight, not the mere passive instruments of the masters or teachers, but joining heart and soul with the congregation. The Lancashire chorus singers have long enjoyed an extended reputation; at the last festival at Westminster Abbey, they proved the principal strength of the choral band. In other parts of the kingdom, far less aptitude for music is shown among the working classes. The singing in the churches is, for the most part, of the lowest order. In many parishes considerable pains have, of late, been taken in order to improve the psalmody, but no corresponding effect has been produced. In the agricultural districts of the south of England, no songs are heard lightening the daily toil of the labourer, and the very plough-boys can hardly raise a whistle. It is impossible to account for this; but the fact will be acknowledged by all who have had the opportunity of observation.

In speculating upon the future prospects of music and musical taste and science in England, the two rival systems of teaching which have been recently introduced, must necessarily become the subjects of remark and observation. The names of the teachers of these systems are no doubt well known to all our readers. Mainzer, who is himself the author, as well as the teacher, of one system, and Hullah, the teacher of the system of Wilhelm. Wilhelm's method has been stamped by authority, and the Committee of the Council on Education, after "carefully examining" manuals of vocal music collected in Switzerland, Holland, the German States, Russia, Austria, and France, in order to ascertain the characteristic differences and general tendency of the respective methods adopted in these countries, at length decided in favour of Wilhelm. The accounts received of the success of this system in Paris, induced the Council

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to secure the assistance of Mr Hullah, who was known to have given much attention to the subject, and to have been already engaged in making trials of the method. The system of Wilhelm has, therefore, acquired the ascendancy, and Mr Hullah has been invested with the character or office of national instructor, in which capacity he is said to realize upwards of L.5000 per annum—almost as many pounds, according to Mr Barnett, as Wilhelm, the inventor of the system, received francs. The prominent station and the large income realized by a junior in the profession, has naturally roused the jealousy and excited the envy of his elder brethren, many of whom, perhaps, found “their occupation” almost “gone.” The vast amount of the bitterness thus engendered, may be conceived, when the reader is informed, that, in London alone, it has been computed that music affords a livelihood to more than 5000 persons. In the midst of such a host of bitter rivals, the imperfections and defects of this all-engrossing system are sure of exposure. Many grave and serious charges have been advanced against the mode in which a superficial and deceptive success has been made to appear real, sound, and healthy. These charges have been reiterated in a pamphlet, recently published by one who is, perhaps, the first of our native living masters—Mr Barnett. Those great exhibitions at Exeter Hall, in the presence of the magnates of the land, at which none but the pupils of Mr Hullah were stated to be allowed to attend, have been declared to be “packed” meetings. There is an *equivocacy* in the terms pupil and classes; with the public they would naturally be taken to mean those persons, and those only, who had *commenced* their musical career in the classes taught by Mr Hullah: but according to the official interpretation of the terms, they appear to mean, all who now are or ever have been receiving instruction in Wilhelm’s method. Now, it must be remembered, that Mr Hullah has instructed in Wilhelm’s method many who had, for years, gained their bread by teaching music; who, having been induced to abandon their old system, and to adopt the new method from the superior remuneration it affords, were probably all able to take as efficient a part in the performance, when they commenced the nine lessons which entitle them to the certificate of competency, as when their course of instruction was concluded. Hundreds of such pupils may, for aught we know, have been judiciously disposed among the remainder of the 1700 who performed on the grand occasions to which we allude. But to enable us to judge of the efficiency of a system of instruction, we must not only witness the performance of the pupil, but we must also know the point from which he started. Now, these demonstrations having been got up expressly for the purpose of exhibiting the skill and progress of Mr Hullah’s classes, all, therefore, that was necessary in order to form a judgment upon the question thus submitted to the

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public, though not directly asserted, was nevertheless necessarily implied. At all events, the public were simple enough so to understand the matter. But when the mistake was at length discovered, instead of at once correcting the error, if such indeed it was, recourse was had to a disingenuous quibble on words, which would, therefore, seem to have been purposely rendered obscure. It will thus be seen how fallacious a test these performances afford, either of the real merits of the system, or of the actual progress or efficiency of those who have received instruction from no other source. But, besides this charge, the truth of which is thus virtually admitted, it has also publicly been charged against the conductors of the Exeter Hall performances, that many able musicians, who never were the pupils of any teacher of the Wilhelm method, were surreptitiously introduced among the classes at these great choral meetings. This is a grave accusation; it has been made not anonymously nor in the dark, but backed and supported by the open disclosure of the name and address of the several parties by whom it has been publicly brought forward. Of the truth or falsehood of this serious imputation we know nothing more than that it is raised by facts, which have been stated, but which, so far as we can learn, have never received any denial or explanation. On one of these occasions we were present. We can bear testimony to the effect produced by much of the music then performed. Mr Hullah certainly appeared to possess great power over the numerous assembly, and the facility with which he hushed them almost down to silence, or made them raise their voices till there seemed no limits to their united power, was almost magical. But beyond this, in the words of an able weekly journalist, "no means of forming any opinions were before us—the whole affair might be a cheat and a delusion—we had no test by which to try it. We have hitherto," continues the writer, "spoken of these exhibitions at Exeter Hall as realities, as being what they were affirmed to be. This is no longer possible. If Mr Hullah has any real confidence in his 'system,' he will eagerly seek a real scrutiny into its merits; hitherto there has been none." Our own personal observation does not enable us to be very enthusiastic in the praise of the Wilhelm system. A few weeks only have elapsed, since we attended a meeting of a class, whose progress we had watched, from time to time, from its earliest infancy. This class had gone through the course of sixty lessons, but continued still to receive instruction. Their power of singing at sight was tested in our presence—a piece of music they had never seen before was placed in their hands. The first attempt to execute this at sight was lame, and halted terribly; the second was somewhat better, but as we moved about, from one pupil to another, to ascertain, as far as possible, the individual accuracy of the class, we heard many voices, in a subdued tone, making a number of admirable

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guesses at their part, but the owners of which could not, by the utmost courtesy, be considered to be singing at sight. The basses missed many a “distance,” the tenors were interrupted by the master, and worked, in the defective passages, separately from the rest of the class for a while, *by ear*!! A third attempt was made with somewhat better success, and the piece was accomplished in a rambling uncertain manner. During the whole of this trial, the trebles were led by the master’s apprentice, a sharp clever boy, who retained a voice of peculiar beauty and power to the unusually late age of sixteen, and who had commenced his musical studies six or eight years before. We considered this experiment a failure; it may be said the fault lay in the teacher, not in the method; true, the master was not Mr Hullah, but he was one of the “certificated,” and the partisans of Mr Hullah, in the language of the lawyers, are *estopped* from asserting his incompetency. We have known pupils, not deficient in general ability, who, having attended the greater part of “the course,” during which they paid great attention to their studies, were unable to read more than a few bars of the simplest music, beyond which they were lost and confused. Without naming the notes *Do, Re, &c.*, they were utterly unable to proceed at all, and it appeared to us that, by seeing those syllables written on paper, they would have gathered a more correct idea of the music, than by attempting to read from music written in the ordinary manner. This is the result of the invariable use of those syllables in exercising the voice. In the best continental schools, they have long been obsolete for such a purpose. Still, the Hullah-Wilhelm mania will, no doubt, produce considerable effect, even though the system should fall short of the expectations of its friends and promoters. We have now commenced our first national effort in this direction; either, the prejudices which so long delayed this effort have been overcome, or, the “National Society” is now too strong to bow, entirely, to the opinions or prejudices of one of its earliest and most influential patrons—one who long resisted the introduction of musical instruction into the schools of the society; and who, some twenty years ago, is said, on one occasion, actually to have thrown out of the windows of the central school some cards and boards on which the elements of music were printed, and which had been introduced by some of the committee. But for the influence of this nobleman the effort had, perhaps, been made many years ago. The “*premier pas*” has, however, at length been taken. The public mind is roused; all, from the highest to the lowest, frequent the classes of Mr Hullah. Royalty itself deigns to listen. “THE DUKE” himself takes delight in the peaceful notes of Exeter Hall, and the Premier has found leisure, from the business and service of the State, to scrutinize the performance of “the classes.” It must surely be a pleasant

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thing to sing to princes, warriors, and statesmen—all that the country holds most in honour, love, and reverence. The impulse thus given is felt throughout the land. Classes are formed in every town, almost in every village; the labourer, the mechanic, young men and maidens, old men and children, may be seen, after their daily toil is done, busy with the *do, re, mi, fa*, &c., of the class-book. Although the system may not prove all that might be desired, yet much is taught and learned, and the desire of acquiring more is created. The general standard of music, and musical taste, must necessarily be raised far above its previous resting-place. It must, however, be ever borne in mind, that the system professes only to teach sight-singing, or, in other words, the power of reading music. This power is wholly distinct from that of singing, as we have above defined the art; those who having attended, and profited to the utmost by the course, will be grievously disappointed if they expect at its close to find themselves accomplished singers. The management of the voice is still required, and many vicious habits, contracted during the practice at the class, will have to be forgotten. This, however, cannot be felt by the million, to whom any musical instruction will be a gift of unspeakable value, in a social and moral point of view. The Committee of the Council well observe, that “amusements which wean the people from vicious indulgences are in themselves a great advantage; they contribute indirectly to the increase of domestic comfort, and promote the contentment of the artisan. The songs of any people may be regarded as important means of forming an industrious, brave, loyal, and religious working-class.” Mr Barnett calls this, “nothing but egregious cant, got up by the teachers of the Wilhelm plan, both in France and here.” In this we cannot agree with Mr Barnett, and we scarcely understand why he should be betrayed into so much heat upon the occasion. For ourselves, we rejoice to see any system at work for the purpose of instructing the working classes in the elements of music; and it seems to us a monstrous proposition, and nothing short of an insult to our countrymen, on the part of the prominent opposer of the Wilhelm system, to assert that the knowledge or cultivation of an art, which throughout all history has advanced hand in hand with civilization and refinement, should, among the labouring classes of England, be productive only of idleness, drunkenness, or debauchery.

The instruction of the lower classes in vocal music, however beneficial and important as an element in civilization, or however advantageous as a means by which the general taste of the people may be elevated and refined, will not be found all-sufficient, in itself, to raise our musical reputation as a nation. Native music is at a low ebb at present; and, while musical entertainments are in such general request as almost to have excluded the “legitimate”

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drama from the stage, no attempt to introduce any English opera has been recently made. Into such oblivion or disrepute have English composers fallen, that some of the most eminent have actually left London. One well-known veteran now lives in honourable retirement in the Modern Athens. Another, once popular and admired, “disgusted with London and the profession,” and “having given up all thoughts of again appearing before the London public as an operatic composer,” is said to have migrated in the capacity of singing-master to a fashionable watering-place; while a third, once equally well known, has left the kingdom altogether, and has settled himself in Paris. The public ear has learned to appreciate music of a high class; and, judging from the past, the manager perhaps dare not incur the risk of bringing out a new native opera. It is certainly much to be regretted that the existing demand should not be supplied from native sources, and thus serve the purpose of national advancement in the art; but English music does not *take*. Does the fault rest with the public or with the musician? It is easy, and no doubt *convenient*, contemptuously to apply the epithet, “*hacknied*,” to the operas recently adapted to the English stage; but how is it that the old “hacknied” music of the Italians should be preferred to the novelties of our native school? Here again the public taste has advanced too fast, and, owing to the inferiority of our home productions, the foreigner has gained possession of the market.[2] Where is the remedy for this unfortunate state of things? Some master-mind, some musical Napoleon, *may* rise up and take the world by storm; but such an event is particularly unlikely now. The hour generally makes the man, and the necessities of the moment often call forth talents and energies, the existence of which was wholly unsuspected by their possessors. For aught we know, many a hero may be now among the ranks, and many a gallant officer now before the mast, undistinguished from lack of opportunity, unknown because circumstances have not developed his dormant powers. How then can the hour be hastened, and the opportunity of developing our musical powers be afforded? The answer is, by the establishment of a National Opera. It has been observed that every nation that has risen to musical greatness, possesses a musical opera. Even the French, who, according to Mr Hullah, “have the least possible claim to a high musical organization,” have, nevertheless, long possessed a national opera, boasting the best orchestra in Europe, and producing masters whose works have been successfully transplanted, and singers who have met with universal admiration. At the present moment, Paris has two national musical theatres, the *Academie Royale*, and the *Opera Comique*: and the establishment of a third is said to be in contemplation. The possibility of forming such an establishment at the present time in England, may be reasonably called in question.

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The attempt made some ten years ago, though commended by the minister of the day, was signally abortive; and the subsequent endeavour of a popular musician to open a theatre for the performance of English operas, was equally futile and unsuccessful. One thing of primary importance—the patronage of the higher classes—was wanting to both these efforts. Were the stamp of fashion once impressed upon such an undertaking, success would be certain, did the *fiat* of the great world once go forth, the thing would be accomplished. The marvellous impulse recently given to musical instruction throughout the kingdom, shows the vast power, for good, possessed by the higher classes of aristocratic England. We have often lamented the apathy of the fashionable world on this subject, and we can entertain no hope of aristocratic support and encouragement for the English opera. There may, however, be some hope, though faint and distant, for our musicians. In consequence of a national musical education, a national opera may become a national want; and we can scarcely conceive it possible, that the wide diffusion of musical taste and knowledge should fail ultimately, to produce a large and never-failing demand for dramatic music. Then would our musicians have a wide, fair field for the development of their resources, success, the highest and most brilliant, would be within their reach, and would depend entirely on themselves. If, under such circumstances, the reputation of our country did not quickly rise, bright and resplendent in the musical horizon, our hopes of universal excellence would indeed be crushed for ever.

[Footnote 2: No. cccxxvii. p. 130.]

It might be long before we rivalled either of the great continental schools, each of which would doubtless long retain its ancient worshippers. Of these two schools, of a character and style so different, we confess a preference for the smooth, voluptuous, peaceful flow of the Italian, rather than the stern, but sublimer, beauty of the German. The one, like the soft and glowing landscape of its native land, refreshes the spirit, warms the heart, and kindles the affections; the latter, like the wild and often savage grandeur of the scenery of Switzerland, chills, while it awes and subdues the soul. There is a smiling kindness about the former, which fascinates and attracts; the latter often pains and distracts, by an intense and varied action which admits of no repose. It is as the tranquil elegance of the Venus of the Tribune, or the calm dignity of the Apollo of the Vatican, contrasted with the nervous energy of the works of Buonarroti, or the sublime but fearful agony of the Laocoon.

The more enthusiastic admirers of the productions of the Germans, that race of musical Michael Angelos, often despise the lamer attributes of the music of the “sweet south.” Such spirits delight in the storm and the whirlwind; peace and repose have probably no charms for them.

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“Music was ordain'd,
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his actual pain?”

Many fly to music to soothe and compose the mind, others seek it as a means of new and fresh excitement. Neither are now able, in the music of their country, to find *all* they seek. We are not, however, without hope for the future. Never till now has music formed an element in national education; and the movement now extending throughout the land, must of necessity be the means of elevating and refining the musical taste of our countrymen. Improvements, like those already manifest in the sister arts of painting and sculpture, may be now about to show themselves in music. Even our *sons* may wonder at the taste which could tolerate the music which their fathers had applauded and admired; and England, long pre-eminent in the useful arts and sciences, and the serious and more weighty affairs of life, may at length become equally distinguished in the fine arts, and all those lighter and more elegant pursuits, which, throughout the history of mankind, have ever formed the peculiar characteristics of a high degree of civilization and refinement.

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PHILHELLENIC DRINKING-SONG.

BY B. SIMMONS.

Come let us drink their memory,
Those glorious Greeks of old—
On shore and sea the Famed, the Free,
The Beautiful—the Bold!
The mind or mirth that lights each page,
Or bowl by which we sit,
Is sunfire pilfer'd from their age—
Gems splinter'd from their wit.
Then drink we to their memory,
Those glorious Greeks of yore;
Of great or true, we can but do
What they have done before!

We've had with THE GREAT KING to cope—
What if the scene he saw—
The modern Xerxes—from the slope
Of crimson Quatre-bras,
Was but the fruit we early won
From tales of Grecian fields



Such as the swords of Marathon
Carved on the Median shields
Oh, honour to those chainless Greeks,
We drink them one and all,
Who block'd that day Oppression's way
As with a brazen wall!

Theirs was the marble land where, woo'd
By love-born Taste, the Gods
Themselves the life of stone endured
In more divine abodes
Than blest their own Olympus bright;
Then in supreme repose,
Afar star glittering, high and white
Athene's shrine arose.
So the days of Pericles
The votive goblet fill—
In fane or mart we but distort
His grand achievements still!

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Fill to their Matrons' memory—
The Fair who knew no fear—
But gave the hero's shield to be
His bulwark or his bier.[3]
We boast their dauntless blood—it fills
That lion-woman's veins,
Whose praise shall perish when thy hills,
JELLALABAD, are plains!
That LADY'S health! who doubts *she* heard
Of Greece, and loved to hear?
The wheat, two thousand years interr'd,
Will still its harvest bear.[4]

The lore of Greece—the book still bright
With Plato's precious thought—
The Theban's harp—the judging-right
Stagyra's sophist taught—
Bard, Critic, Moralist to-day
Can but their spirit speak,
The self-same thoughts transfused. Away,
We are not Gael but Greek.
Then drink, and dream the red grape weeps
Those dead but deathless lords,
Whose influence in our bosom sleeps,
Like music in the chords.

Yet 'tis not in the chiming hour
Of goblets, after all,
That thoughts of old Hellenic Power
Upon the heart should fall.
Go home—and ponder o'er the hoard
When night makes silent earth:
The Gods the Roman most adored,
He worshipp'd at the hearth.
Then, drink and swear by Greece, that there
Though Rhenish Huns may hive,
In Britain we the liberty
She loved will keep alive.

CHORUS

And thus we drink their memory
Those glorious Greeks of old,

On shore and sea the Famed and Free—
The Beautiful—the Bold!

[Footnote 3: “*Return with it or upon it*” was the well-known injunction of a Greek mother, as she handed her son his shield previous to the fight.]

[Footnote 4: The mummy-wheat.]

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THE PRAIRIE AND THE SWAMP.

AN ADVENTURE IN LOUISIANA.

It was a sultry September afternoon in the year 18—. My friend Carleton and myself had been three days wandering about the prairies, and had nearly filled our tin boxes and other receptacles with specimens of rare and curious plants. But we had not escaped paying the penalty of our zeal as naturalists, in the shape of a perfect roasting from the sun, which had shot down its rays during the whole time of our ramble, with an ardour only to be appreciated by those who have visited the Louisianian prairies. What made matters worse our little store of wine had been early expended; some Taffia, with which we had replenished our flasks, had also disappeared; and the water we met with, besides being rare, contained so much vegetable and animal matter, as to be undrinkable unless qualified in some manner. In this dilemma, we came to a halt under a clump of hickory trees, and dispatched Martin, Carleton’s Acadian servant, upon a voyage of discovery. He had assured us that we must ere long fall in with some party of Americans—or Cochon Yankees, as he called them—who, in spite of the hatred borne them by the Acadians and Creoles, were daily becoming more numerous in the country.

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After waiting, in anxious expectation of Martin's return, for a full hour, during which the air seemed to get more and more sultry, my companion began to wax impatient. "What can the fellow be about?" cried he. "Give a blast on the horn," he added, handing me the instrument; "I cannot sound it myself, for my tongue cleaves to my palate from heat and drought."

I put the horn to my mouth, and gave a blast. But the tones emitted were not the clear echo-awakening sounds that cheer and strengthen the hunter. They were dull and short, as though the air had lost all elasticity and vibration, and by its weight crushed back the sounds into the horn. It was a warning of some inscrutable danger. We gazed around us, and saw that others were not wanting.

The spot where we had halted was on the edge of one of those pine forests that extend, almost without interruption, from the hills of the Cote Gelee to the Opelousa mountains, and of a vast prairie, sprinkled here and there with palmetto fields, clumps of trees, and broad patches of brushwood, which appeared mere dark specks on the immense extent of plain that lay before us, covered with grass of the brightest green, and so long, as to reach up to our horses' shoulders. To the right was a plantation of palmettos, half a mile wide, and bounded by a sort of creek or gully, the banks of which were covered with gigantic cypress-trees. Beyond this, more prairie and a wood of evergreen oak. To the east, an impenetrable thicket of magnolias, papaws, oak and bean trees—to the north, the pine wood before mentioned.

Such was the rich landscape we had been surrounded by a short hour before. But now, on looking around, we found the scene changed; and our horizon became far more limited by rising clouds of bluish grey vapour, which approached us rapidly from the wind quarter. Each moment this fog appeared to become thicker; the sun no longer dazzled our eyes when we gazed on it, but showed through the mist like a pale red moon; the outlines of the forest disappeared, veiled from our sight by masses of vapour; and the air, which, during the morning, had been light and elastic, although hot, became each moment heavier and more difficult to inhale. The part of the prairie that remained visible, presented the appearance of a narrow, misty valley, enclosed between two mighty ranges of grey mountains, which the fog represented. As we gazed around us and beheld these strange phenomena, our eyes met, and we read in each others countenance that embarrassment which the bravest and most light-hearted are apt to feel, when hemmed in by perils of which they cannot conjecture the nature.

"Fire off your gun," said I to Carleton. I started as I spoke at the alteration in my own voice. The gun went off, but the report was, as it were, stifled by the compressed atmosphere. It did not even alarm some water-fowl that were plashing and floundering in the creek a few hundred paces from us.

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"Look at our horses!" exclaimed Carleton. "They are surely going mad." The animals were evidently uneasy at something. They pricked up their ears, turned half round, and gazed with startled eye behind them; then strained with their heads and necks in the opposite direction to the vapour, snorting violently, and at last trying to break away from the trees to which they were tied. A short time previously they had appeared much fatigued, but now they were all fire and impatience.

"It is impossible to remain here," said Carleton.

"But whither shall we go?"

"Wherever our horses choose to take us."

We untied the animals and sprang upon them. But scarcely were we in the saddle when they started off at a pace as frantic as if a pack of wolves had been at their heels; and taking the direction of the creek, which ran between the palmetto plantation and a cypress wood, continued along its banks at the same wild gallop. As we advanced, the creek began to widen; in place of palmettos, clumps of marsh reeds, and rushes showed themselves here and there. An unearthly stillness prevailed, only broken now and then by the cry of a wild-goose; and even that appeared strange and unnatural in its sound.

"What can be the meaning of this?" cried Carleton. "I am burning with heat, and yet I have not the slightest moisture on my skin. All these signs are incomprehensible. For God's sake, sound the horn again."

I did so, but this time the sound seemed to be forced back through the horn, and to die away upon my lips. The air was so hot and parching, that our horses' coats, which a short time previous had been dripping with sweat, were now perfectly dry, and the hair plastered upon them; the animals' tongues hung out of their mouths, and they seemed panting for cooler air. "Look yonder!" cried Carleton, and he pointed to the line of the horizon, which had hitherto been of grey, lead-coloured vapour. It was now becoming reddish in the south-west quarter, and the vapour had taken the appearance of smoke. At the same time we heard a sort of distant crackling, like a heavy running-fire of musketry, and which was repeated at short intervals. Each time it was heard, our horses appeared scared and trembling.

The creek was getting rapidly wider, and the ground so swampy that it was impossible to proceed further. Seeing this, we agreed to return to the prairie, and to try if it were not cooler among the palmettos. But when we came to the place where we had crossed the creek, our horses refused to take the leap again, and it was with the greatest difficulty we at length forced them over. All this time the redness in the horizon was getting brighter, and the atmosphere hotter and drier; the smoke had spread itself over prairie, forest, and plantations. We continued retracing our steps as well as we

could to the spot where we had halted. “See there,” said Carleton; “not half an hour ago those reeds were as fresh and green as if they had just sprung out of the earth, and now look at them—the leaves are hanging down, parched and curled up by the heat.”

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The whole prairie, the whole horizon to the south-west, was now one mass of dense smoke, through which the sun's disc looked scarcely brighter than a paper-lantern. Behind the thick curtain which thus concealed every thing from our view, we heard a loud hissing, like that of a multitude of snakes. The smoke was stifling and unbearable; our horses again turned panting round, and tore madly towards the creek. On reaching it we dismounted, but had the greatest difficulty to prevent them from leaping into the water. The streaks of red to our right became brighter and brighter, and gleamed through the huge, dark trunks of the cypress-trees. The crackling and hissing grew louder than ever. Suddenly the frightful truth flashed upon us, and at the very same moment Carleton and I exclaimed, "The prairie is on fire!"

As we uttered the words, there was a loud rustling behind us, and a herd of deer broke headlong through a thicket of tall reeds and bulrushes, and dashed up to their necks into the water. There they remained, not fifty paces from us, little more than their heads above the surface, gazing at us, as though imploring our help and compassion. We fancied we could see tears in the poor beasts' eyes.

We looked behind us. On came the pillars of flame, flickering and threatening through the smoke, licking up all before them; and, at times, a gust of so hot and blasting a wind as seemed to dry the very marrow in our bones. The roaring of the fire was now distinctly audible, mingled with hissing, whistling sounds, and cracking noises, as of mighty trees falling. Suddenly a bright flame shot up through the stifling smoke, and immediately afterwards a sea of fire burst upon our aching eyeballs. The whole palmetto field was in flames.

The heat was so great, that we every moment expected to see our clothes take fire. Our horses dragged us still nearer to the creek, sprang into the water, and drew us down the bank after them. Another rustling and noise in the thicket of reeds. A she-bear, with her cubs at her heels, came towards us; and at the same time a second herd of deer rushed into the water not twenty yards from where we were standing. We pointed our guns at the bears; they moved off towards the deer, who remained undisturbed at their approach; and there they stood, bears and deer, not five paces apart, but taking no more notice of each other than if they had been animals of the same species. More beasts now came flocking to the river. Deer, wolves, foxes, horses—all came in crowds to seek shelter in one element from the fury of another. Most of them, however, went further up the creek, where it took a north-easterly direction, and widened into a sort of lake. Those that had first arrived began to follow the newcomers, and we did the same.

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Suddenly the baying of hounds was heard. "Hurra! there are dogs; men must be near." A volley from a dozen rifles was the answer to our explanation. The shots were fired not two hundred yards from us, yet we saw nothing of the persons who fired them. The wild beasts around us trembled and crouched before this new danger, but did not attempt to move a step. We ourselves were standing in the midst of them up to our waists in water. "Who goes there?" we shouted. Another volley, and this time not one hundred yards off. We saw the flashes of the pieces, and heard voices talking in a dialect compounded of French and Indian. We perceived that we had to do with Acadians. A third volley, and the bullets whistled about our ears. It was getting past a joke. "Halt!" shouted we, "stop firing till you see what you are firing at." There was a dead silence for a moment, then a burst of savage laughter. "Fire! fire!" cried two or three voices.

"If you fire," cried I, "look out for yourselves, for we shall do the same. Have a care what you are about."

"Morbleu! Sacre!" roared half a score of voices. "Who is that who dares to give us orders? Fire on the dogs!"

"If you do, we return it."

"Sacre!" screamed the savages. "They are gentlemen from the towns. Their speech betrays them. Shoot them—the dogs, the spies! What do they want in the prairie?"

"Your blood be on your own heads," cried I. And, with the feelings of desperate men, we levelled our guns in the direction in which we had seen the flashes of the last volley. At that moment—"Halt! What is here?" shouted a stentorian voice close to us.

"Stop firing, or you are dead men," cried five or six other voices.

"*Sacre! ce sont des Americains,*" muttered the Acadians.

"Monsieur Carleton!" cried a voice.

"Here!" replied my friend. A boat shot out of the smoke, between us and our antagonists. Carleton's servant was in it. The next moment we were surrounded by a score of Acadians and half-a-dozen Americans.

It appeared that the Acadians, so soon as they perceived the prairie to be on fire, had got into boat and descended a creek that flowed into the Chicot creek, on which we now were. The beasts of the forest and prairie, flying to the water, found themselves inclosed in the angle formed by the two creeks, and their retreat being cut off by the fire, they fell an easy prey to the Acadians, wild, half savage fellows, who slaughtered them in a profusion and with a brutality that excited our disgust, a feeling which the Americans seemed to share.

“Well, stranger!” said one of the latter, an old man, to Carleton, “do you go with them Acadians or come with us?”

“Who are you, my friends?”

“Friends!” repeated the Yankee, shaking his head, “your friendships are soon made. Friends, indeed! We ain’t that yet; but if you be minded to come with us, well and good.”

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"I met these American gentlemen," now put in Martin, "and when they heard that you had lost your way, and were out of provisions, they were so good as to come and seek you."

"You be'n't much used to the prairie, I reckon?" observed the American who had spoken before.

"No, indeed, my friend," said I.

"I told you a'ready," replied the man with some degree of pride, "we ain't your friends; but if you choose to accept American hospitality, you're welcome."

We glanced at the Acadians, who were still firing, and dragging the beasts they slaughtered into their boat and to the shore. They appeared perfect savages, and there was little temptation to seek guidance or assistance at their hands.

"If it is agreeable to you, we will accompany you," said I to the American, making a step towards the boat. We were eager to be off, for the heat and smoke were unbearable. The Yankee answered neither yes nor no. His attention seemed taken up by the proceedings of the Acadians.

"They're worse than Injuns," said he to a young man standing by him. "They shoot more in an hour than they could eat in a year in their tarnation French wastefulness."

"I've a notion o' makin' 'em leave off," replied the young man.

"The country's theirs, or their masters' at least," rejoined the other. "I reckon it's no business of ours."

This dialogue was carried on with the greatest possible degree of drawling deliberation, and under circumstances in which, certainly, none but a Yankee would have thought of wasting time in words. A prairie twenty miles long and ten broad, and a couple of miles of palmetto ground, all in a blaze—the flames drawing nearer every minute, and having, in some places, already reached up to the shores of the creek. On the other side a couple of dozen wild Acadians firing right and left, without paying the least attention where or whom their bullets struck. Carelton and myself, up to our waists in water, and the Americans, chatting together as unconcerned as if they had been sitting under the roofs of their own blockhouses.

"Do you live far from here?" said I at last to the Yankee, rather impatiently.

"Not so far as I sometimes wish," answered he, with a contemptuous glance at the Acadians, "but far enough to get you an appetite for your supper, if you ain't got one already." And taking a thin roll of tobacco out of his pocket, he bit off a piece of it, laid

his hands upon the muzzle of his rifle, leant his chin upon his hands, and seemed to have forgotten all about us.

This apathy became intolerable to men in our situation.

“My good man,” said I, “will you put your hospitable offer into execution, and take——”

I could not continue, for I was literally suffocated with the heat and smoke. The very water of the creek was getting warm.

“I’ve a notion,” said the yankee, with his usual drawl, and apparently only just perceiving our distress, “I’ve a notion we had better be movin’ out o’ the way o’ the fire. Now, strangers, in with you.” And he helped Carleton and myself into the boat, where we lay down, and became insensible from heat and exhaustion.

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When we recovered our senses, we found ourselves in the bottom of the boat, and the old Yankee standing by us with a bottle of whisky in his hand, which he invited us to taste. We felt better for the cordial, and began to look around us.

Before us lay an apparently interminable cypress swamp, behind us a sheet of water, formed by the junction of the two creeks, and at present overhung by a mass of smoke that concealed the horizon from our view. From time to time there was a burst of flame that lit up the swamp, and caused the cypress-trees to appear as if they grew out of a sea of fire.

"Come," said the old Yankee, "we must get on. It is near sunset, and we have far to go."

"And which way does our road lie?" I asked.

"Across the cypress swamp, unless you'd rather go round it."

"The shortest road is the best," said Carleton.

"The shortest road is the best!" repeated the Yankee contemptuously, and turning to his companions. "Spoken like a Britisher. Well, he shall have his own way, and the more so as I believe it to be as good a one as the other. James," added he, turning to one of the men, "you go further down, through the Snapping Turtle swamp; we will cross here."

"And our horses?" said I.

"They are grazing in the rushes. They'll be took care of. We shall have rain to-night, and to-morrow they may come round without singeing a hoof."

I had found myself once or twice upon the borders of the swamp that now lay before us but had always considered it impenetrable, and I did not understand, as I gazed into its gloomy depths, how we could possibly cross it.

"Is there any beaten path or road through the swamp?" enquired I of the old man.

"Path or road! Do you take it for a gentleman's park? There's the path that natur' has made." And he sprang upon the trunk of a tree covered with moss and creepers, which rose out of the vast depth of mud that formed the swamp.

"*Here's* the path," said he.

"Then we will wait and come round with our horses," I replied. "Where shall we find them?"

"As you please, stranger. We shall cross the swamp. Only, if you can't do like your horses, and sup off bulrushes, you are likely to fast for the next twenty-four hours."

“And why so? There is game and wild-fowl for the shooting.”

“No doubt there is, if you can eat them raw, like the Injuns. Where will you find, within two miles round, a square foot of dry land to make your fire on?”

To say the truth, we did not altogether like the company we had fallen amongst. These Yankee squatters bore in general but an indifferent character. They were said to fear neither God nor man, to trust entirely to their axe and their rifle, and to be little scrupulous in questions of property; in short, to be scarce less wild and dangerous than the Indians themselves.

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The Yankee who had hitherto acted as spokesman, and who seemed to be in some way or other the chief of the party, was a man apparently near sixty years of age, upwards of six feet high, thin in person, but with such bone and muscle as indicated great strength in the possessor. His features were keen and sharp; his eye like a falcon's; his bearing and manners bespoke an exalted opinion of himself, and (at least as far as we were concerned) a tolerable degree of contempt for others. His dress consisted of a jacket of skins, secured round the waist by a girdle, in which was stuck a long knife; leather breeches, a straw hat without a brim, and mocassins. His companion was similarly accoutred.

"Where is Martin?" cried Carleton.

"Do you mean the Acadian lad who brought us to you?"

"The same."

The Yankee pointed towards the smoke. "Yonder, no doubt, with his countrymen; but I reckon their infernal hunt is over. I hear no more shots."

"Then we will go to him. But where are our horses?"

"I've a notion," said one of the younger men, "the stranger don't rightly know what he wants. Your horses are grazing half a mile off. You would not have had us make the poor beasts swim through the creek tied to the stern of the boat? 'Lijah is with them."

"And what will he do with them?"

"Joel is going back with the boat, and when the fire is out he will bring them round," said the elder Yankee. "You don't suppose—?" added he—He left the sentence unfinished, but a smile of scornful meaning flitted over his features.

I looked at Carleton. He nodded. "We *will* go with you," said I, "and trust entirely to your guidance."

"You do well," was the brief reply. "Joel," added he, turning to one of the young men, "where are the torches? We shall want them?"

"Torches!" exclaimed I.

The Yankee gave me a look, as much as to say—You must meddle with every thing. "Yes," replied he; "and, if you had ten lives, it would be as much as they are all worth to enter this swamp without torches." So saying, he struck fire, and selecting a couple of pine splinters from several lying in the boat, he lighted them, doing every thing with such extraordinary deliberation, and so oddly, that in spite of our unpleasant situation we could scarce help laughing. Meantime the boat pushed off with two men in it, leaving

Carleton, myself, the old man, and another American, standing at the edge of the swamp.

“Follow me, step by step, and as if you were treading on eggs,” said our leader; “and you, Jonathan, have an eye to the strangers, and don’t wait till they are up to their necks in the mud to pick them out of it.”

We did not feel much comforted by this speech; but, mustering all our courage, we strode on after our plain-spoken guide.

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We had proceeded but a very short distance into the swamp before we found out the use of the torches. The huge trunks of the cypress-trees, which stood four or five yards asunder, shot up to a height of fifty feet, entirely free from branches, which then, however, spread out at right angles to the stem, making the trees appear like gigantic umbrellas, and covering the whole morass with an impenetrable roof, through which not even a sunbeam could find a passage. On looking behind us, we saw the daylight at the entrance of the swamp, as at the mouth of a vast cavern. The further we went the thicker became the air; and at last the effluvia was so stifling and pestilential, that the torches burnt pale and dim, and more than once threatened to go out.

“Yes, yes,” muttered our guide to himself, “a night passed in this swamp would leave a man ague-struck for the rest of his days. A night—ay, an hour would do it, if your pores were ever so little open; but now there’s no danger; the prairie fire’s good for that, dries the sweat and closes the pores.”

He went on conversing thus with himself, but still striding forward, throwing his torchlight on each log or tree trunk, and trying its solidity with his foot before he trusted his weight upon it—doing all this with a dexterity and speed that proved his familiarity with these dangerous paths.

“Keep close to me,” said he to us, “but make yourselves light—as light at least as Britishers can make themselves. Hold your breath, and——ha! what is that log? Hollo, Nathan,” continued he to himself, “what’s come to you, man? Don’t you know a sixteen foot alligator from a tree?”

He had stretched out his foot, but fortunately, before setting it down, he poked what he took for a log with the butt of his gun. The supposed block of wood gave way a little, and the old squatter, throwing himself back, was within an ace of pushing me into the swamp.

“Ah, friend!” said he, not in the least disconcerted, “you thought to sacumvent honest folk with your devilry and cunning.”

“What is the matter?” asked I.

“Not much the matter,” he replied, drawing his knife from its sheath. “Only an alligator: there it is again.”

And in the place of the log, which had disappeared, the jaws of a huge alligator gaped before us. I raised my gun to my shoulder. The Yankee seized my arm.

“Don’t fire,” whispered he. “Don’t fire, so long as you can help it. We ain’t alone here. This will do as well,” he added, as he stooped down, and drove his long knife into the

alligator's eye. The monster gave a frightful howl, and lashed violently with its tail, besprinkling us with the black slimy mud of the swamp.

"Take that!" said the squatter with a grim smile, "and that, and that!" stabbing the brute repeatedly between the neck and the ribs, while it writhed and snapped furiously at him. Then wiping his knife, he stuck it in his belt, and looked keenly and cautiously around him.

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"I've a notion there must be a tree trunk hereaway; it ain't the first time I've followed this track. There it is, but a good six foot off." And so saying, he gave a spring, and alighted in safety on the stepping place.

"Have a care, man," cried I. "There is water there. I see it glitter."

"Pho, water! What you call water is snakes. Come on."

I hesitated, and a shudder came over me. The leap, as regarded distance, was a trifling one, but it was over an almost bottomless chasm, full of the foulest mud, on which the mocassin snakes, the deadliest of the American reptiles, were swarming.

"Come on!"

Necessity lent me strength, and, pressing my left foot firmly against the log on which I was standing, and which was each moment sinking with our weight deeper into the soft slimy ground, I sprang across. Carleton followed me.

"Well done!" cried the old man. "Courage, and a couple more such leaps, and we shall be getting over the worst of it."

We pushed on, steadily but slowly, never setting our foot on a log till we had ascertained its solidity with the butts of our guns. The cypress swamp extended four or five miles along the shores of the creek: it was a deep lake of black mud, covered over and disguised by a deceitful bright green veil of creeping plants and mosses, which had spread themselves in their rank luxuriance over its whole surface, and over the branches and trunks of trees scattered about the swamp. These latter were not placed with any very great regularity, but had yet been evidently arranged by the hand of man.

"There seems to have been a sort of path made here," said I to our guide, "for"——

"Silence!" interrupted he, in a low tone; "silence, for your life, till we are on firm ground again. Don't mind the snakes," added he, as the torchlight revealed some enormous ones lying coiled up on the moss and lianas close to us. "Follow me closely."

But just as I stretched forward my foot, and was about to place it in the very print that his had left, the hideous jaw of an alligator was suddenly stretched over the tree-trunk, not six inches from my leg, and the creature snapped at me so suddenly, that I had but just time to fire my gun into his glittering lizard-like eye. The monster bounded back, uttered a sound between a bellow and a groan, and, striking wildly about him in the morass, disappeared.

The American looked round when I fired, and an approving smile played about his mouth as he said something to me which I did not hear, owing to the infernal uproar that now arose on all sides of us and at first completely deafened me.

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Thousands, tens of thousands, of birds and reptiles, alligators, enormous bull-frogs, night-owls, ahingas, herons, whose dwellings were in the mud of the swamp, or on its leafy roof, now lifted up their voices, bellowing, hooting, shrieking, and groaning. Bursting forth from the obscene retreat in which they had hitherto lain hidden, the alligators raised their hideous snouts out of the green coating of the swamp, gnashing their teeth, and straining towards us, while the owls and other birds circled round our heads, flapping and striking us with their wings as they passed. We drew our knives, and endeavoured to defend at least our heads and eyes; but all was in vain against the myriads of enemies that surrounded us; and the unequal combat could not possibly have lasted long, when suddenly a shot was fired, followed immediately by another. The effect they produced was magical. The growls and cries of rage and fury were exchanged for howls of fear and complaint; the alligators withdrew gradually into their native mud; the birds flew in wider circles around us; the unclean multitudes were in full retreat. By degrees the various noises died away. But our torches had gone out, and all around us was black as pitch.

“In God’s name, are you there, old man?” asked I.

“What! still alive?” he replied with a laugh that jarred unpleasantly upon my nerves, “and the other Britisher too? I told ye we were not alone. These brutes defend themselves if you attack them upon their own ground, and a single shot is sufficient to bring them about one’s ears. But when they see you’re in earnest, they soon get tired of it, and a couple more shots sent among them generally drive them away again; for they are but senseless squealin’ creturs after all.”

While the old man was speaking, he struck fire, and lit one of the torches.

“Luckily we have rather better footing here,” continued he. “And now, forward quickly; for the sun is set, and we have still some way to go.”

And again he led the march with a skill and confidence in himself which each moment increased our reliance on him. After proceeding in this manner for about half an hour, we saw a pale light glimmering in the distance.

“Five minutes more and your troubles are over; but now is the time to be cautious, for it is on the borders of these cursed swamps the alligators best love to lie.”

In my eagerness to find myself once more on dry land, I scarcely heard the Yankee’s words; and as the stepping places were now near together, I hastened on, and got a little in front of the party. Suddenly I felt a log on which I had just placed my foot, give way under me. I had scarcely time to call out “Halt!” when I was up to the arm-pits in the swamp, with every prospect of sinking still deeper.

“You *will* hurry on,” said the old man with a laugh; and at the same time, springing forward, he caught me by the hair. “Take warning for the future,” added he, as he helped me out of the mud; “and look there!”

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I did look, and saw half a dozen alligators writhing and crawling in the noxious slime within a few feet of us. I felt a sickening sensation, and for a moment I could not utter a word: the Yankee produced his whisky-flask.

“Take a swallow of this,” said he; “but no, better wait till we are out of the swamp. Stop a little till your heart beats quieter. So, you are better now. When you’ve made two or three such journeys with old Nathan, you’ll be quite another man. Now—forward again.”

A few minutes later we were out of the swamp, and looking over a field of palmettos that waved and rustled in the moonbeams. The air was fresh, and once more we breathed freely.

“Now then,” said our guide, “a dram, and then in half an hour we are at the Salt Lick.”

“Where?” asked I.

“At the Salt Lick, to shoot a deer or two for supper. Hallo! what is that?”

“A thunderclap.”

“A thunderclap! You have heard but few of them in Louisiana, I guess, or you would know the difference betwixt thunder and the crack of a backwoodsman’s rifle. To be sure, yonder oak wood has an almighty echo. That’s James’s rifle—he has shot a stag.—There’s another shot.”

This time it was evidently a rifle-shot, but re-echoed like thunder from the depths of the immense forest.

“We must let them know that we’re still in whole skins, and not in the maw of an alligator,” said the old man, who had been loading his rifle, and now fired it off.

In half an hour we were at the Salt Lick, where we found our guide’s two sons busy disembowelling and cutting up a fine buck that they had killed, an occupation in which they were so engrossed that they scarce seemed to notice our arrival. We sat down, not a little glad to repose after the fatigues and dangers we had gone through. When hind and fore quarters, breast and back, were all divided in right huntsman-like style, the young men looked at their father. “Will you take a bite and a sup here?” said the latter, addressing Carleton and myself, “or will you wait till we get home?”

“How far is there still to go?”

“How far? With a good trotting horse, and a better road, three quarters of an hour would bring you there. You may reckon it a couple of hours.”

“Then we would prefer eating something here.”

“As you will.”

Without more words, or loss of time, a haunch was cut off one of the hind-quarters; dry leaves and branches collected; and in one minute a fire was blazing brightly, the joint turning before it on a wooden spit. In half an hour the party was collected round a roast haunch of venison, which, although eaten without bread or any of the usual condiments, certainly appeared to us to be the very best we had ever tasted.

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THE ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.

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Both the nobility and gentry of this country stand upon a basis so entirely peculiar, that, were it for that cause only, we could not greatly wonder at the perverse misconstructions upon these institutions so prevalent abroad. Indeed the peculiarity of our aristocracy is so effectual for obscurity, that we also, as a nation, are ignorant upon much which marks it characteristically; our own ignorance partly explains, and partly has caused, the continental ignorance. Could it, indeed, be expected that any people should be sensible of their own peculiarities as peculiarities? Of all men, for instance, a Persian would be the last man from whom we could reasonably look for an account of Persia; because those habits of Persians as Orientals, as Mussulmans, and as heretic Mussulmans, which would chiefly fix the attention of Europeans, must be unexciting to the mind of a native.

And universally we know that, in every community, the features which would most challenge attention from a stranger, have been those which the natives systematically have neglected. If, but for two days' residence, it were possible that a modern European could be carried back to Rome and Roman society, what a harvest of interesting facts would he reap as to the habits of social intercourse! Yet these are neglected by Roman writers, as phenomena too familiar, which there was no motive for noticing. Why should a man notice as a singularity what every man witnesses daily as an experience? A satirist, like Juvenal, is obliged, indeed, to notice particular excesses: but this is done obliquely, and so far only as to identify the case he means; besides that often they are caricatured. Or an antiquarian observer, like Athenaeus, finds, after ten centuries of social life amongst the same race, a field of observation in the present, which he sees as contrasted with the past which he reads of. It is in that way only that we English know any thing of our own past habits. Some of these are brought forward indirectly in the evidence upon judicial trials—some in dramatic scenes; and, as happened in the case of Athenaeus, we see English historians, at periods of great conscious revolution, (Holinshed, for instance,[5] whose youth had passed in the church reformation,) exerting themselves to recover, through old men's recollections, traditions of a social life which they felt to be passing away for ever. Except, however, in these two cases, the one indirect, the other by accident, coinciding with an epoch of great importance, we find little in the way of description, or philosophic examination, toward any sustained record of English civilization as intermitting from one era to another, and periodically resumed. The same truth holds good of civilization on the Continent, and for the same reason, viz. that no nation describes itself, or can do so. To see an object you must not stand in its centre; your own station must be external. The eye cannot see itself, nor a mechanic force measure itself, as if it were its own resistance.

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[Footnote 5: An introduction, prefixed to Holinshed, descriptive of domestic life amongst the English, as it may be presumed to have existed for the century before, (1450-1550,) was written (according to our recollection) by Harrison. Almost a century earlier, we have Chief Justice Fortescue's account of the French peasantry, a record *per antiphrasin* of the English. About the great era of 1688, we have the sketch of contemporary English civilization by Chamberlayne. So rare and distant are the glimpses which we obtain of ourselves at different periods.]

It is easy, therefore, to understand why, amongst the writers of any given nation, we are least entitled to look for an account of the habits or separate institutions distinguishing that nation: since the stimulation of difference least of all exists for those who never see that difference broadly relieved in adverse habits or institutions. To such nation its own aristocracy, like its own climate, seems a positive fact, neither good nor bad, and worthy of little notice, as apparently open to little improvement. And yet to each nation its own aristocracy is often the arbitrating cause, but always the exponent or index of its future political welfare. Laws are important; administration of laws is important; to be Protestant or Popish is important; and so of many other agencies: but, as was said by Harrington in his *Oceana*, there is something in the original idea and in the executive composition of a gentry which cannot be created artificially, and (if wanting) cannot be supplied by substitution. Upon the quality of an aristocracy in critical periods, in those periods when the national stability is menaced by revolution, or the national independence by aggression, depends the national salvation. Let us lay before the reader an illustration.

It is our deliberate conviction, that, from the foundations of civil society, human annals present no second case of infamy equal to that which is presented by the condition of Spain and Portugal from the year 1807 up to our own immediate era. It is a case the more interesting, because two opposite verdicts have been pronounced upon it by men of the greatest ability amongst ourselves. Some, as the present and the late Laureate, have found in the Peninsular struggle with Napoleon, the very perfection of popular grandeur; others, agreeing with ourselves, have seen in this pretended struggle nothing but the last extravagance of thrasonic and impotent national arrogance. Language more frantically inflated, and deeds more farcically abject, surely were never before united. It seems therefore strange, that a difference, even thus far, should exist between Englishmen standing upon the same facts, starting from the sane principles. But perhaps, as regards Mr Wordsworth, he did not allow enough for the long series of noxious influences under which Spain had suffered. And this, at any rate, is notorious—he spoke of the

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Spanish people, the original stock (unmodified by courtly usages, or foreign sentiments, or city habits) of the Spanish peasantry and petty rural proprietors. This class, as distinguished from the aristocracy, was the class he relied on; and he agreed with us in looking upon the Spanish aristocracy as traitors—that is, as recreants and apostates—from any and every cause meriting the name of national. If he found a moral grandeur in Spain, it was amongst that poor forsaken peasantry, incapable of political combination, who could not make a *national* party in the absence of their natural leaders. Now, if we adopt the mild temperament of some Spanish writers, calling this “a *schism* in the natural interests,” how shocking that such a schism *could* have arisen at so dreadful a crisis! That schism, which, as a fact, is urged, in the way of excuse, merely as a possibility, is already itself the opprobrium for Spain never to be washed out. For in Spain, what was the aristocracy? Let us not deceive ourselves, by limiting this term to the feudal nobility or grandees; the aristocracy comprehended every man that would naturally have become a commissioned officer in the army. Here, therefore, read the legend and superscription of the national dishonour. The Spanish people found themselves without a gentry for leading their armies. England possessed, and possesses a gentry, the noblest that the world has seen, who are the natural leaders of her intrepid commonalty, alike in her fleets and in her armies. But why? How and in what sense qualified? Not only by principle and by *honour*—that glorious distinction which poor men can appreciate, even when less sternly summoned to its duties; not only by courage as fiery and as passively enduring as the courage of the lower ranks, but by a physical robustness superior to that of any other class taken separately; and, above all, by a scale of accomplishments in education, which strengthen the claim to command, even amongst that part of the soldiery least capable of appreciating such advantages. In France again, where no proper aristocracy now exists, there is, however, a gentry, qualified for leading; the soldiers have an entire reliance on the courage of their officers. But in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, at the period of Napoleon, the soldiers knew to a certainty that their officers could not be depended on; and for a reason absolutely without remedy, *viz.* that in Spain, at least, society is not so organized by means of the press locally diffused, and by social intercourse, as that an officer’s reputation could be instantaneously propagated (as with us) whithersoever he went. There was then no atmosphere of public opinion, for sustaining public judgments and public morals. The result was unparalleled; here for the first time was seen a nation, fourteen millions strong, so absolutely palsied as to lie down and suffer itself to be walked over by a body of foreigners, entering in the avowed

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character of robbers. Colonel Napier, it is true, has contradicted himself with regard to the value of the guerillas; alternately ridiculing them as an imbecile force, and yet accrediting them as neutralizers of regular armies, to an enormous amount. But can a more deplorable record be needed of Spanish ignominy, than that a nation, once the leader of Europe as to *infantry* and military skill, should, by mere default of an intrepid gentry, be thrown upon the necessity of a brigand force? Equally abject was the state of Portugal. Let any man read the French general Foy's account of the circumstances under which Junot's van, separated by some days' march from the rest of the army, entered Lisbon in 1807. The rural population of Portugal, in most provinces, is a fine athletic race; and foreigners take a false estimate of this race, from the depraved mob of Lisbon. This capital, however, at that time, contained 60,000 fighting men, a powerful fortress, and ships in the river. Yet did Junot make his entry with 6000 of the poorest troops, in a physical sense, that Europe could show. Foy admits, that the majority were poor starveling boys, who could scarcely hold their muskets from cold and continual wet, hurried by forced marches, ill fed, desponding, and almost ripe for the hospital. Vast crowds had assembled to see the entry. "What!" exclaimed the Portuguese, "are these little drowned rats the *elite* of Napoleon's armies?" Inevitably, the very basest of nations, would, on such an invitation to resistance, have risen that same night, whilst the poor, childish, advanced guard was already beaten to their hands. The French officers apprehended such an attempt, but nothing happened; the faint-hearted people threw away this golden opportunity, never to be retrieved. And why? Because they had no gentry to lead, to rally, or to counsel them. The populace in both countries, though miserably deteriorated by the long defect of an aristocracy whom they could respect, were still sound at the heart; they felt the whole sorrow of their own degradation; and that they would have fought, was soon proved in the case of the Portuguese, when we lent them officers and training; as it was proved also thirty years afterwards in the case of the Spaniards, when Don Carlos, in a time of general peace, obtained good officers from every part of Europe. Each country was forced into redeeming itself by the overflowing upon it of a foreign gentry. And yet, even at the moment of profoundest degradation, such was the maniacal vanity still prevailing amongst the Spaniards, that at one time the Supreme Junta forwarded the following proposal to the British Government:—Men they had; their own independence of foreign aid, in that sense, they had always asserted; money it was, and not armies, which they needed; and they now proposed an arrangement, by which the Spanish armies, as so notoriously the heroes of Europe, should be rendered universally disposable for the task of facing the French

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in the field, whilst the British (as confessedly unequal to duties so stern) should be entrusted with the garrison duty of the fortresses. "*Illa se jactet in aula Anglia;*" and, since the help of the English navy (which really *was* good) would be available as to the maritime fortresses, doubtless England might have a chance for justifying the limited confidence reposed in her, when sheltered from the fiercer storms of war by the indomitable lions of Ocana. It is superfluous to say, that the gratitude of Spain, at the close of the war, was every thing that ought to have been expected from this moonstruck vanity at its opening.

Such are the results for nations, when they betray to the whole world an aristocracy bankrupt of honour, emasculated, and slothful. Spoliators so reckless as Napoleon, are not always at hand for taking advantage of this domestic ruin; but it is impossible that a nation, absolutely rich as Spain was in the midst of her relative poverty, can advertise itself for centuries as a naked, defenceless waif, having neither leaders nor principles for organizing a resistance, but that eventually she will hear of a customer for her national jewels. In reality, Spain had been protected for 150 years, by the local interposition of France; had France not occupied the antechamber to the Peninsula, making it impossible for any but a maritime power to attack Spain in strength, Madrid would have echoed to the cannon of the spoiler, at least a century before the bloody 3d of May 1808.[6] In the same way, Austria has furnished for centuries a screen to the Italian Peninsula. Yet, in that case, the want of unity amongst so many subdivisions that were independent states, might be pleaded as an excuse. Pitiably weakness there was in both cases; and "to be weak is to be miserable;" but degradation *by* degradation, universal abasement of the national energies, as an effect through wilful abasement as a cause; this miserable spectacle has been exhibited in mellow maturity by no Christian nations but those of Spain and Portugal. Both have degenerated into nations of poltrons, and *from* what ancestors? From those who once headed the baptized in Europe, and founded empires in the other hemisphere.

-----"Into what depth thou see'st,
From what height fallen!"-----

So that, if this gloomy shadow has crept over luminaries once so bright through the gradual eclipse of their aristocracies, we need no proof more pathetic or terrific of the degree in which great nations, with the whole burden of their honour and their primary interests, are dependent, in the final extremity, upon the quality of their gentry—considered as their sole natural leaders in battle.

[Footnote 6: To say the truth, during the Marlborough war of the Succession, and precisely one hundred years before Murat's bloody occupation of Madrid, Spain

presented the same infamous spectacle as under Napoleon; armies of strangers, English, French, Germans, marching, and counter-marching incessantly, peremptorily disposing of the Spanish crown, alternately placing rival kings upon the throne, and all the while no more deferring to a Spanish will than to the yelping of village curs.]

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With this previous indication of the unrivalled responsibility pressing upon aristocracies, it is our purpose to dwell a little upon those accidents of advantage arising out of constitution, and those differences of quality, experimentally made known to us in a thousand trials, which sum and express the peculiarities of the British nobility and gentry.

This first point, as to the constitution of our aristocracy, the basis on which it reposes cannot be better introduced than by a literary fact open to all the world, but never yet read in its true meaning. When it became advisable, after the violent death of Charles I., that some public exposure should be applied to the past disputes between the Throne and the Parliament, and some account given of the royal policy—the first question arose naturally upon the selection of a writer having the proper qualifications. Two of these qualifications were found in a French scholar of distinction, Monsieur de Saumaise, better known by his Latinized name of Salmasius. He was undoubtedly a scholar of prodigious attainments: and the first or unconditional qualification for such a task, of great ability and extensive information, could not be denied to him. Here was a subject fitted to fix attention upon any writer, and on the other hand, a writer brilliantly qualified to fix attention upon any subject. Unhappily, a third indispensable condition, *viz.*—that the writer should personally know England—was entirely overlooked. Salmasius had a fluent command of Latin; and, supported by a learned theme, he generally left a dazzling impression even upon those who hated his person, or disputed his conclusions. But, coming into collision with politics, personal as well as speculative, and with questions of real life, fitted to call for other accomplishments than those of a recluse scholar, it seemed probable that this great classical critic would be found pedantic and scurrilous; and upon the affairs of so peculiar a people, it was certain that he would be found ignorant and self-contradicting. Even Englishmen have seldom thoroughly understood the feud of the great Parliamentary war: the very *word* “*rebellion*,” so often applied to it, involves the error of presuming that in its principles the war was unconstitutional, and in its objects was finally defeated. Whereas the subsequent Revolution of 1688-9 was but a resumption of the very same principles and indispensable purposes under more advantageous auspices—was but a re-affirmation of the principle votes from 1642 to 1645. The one capital point of a responsibility, virtual though not formal, lodged in the crown, and secured through a responsible ministry—this great principle, which Charles I. once conceded in the case of Lord Strafford, but ever afterwards to his dying day repented and abjured, was at length for ever established, and almost by acclamation. In a case so novel, however, to Englishmen, and as yet so unsettled, could it be looked for that a foreigner

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should master new political principles, to which on the Continent there was nothing analogous?[7] This, it may be alleged, was not looked for. Salmasius was in the hands of a party; and his prejudices, it may be thought, were confluent with theirs. Not altogether. The most enlightened of the English royalists were sensible of some call for a balance to the regal authority; it cannot be pretended that Hyde, Ormond, or Southampton, wished their king to be the fierce "*lo el rey*" (so pointedly disowning his council) of Castile, or the "*L'etat? C'est moi*" of France, some few years later. Even for a royalist, it was requisite in England to profess some popular doctrines; and thus far Salmasius fell below his clients. But his capital disqualification lay in his defect of familiarity with the English people, habits, laws, and history.

[Footnote 7: It may be thought, indeed, that as a resident in Holland, Salmasius should have had a glimpse of the new truth; and certainly it is singular that he did not perceive the rebound, upon his Dutch protectors, of many amongst his own virulent passages against the English; unless he fancied some special privilege for Dutch rebellion. But in fact he did so. There was a notion in great currency at the time—that any state whatever was eternally pledged and committed to the original holdings of its settlement. Whatever had been its earliest tenure, that tenure continued to be binding through all ages. An elective kingdom had thus some indirect means for controlling its sovereign. A republic was a nuisance, perhaps, but protected by prescription. And in this way even France had authorized means, through *old* usages of courts or incorporations, for limiting the royal authority as to certain known trifles. With respect to the Netherlands, the king of Spain had never held absolute power in those provinces. All these were privileged cases for resistance. But England was held to be a regal despotism.]

The English aristocracy furnished a question for drawing all these large varieties of ignorance to a focus. In coming upon the ground of English institutions, Salmasius necessarily began "*verba nostra conari*," and became the garrulous parrot that Milton represents him. Yet, strange it is, that the capital blunder which he makes upon this subject, was not perceived by Milton. And this reciprocal misunderstanding equally arose in the pre-occupation of their minds by the separate principles on which, for each side, were founded their separate aristocracies. The confusion between the parties arose in connexion with the House of Commons. What was the House of Commons? Salmasius saw that it was contrasted with the House of Lords. But then, again, what *were* the Lords? The explanation given to him was, that they were the "*noblesse*" of the land. *That* he could understand; and, of course, if the other house were antithetically opposed to the Lords, it followed that the House of

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Commons was *not* composed of noblesse. But, on the Continent, this was equivalent to saying, that the Commons were *roturiers*, *bourgeois*—in fact, mechanic persons, of obscure families, occupied in the lowest employments of life. Accordingly Salmasius wrote his whole work under the most serene conviction that the English House of Commons was tantamount to a Norwegian Storting, *viz.* a gathering from the illiterate and labouring part of the nation. This blunder was committed in perfect sincerity. And there was no opening for light; because a continual sanction was given to this error by the aristocratic scorn which the cavaliers of ancient descent habitually applied to the prevailing party of the Roundheads; which may be seen to this hour in all the pasquinades upon Cromwell, though really in his own neighbourhood a “gentleman of worship.” But for Salmasius it was a sufficient bar to any doubt arising, that if the House of Commons were not nobles, then were they not gentlemen—since to be a gentleman and to be a *titled* man or noble, on the Continent, were convertible terms. He himself was a man of titular rank, deriving his title from the territory of Saumaise; and in this needy scholar, behold a nobleman of France! Milton, on the other hand, quite incapable of suspecting that Salmasius conceived himself to stand on a higher level than an English senator of the Commons, and never having his attention drawn to the chasm which universally divides foreign from English nobility, naturally interpreted all the invectives of Salmasius against the Lower House as directed against their principles and their conduct. Thus arose an error, which its very enormity has hitherto screened from observation.

What, then, *is* this chasm dividing our nobility from that upon the Continent? Latterly that point has begun to force itself upon the attention of the English themselves, as travellers by wholesale on the Continent. The sagacious observers amongst them could not avoid to remark, that not unfrequently families were classed by scores amongst the nobility, who, in England, would not have been held to rank with the gentry. Next, it must have struck them that, merely by their numbers, these continental orders of nobility could never have been designed for any thing higher than so many orders of gentry. Finally, upon discovering that there was no such word or idea as that of gentry, expressing a secondary class distinct from a nobility, it flashed upon them that our important body of a landed gentry, bearing no *titular* honours of any kind, was inexpressible by any French, German, or Italian word; that upon the whole, and allowing for incommunicable differences, this order of gentry was represented on the Continent by the great mass of the “*basse noblesse*,” that our own great feudal nobility would be described on the Continent as a “*haute noblesse*,” and that amongst all these perplexities, it was inevitable

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for an Englishman to misunderstand and to be misunderstood. For, if he described another Englishman as not being a nobleman, invariably the foreigner would presume it to be meant that he was not a gentleman—not of the privileged class—in fact, that he was a plebeian or *roturier*, though very possibly a man every way meritorious by talents or public services. Whereas, on the contrary, we English know that a man of most ancient descent and ample estates, one, in the highest sense, a man of birth and family, may choose, on a principle of pride, (and not unfrequently *has* chosen,) obstinately to decline entering the order of nobility. Take, in short, the well-known story of Sir Edward Seymour, as first reported in Burnet's *Own Times*; to every foreigner this story is absolutely unintelligible. Sir Edward, at the Revolution, was one, in the vast crowd of country gentlemen presented to the Prince of Orange, (not yet raised to the throne.) The prince, who never had the dimmest conception of English habits or institutions, thought to compliment Sir Edward by showing himself aware of that gentleman's near relationship to a ducal house. "I believe, Sir Edward," said the prince, "that you are of the Duke of Somerset's family?" But Sir Edward, who was the haughtiest of the human race, speedily put an extinguisher on the prince's courtesy by replying, in a roar, "No, your highness: my lord duke is of mine." This was true: Sir Edward, the commoner, was of that branch which headed the illustrious house of Seymour; and the Duke of Somerset, at that era, was a cadet of this house. But to all foreigners alike, from every part of the Continent, this story is unfathomable. How a junior branch should be ennobled, the elder branch remaining not ennobled, *that* by itself seems mysterious; but how the unennobled branch should, in some sense peculiarly English, bear itself loftily as the depository of a higher consideration (though not of a higher rank) than the duke's branch, this is a mere stone of offence to the continental mind. So, again, there is a notion current upon the Continent, that in England titular honours are put up to sale, as once they really were, by Charles I. in his distresses, when an earldom was sold for L.6000; and so *pro rata* for one step higher or lower. Meantime, we all know in England how entirely false this is; and, on the other hand, we know also, and cannot but smile at the continental blindness to its own infirmity, that the mercenary imputation which recoils from ourselves, has, for centuries, settled upon France, Germany, and other powers. More than one hundred and thirty thousand French "nobles," at the epoch of the Revolution, how did most of them come by their titles? Simply by buying them in a regular market or bazar, appointed for such traffic. Did Mr St——, a respectable tailor, need baronial honours? He did not think of applying to any English minister, though he was then actually resident in London; he addressed his litanies to the chancery of Austria. Did Mr ——, the dentist, or Mr R——, the banker, sigh for aristocratic honours? Both crossed the Channel, and marketed in the shambles of France and Germany.

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Meantime the confusion, which is inveterate upon this subject, arose out of the incompatible grounds upon which the aristocracies of England and the Continent had formed themselves. For the continental there seemed to exist no exclusive privilege, and yet there *was* one. For the English there existed practically a real privilege, and yet in law there was *none*. On the Continent, no titled order had ever arisen without peculiar immunities and powers, extending oftentimes to criminal jurisdictions; but yet, by that same error which has so often vitiated a paper currency, the whole order, in spite of its unfair privileges, was generally depreciated. This has been the capital blunder of France at all times. Her old aristocracy was so numerous, that every provincial town was inundated with “comptes,” &c.; and no villager even turned to look on hearing another addressed by a title. The other day we saw a return from the Legion of Honour: “Such in these moments, as in all the past,” France, it appeared, had already indorsed upon this suspicious roll not fewer than forty-nine thousand six hundred and odd beneficiaries. Let the reader think of forty-nine thousand six hundred Knights of the Bath turned loose upon London. Now *ex adverso* England must have some virtual and operative privilege for *her* nobility, or else how comes it, that in any one of our largest provincial towns—towns so populous as to have but four rivals on the Continent—a stranger saluted seriously by the title of “my lord,” will very soon have a mob at his heels? Is it that the English nobility can dispense with immunities from taxation, with legal supremacies, and with the sword of justice; in short, with all artificial privileges, having these two authentic privileges from nature—stern limitation of their numbers, and a prodigious share in the most durable of the national property? Vainly does the continental noble flourish against such omnipotent charters the rusty keys of his dungeon, or the sculptured image of his family gallows. Power beyond the law is not nobility, is not antiquity. Tax-gatherers, from the two last centuries, have been the founders of most titled houses in France; and the *prestige* of antiquity is, therefore, but rarely present. But were it otherwise, and that a “noblesse” could plead one uniform descent from crusaders, still, if they were a hundred thousand strong—and, secondly, had no property—and, thirdly, comprehended in their lists a mere gentry, having generally no pretensions at all to ancient or illustrious descent, they would be—nothing. And exactly on that basis reposes the difference between the Continent and England. Eternally the ridiculous pretence of being “noble” by family, seems to claim for obscure foreigners some sort of advantage over the plain untitled Englishman; but eternally the travelled Englishman recollects, that, so far as this equivocal “nobility” had been really fenced with privileges, those have been long in a course of superannuation; whilst the counter-vailing advantages for his own native aristocracy are precisely those which time or political revolutions never *can* superannuate.

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Thus far as to the constitution of the British nobility and those broad popular distinctions which determine for each nobility its effectual powers. The next point is, to exhibit the operation of these differential powers in the condition of manners which they produce. But, as a transitional stage lying between the two here described—between the tenure of our aristocracy as a casual principle, and the popular working of our aristocracy as an effect—we will interpose a slight notice of the habits peculiar to England by which this effect is partly sustained.

One marked characteristic of the English nobility is found in the popular education of their sons. Amongst the great feudal aristocracies of Spain or of Austria, it was impossible that the heirs of splendid properties should be reared when boys in national institutions. In general, there *are* no national institutions, of ancient and royal foundation, dedicated to education in either land. Almost of necessity, the young *graf* or *fuerst*, (earl or prince,) *conde* or *duca*, is committed to the charge of a private tutor, usually a monk. The habits of continental universities have always been riotous and plebeian; the mode of paying the professors, who answer to the college tutors of Oxford and Cambridge, has always been degrading—equally degrading to them and to literature; whilst, in relation to all academic authority, such modes of payment were ruinous, by creating a systematic dependence of the teacher upon the pupil. To this account may be added, that in all countries, where great elementary schools are wanting, the universities are improperly used as their substitutes. Consequently these pupils are too often boys, and not young men, in age; whilst in habits, not belonging to the aristocracy, they are generally gross, unpolished, and illiberal. The great bulk are meant for the professions of the land; and hence, from an early period, the education has been too ecclesiastical in its cast. Even at this day, it is too strictly professional. The landed aristocracy resort to such institutions in no healthy proportions; and the reason lies in their too exclusive dedication to the *military* service. It is true that, in the rude concussion given to all Germany and Spain by the French revolutionary aggressions, many changes have occurred. In particular, for North Germany, *viz.* Prussia, Russian Poland, and Saxony, such a new and vast body has arisen of *civil* functionaries, that a new name and classification for this order has been found necessary amongst British travellers and German economists. But this change has not commensurately affected the German universities. The military character still overshadows the professional. The law is in no esteem, and leads to no political consideration. The church is in the same degradation. The German pastor is too essentially humble in his social condition to present any resistance to feudal

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or military arrogance. A German clergyman is not, in that emphatic sense which makes itself felt amongst ourselves, a gentleman. The rural pastor of Germany is too often, in effectual weight of character, little more than the “Amen” clerk of our English establishment. If he is treated courteously, as amongst very elevated persons he is, this concession he owes to *their* high bred refinement, and not to any dignity which clothes himself. *There* we speak of the reformed churches, whether Calvinist, Lutheran, or the new syncretistic church, manufactured by the present government of Prussia. But in Popish countries, the same tendency is seen on a larger scale: the whole ecclesiastical body, parochial or monastic, retires from the contests of life; and fails, therefore, to contribute any part of the *civil* resistance needed for making head against the military profession. On the other hand, in England, through the great schools of Eton, Harrow, &c., children even of ducal families are introduced to public life, and to popular sympathies, through the discipline of what may be called miniature republics. No country on earth, it is rightly observed by foreigners, shows so much of aristocratic feeling as England. It cannot, therefore, be denied—that a British duke or earl at Eton, and more especially in his latter stages when approaching the period of his majority, is the object of much deference. Entering upon the time when practically he becomes *sui juris*, he has far too much power and influence to be treated with levity. But it is equally true, that a spirit of republican justice regulates his childish intercourse with his fellow *alumni*: he fights battles on equal terms with any of them, when he gives or receives offence. He plays at cricket, he sails or rows his boat, according to known *general* regulations. True, that his private tutor more often withdraws a patrician boy from the public sports: but, so long as he is a party of them, he neither is, nor, from the nature of such amusements, could be indulged with any special immunities. The *Condes* and *Ducas* of Spain, meantime, have been uniformly reared at home: for this we have the authority of Spanish economists, as also of many travellers. The auspicious conductor of the young grandee’s education are usually his mother’s confessor and his mother’s waiting-women. Thence comes the possibility that a Spanish prince should have degraded himself in the eyes of Europe as a sempster and embroiderer of petticoats. Accordingly, the highest order of the Spanish nobility is said to be physically below the standard of their countrymen, in a degree too apparent to escape general notice; whilst in the same relations our own nobility has been generally pronounced the finest *animal* race amongst us.

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Another great feature in the system of our English training, is the severe separation of children from servants. Many are the families of mere English gentry, totally removed from the nobility, who never permit their children to enter the servants' hall nor the kitchen. And the probable remark upon so rigorous a separation, which an inconsiderate person will make, that it is founded upon aristocratic arrogance, happens to be in the very teeth of the truth. We shall content ourselves with saying, that the comfort as well as benefit of both parties were promoted by such an arrangement; whilst, so far from arguing hauteur, it was the high civil condition of the English servant, which, by forcing respect from his master, first widened the interval between the two ranks, and founded a wholesome repulsion between them. In our own times, we have read descriptions of West India planters admitting the infant children of their slaves to play and sprawl about their saloons: but now, since the slave has acquired the station of a free man, and (from the fact of not having won this station meritoriously, but passively received it as a boon) is too generally disposed to use it in a spirit of defiance, does any man expect such scenes for the future? Through the prevalence of habit, old cases of that nature may happen to survive locally: but in the coming generation, every vestige of these indulgent relations will have disappeared in the gloomy atmosphere of jealous independence. That infant, who had been treated with exemplary kindness as a creature entirely at the mercy of his master, and the living monument of his forbearance, will be thrown sternly upon his legal rights when he has the power of enforcing those rights in so many instances against his patron. This case, from its abruptness, involves unamiable features: but the English case had developed itself too gradually and naturally to be otherwise than purely dignified for both parties. In the age of Beaumont and Fletcher, (say 1610-1635,) gentlemen kicked and caned their servants: the power to do so, was a privilege growing out of the awful distance attached to rank: and in Ireland, at the opening of the present century, such a privilege was still matter of prescriptive usage, and too frequently furnished the matter for a menace. But the stealthy growth of civilization and of civil liberty in England, moved onwards so surely, under the stimulation of manufacturing industry, (making menial service a secondary object for the poor,) that before 1750, a gentleman, forgetting himself so far as to strike a servant, would have been recalled to better thoughts by an action for assault. On the Continent, for the very reason that no such rights had been matured for servants, it was possible to treat them with much more indulgence: because the relations between the two parties were less honourable, allowing to the servant nothing in the way of absolute right; for that very reason, it was possible to treat him as a child who founds his

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power upon his weakness. In fact, the whole philosophy on this subject will be found practically embodied in the household economy of Rome about the time of Hannibal, as unfolded by Plautus. The relations of master and servant are there exhibited in a state of absolute pessimism: any thing worse, it is beyond the wit of men to imagine. Respect or deference on the part of the slave towards his master, there is none: contempt more maliciously expressed for his master's understanding, familiarity more insolent, it is difficult to imagine. This was in part a tendency derived from republican institutions: but in part also it rests upon the vicious independence in the master of all authority founded upon moral forces. Instant physical coercion, the power of cross, gallows, *pistrinum*, and the domestic scourge—these were the forces which made the Roman master careless of verbal disrespect, indifferent to censure, from them whose opinions were as impotent as those of an infant. The slave, again, on *his* side, is described as so thoroughly degraded, that he makes the disfiguration of his own person by the knout, the *cancellation* of his back by stripes and scars—a subject of continual merriment. Between two parties thus incapacitated by law and usage for manly intercourse, the result was exactly such by consummation as on many parts of the Continent it still is by tendency. The master welcomed from his slave that spirit of familiar impertinence which stirred the dull surface of domestic life, whilst, at any moment, a kick or a frown could silence the petty battery when it was beginning to be offensive. Without a drawback, therefore, to apprehend where excesses too personal or stinging could be repressed as certainly as the trespasses of a hound, the Plautine master drew from his servant, without anxiety, the comic services which, in the middle ages, were drawn from the professional “fool.” This original vice in the constitution of society, though greatly mitigated, in the course of two centuries from the era of Plautus, by the progress of intellectual luxury, was one main fountain of that coarseness which, in every age, deformed the social intercourse of Romans; and, especially, it was the fountain of that odious scurrility and tongue-license which defeated the majestic impression else sure to have waited on the grand position of the senate. Cicero himself was as great a ruffian in his three functions of oratory, *viz.* at the bar, in the popular assemblies, and in the senate—he was as foul a libeller—as malignant—and as plebeian in his choice of topics—as any “*verna*” in Rome when sparring with another “*verna*.” This scandal of Roman society was not, undoubtedly, a pure product, from the vernile scurrility of which we hear so much in Roman writers—other causes conspired; but certainly the fluency which men of rank exhibited in this popular accomplishment of Billingsgate had been at all times sustained by the models of this kind resounding for ever in the streets

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of Rome, and in the purlieu of great mansions. Mr Coleridge, who had seen nothing but superior amiableness in the familiar sort of friendship existing between a French gentleman and his servant, where, in fact, it had survived as a relic from old political degradations, might consistently proclaim in rapture, when writing to a lady upon the *Philosophic Dialogues* of Cicero, "What perfect gentlemen were[8] these old Romans!" He who suffers a single feature of amiableness to screen the general misconstruction of social relations, may easily find a spirit of chivalrous courtesy in what, after all, was only a self-protecting meanness, applied to one special case of private intercourse under a brutalizing system applied to all other intercourse between men of public distinction. It is certain that the prevailing relations upon the Continent between master and servant, did, before the French Revolution, and do still, express a vicious structure of society; they have *repeated*, in other forms, the Roman type of civilisation; whilst we, with a sterner exterior, have been the first to stamp respectability upon menial and mechanic labour.

[Footnote 8: And, in reality, this impression, as from some high-bred courtesy and self-restraint, is likely enough to arise at first in every man's mind. But the true ground of the amiable features was laid for the Roman in the counter-force of exquisite brutality. Where the style of public intercourse had been so deformed by ruffianism, in private intercourse it happened, both as a natural consequence, and as a difference sought after by prudence, that the tendencies to such rough play incident to all polemic conversation (as in the *De Oratore*) should be precluded by a marked extremity of refined pleasure. Hence indeed it is, that compliments, and something like mutual adulation, prevail so much in the imaginary colloquies of Roman statesmen. The personal flatteries interchanged in the *De Oratore*, *De Legibus*, &c., of Cicero, are often so elegantly turned, and introduced so artfully, that they read very much like the high bred compliments *ascribed* to Louis XIV., in his intercourse with eminent public officers. These have generally a regal air of loftiness about them, and prove the possibility of *genius* attaching even to the art of paying compliments. But else, in reviewing the spirit of *traffic*, which appears in the reciprocal flatteries passing between Crassus, Antony, Cotta, &c., too often a sullen suspicion crosses the mind of a politic sycophancy, adopted on both sides as a defensive armour.]

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Perhaps, however, the one capital force, operating for good upon the British aristocracy, is—the paramount reference of all accomplishments, of ambition through all its modes, and of party connexions, to the public service. This, again, which constitutes a fourth head amongst the characteristics of English society, may be viewed as both cause and effect with reference to our civil institutions. Here we regard it as a cause. It is a startling assertion to make, but we have good reason to think it true, that, in the last great war with Jacobinism, stretching through very nearly one whole quarter of a century, beyond all doubt the nobility was that order amongst us who shed their blood in the largest proportion for the commonwealth. Let not the reader believe that for a moment we are capable of undervaluing the pretensions of any class, whether high or low. All furnished martyrs to that noblest of causes. And it is not possible that this should be otherwise; because amongst us society is so exquisitely fused, so delicate are the *nuances* by which our ranks play out and in to each other, that no man can imagine the possibility of an arrest being communicated at any point to the free circulation of any one *national* feeling whatsoever. Great chasms must *exist* between social ranks, where it is possible for a sentiment of nationality to be suddenly frozen up as it approaches one particular class; as a corollary from which doctrine, we have always treated with derision the scurrilous notion that our rural body of landowners, our country squires, could, by possibility, differ essentially from the rest of us. Bred amongst us, educated amongst us, intermarrying with us indiscriminately, how by any means apparent to common sense should it be possible for them to maintain an inheritance of separate ignorance, separate prejudices, or separate purposes, such as interested manufacturers and trivial satirists assume? On the same principle, it is not possible that, in questions of elementary patriotism, any palsy should check the electric movement of the national feelings through every organ of its social life—except only in the one case where its organization is imperfect. Let there be a haughty nobility, void of popular sympathies, such as the *haute noblesse* of Russia or Hungary is sometimes *said* to be, and it will be possible that jealousy on behalf of privileges should operate so noxiously as to place such a body in opposition to the people for the sake of what it holds separately, rather than in sympathy with the people for the sake of what both hold in common. With us, this is otherwise; the very highest and most feudal amongst our nobles are associated by common rights, interests, and subjection to the laws, with the general body of the people. Make an exception for the right of demanding an audience from the sovereign, for the right of *entree* at St James's, for the right of driving through the Horse Guards, or for

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Lord Kinsale's right of wearing his hat in the royal presence—reckon off the petty discount for privileges so purely ceremonial, and absolute nothing remains to distinguish the nobility. For as to the practice of entails, the legal benefit of primogeniture, &c., these have no more essential connexion with the nobility, than the possession of land or manorial rights. They are privileges attached to a known situation, which is open equally to every man not disqualified as an alien. Consequently, we infer that, the fusion and continuity of our ranks being perfect, it is not possible to suppose, with respect to a great patriotic interest, any abrupt pause in the fluent circulation of our national sympathies. We, therefore, cannot be supposed to arrogate for the nobility any separate privilege of patriotism. But still we venture to affirm, that, if the total numbers of our nobility and their nearest connexions were summed; and if from that sum were subtracted all officers, being brothers, sons, nephews, of British peers, who laid down their lives, or suffered incurable wounds in the naval or military service of their country, the proportion will be found greater than that upon the aggregate remainder belonging to the rest of the nation. Life is the same blessing for all ranks alike. But certainly, though for all it is intrinsically the same priceless jewel, there is in the setting of this jewel something more radiantly brilliant to him who inherits a place amongst the British nobility, than to him whose prospects have been clouded originally by the doubts and fears of poverty. And, at all events, the libation of blood in the course of the last war was, we must repeat, on the part of the high aristocracy, disproportionately large.

In that proportion are those men unprincipled who speak of the English nobility as an indolent class—detached from public employments, and taking neither share nor interest in the public service. Such representations, where they are not deliberate falsehoods, point to a fact which is not uncommon; from the limited number of our nobility, and consequently the rare opportunities for really studying their habits, it is easy to see that in sketches of this order, (whether libellous amongst mob-orators, or serious in novels,) the pretended portrait has been founded on a vague romantic abstraction of what may be supposed peculiar to the condition of a patrician order under all political circumstances. Haughtiness, exclusiveness, indolence, and luxury, compose the romantic type which the delineator figures to his mind; and at length it becomes evident to any man, who has an experimental knowledge of this order, that probably the ancient Persian satraps, or the omrahs of Hindostan, have much more truly been operatively present to the describers than any thing ancient or modern amongst the realities of England. A candid person, who wishes to estimate the true, and not the imaginary nobles of England, will perceive one fact

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through the public journals, viz. that no class takes a more active share in that sort of the public business which naturally commends itself to their support. At least one-half of the deliberative meetings connected with the innumerable charities of London, very many of the public dinners by which such charities are promoted or commemorated, obtain the benevolent aid of noblemen as chairmen and presidents. Provincial assemblies for the same purposes, and, still more frequently, assemblies growing out of the endless political questions incident to a nation in our circumstances, receive the same influential countenance. These labours, by no means slight, added to the evening Parliamentary attendance through half the year, and the morning attendance on Parliamentary committees, together with the magisterial duties of many lords-lieutenant, sufficiently attest that in this point of public duties, (exercised without fee or compensation,) our own nobility is the only one in Europe having almost any connexion at all with the national service, except through the army. Some of this small body are pretty constantly attached to the cabinet; others act as ambassadors, as under-secretaries, or as colonial governors. And so far are they from wishing, apparently, to limit the field for their own exertions, that the late Dukes of Manchester and Richmond spontaneously extended it, by giving the countenances of their high stations to the governments of Canada, and even of Jamaica. A marquis of ancient family has lately accepted the government of Madras; and gradually, as our splendid colonies expand their proportions, it is probable that many more of them will benefit at intervals, (in their charities and public works,) from the vast revenues of our leading nobles acting as their governors. Add to these the many cases of junior nobles who sit in the House of Commons; of those who keep alive the public spirit of great provinces by standing costly contested elections; of those professionally pursuing the career of arms in the naval or land service; and then, collating all this activity with the very limited extent of our peerage taken even with their families, not the very bigotry of democracy will deny that the characteristic energy of our nation is faithfully reflected from its highest order.

Is there a feature in foreign circles odious beyond all others? It is the air of pretence, the craving after effect, the swell, the system of coquetting with accomplishments, the tumid character of *bravura*, which characterises the principle, and (to borrow an affected word from connoisseurs of art) the *motivo* of their social intercourse. Is there a feature of manners in the English nobility, absolutely inimitable by art, and renewing for ever the impressions of simplicity and truth? It lies in that winning retirement from the artificial, the studied, the theatrical, from all jealousy of design or collusive deplay, which good sense and chastity of taste have suggested to

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them, as the sole style of demeanour on a level with their dignified station. Continental society is bad by its ideals. In the execution, there may be frequent differences, moderating what is offensive in the conception. But the essential and informing principle of foreign society is the scenical, and the *nisus* after display. It is a state of perpetual tension; while, on the other hand, the usual state of English society, in the highest classes, is one of dignified repose. There is the same difference in this point between the two systems of manners, as between the English and French tone of national intercourse, in the matter of foreign relations. In France, when the popular blood is up, nothing is to be heard but bounce, menace, and defiance; for England, all the hurricanes of foreign wrath that ever blew, could not disturb her lion port of majestic tranquillity. But when we distinguish between what is English and what is foreign, it becomes proper that we should say more specifically what it is that we mean by the term “foreign;” what compass we allow to that idea. It is too palpable, and for many reasons, that the French standard of taste has vitiated the general taste of the Continent. How has this arisen? In part from the central position of France; in part from the arrogance of France in every age, as pretending to the precedency amongst the kingdoms of Christendom; in part from the magnificence of the French kings since the time of Louis XII.—that is, beginning with Francis I.; and in part, since the period 1660-80, from the noisy pretensions of the French literature, at the time creating itself, followed by that natural consequence of corresponding pretensions for the French language. Literature it was that first opened to the language a European career; but inversely the language it was that subsequently clenched and riveted the diffusion of the literature. Two accidents of European society favoured the change. Up to the restoration of our Charles II., diplomacy had been generally conducted in Latin. Efforts had been made, indeed, as early as Cardinal Richelieu’s time, to substitute French. His pupil, Mazarine, had repeated the attempt; and Cromwell had resolutely resisted it. But how? Because, at that period, the resistance was easy. Historians are apt to forget that, in 1653, there was no French literature. Corneille, it is true, was already known; but the impression which he had as yet made, even upon Paris, did not merit the name of a *popular* impression—and for this decisive reason, that, as yet, Louis XIV. was a boy. Not until seven years later, did he virtually begin to reign; whilst, as France was then constituted, nothing could be popular which did not bear the countersign and *imprimatur* of a king and his court. The notion, therefore, adopted by all historians of English literature, (*not* excluding the arrogant Schlegel,) that Charles II., on his restoration, laid the foundation of a “French

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school," being already nonsense by the very tenor of the doctrine, happens also to be chronologically impossible. English writers could not take for a model what as yet had no collective existence. Now, until the death of Charles II., no French literature could be said to have gathered or established itself; and as yet no ostentation of a French literature began to stir the air of Europe. By the time, however, that Racine, La Fontaine, Boileau, Bossuet, and Fontenelle, had begun to fix the attention of foreign courts upon the French language, a necessity, no longer to be disguised, for some modern language as the common organ of diplomacy, had made itself universally acknowledged. Not only were able negotiations continually neutralized by ignorance or unfamiliar command of the Latin; but at last, as the field of diplomacy was daily expanding, and as commerce kept ahead of all other interests, it became simply impossible, by any dexterity of evasions and compromises, to make a dead language do the offices of negotiation without barbarism and reciprocal misunderstanding. Now was commencing the era of congresses. The Westphalian congress, in 1648, had put up with Latin; for the interests which it settled, and the boundaries which it counterbalanced, were political and general. The details of tariffs were but little concerned. But those times were passing away. A modern language *must* be selected for international treating, and for the growing necessities of travellers. French probably would, by this time, have gained the distinction at any rate; for the same causes which carried strangers in disproportionate numbers to Paris—viz. the newly-created splendour of that capital, and the extensive patronage of the French kings—must have commensurately diffused the knowledge of the French language. At such a critical moment, however, we cannot doubt that the French literature would give a determining impulse to the choice. For besides that the literature adapts itself beyond all others to the classes of society having little time for reflection, and whose sensibilities are scattered by dissipation, it offers even to the meditative the high quality of self-consistency. Springing from a low key of passion, it still justifies its own pretensions to good taste, (that is, to harmony with itself and its own principles.) Fifty years later, or about the middle of the eighteenth century, we see a second impulse given to the same literature, and therefore to the same language. A new race of writers were at that time seasoning the shallowest of all philosophies with systematic rancour against thrones and Christianity. To a military (and therefore in those days ignorant) aristocracy, such as all continental states were cursed with, equally the food and the condiment were attractive beyond any other. And thus, viz. through such accidents of luck operating upon so shallow a body of estimators as the courtiers and the little adventurers of the Continent, did the French literature

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and language attain the preponderance which once they had. It is true, that the literature has since lost that advantage. Germany, the other great centre of the Continent, has now a literature of her own, far more extensive, and better fitted for her peculiar strength and weakness. But the French language, though also drooping, still holds its ground as the convenient resource of lazy travellers and lazy diplomatists. This language, acting through that literature, has been the engine for fusing the people of the Continent into a monotonous conformity to one standard of feeling.

In this sense, and with a reference to this deduction, we ascribe unity to the foreign system of manners and social intercourse. Had every state in Europe been resigned to her own native temper and habits, there could have been no propriety in talking of “foreign” manners, as existing by way of antithesis to English. There must have been as many varieties of what might be called “foreign,” as there happen to be considerable kingdoms, or considerable territories insulated by strong natural boundaries, or capital cities composing separate jurisdictions for the world of manners, by means of local differences continually ripening into habits. But this tendency in Europe to break up and subdivide her spirit of manners, was withered and annihilated by the unity of a French taste. The ambition of a French refinement had so thoroughly seized upon Germany, and even upon the Vandalism of arctic Sweden, by the year 1740, that in the literature of both countries, a ridiculous hybrid dialect prevailed, of which you could not say whether it were a superstructure of Teutonic upon a basis of French, or of French upon a basis of Teutonic.[9] The justification of “foreign,” or “continental,” used as an adequate antithesis to English, is therefore but too complete.

[Footnote 9: In the days of Gottsched, a German leader about 1740, who was a pedant constitutionally insensible to any real merits of French literature, and yet sharing in the Gallomania, the ordinary tenor of composition was such as this: (supposing English words substituted for German:) “*I demande with entire empressement, your pardon for having tant soit peu meconnu, or at least egare from your orders, autrefois communicated. Faute d’entendre your ultimate but, I now confess, de me trouver perplexed by un mauvais embarras.*”—And so on.]

Having thus explained our use of the word “foreign,” we put it to any considerate man, how it should have been possible that any select tone of society could grow up amongst a body so comprehensive and so miscellaneous as the *soi-disant* nobility of continental states? Could it be expected that 130,000 French “nobles” of 1788, needy and squalid in their habits as many of them were, should be high-bred gentlemen? In Germany, we know that all the watering-places are infested with black-leg gamblers, fortune-hunters, *chevaliers*

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d'industrie, through all varieties of this category. Most of these bear titles of baron, comte, &c. Are they spurious titles? Nobody knows. Such is the obscurity and extent of an aristocracy multiplying their numbers in every generation, and resting upon no basis of property, that it is equally possible for the true "baron" to lie under suspicion as a pretender, and for the false one to prosper by imposture. On the other hand, who could hope to pass himself off for six weeks as an English earl? Yet it is evident, that where counterfeit claims are so easy, the intrusion of persons unqualified, or doubtfully qualified, must be so numerous and constant that long ago every pure standard of what is noble or gentlemanly, must have perished in so keen a struggle and so vast a mob. Merely by its outrageous excess numerically, every continental "noblesse" is already lowered and vitiated in its tone. For in vast bodies, fluctuating eternally, no unity of tone can be maintained, except exactly in those cases where some vulgar prejudice carries away all alike by its strength of current.

Such a current we have already noticed in the style of scenical effort manifested by most foreigners. To be a "conteur," to figure in "proverbs," to attitudinize, to produce a "sensation"—all these are purposes of ambition in foreign circles. Such a current we have noticed in the general determination of the Continent towards French tastes; and *that* is a worse tendency even than it used to be, for the true aristocracy of France is gone for ever as it formerly existed in the *haute noblesse*; and the court of a democratic king is no more equal to the task of diffusing good manners, than that of the American or Haytian president. Personally, the king and his family might be models of high breeding; but the insolence of democracy would refuse the example, and untrained vulgarity would fail even in trying to adopt it.

Besides these false impulses given to the continental tone of society, we have noticed a third, and that is the preposterous value given amongst foreigners to what is military. This tendency is at once a cause of vulgarity and an exponent of vulgarity. Thence comes the embroidery of collars, the betasseling, the befrogging, the flaunting attempts at "costuming." It is not that the military character is less fitted to a gentlemanly refinement than any other; but the truth is, that no professional character whatsoever, when pushed into exclusive esteem, can continue to sustain itself on the difficult eminence of pure natural high breeding. All professions alike have their besetting vices, pedantries, and infirmities. In some degree they correct each other when thrown together on terms of equality. But on the Continent, the lawyer and the clergyman is every where degraded; the senator has usually no existence; and the authentic landed proprietor, liberated from all duties but the splendid and non-technical duties of patriotism, comes

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forward at foreign courts only in the character of a military officer. At some courts this is carried so far, that no man can be presented out of uniform. Has the military profession, on the other hand, benefited by such partiality? So far from it, that, were the continental armies liable to that sort of *surveillance* which our own Horse Guards exercises over the social morals of the officers, we do not believe that one of those armies could exist for five years. The facts placed beyond denial by the capture of foreign officers' baggage, by the violated parole of honour, and by many other incidents of the late war, combine to prove the low tone of gentlemanly honour and probity in the ill-paid armies of the Continent.

Our purpose has been, to insist on the capital patriotic uses to which so splendid an aristocracy as ours *has* been applied, and will be applied, so long as it is suffered to exist undisturbed by the growing democracy (and, worse than *that*, by the anarchy) of the times. These uses are principally four, which we shall but indicate in a few words.

First, it is in the nobility of Great Britain that the Conservative principle—which cannot but be a momentous agency wheresoever there is any thing good to protect from violence, or any thing venerable to uphold in sanctity—is chiefly lodged. Primogeniture and the church are the two corner-stones upon which our civil constitution ultimately reposes; and neither of these, from the monumental character of our noble houses, held together through centuries by the peculiar settlements of their landed properties, has any power to survive the destruction of a distinct patrician order.

Secondly, though not *per se*, or, in a professional sense, military as a body, (Heaven forbid that they should be so!) yet, as always furnishing a disproportionate number from their order to the martial service of the country, they diffuse a standard of high honour through our army and navy, which would languish in a degree not suspected whenever a democratic influence should thoroughly pervade either. It is less for what they do in this way, than for what they prevent, that our gratitude is due to the nobility. However, even the *positive* services of the nobility are greater in this field than a democrat is aware of. Are not all our satirical novels, &c., daily describing it as the infirmity of English society, that so much stress is laid upon aristocratic connexions? Be it so: but do not run away from your own doctrine, O democrat! as soon as the consequences become startling. One of these consequences, which cannot be refused, is the depth of influence and the extent of influence which waits upon the example of our nobles. Were the present number of our professional nobles decimated, they would still retain a most salutary influence. We have spoken sufficiently of the ruin which follows where a nation has no natural and authentic leaders for her armies. And we venture to add our suspicion—that even France, at this moment, owes much of the courage which marks her gentry, though a mere wreck from her old aristocracy, to the chivalrous feeling inherited from her ancestral remembrances. Good officers are not made such by simple

constitutional courage; honour, and something of a pure gentlemanly temper, must be added.

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Thirdly, for all populous and highly civilized nations, it is an indirect necessity made known in a thousand ways, that some adequate control should preside over their spirit of manners. This can be effected only through a court and a body of nobles. And thence it arises, that, in our English public intercourse, through every class, (even the lowest of the commercial,) so much of respectful gravity and mutual consideration is found. Now, therefore, as the means of maintaining in strength this aristocratic influence, we request every thoughtful man to meditate upon the following proposition. The class even of our gentry breeds a body of high and chivalrous feeling; and very much so by unconscious sympathy with an order above themselves. But why is it that the amenity and perfect polish of the nobility are rarely found in strength amongst the mass of ordinary gentlemen? It is because, in order to qualify a man for the higher functions of courtesy, he ought to be separated from the strife of the world. The fretful collision with rivalry and angry tempers, insensibly modifies the demeanour of every man. But the British nobleman, intrenched in wealth, enjoys an immunity from this irritating discipline. He is able to act by proxy: and all services of unpleasant contest he devolves upon agents. To have a class in both sexes who toil not, neither do they spin—is the one *conditio sine qua non* for a real nobility.

Fourthly as the leaders in a high morality of honour, and a jealous sense of the obligation attached to public engagements, our nobility has tightened the bonds of national sensibility beyond what is always perceived. “This is high matter,” as Burke says in a parallel case; and we barely touch it. We shall content ourselves with asking—Could the American frauds in the naval war, calling sixty-four-gun ships by the name of frigates, have been suffered in England? Could the American doctrine of *repudiation* have prospered with us? Yet are the Americans Englishmen, wanting only a nobility.

The times are full of change: it is through the Conservative body itself that certain perils are now approaching patrician order: if *that* perishes, England passes into a new moral condition, wanting all the protections of the present.

* * * * *

JACK STUART’S BET ON THE DERBY, AND HOW HE PAID HIS LOSSES.

Cotherstone came in amid great applause, and was the winner of the poorest Derby ever known. Whilst acclamation shook the spheres, and the corners of mouths were pulled down, and betting-books mechanically pulled out—while success made some people so benevolent that they did not believe in the existence of poverty any where, and certainly not in the distress of the wretched-looking beggar entreating a penny—whilst all these things were going on, champagne corks flying, the sun shining, toasts resounding, and a perfect hubbub in full activity on all sides, Jack Stuart drew me aside

towards the carriage, and said, “Pon my word, it must be a cross. How the deuce could one horse beat the whole field?”

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"Oh, you backed the field, did you?"

"To be sure. I always go with the strongest side."

"And you have lost?"

"A hundred and fifty."

No wonder Jack Stuart looked blue. A fifth part of his yearly income gone at one smash—and in such a foolish way, too.

"If the excitement could last three or four days, it would almost be worth the money," he said; "but no sooner do you hear the bell—see the crush of horses at the starting-post—bang—bang—off they go!—and in a minute or two all is over, and your money gone. I will have a race of snails between London and York. It would be occupation for a year. But come, let us leave the abominable place." He hurried me into the stanhope, gave the rein to his active grey mare, and making a detour towards Kingston, we soon left the crowd behind us.

"I will never bet on a horse again," said Jack, ruminating on his loss. "Why should I? I know nothing about racing, and never could understand odds in my life; and just at this moment, too, I can't spare the coin."

At the same time he did not spare the whip; for you will always observe, that a meditative gentleman in a gig is peculiarly impressive on his horse's shoulder. The grey trotted along, or burst into an occasional canter.

"I'll back this grey against Cotherstone for fifty pounds."

"To stand flogging? I think you would win."

"No, to jump. See how she springs."

Hereupon Jack touched the mare in a very scientific manner, just under the fore-arm, and the animal, indignant at this disrespectful manner of proceeding, gave a prodigious rush forward, and then reared.

"You'll break the shafts," I said.

"I think she is going to run away, but there seems no wall near us—and I don't think any coaches travel this road. Sit still, for she's off."

The mare, in good truth, resented her master's conduct in a high degree, and took the bit in her teeth.

"If she doesn't kick, it's all right," said Jack.

"She has no time to kick if she goes at this pace," I answered; "keep her straight."

The speed continued unabated for some time, and we were both silent. I watched the road as far in advance as I could see, in dread of some waggon, or coach, or sudden turn, or even a turnpike gate, for the chances would have been greatly against an agreeable termination.

"I'll tell you what," cried Jack, turning round to me, "I think I've found out a way of paying my losses."

"Indeed! but can't you manage in the mean time to stop the mare?"

"Poh! let her go. I think rapid motion is a great help to the intellect. I feel quite sure I can pay my bets without putting my hand into my pocket."

"How? Pull the near check. She'll be in the ditch."

"Why, I think I shall publish a novel."

I could scarcely keep from laughing, though a gardener's cart was two hundred yards in advance.



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"You write a novel! Wouldn't you like to build a pyramid at the same time?"

"We've given that old fellow a fright on the top of the cabbage," said Jack, going within an inch of the wheels of the cart. "He'll think we've got Cotherstone in harness. But what do you mean about a pyramid?"

"Why, who ever heard of your writing a novel?"

"I did not say *write* a novel—I said *publish* a novel."

"Well, who is to write it?" I enquired.

"That's the secret," he answered; "and if that isn't one of Pickford's vans, I'll tell you"——

The mare kept up her speed; and, looming before us, apparently filling up the whole road, was one of the moving castles, drawn by eight horses, that, compared to other vehicles, are like elephants moving about among a herd of deer.

"Is there room to pass?" asked Jack, pulling the right rein with all his might.

"Scarcely," I said, "the post is at the side of the road."

"Take the whip," said Jack, "and just when we get up, give her a cut over the left ear."

In dread silence we sat watching the tremendous gallop. Nearer and nearer we drew to the waggon, and precisely at the right time Jack pulled the mare's bridle, and I cut her over the ear. Within a hairbreadth of the post on one side, and the van on the other, we cut our bright way through.

"This is rather pleasant than otherwise," said Jack, breathing freely; "don't you think so?"

"I can't say it altogether suits my taste," I answered.

"Do you think she begins to tire?"

"Oh, she never tires; don't be the least afraid of that!"

"It's the very thing I wish; but there's a hill coming."

"She likes hills; and at the other side, when we begin to descend, you'll see her pace. I'm very proud of the mare's speed."

"It seems better than her temper; but about the novel?" I enquired.

"I shall publish in a fortnight," answered Jack.

"A whole novel? Three volumes?"

"Six, if you like—or a dozen. I'm not at all particular."

"But on what subject?"

"Why, what a simpleton you must be! There is but one subject for a novel—historical, philosophical, fashionable, antiquarian, or whatever it calls itself. The whole story, after all, is about a young man and a young woman—he all that is noble, and she all that is good. Every circulating library consists of nothing whatever but Love and Glory—and that shall be the name of my novel."

"But if you don't write it, how are you to publish it?"

"Do you think any living man or any living woman ever wrote a novel?"

"Certainly."

"Stuff, my dear fellow; they never did any thing of the kind. They published—that's all. Is that a heap of stones?"

"I think it is."

"Well, that's better than a gravel-pit. Cut her right ear. There, we're past it. Amazing bottom, has't she?"

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“Too much,” I said; “but go on with your novel.”

“Well, my plan is simply this—but make a bet, will you? I give odds. I bet you five to one in fives, that I produce, in a week from this time, a novel called ‘Love and Glory,’ not of my own composition or any body else’s—a good readable novel—better than any of James’s—and a great deal more original.”

“And yet not written by any one?”

“Exactly—bet, will you?”

“Done,” I said; “and now explain.”

“I will, if we get round this corner; but it is very sharp. Bravo, mare! And now we’ve a mile of level Macadam. I go to a circulating library and order home forty novels—any novels that are sleeping on the shelf. That is a hundred and twenty volumes—or perhaps, making allowance for the five-volume tales of former days, a hundred and fifty volumes altogether. From each of these novels I select one chapter and a half, that makes sixty chapters, which, at twenty chapters to each volume, makes a very good-sized novel.”

“But there will be no connexion.”

“Not much,” replied Jack, “but an amazing degree of variety.”

“But the names?”

“Must all be altered—the only trouble I take. There must be a countess and two daughters, let them be the Countess of Lorrington and the Ladies Alice and Matilda—a hero, Lord Berville, originally Mr Lawleigh—and every thing else in the same manner. All castles are to be Lorrington Castle—all the villains are to be Sir Stratford Manvers’—all the flirts Lady Emily Trecothicks’—and all the benevolent Christians, recluses, uncles, guardians, and benefactors—Mr Percy Wyndford, the younger son of an earl’s younger son, very rich, and getting on for sixty-five.”

“But nobody will print such wholesale plagiarisms.”

“Won’t they? See what Colburn publishes, and Bentley, and all of them. Why, they’re all made up things—extracts from old newspapers, or histories of processions or lord-mayor’s shows. What’s that coming down the hill?”

“Two coaches abreast”—I exclaimed—“racing by Jupiter!—and not an inch left for us to pass!”

"We've a minute yet," said Jack, and looked round. On the left was a park paling; on the right a stout hedge, and beyond it a grass field. "If it weren't for the ditch she could take the hedge," he said. "Shall we try?"

"We had better"—I answered—"rather be floored in a ditch than dashed to pieces against a coach."

"Lay on, then—here goes!"

I applied the whip to the left ear of the mare; Jack pulled at the right cheek. She turned suddenly out of the road and made a dash at the hedge. Away she went, harness, shafts, and all, leaving the stanhope in the ditch, and sending Jack and me flying, like experimental fifty-sixes in the marshes at Woolwich, halfway across the meadow. The whole incident was so sudden that I could scarcely comprehend what had happened. I looked round, and, in a furrow at a little distance, I saw my friend Jack. We looked for some time at each other, afraid to enquire into the extent of the damage; but at last Jack said, "She's a capital jumper, isn't she? It was as good a flying leap as I ever saw. She's worth two hundred guineas for a heavy weight."

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"A flying leap!"—I said; "it was a leap to be sure, but the flying, I think, was performed by ourselves."

"Are you hurt?" enquired Jack.

"Not that I know of," I replied; "you're all right?"

"Oh! as for me, I enjoy a quiet drive, like this, very much. I'm certain it gives a filip to the ideas, that you never receive in a family coach at seven miles an hour. I believe I owe the mare a great sum of money, not to mention all the fame I expect to make by my invention. But let us get on to the next inn, and send people after the stanhope and the mare. We shall get into a car, and go comfortably home."

We did not go to the Oaks on Friday. We were both too stiff: for though a gentleman may escape without breaking his bones, still an ejection so vigorously executed as the one we had sustained, always leaves its mark. In the mean time Jack was busy. Piles of volumes lay round him, scraps of paper were on the table, marks were put in the pages. He might have stood for the portrait of an industrious author. And yet a more unlitrary, not to say illiterate, man than he had been before the runaway, did not exist in the Albany. "Curriculo collegisse juvat"—are there any individuals to whom their curricule has been a college, and who have done without a university in the strength of a fast-trotting horse? Jack was one of these. He had never listened to Big Tom of Christchurch, nor punned his way to the bachelor's table of St John's, and yet he was about to assume his place among the illustrious of the land, and have his health proposed by a duke at the literary fund dinner, as "Jack Stuart, and the authors of England;" and perhaps he would deserve the honour as well as some of his predecessors; for who is more qualified to return thanks for the authors of England than a person whose works contain specimens of so many? Your plagiarist is the true representative.

Jack's room is rather dark, and the weather, on the day of the Oaks, was rather dingy. We had the shutters closed at half-past seven, and sat down to dinner; soused salmon, perigord pie, iced champagne, and mareschino. Some almonds and raisins, hard biscuit, and a bottle of cool claret, made their appearance when the cloth was removed, and Jack began—"I don't believe there was ever such a jumper as the grey mare since the siege of Troy, when the horse got over the wall."

"Is she hurt?"

"Lord bless you," said Jack, "she's dead. When she got over the hedge she grew too proud of herself, and personal vanity was the ruin of her. She took a tremendous spiked gate, and caught it with her hind legs; the spikes kept her fast, the gate swung open, and the poor mare was so disgusted that she broke her heart. She was worth two hundred guineas; so that the Derby this year has cost me a fortune. The stanhope is all

to atoms, and the farmer claims compensation for the gate. It's a very lucky thing I thought of the book."

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"Oh, you still go on with the novel?"

"It's done, man, finished—perfect."

"All written out?"

"Not a word of it. That isn't the way people write books now; no, I have clipped out half of it with a pair of scissors, and the half is all marked with pencil."

"But the authors will find you out."

"Not a bit of it. No author reads any body's writings but his own; or if they do, I'll deny it—that's all; and the public will only think the poor fellow prodigiously vain, to believe that any one would quote his book. And, besides, here are the reviews?"

"Of the book that isn't published?"

"To be sure. Here are two or three sentences from Macauley's 'Milton,' half a page from Wilson's 'Wordsworth,' and a good lump from Jeffrey's 'Walter Scott.' Between them, they made out my book to be a very fine thing, I assure you. I sha'n't sell it under five hundred pounds."

"Do you give your name?"

"Certainly not—unless I were a lord. No. I think I shall pass for a woman: a young girl, perhaps; daughter of a bishop; or the divorced wife of a member of parliament."

"I should like to hear some of your work. I am interested."

"I know you are. We have a bet, you know; but I have found out a strange thing in correcting my novel—that you can make a whole story out of any five chapters."

"No, no. You're quizzing."

"Not I. I tell you, out of any five chapters, of any five novels, you make a very good short tale; and the odd thing is, it doesn't the least matter which chapters you choose. With a very little sagacity, the reader sees the whole; and, let me tell you, the great fault of story-writing is telling too much, and leaving too little for the reader to supply to himself. Recollect what I told you about altering the names of all the characters, and, with that single proviso, read chapter fifteen of the first volume of this——"

Jack handed me a volume, turned down at the two-hundredth page, and I read what he told me to call the first chapter of "Love and Glory."

THE WILDERNESS.

"A tangled thicket is a holy place
For contemplation lifting to the stars
Its passionate eyes, and breathing paradise
Within a sanctified solemnity."

Old Play

["That's my own," said Jack. "When people see that I don't even quote a motto, they'll think me a real original. Go on."]

The sun's western rays were gilding the windows of the blue velvet drawing-room of Lorrington Castle, and the three ladies sat in silence, as if admiring the glorious light which now sank gradually behind the forest at the extremity of the park. The lady Alice leant her cheek upon her hand, and before her rose a vision the agitating occurrences of yesterday. The first declaration a girl receives alters her whole character for life. No longer a solitary being, she

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feels that with her fate the happiness of another is indissolubly united; for, even if she rejects the offer, the fact of its having been made, is a bond of union from which neither party gets free—Sir Stratford Manvers had proposed: had she accepted him? did she love him? ay, did she love him?—a question apparently easy to answer, but to an ingenuous spirit which knows not how to analyze its feelings, impossible. Sir Stratford was young, handsome, clever—but there was a certain something, a *je ne sais quoi* about him, which marred the effect of all these qualities. A look, a tone that jarred with the rest of his behaviour, and suggested a thought to the very persons who were enchanted with his wit, and openness, and generosity—Is this real? is he not an actor? a consummate actor, if you will—but merely a great performer assuming a part. By the side of the bright and dashing Manvers, rose to the visionary eyes of the beautiful girl the pale and thoughtful features of Mr Lawleigh. She heard the music of his voice, and saw the deep eyes fixed on her with the same tender expression of interest and admiration as she had noticed during his visit at the Castle. She almost heard the sigh with which he turned away, when she had appeared to listen with pleasure to the sparkling conversation of Sir Stratford. She had *not* accepted Sir Stratford, and she did *not* love him. When a girl hesitates between two men, or when the memory of one is mixed up with the recollection of another, it is certain that she loves neither. And strange to say, now that her thoughts reverted to Mr Lawleigh, she forgot Sir Stratford altogether. She wondered that she had said so little to Mr Lawleigh, and was sorry she had not been kinder—she recalled every word and every glance—and could not explain why she was pleased when she recollected how sad he had looked when he had taken leave one little week before. How differently he had appeared the happy night of the county assembly, and at the still happier masked ball at the Duke of Rosley's! Blind, foolish girl, she thought, to have failed to observe these things before, and now!—"I have written to Lorrington, my dear Alice," said the Countess, "as head of the family, and your eldest brother, it is a compliment we must pay him—but it is mere compliment, remember."

"To write to William?" mamma.

"I presume you know to what subject I allude," continued the Countess. "He will give his consent of course."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Alice, while tears sprang into her eyes, "I was in hopes you would have spared me this. Don't write to William; or let *me* tell him—let me add in a postscript—let me"—

"You will do what I wish you, I conclude—and I have told Sir Stratford"—

"Oh, what? what have you told him?"

“That he is accepted. I trust I shall hear no more on the subject. The marriage will take place in two months.”

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"But I don't love him, mamma—indeed."

"I am glad to hear it," said the mother, coldly. "I rejoice that my daughters are too well brought up to love any one—that is—of course—till they are engaged; during that short interval, it is right enough—in moderation; though, even then, it is much more comfortable to continue perfectly indifferent. Persons of feeling are always vulgar, and only fit for clergymen's wives."

"But Sir Stratford, mamma"—

"Has twenty thousand a-year, and is in very good society. He almost lives with the Rosleys. The Duke has been trying to get him for his son-in-law for a whole year."

"And Lady Mary so beautiful, too?"

"I believe, my dear, Lady Mary's affections, as they are called, are engaged."

"Indeed?" enquired the daughter, for curiosity in such subjects exists even in the midst of one's own distresses.

"May I ask who has gained Lady Mary's heart?"

"I believe it is that young Mr Lawleigh, a cousin of the Duchess—old Lord Berville's nephew; you've seen him here—a quiet, reserved young man. I saw nothing in him, and I understand he is very poor."

"And does—does Mr Lawleigh—like—love—Lady Mary?" enquired Alice with difficulty.

"He never honoured me with his confidence," replied the Countess—"but I suppose he does—of course he does—Sir Stratford, indeed, told me so—and he ought to know, for he is his confidant." "He keeps the secret well," said Lady Alice with a slight tone of bitterness; "and Mr Lawleigh could scarcely be obliged to him if he knew the use he makes of his confidence—and Lady Mary still less"—she added. "Why, if girls will be such fools as to think they have hearts, and then throw them away, they must make up their minds to be laughed at. Lady Mary is throwing herself away—her *inamorato* is still at Rosley House."

It was lucky the Countess did not perceive the state of surprise with which her communication was received.

Lady Alice again placed her cheek upon her hand, and sank into a deeper reverie than ever.

“Sir Stratford also is at Rosley, and if he rides over this evening, I have given orders for him to be admitted. You will conduct yourself as I wish. Come, Matilda, let us leave your sister to her happy thoughts.” Her happy thoughts! the Lady Alice was not one of those indifferent beings panegyricized by the Countess; she had given her whole heart to Henry Lawleigh—and now to hear that he loved another! She gazed along the magnificent park, and longed for the solitude and silence of the wilderness beyond. There, any where but in that sickening room, where the communication had been made to her, she would breathe freer.

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She wrapt her mantilla over her head, and walked down the flight of steps into the park. Deeply immersed in her own sad contemplation, she pursued her way under the avenue trees, and, opening the wicket gate, found herself on the little terrace of the wood—the terrace so lonely, so quiet—where she had listened, where she had smiled. And now to know that he was false! She sat down on the bench at the foot of the oak, and covered her face with her hands, and wept.

A low voice was at her ear. “Alice!”

She looked up, and saw bending over her, with eyes full of admiration and surprise, Harry Lawleigh. Gradually as she looked, his features assumed a different expression, his voice also altered its tone.

“You are weeping, Lady Alice,” he said—“I scarcely expected to find you in so melancholy a mood, after the joyous intelligence I heard to-day.”

“Joyous!” repeated Alice, without seeming to comprehend the meaning of the word. “What intelligence do you allude to?”

“Intelligence which I only shared with the whole party at Rosley Castle. There was no secret made of the happy event.”

“I really can’t understand you. What is it you mean? who communicated the news?”

“The fortunate victor announced his conquest himself. Sir Stratford received the congratulations of every one from the duke down to—to—myself.”

“I will not pretend to misunderstand you,” said Lady Alice—“my mother, but a few minutes ago, conveyed to me the purport of Sir Stratford’s visit.” She paused and sighed.

“And you replied?” enquired Lawleigh.

“I gave no reply. I was never consulted on the subject. I know not in what words my mother conveyed her answer.”

“The *words* are of no great importance,” said Lawleigh; “the fact seems sufficiently clear; and as I gave Sir Stratford my congratulations on his happiness, I must now offer them to you, on the brightness of your prospects, and the shortness of your memory.” “Few can appreciate the value of the latter quality so well as yourself—your congratulations on the other subject are as uncalled for as your taunts—I must return

home.” She rose to depart, and her face and figure had resumed all the grace and dignity which had formerly characterized her beauty. “One word, Lady Alice!” said Lawleigh; “look round—it was here—one little year ago, that I believed myself the happiest, and felt myself the most fortunate, of men. This spot was the witness of vows—sincerer on one side than any ever registered in heaven—on another, of vows more fleeting than the shadows of the leaves that danced on the greensward that calm evening in June, when first I told you that I loved you: the leaves have fallen—the vows are

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broken. Alice!—may you be happy—farewell!”“If you desire it, be it so—but before we part, it is right you should know all. Whatever answer my mother may have given to Sir Stratford Manvers, to that answer I am no party. I do not love him: and shall never marry him. Your congratulations, therefore, to both of us, were premature, and I trust the same description will not apply to those I now offer to Mr Lawleigh and Lady Mary Rosley.”

“To me?—to Lady Mary?—what does this mean?”

“It means that your confidential friend, Sir Stratford, has betrayed your secret—that I know your duplicity, and admire the art with which you conceal your unfaithfulness by an attempt to cast the blame of it on me.”

“As I live——Alice! Alice! hear me,” cried Lawleigh, stepping after the retreating girl; “I will explain—you are imposed on.”

A hand was laid on his arm——

“He!—fairly caught, by Jupiter! whither away?” said Sir Stratford Manvers. “Thou’st sprung fair game i’ the forest, ’faith—I watched her retreat—a step like a roebuck—a form like a Venus”——

“Unhand me, villain, or in an instant my sword shall drink the blood of thy cowardly heart.”

“Fair words! thou’st been studying the rantipoles of Will Shakspeare, Hal. What is’t, man? Is thy bile at boiling heat because I have lit upon thee billing and cooing with the forester’s fair niece—poh! man—there be brighter eyes than hers, however bright they be.”“Now then, we have met,” said Lawleigh, in a voice of condensed passion—“met where none shall hear us—met where none shall see us—met where none shall part us—Ha! dost thou look on me without a blush—the man you have injured—the friend who trusted—the enemy who will slay?—draw!”“This is sheer midsummer madness—put up thy toasting-fork, Hal. This is no time nor place for imitations of Ben Jonson’s Bobadil. Zounds! man, you’ll startle all the game with your roaring—and wherefore is all the disturbance?”“’Tis that you have traduced me, and injured me in the eyes of one, for a smile of whose lip thou well knowest I would lay down my life—for a touch of whose hand thou well knowest I would sell me to the Evil One—thou hast blackened me, and I will be avenged—ho! chicken-hearted booster before women, and black-hearted traitor among men, will nothing rouse thee? Hear this, then—thou hast lied.”

“Thou mean’st it?” said Sir Stratford, and drew back a step or two.

"I do—art thou man enough to cross points on that provocation?"

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“Oh, on far less, as thou well knowest, in the way of accommodating a young gentleman anxious to essay a feat of arms. Thou hast said the word, and we fight—but let me ask to what particular achievement of mine thou hast attached so ugly an epithet. I would fain know to what I am indebted for your good opinion so gallantly expressed.”

“I will but name two names—and between them thou wilt find how dastardly thy conduct has been.”

“Make it three—’twere pity to balk the Graces of their numbers; add the young lady who so lately left thee. The forester’s fair daughter deserves a niche as well as a duke’s daughter.”

“The names I mention,” said Lawleigh, “are Lady Alice Lorrington, and Lady Mary Rosley.”

Sir Stratford lifted his cap. “Fair ladies,” he said, “I greet you well; that I have sunned me in the bright blue eyes of one, and the dark lustrous glances of the other, is true—yet, ’tis but acting in love as people are justified in doing in other things. When health begins to fail, physicians recommend a change of climate—when admiration begins to decay, I always adopt a different style of beauty; when the cold climate is too severe, I fly to the sunny plains of Italy—when Lady Alice frowns, I go to bask in the smiles of Lady Mary.”

“And are a villain, a calumniator, and boaster in all—defend thyself.”

“As best I may,” replied Sir Stratford, and drew his sword. It was easy for him to parry the rapid thrusts of his enraged adversary—and warily and slowly he was beginning the offensive in his turn, when a sudden flash was seen, a loud report took place, and the baronet was stretched upon the ground, weltering in his blood. Rapid steps ere heard retreating in the direction of the thicket in the park, and Lawleigh hurried to the paling, and saw the form of a tall man, in a dark velvet coat, disappear over the hedge.”

[“How good that is!” said Jack Stuart, as I came to the end of the chapter, and laid down the volume. “How good that is! Did you perceive where the joining took place?”

“No—I saw no joining.”

“Why, you stupid fellow, didn’t you see that the first part was from a novel of the present day, and the other from a story of the rebellion—who the deuce do you think talks of *thees* and *thous* except the Quaker?”

“I didn’t notice it, I confess.”



“Glad to hear it; nobody else will; and in the next chapter, which is the seventeenth of the second volume of this romance, you will see how closely the story fits. Recollect to change the names as I have marked them in pencil, and go on.]

CHAPTER II.

“Hope springs eternal in the human mind,
I would be cruel only to be kind;
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
Survey mankind from Indus to Peru;
How long by sinners shall thy courts be trod?
An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

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MS. Poem—(original.)

Night, thick, heavy, deep night!—No star visible amid the sulphureous blackness of the overcharged clouds; and silence, dreadful as if distilled from the voicelessness of the graves of a buried world! Night and silence, the twins that keep watch over the destinies of the slumbering earth, which booms round in ceaseless revolution, grand, mystic, sublime, but yearns in the dim vastness of its sunless course, for the bright morning-hour which shall again invest it with a radiance fresh from heaven! Darkness, and night, and silence! and suddenly rushing down, on whirlwind wings, the storm burst fearfully upon their domain—wind and rain, and the hollow sound of the swaying branches! And Lawleigh pressed onward. His horse, which for several miles had shown symptoms of fatigue now yielded to the difficulties it could no longer encounter; and after a few heavy struggles, fell forward, and did not attempt to rise. Thirteen hours had elapsed from the time the chase on that day commenced, and unless for a short minute, he had seen nothing of the fugitive. Yet he had dashed onward, feeling occasionally his holsters, and satisfied that his pistols were in serviceable condition. He was now nearly as much exhausted as his horse; but determining to yield to no obstruction, he seized the pistols, and proceeded through the wood, leaving his gallant charger to its fate. Lawleigh was strong and active beyond most men of his day; and, when excited, more vigorous and determined than could have been supposed from the ordinary equanimity of his character. But here a great murder had been committed!—before his very eyes!—accusations had been hazarded!—and one soft voice dwelt for ever on his ear—“Find out the murderer, or see me no more.” Had Lady Alice, indeed, allowed a suspicion to invade her mind, that he had been accessory to the death of Sir Stratford Manvers? But no!—he would pursue the dreadful thought no further. Sufficient that, after many efforts, he had regained a clue to the discovery of the tall man he had seen escape into the thicket. He had tracked him unweariedly from place to place—had nearly overtaken him in the cave of Nottingham Hill—caught glimpses of him in the gipsy camp at Hatton Grange—and now felt assured he was close upon his track in the savage ranges of Barnley Wold. Barnley Wold was a wild, uncultivated district, interspersed at irregular intervals with the remains of an ancient forest, and famous, at the period of our narrative, as the resort of many lawless and dangerous characters. Emerging from one of the patches of wood, which, we have said, studded the immense expanse of the wold, Lawleigh was rejoiced to perceive a faint brightening of the sky, which foretold the near approach of the morning. He looked all around, and, in the slowly increasing light, he thought he perceived, at the top of a rising ground at some distance, a shepherd’s hut, or one of the rough sheds put up for the accommodation of the woodmen.

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He strove to hurry towards it, but his gigantic strength failed at length; and, on reaching the humble cottage, he sank exhausted at the door. When he recovered consciousness, he perceived he was laid on a rough bed, in a very small chamber, illuminated feebly by the still slanting beams of the eastern sun. He slowly regained his full recollection; but, on hearing voices in the room, he shut his eyes again, and affected the same insensibility as before.

“What could I do?” said a voice, in a deprecating tone.

“Leave him to die, to be sure,” was the rough-toned answer. “I thought thee had had enough of gentlefolks, without bringing another fair-feathered bird to the nest.” There was something in the expression with which this was said, that seemed to have a powerful effect on the first speaker.

“After the years of grief I’ve suffered, you might have spared your taunt, George. The gentleman lay almost dead at the door, and you yourself helped me to bring him in.”

“‘Twould have been better, perhaps, for him if we had led him somewhere else; for your father seems bitter now against all the fine folks together.”

“Because he fancies he has cause of hatred to me—but he never had,” answered the girl.

“And the gentleman had pistols, too,” said the man. “You had better hide them, or your father will maybe use them against the owner.”

“I did not move them from the gentleman’s breast. We must wake him, and hurry him off before my father’s return—but, hark! I hear his whistle. Oh, George, what shall we do?”

Lawleigh, who lost not a syllable of the conversation, imperceptibly moved his hand to his breast, and grasped the pistol. The man and the girl, in the mean time, went to the door, and, in a minute or two, returned with a third party—an old man dressed like a gamekeeper, and carrying a short, stout fowling-piece in his hand. His eyes were wild and cruel, and his haggard features wore the impress of years of dissipation and recklessness. “Does he carry a purse, George?” said the new-comer, in a low whisper, as he looked towards the bed.

“Don’t know—never looked,” said George. “Where have you been all the week? We expected you home three days ago.”

“All over the world, boy—and now you’ll see me rest quiet and happy—oh, very! Don’t you think I looks as gleesome, Janet, as if I was a gentleman?”

The tone in which he spoke was at variance with the words; and it is likely that his face belied the expression he attributed to it; for his daughter, looking at him for the first time, exclaimed—

“Oh, father! what has happened? I never saw you look so wild.”

“Lots has happened, Janet—sich a lot o’ deaths I’ve been in at, to be sure—all great folks, too, none o’ your paltry little fellows of poachers or gamekeepers, but real quality. What do you think of a lord, my girl?”

“I know nothing about them, father.”

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"You used, though, when you lived at the big house. Well, I was a-passing, two nights since, rather in a hurry, for I was a little pressed for time, near the house of that old fellow that keeps his game as close as if he was a Turk, and they was his wives—old Berville—Lord Berville, you remember, as got Bill Hunkers transported for making love to a hen pheasant. Well, thinks I, I'll just make bold to ask if there's any more of them in his lordship's covers, when, bing, bang goes a great bell at the Castle, and all the village folks went up to see what it was. I went with them, and there we seed all the servants a rummaging and scrummaging through the whole house, as if they was the French; and, as I seed them all making free with snuff-boxes, and spoons, and such like, I thought I'd be neighbourly, and just carried off this gold watch as a keepsake of my old friend."

"Oh, father! What will his lordship do?"

"He'll rot, Janet, without thinking either about me or his watch; for he's dead. He was found in his bed that very morning when he was going to sign away all the estate from his nephew. So that it's lucky for that 'ere covy that the old boy slipt when he did. People were sent off in all directions to find him; for it seems the old jackdaw and the young jackdaw wasn't on good terms, and nobody knows where he's gone to."

"They would have known at Rosley Castle," said the girl, but checked herself, when her father burst out—

"To the foul fiend with Rosley Castle, girl! Will you never get such fancies out of your head. If you name that cursed house to me again, you die! But, ha! ha! you may name it now," he added, with a wild laugh. "We've done it."

"Who? Who have done it?"

"She and I," said the ruffian, and nodded towards the fowling-piece, which he had laid upon the table; "and now we're safe, I think; so give me some breakfast, girl, and ask no more foolish questions. You, George, get ready to see if the snares have caught us anything, and I'll go to bed in the loft. I'll speak to this springald when I get up."

"Done what, father?" said the girl, laying her hand on the old man's arm. "For mercy's sake, tell ne what it is you have done—your looks frighten me."

"Why, lodged a slug in the breast of a golden pheasant, that's all—a favourite bird of yours—but be off, and get me breakfast."

While waiting for his meal, he sat in an arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on the bed where Lawleigh, or, as we must now call him, Lord Berville, lay apparently asleep. What the

ruffian's thoughts were we cannot say, but those of his involuntary guest were strange enough. His uncle dead, and the fortune not alienated, as, with the exception of a very small portion, he had always understood his predecessor had already

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done—his life at this moment in jeopardy; for a cursory glance at the tall figure of the marauder, as he had entered, had sufficed to show that the object of his search was before him—and too well he knew the unscrupulous villany of the man to doubt for a moment what his conduct would be if he found his pursuer in his power. If he could slip from the bed unobserved, and master the weapon on the table, he might effect his escape, and even secure the murderer; for he made light of the resistance that could be offered by the young woman, or by George. But he felt, without opening his eyes, that the glance of the old man was fixed on him; and, with the determination to use his pistol on the first demonstration of violence, he resolved to wait the course of events. The breakfast in the mean time was brought in, and Janet was about to remove the fowling-piece from the table, when she was startled by the rough voice of her father, ordering her to leave it alone, as it might have work to do before long. The girl's looks must have conveyed an enquiry; he answered them with a shake of his head towards the bed. "I may have business to settle with *him*," he said, in a hoarse whisper; and the girl pursued her task in silence. The old man, after cautioning her not to touch the gun, turned to the dark press at one end of the room, and in about half a minute had filled his pipe with tobacco, and re-seated himself in the chair. But Janet had seized the opportunity of his back being turned, and poured the hot water from the teapot into the touch-hole, and was again busy in arranging the cups and saucers.

"Where's George?" enquired the father; "but poh, he's a chicken-hearted fellow, and would be of no use in case of a row"—— So saying, he went on with his breakfast.

"He's awake!" he said suddenly. "I seed his eye."

"Oh no, father! he's too weak to open his eyes—indeed he is."

"I seed his eye, I tell ye; and more than that, I've seed the eye afore. Ha! am I betrayed?"

He started up, and seized the fowling-piece. His step sounded across the floor, and Berville threw down the clothes in a moment, and sprang to his feet.

"*You* here?" cried the ruffian, and levelled the gun, drew the trigger, and recoiled in blank dismay when he missed fire, and saw the athletic figure of Berville distended to its full size with rage, and a pistol pointed with deadly aim within a yard of his heart. He raised the but-end of his gun; but his daughter, rushing forward, clung to his arm.

"Fire not—but fly!" she cried to Berville. "Others are within call, and you are lost."

“Villain!” said Berville, “miscreant! murderer! you have but a moment to live”—and cocked the pistol.

“Let go my arm, girl,” cried the old man, struggling.

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"I have saved your life—I hindered the gun from going off—all I ask you in return is to spare my father." She still retained her hold on the old man's arm, who, however, no longer struggled to get it free. "What! you turned against me?" he said, looking ferociously at the beautiful imploring face of his daughter. "You, to revenge whom I did it all! Do you know what I did? I watched your silken wooer till I saw him in the presence of this youth—I killed Sir Stratford Manvers"—"And shall die for your crime," cried Berville; "but the death of a felon is what you deserve, and you shall have none other at my hands. In the mean time, as I think you are no fit companion for the young woman to whom I am indebted for my life, I shall offer her the protection of my mother, and take her from your house. If you consent to let us go in peace, I spare your life for the present; and will even for three days abstain from setting the emissaries of the law in search of you. After that, I will hunt you to the death. Young woman, do you accept my terms? If you refuse, your father dies before your face."

"Shall I accept, father?"

"If you stay, I lodge a bullet in your brain," said the old savage, and drew himself up.

"Come, then," said Berville, leading Janet to the door. She turned round ere she quitted the cottage, but met a glance of such anger and threatening, that she hurried forward with Berville, who pursued his way rapidly through the wood."

["That fits in very nicely," said Jack Stuart; "and you may be getting ready the five pound note, for I feel sure you know you back the losing horse. Can any thing be more like a genuine, *bona fide* novel, the work of one man, and a devilish clever man too? Confess now, that if you didn't know the trick of it, you would have thought it a splendid original work? But perhaps you're throat's dry with so much reading? Here's another bottle of Lafitte; and we can miss over a volume and a half of foreign scenes, which you can imagine; for they are to be found in every one of the forty novels I sent for. Just imagine that the Countess takes her daughters abroad—that Berville encounters them in the Colosseum by moonlight—quarrels—doubts—suspicions—and a reconciliation; finally, they all come home, and you will find the last chapter of the last volume in this."

Jack handed me a volume, evidently popular among circulating library students, for it was very dirty; and I was just going to commence when Jack interrupted me.

"Stay," he said; "you must have a motto. Do you know Italian?"

"Not a word."

"Or Spanish, or German?"

"No."

“Well, you surely can recollect some Greek—for next to manuscript quotations and old plays, you can’t do better than have some foreign lines at the beginning of the chapter. What Greek do you remember?—for, ’pon my honour; I’ve forgotten all mine.”

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“My dear Jack, I only know a line here and there.”

“Out with them. Put them all in a row, and never mind the meaning.”

Thus urged, I indited the following as a headpiece.]

“Deine de clange genet’ argurioio bioio,
Be d’akeion para thina poluphlosboio thalasses,
Thelo legein Atreidas, thelo de Cadmon adein,
Ton d’apomeibomenos prosephe podas-ocus Achilleus.”

HOMER, *Iliad*, 1. 1.

[“Excellent! bravo!” said Jack; “they’ll see at once the author is a gentleman and a scholar; and now go on.”]

The crimson and gold drawing-room of Lorrington Caste was filled with company, the court-yard crowded with carriages, and the coachmen and footmen in gorgeous liveries, with a splendid white satin favour at the side of their hats. The view from the window

[“Stop,” said Jack Stuart, “here’s a better description. I cut it out of the *Times*”——]

The view from the window involved a spacious assemblage of all
the numerous beauties and illustrations that cast a magnificent
air of grandeur over one of

ENGLAND’S NOBLEST MANSIONS.

The extensive shrubberies clothed the verdant meads, and threw
a shade of deep green tints over an

EXTENSIVE ARTIFICIAL LAKE,

on which floated, like a nymph or naiad, a beautiful

SAILING BOAT,

painted bright green, and fit for instant use. Further off, in one of those indistinct distances immortalized by the pencil of Turner—now softened into sober beauty by “the autumnal hue, the sear and yellow leaf,” as an immortal bard expresses it, in language which the present writer does not imitate, and could not, without great difficulty, excel, was an

IMMENSE DAIRY FARM,

fit for the accommodation of

THIRTY MILK COWS,

of a peculiar breed, highly approved of by the

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF SPENCER.

In other portions of the landscape rose statues which might
have raised the envy of

PRAXITELES, THE GRECIAN SCULPTOR,

or attracted the love of the beautiful “Maid of France,” who
“sighed her soul away” in presence of

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE,

a figure, in the words of a living author,

“Too fair to worship, too divine to love.”

The drawing-room of the mansion was of the amplest size, and
contained some of the finest specimens of the taste and
workmanship of

JACKSON AND GRAHAM,

enumerating Or-molu tables—escritaires—rosewood chairs richly
inlaid—richly coloured

AXMINSTER CARPET,

and sofas covered with figured satin.

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["That will do," said Jack. "Now go on with the book."]

But while the company were engaged in detached groups, waiting the signal for proceeding into the great hall, where the ceremony was to be performed by special license, Lord Berville sent a message to the Countess, that he wished to say a few words to Lady Alice, in the library, before the commencement of the ceremony that was to make him the happiest of men. He waited impatiently, and in a few minutes the bride appeared, radiant in joy and beauty. She started, when she saw seated beside him a beautiful young woman, plainly, but richly drest. They rose when Lady Alice appeared. "Dearest Alice," said Berville, "I have told you that there was a person in this neighbourhood to whom my gratitude was unbounded, and who, I hope, has now an equal claim on yours, for she is the saviour of my life."

"Indeed?"

"Let it be a secret between us three," continued Berville; "but you agree with me, my friend," he said, turning to the stranger, "that there should be no reserve between a man and his wife. I told you, Alice, when we were at Rome, the story of an adventure I had on Barnley Wold, and of the heroic conduct of a young girl. In this lady you see her. She is now the wife of the vicar of my parish, and I trust will be a friend of both of us."

Lady Alice threw her arms round Janet's neck, and said, "I know it all; we shall be friends; and nothing makes one so happy as to know we shall be so near each other."

"Ah, madam, you know not how deeply I am indebted to his lordship's mother, for all her kindness, or how overpaid all my services are by the happiness of this moment."

"And now, having made you thus acquainted, I must ask you, my kind friend, to hurry Lady Alice to the great hall, where your husband, I trust, is waiting to tie the indissoluble band."

A joyous shout from the tenants assembled in the outer court, who became impatient for the appearance of the happy pair, gave evidence of the near approach of the happy moment, and Janet and Lady Alice hurried from the room. Lord Berville rang the bell. His servant appeared, being no other than our old acquaintance George, now softened by a year's sojourn in a foreign land. "George," said Lord Berville, "no one in the earth knows your position; from this hour, therefore, you cease to be my servant, and are the steward of my Lincolnshire estate. Your uncle's fate is unknown?"

"His fate is known, my lord, that he died by his own hand in the hut on Barnley Wold; but his crimes are undiscovered."

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"Be it so; let them be alluded to between us no more. Your cousin Janet is the happy wife of my friend and chaplain; and I am delighted to show my appreciation of her nobleness and purity, by all the kindness I can bestow on her relations. Go down to Lincolnshire, Mr Andrews," said his lordship, shaking hands with George, "and when you are installed in the mansion-house, write to me; and now, farewell." It is difficult to say whose heart was most filled with joy on this eventful day. Lady Matilda, now happily married to Lord Merilands of the Guards, and the lovely Lady Mary Rosely, (shortly to be united to the young Earl of Gallowdale,) were pleased at the happiness of their friends; and certainly no prayer seemed to be more likely to receive its accomplishment than that which was poured forth, amidst the ringing of bells and the pealing of cannon, for the health and prosperity of Lord and Lady Berville.

Jack Stuart sat, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling, as if he were listening to the music of the spheres.

"The best novel I have ever read!" he exclaimed; "and now, all I have got to do is to get it copied fairly out, dedicate it to Lord William Lennox or Mr Henry Bulwer, and get my five or six hundred guineas. It is a capital thing to lose on the Derby; for unless I had been drawn for the hundred and fifty, I don't think the dovetail novel would ever have come into my head."

* * * * *

INSCRIPTION ON THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW DINING-HALL, &c.,
NOW ERECTING FOR THE HON. SOCIETY OF LINCOLN'S INN.

Stet lapis arboribus nudo defixus in horto
Fundamen pulchrae tempus in omne domus.
Aula vetus lites legumque aenigmata servet,
Ipsa nova exorior nobilitanda coquo.

FREE TRANSLATION.

No more look
For shady nook,
Poor perspiring stranger!
Trees for bricks
Cut their sticks,
Lo! our *salle-a-manager*!

Yon old hall,
For suit and brawl,
Still be famed in story;
This must look



To the cook
For its only glory!

O.O.

* * * * *

SCROPE ON SALMON FISHING.

Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed. By WILLIAM
SCROPE, Esq., F.L.S. 1 vol. royal 8vo. London, 1843.

We have here a work of great beauty in a pictorial and typographical point of view, and one which abounds with practical information regarding the bolder branches of the "gentle art." Mr Scrope conveys to us, in an agreeable and lively manner, the results of his more than twenty years' experience as an angler in our great border river; and having now successfully illustrated, both with pen and pencil, two of the most exciting of all sporting recreations—deer-stalking

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and salmon-fishing—he may henceforward repose himself upon the mountain-side, or by the murmuring waters, with the happy consciousness of having not only followed the bent of his own inclinations, but contributed to the amusement and instruction of a numerous class of his fellow creatures. The present volume consists of no dry didactic dissertations on an art unteachable by written rules, and in which, without long and often dear-bought experience, neither precept nor example will avail; but it contains a sufficiency of sagacious practical advice, and is enlivened by the narration of numerous angling adventures, which bring out, with force and spirit, the essential character of the sport in question.

Great advances have been recently made in our knowledge of the sea-going *Salmonidae*. Indeed, all the leading facts of primary importance in the history of their first development and final growth are now distinctly known, and have lately been laid before the public in the form both of original memoirs in our scientific journals, and the transactions of learned societies, and of more popular abstracts in various literary works. We ourselves discussed the subject in this Magazine, with our accustomed clearness, a couple of months ago; and we shall therefore not here enter into the now no longer vexed question of the nature of parr and smolts,—all doubt and disputation regarding the actual origin and family alliance of these fry, their descent from and eventual conversion into grilse and salmon, being finally set at rest to the satisfaction of every reasonable and properly instructed mind. We consider it, however, as a good proof of the natural sagacity and observant disposition of our present author, that he should have come to the same conclusion several years ago, regarding the habits and history of salmon-fry, as that so successfully demonstrated by Mr Shaw. Mr Scrope dwells with no unbecoming pertinacity on this point; but he shows historically, while fully admitting the importance and originality of that ingenious observer's experimental proceedings, that he had, in the course of his own private correspondence and conversation, called the attention of Mr Kennedy of Dunure as a legislator, and of Sir David Brewster as a skilled interpreter of natural phenomena, to various facts corresponding to those which have been since so skilfully detailed by Mr Shaw.

Our author, though well acquainted with the sporting capabilities of all parts of Scotland, here confines himself to the lower portions of the Tweed, more than twelve miles of which he has rented at different times. We in some measure regret that one so able to inform us, from his extensive experiences regarding the nature and localities of the first-rate though rather precarious angling for salmon which may be obtained in the northern parts of Scotland, should not have contrived to include an account of the more uproarious Highland streams and placid lakes frequented by this princely species. With all our admiration for the flowing Tweed, of which we have fondly traced the early feeble voice—

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“a fitful sound
Wafted o’er sullen moss and craggy mound,
Unfruitful solitudes, that seem’d t’ upbraid
The sun in heaven!”—

until, through many an intermediate scene of infinitely varied beauty, the expanded waters—

“Gliding in silence with unfetter’d sweep,
Beneath an ampler sky, a region wide
Is open’d round them:—hamlets, towers, and towns,
And blue-topp’d hills, behold them from afar:”—we should still have rejoiced to find a twin volume devoted to those wilder and more desolate scenes by which the northern angler is encompassed. Meanwhile we accept with pleasure our author’s “Days and Nights” upon the Tweed. Salmon ascend from the sea, and enter this fine river, in greater or less abundance, during every period of the year, becoming more plentiful as the summer advances, provided there is a sufficiency of rain both to enlarge and discolour the waters, and thus enable the fish to pass more securely over those rippling shallows which so frequently occur between the deeper streams. “The salmon,” says Mr Scrope “travels rapidly, so that those which leave the sea, and go up the Tweed on the Saturday night at twelve o’clock, after which time no nets are worked till the Sabbath is past, are found and taken on the following Monday near St Boswell’s—a distance, as the river winds, of about forty miles. This I have frequently ascertained by experience. When the strength of the current in a spate is considered, and also the sinuous course a salmon must take in order to avoid the strong rapids, their power of swimming must be considered as extraordinary.”—P. 10.

We do not clearly see, and should have been glad had the author stated, in what manner he ascertained that his St Boswell’s fish had not escaped the sweeping semicircles of the lower nets some days previous. We admit that there is a great deal of Sabbath desecration committed by salmon, but we also know that they travel upwards, though in smaller number and with greater risk, during all the other days of the week; and we are curious to understand how any angler, however accomplished, can carry his skill in physiognomy to such perfection, as to be able to look a fish in the face on Monday morning, and decide that it had not left the sea till the clock struck twelve on the Saturday night preceding.

“As salmon” our author continues, “are supposed to enter a river merely for the purposes of spawning, and as that process does not take place till September, one cannot well account for their appearing in the Tweed and elsewhere so early as February and March, seeing that they lose in weight and condition during their continuance in fresh water. Some think it is to get rid of the sea-louse; but this supposition must be set aside, when it is known that this insect adheres only to a portion of the newly-run

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fish which are in best condition. I think it more probable that they are driven from the coasts near the river by the numerous enemies they encounter there, such as porpoises and seals, which devour them in great quantities. However this may be, they remain in the fresh water till the spawning months commence.”—P. 10.

We cannot think that a great instinctive movement which seems, although with a widely extended range in respect to time, to pervade the entire mass of salmon along our universal shores, should in any way depend upon so casual an occurrence as an onslaught by seals and porpoises, or that fear rather than love should force them to seek the “pastoral melancholy” of the upper streams and tributaries. That seals are destructive to salmon, and all other fishes which frequent our shores or enter our estuaries, is undoubted; but we have no proof beyond the general allegation, that porpoises pursue a corresponding prey. Our own researches certainly lead to an opposite conclusion. The ordinary food of the *cetacea*, notwithstanding their enormous bulk, is minute in size; and we have never been informed, on good authority—that is, on direct testimony—that even herrings have ever been detected in the stomach of a porpoise. Yet we have careful notes of the dissection of these creatures, taken from specimens slaughtered in the midst of millions of herrings; and these notes show that the minute food with which the sea was swarming, and which formed the sustenance for the time of the smaller fishes, also constituted the food of the *cetacea*, which were merely gamboling through the herring shoals.

It is certainly, however, difficult to explain the motives by which the early spring salmon are actuated in ascending rivers, seeing that they never spawn till autumn at the soonest. We must remember, at the same time, that they are fresh-water fishes, born and bred in our own translucent streams, and that they have an undoubted right to endeavour to return there when it suits their own inclination. It may be, that although the ocean forms their favourite feeding-ground, and their increase of size and continuance in high condition depend upon certain marine attributes, which, of course, they can find only in the sea, yet the healthy development of the spawn requires a long-continued residence in *running* waters. We have ascertained, by experiment, that the ova of salmon, after being deposited, will make no progress in still water; and we cannot illustrate this portion of the subject better than by transcribing a paragraph from a letter, addressed to us in spring, (11th April 1843,) by Mr Andrew Young of Invershin, the manager of the Duke of Sutherland’s extensive salmon fisheries in the north of Scotland:—“You are aware that it has been asserted by some of our wisest doctors, that salmon spawn in the sea and in lochs, as well as in rivers. However, as doctors are proverbially allowed to differ, I have this winter

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been trying to test the fact in the following manner: At the same time that I deposited the spawn from which I made my other experiments, I also placed a basket of the same spawn, with equal care, in a pool of pure still water from the river Shin; and I soon found that, while that which was placed in the running pools was regularly progressing, every particle put into the still water was as visibly degenerating, so that, by the time the spawn in the running pools was alive, that in the still water was a rotten mass. I must therefore say, from the above experiment, that rivers and running streams are the places fixed by nature for salmon to hatch their young." "I would also," says our correspondent in a subsequent portion of his letter, "mention an additional experiment on another point. It has been very generally asserted that intense frost injured the spawn of salmon; and in this opinion I was myself, in some measure, a believer. But as nothing but truth will stand a proper test, I turned my attention to this subject also. During the time of our severest frost, I took a basket of spawn, and placed it in a stream, where for three days it continued a frozen mass among the ice. I then placed the basket again in the running pond from whence it had been taken, and carefully watched the effect. I found that, although exposure to extreme cold had somewhat retarded the progressive growth, it had not in the slightest degree destroyed vitality. I am therefore satisfied, that unless frost goes the length of drying up the spawning beds altogether, it does not harm the spawn, further than by retarding its growth during the actual continuance of excessive cold. Thus fry are longer of hatching in a severe winter, than during an open one with little frost."

When salmon first ascend the Tweed, they are brown upon the back, fat, and in high condition. During the prevalence of cold weather they lie in deep and easy water, but as the season advances, they draw into the great rough streams, taking up their stations where they are likely to be least observed. But there the wily wand of the practiced angler casts its gaudy lure, and "Kinmont Willie," "Michael Scott," or "The Lady of Mertoun," (three killing flies,) darting deceitfully within their view, a sudden lounge is made—sometimes scarcely visible by outward signs—as often accompanied by a watery heave, and a flash like that of an aurora borealis,—and downwards, upwards, onwards, a twenty-pounder darts away with lightning speed, while the rapid reel gives out that heart-stirring sound so musical to an angler's ear, and than which none accords so well with the hoarser murmur of the brawling stream; till at last, after many an alternate hope and fear, the glittering prize turns up his silvery unresisting broadside, in meek submission to the merciless gaff.

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Many otherwise well-principled persons believe that little more is required in angling than the exercise of patience. Place a merely patient man, acquainted only with pedestrian movements, upon a strong-headed horse determined to win, and give him the start at a steeple-chase, with Lord Waterford not far behind, and it will be seen before he has crossed much country, where patience is always as useful as it is praiseworthy. Place the same patient man, if he happens to have been picked up alive, and eventually recovers, in the midst of a roaring rock-bound river, and suppose him (a thing we confess, in his case, not quite conceivable) to have hooked a twenty-pound salmon at the tail of the stream, just where it subsides into some vast, almost fathomless, and far-extended pool, and that the said salmon, being rather of a restless disposition, and moreover somewhat disquieted by feeling an unaccustomed barb in his cheek or tongue, takes his 300 yards down the deep water at a single run, and then goes helter-skelter over a cataract, which had occupied him most of the preceding Sunday to ascend, after many a sinewy but unsuccessful spring! Will patience avail a man any thing in such a predicament, when he ought rather to run like an Arab, or dive like a dolphin, “splash, splash, towards the sea,” notwithstanding the chance of his breaking his neck among the rocks, or being drowned while trying to round a crag which he cannot clamber over? Let us hear Mr Scrope’s account of his third cast, one fine morning, when he came to Kingswell Lees.

“Now every one knows that Kingswell Lees, in fishermen’s phrase, fishes off land; so there I stood on *terra dura*, amongst the rocks that dip down to the water’s edge. Having executed one or two throws, there comes me a voracious fish, and makes a startling dash at ‘Meg with the muckle mouth.’[10] Sharply did I strike the caitiff; whereat he rolled round disdainful, making a whirl in the water of prodigious circumference; it was not exactly Charybdis, or the Maelstrom, but rather more like the wave occasioned by the sudden turning of a man-of-war’s boat. Being hooked, and having by this time set his nose peremptorily down the stream, he flashed and whizzed away like a rocket. My situation partook of the nature of a surprise. Being on a rocky shore, and having had a bad start, I lost ground at first considerably; but the reel sang out joyously, and yielded a liberal length of line, that saved me from the disgrace of being broke. I got on the best pace I was able, and was on good ground just as my line was nearly all run out. As the powerful animal darted through *Meg’s Hole*, I was just able to step back and wind up a few yards of line; but he still went at a killing pace, and when he came near to Melrose bridge, he evinced a distressing preference for passing through the further arch, in which case my line would have been cut by the pier. My heart sunk with apprehension, for he was near

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the opposite bank. Purdie, seeing this, with great presence of mind, took up some stones from the channel, and through them one by one between the fish and the said opposite bank. This naturally brought Master Salmo somewhat nearer, but still, for a few moments, we had a doubtful struggle for it. At length, by lowering the head of the rod, and thus not having so much of the ponderous weight of the fish to encounter, I towed him a little sideways; and so, advancing towards me with propitious fin, he shot through the arch nearest me. "Deeply immersed, I dashed after him as best I might; and arriving on the other side of the bridge, I floundered out upon dry land, and continued the chase. The salmon, 'right orgillous and presumptive,' still kept the strength of the stream, and abating nothing of its vigour, went swiftly down the *whirls*; then through the *Boat shiel*, and over the shallows, till he came to the throat of the *Elm Wheel*, down which he darted amain. Owing to the bad ground, the pace here became exceedingly distressing. I contrived to keep company with my fish, still doubtful of the result, till I came to the bottom of the long cast in question, when he still showed fight, and sought the shallow below. Unhappily the alders prevented my following by land, and I was compelled to take water again, which slackened my speed. But the stream soon expanding, and the current diminishing, my fish likewise travelled more slowly; so I gave a few sobs and recovered my wind a little, gathered up my line, and tried to bring him to terms. But he derided my efforts, and dashed off for another burst, triumphant. Not far below lay the rapids of the *Slaughterford*: he would soon gain them at the pace he was going: that was certain—see, he is there already! But I back out again upon dry land, nothing loth, and have a fair race with him. Sore work it is. I am a pretty fair runner, as has often been testified; but his velocity is surprising. On, on, still he goes, ploughing up the water like a steamer. 'Away with you, Charlie! quick, quick, man—quick for your life! Loosen the boat at the Cauld Pool, where we shall soon be,' and so indeed we were, when I jumped into the said craft, still having good hold of my fish. "The Tweed is here broad and deep, and the salmon at length had become somewhat exhausted; he still kept in the strength of the stream, however, with his nose seawards, and hung, heavily. At last he comes near the surface of the water. See how he shakes his tail and digs downwards, seeking the deep profound that he will never gain. His motions become more short and feeble: he is evidently doomed, and his race wellnigh finished. Drawn into the bare water, and not approving of the extended cleek, he makes another swift rush, and repeats this effort each time that he is towed to the shallows. At length he is cleeked in earnest, and hauled to shore; he proves one of the grey-skull newly run, and

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weighs somewhat above twenty pounds. The hook is not in his mouth, but in the outside of it: in which case a fish being able to respire freely, always shows extraordinary vigour, and generally sets his head down the stream. "During the whole period of my experience in fishing, though I have had some sharp encounters, yet I never knew any sport equal to this. I am out of breath even now, whenever I think of it. I will trouble any surveyor to measure the distance from the Kingswell Lees, the starting spot, above Melrose bridge, to the end of the Cauld Pool, the death place, by Melrose church, and tell me how much less it is than a mile and three quarters,—I say, I will trouble him to do so; and let him be a lover of the angle, that he may rather increase than diminish the distance, as in good feeling and respect for the craft it behoves him to do."—P. 174.

[Footnote 10: A successful salmon-fly so named.]

On the subject of salmon leaps, most of us have both heard and seen much that was neither new nor true. Mr Yarrell, a cautious unimaginative man, accustomed to quote Shakspeare as if the bard of Avon had been some quiet country clergyman who had taken his share in compiling the statistical account of Scotland, confines their saltatorial powers only within ten or twelve perpendicular feet. We hold, with Mr Scrope, that even this is probably much beyond the mark. He thinks he never saw a salmon spring out of the water above five feet perpendicular.

"There is a cauld at the mouth of the Leader water where it falls into the Tweed, which salmon never could spring over; this cauld I have lately had measured by a mason most carefully, and its height varies from five and a half to six feet from the level above to the level below it, according as the Tweed, into which the Leader falls, is more or less affected by the rains. Hundreds of salmon formerly attempted to spring over this low cauld, but none could ever achieve the leap; so that a salmon in the Leader water was formerly a thing unheard of. The proprietors of the upper water have made an opening in this cauld of late years, giving the owner of the mill some recompense, so that salmon now ascend freely. Large fish can spring much higher than small ones; but their powers are limited or augmented according to the depth of water they spring from. They rise rapidly from the very bottom to the surface of the water, by rowing and sculling as it were with fins and tail, and this powerful impetus bears them upwards in the air. It is probably owing to a want of sufficient depth in the pool below the Leader water cauld, that prevented the fish from clearing it; because I know an instance where salmon have cleared a cauld of six feet belonging to Lord Sudely, who lately caused it to be measured for my satisfaction, though they were but few out of the numerous fish that attempted it that were able to do so. I conceive, however, that

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very large fish could leap much higher.”—P. 12.

We believe that a good deal of the contrariety of opinion which prevails on this subject, arises from anglers and other men confounding an inclined plane with a perpendicular height. Salmon will assuredly overcome a prodigious force of descending water,—a roaring turmoil, which presents from below the aspect of a fall, but consists in reality of separate ledges massed together into one, when “floods lift up their voices.” We are sorry to say, however, that the entire practice of angling is pervaded by a system of inaccuracy, exaggeration, and self-deceit, which is truly humiliating. There is consequently no period in the life of a young person which ought to be more sedulously superintended by parents and guardians, than that in which he is first allowed to plant himself by the rivers of waters. The most wonderful feature, however, in the leaping of salmon is not so much the height to which they spring, as the ease, elegance, and *certainty*, with which, while ascending small cataracts, they make their upward movements. For example, near Oykel bridge in Sutherland, there is a rocky interruption to the more ordinary current of the river, where the water is contained, as it were, in stages of pots or little caldrons, over the lower edge of each of which it dances downwards in the form of a short perpendicular fall. From a neighbouring bank by the river side, the movements of the aspiring fish may be distinctly seen. When a grilse has made his way to the foot of one of these falls, (which he never could have ascended before, although he must have descended it in childhood on his seaward way,) without a moment’s doubt or hesitation he darts into the air, and throws himself head-foremost into the little basin above, to the bottom of which he instantly descends. Nothing can be more curious than the air of *nonchalance* with which they drop into these watery chambers, as if they knew their dimensions to an inch, and had been in the habit of sleeping in them every night. Now, from what has been ascertained of the natural history of the species, although the adult salmon of the Oykel must have previously made the leap at least once before, no fresh-run grilse could have ever done so; and yet, during suitable weather in the summer season, they are sometimes seen springing along with all the grace and agility of a troop of voltigeurs. Their object of course is to rest themselves for a short time, before leaping into the second range from the ground floor. But this innocent intention is too often interfered with; for a sharp-sighted Highlander, stationed on the bank above, immediately descends with landing-net in hand, and scoops them out of their natural caldron, with a view to their being speedily transferred to another of more artificial structure—the chief difference, however, consisting in the higher temperature of the water.

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“Salmon,” says Mr Scrope, “are led by instinct to select such places for depositing their spawn as are the least likely to be affected by the floods. These are the broad parts of the river, where the water runs swift and shallow, and has a free passage over an even bed. There they either select an old spawning place, a sort of trough left in the channel, or form a fresh one. They are not fond of working in new loose channels, which would be liable to be removed by a slight flood, to the destruction of their spawn. The spawning bed is made by the female. Some have fancied that the elongation of the lower jaw in the male, which is somewhat in the form of a crook, is designed by nature to enable him to excavate the spawning trough. Certainly it is difficult to divine what may be the use of this very ugly excrescence; but observation has proved that this idea is a fallacy, and that the male never assists in making the spawning place: and, indeed, if he did so he could not possibly make use of the elongation in question for that purpose, which springs from the lower jaw, and bends inwards towards the throat. When the female commences making her spawning bed, she generally comes after sunset, and goes off in the morning; she works up the gravel with her snout, her head pointing against the stream, as my fisherman has clearly and unequivocally witnessed, and she arranges the position of the loose gravel with her tail. When this is done, the male makes his appearance in the evenings, according to the usage of the female. He then remains close by her, on the side on which the water is deepest.”—P. 15.

During this crisis trout collect below to devour such portions of the spawn as float down the river, and parr are frequently seen hovering in and around the trough. All these parr are salmon fry of the male sex, in a state of maturity; and if the old gentleman chances to be killed, or driven away, without having provided an assistant or successor, the “two-year-olds” perform the functions of paternity. This circumstance, though overlooked by modern naturalists till the days of Shaw, (not the old compiling doctor of the British Museum, but the more practical “keeper” of Drumlanrig,) was known and described by Willoughby in the seventeenth century. “To demonstrate the fact,” says the more recent observer, “in January 1837, I took a female salmon, weighing fourteen pounds, from the spawning bed, from whence I also took a male parr, weighing one ounce and a half, with the milt of which I impregnated a quantity of her ova, and placed the whole in a private pond, where, to my great astonishment, the process succeeded in every respect as it had done with the ova which had been impregnated by the adult male salmon, and exhibited, from the first visible appearance of the embryo fish, up to their assuming their migratory dress, the utmost health and vigour.”

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So serious is the destruction of the spawn and fry of salmon, both by sea and fresh-water trout, that the Duke of Sutherland's manager would willingly, were it possible, extirpate the entire breed of these fish. "They commence," he informs us, in a letter of 15th May 1843, "the moment the salmon begin to deposit their spawn, and in the course of the spawning season they devour an immense quantity of ova. Indeed, at all other times of the year, they feed on the fry of salmon, and continue their destruction till the day the smolts leave the rivers. I have often cut up trout, and got smolts in their stomach; and last week a trout was opened in Mr Buist's fish-yard with four full-grown smolts in its belly. From these and other similar occurrences, you may judge to what extent this destruction is carried on, in the course of a single year, in such a river as our Oykel, where I have killed seven hundred trout at a single hawl." We understand that, some years ago, when Mr Trap, (a most appropriate name,) the fishmonger in Perth, had the Dupplin cruives, he got about 400 whitlings (or sea-trout) in one day, all of them gorged to the throat with salmon fry. The sea-trout of Sutherlandshire, like those of the Nith and the Annan, almost all belong to the species named *Salmo trutta* by naturalists. They scarcely ever exceed, indeed rarely attain to, a weight of five pounds; and such as go beyond that weight, and range upwards from eight to twelve pounds, are generally found to pertain to *Salmo eriox*, the noted *bull-trout* of the Tweed. The great grey sea-trout of the river Ness, which sometimes reaches the weight of eighteen pounds, we doubt not, also belongs to the species last named. It is rare in the waters of the Tay.

In regard to the seaward migration of salmon fry, Mr Scrope is of opinion that some are continually going down to the salt water in every month of the year, not with their silver scales on, but in the parr state.

"I say, not with their silver scales, because no clear smolt is ever seen in the Tweed during the summer and autumnal months. As the spawning season in the Tweed extends over a period of six months, some of the fry must be necessarily some months older than the others, a circumstance which favours my supposition that they are constantly descending to the sea, and it is only a supposition, as I have no proof of the fact, and have never heard it suggested by any one. But if I should be right, it will clear up some things that cannot well be accounted for in any other mode. For instance, in the month of *March* 1841, Mr Yarrell informs me that he found a young salmon in the London market, and which he has preserved in spirits, measuring only fifteen inches long, and weighing only fifteen ounces. And again another, the following *April*, sixteen and a half inches long, weighing twenty-four ounces. Now, one of these appeared two months, and the other a month, before the usual time when the

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fry congregate. According to the received doctrine, therefore, these animals were two of the migration of the preceding year; and thus it must necessarily follow that they remained in salt water, one ten, and the other eleven months, with an increase of growth so small as to be irreconcilable with the proof we have of the growth of the grilse and salmon during their residence in salt water.”—P. 36.

We are not entirely of Mr Scrope’s opinion, that some salmon fry are descending to the sea during every month of the year; at least, we do not conceive that this forms a part of their regular rotation. But the nature of the somewhat anomalous individuals alluded to by Mr Yarrell, may be better understood from the following considerations. Although it is an undoubted fact that the great portion of parr descend together to the sea, as smolts, in May, by which time they have entered into their third year, yet it is also certain that a few, owing to some peculiarity in their natural constitution, do not migrate at that time, but continue in the rivers all summer. As these have not obeyed the normal or ordinary law which regulates the movements of their kind, they make irregular migrations to the sea during the winter floods, and ascend the rivers during the spring months, some time before the descent of the two-year-olds. We have killed parr of this description, measuring eight and nine inches, in the rivers in October, and we doubt not these form eventually the small, thin, rather ill-conditioned grilse which are occasionally taken in our rivers during early spring. But it is midsummer before the regularly migrating smolts reappear as grilse. However, certain points in relation to this branch of our subject may still be regarded as “open questions,” on which the Cabinet has not made up its mind, and may agree to differ. Mr Scrope is certainly right in his belief, that, whatever be the range of time occupied by the descent of smolts towards the sea, they are not usually seen descending with their silvery coating on except in spring; although our Sutherland correspondent, to whom we have so frequently referred, is not of that opinion. It may be, that those which do not join the general throng, migrate in a more sneaking sort of way during summer. They are non-intrusionists, who have at first refused to sign the terms of the Convocation; but finding themselves eventually rather out of their element, on the wrong side of the cruive dyke, and not wishing to fall as fry into the cook’s hands, have sea-ceded some time after the disruption of their General Assembly.

Even those smolts which descend together in April and May, (the chief periods of migration,) do not agree in size. Many are not half the length of others, although all have assumed the silvery coat. “I had, last April,” Mr Young informs us in a letter of 3d June 1843, “upwards of fifty of them in a large bucket of water, for the purpose of careful and minute examination of size, &c., when

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I found a difference of from three and a half to six inches—the smallest having the same silvery coat as the largest. We cannot at all wonder at this difference, as it is a fact that the spawn even of the same fish exhibits a disparity in its fry as soon as hatched, which continues in all the after stages. Although the *throng* of our smolts descend in April and May, we have smolts descending in March, and as late in the season as August, which lapse of time agrees with the continuance of our spawning season. But in all these months we have an equal proportion (that is, a corresponding mixture) of large and small smolts. I have earnestly searched for smolts in the winter months, year after year, and I can only say that I have never seen one, although I have certainly tried every possible means to find them. I have seen fish spawning through the course of six months, and I have seen smolts descending through the same length of time. Our return of grilse, too, exactly corresponds with this statement. Thus a few descending March smolts give a few ascending May grilse; while our April and May swarms of smolts yield our hordes of grilse in June and July. After July, grilse decrease in numbers till October, in proportion to the falling off of smolts from May to August. At least these are my observations in our northern streams.” They are observations of great value, and it is only by gathering together similar collections of facts from various quarters, that we can ultimately attain to a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the whole subject.

We gather from our most recent correspondence with Mr Shaw, (Letter of 8th June 1843,) that he does not regard the range in the spawning period to be followed by a corresponding range in the departure of smolts towards the sea, and in their return from it as grilse. He has found a considerable diversity of time in the assumption of the silvery coating even among individuals of the very same family. “I do not,” he observes, “recollect an instance where there were not individuals of each brood reared in my ponds, which assumed the migratory coating several weeks before the brood in general had done so; and these individuals would have migrated accordingly, and reappeared as grilse all the sooner.” As the hatching and growth of salmon smolts and other fish, is regulated in a great measure by the temperature of the water in which they dwell, it is very probable that ova deposited late in the season, (say the month of March,) may, in consequence of the great increase of temperature, be hatched much more rapidly than those spawned in mid-winter, and so, by the end of a couple of years, no great difference will exist between them. We remember that, in one of Mr Shaw’s earlier experiments, it is stated that he took occasion to convey a few ova in a tumbler within doors, where the temperature ranged from 45 deg. to 47 deg.. They were hatched in thirty-six hours, while such as were left in the stream of the pond, in a temperature of 41 deg., did not hatch until the termination of seven subsequent days. The whole had been previously one hundred and six days in the water, under a considerably lower temperature.

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Mr Shaw has frequently detected individual smolts, both of salmon and sea-trout, (though of the latter more particularly,) descending in some seasons as early as the end of March, and as late as the middle of June, and he has little doubt that some may make their way still earlier to the sea. These, of course, will be found in our tideways as small grilse, weighing one or two pounds, in April and May. The large parr, to which we have already alluded as occasionally met with in rivers, and which we regard as young salmon remaining (and in this forming exceptions to the normal rule) in fresh water throughout their third year, Mr Shaw, whose opinion we requested on the subject, coincides with us in thinking, "would, in all probability, be the first to quit the river after so long a residence there, when the season of migration approached. These, however, are not the only individuals of their kind which leave the river for the sea long before the month of May." A difference in the period of deposition will assuredly cause a difference in the period of hatching, and in this we agree with Mr Scrope; but we think that a late spawning, having the advantage of a higher temperature as the result of a more genial season, will be followed by a more rapid development, and so the difference will not be so great, nor expanded over so many months, as that gentlemen supposes. Finally, the vagrant summer smolts, to which we have before alluded, may consist of that small number of anomalous fry, which we know to assume the migratory dress and instinct soon after the completion of their first year.

Although the excellence of a salmon's condition is derived from the sea, and all its increase of weight is gained there, yet few of these fish remain for any considerable length of time in marine waters. By a wonderful, and to us most beneficial instinct, they are propelled to revisit their ancestral streams, with an increase of size corresponding to the length of their sojourn in the sea. Such as observe their accustomed seasons, (and of these are the great mass of smolts,) return at certain anticipated times. Their periods are known, and their revolutions calculated. Such as migrate at irregular or unobserved intervals, return unexpectedly at different times. Their motions seem eccentric, because their periods have not been ascertained.

But it is obvious that Mr Yarrell's diminutive examples already alluded to, could not have gone down to the sea with the great majority of their kind, during the spring preceding that in which they were captured; because, in that case, having remained a much longer time than usual in salt water, they would have returned as very large grilse instead of extremely small ones.

Mr Scrope informs us that the most plentiful season in the Tweed for grilse, if there has been a flood, is about the time of St Boswell's fair, namely, the 18th of July, at which period they weigh from four to six pounds. Those which don't leave the salt for the fresh water till the end of September and the course of October, sometimes come up from the sea for the first time weighing ten or eleven pounds, or even more.

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“Some of them are much larger than small salmon; but by the term grilse I mean young salmon that have only been once to sea. They are easily distinguished from salmon by their countenance, and less plump appearance, and particularly by the diminished size of the part of the body next the tail, which also is more forked than that of the salmon. They remain in fresh water all the autumn and winter, and spawn at the same time with the salmon. They return also to sea in spring with the salmon. It seems worthy of remark, that salmon are oftentimes smaller than moderate-sized grilse; but, although such grilse have been only once to sea, yet the period they have remained there must have exceeded the two short visits made by the *small* salmon, and hence their superiority of size. When these fish return to the river from their *second* visit to the sea, they are called *salmon*, and are greatly altered in their shape and appearance; the body is more full, and the tail less forked, and their countenance assumes a different aspect.”—P. 37. We are glad to observe that in these opinions regarding the growth of grilse and salmon, our author conforms with, and consequently confirms, the ingenious and accurate experimental observations recently completed by Mr Young of Invershin. [11]Of all those natural causes which counteract the increase of salmon fry, and consequently of grown grilse and adult salmon, Mr Scrope considers that the “furious spates” which so frequently occur in Tweed, are the most destructive. These not only put the channel in motion, but often sweep away the spawning beds entirely. Prior to the improvements in agriculture, and the amelioration of the hill pastures by drainage, the floods were much less sudden, because the morasses and swampy grounds gave out water gradually, and thus the river took longer to rise, and continued fuller for a greater length of time than in these degenerate days, to the increased delight of every acre-less angler. “But now every hill is scored with little rills which fall into the rivers, which suddenly become rapid torrents and swell the main river, which dashes down to the ocean with tumultuous violence. Amidst the great din you may hear the rattling of the channel stones as they are borne downwards. Banks are torn away; new deeps are hollowed out, and old ones filled up; so that great changes continually take place in the bed of the river either for the better or the worse. When we contemplate these things, we must at once acknowledge the vast importance of Mr Shaw’s experiments; for if ponds were constructed upon the Tweed at the general expense, after the model of those made by him, all these evils would be avoided. The fry might be produced in any quantities by artificial impregnation, be preserved, and turned into the great river at the proper period of migration. There might at first be some

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difficulty in procuring food for them; but this would be easily got over at a very small expense, and with a few adult salmon more fry may be sent to sea annually than the whole produce of the river at present amounts to, after having encountered the sweeping perils I have mentioned.”—P. 43.

[Footnote 11: See *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. Vol. XV. Part iii. p. 343.]

Our author then proposes that proprietors should call meetings for the purpose, and that parr, hitherto so named, should now, in their capacity of young salmon, be protected by law. He advises all who have an interest in the river, to consider the wisdom of mutual accommodation; the owners of the more seaward banks being dependent on the upper heritors for the protection of the spawning fish and fry, while they, on the other hand, are equally dependent on the former for an honest adherence to the weekly close-time.

But a thoughtful consideration of this portion of our subject would lead us into a somewhat interminable maze, including the policy of our ancient Acts of Parliament, and the nature of estuaries,—those mysteriously commingled “watteris quhar the sea ebbis and flowis,”—“ubi salmunculi vel smolti, seu fria alterius generis piscium maris vel aquae dulcis, (nunquam) descendunt et ascendunt,”—and then the stake-net question stretches far before us, and dim visions of the “Sutors of Cromarty” rise upon our inward eye, and the wild moaning of the “Gizzin Brigs” salutes our ear, and defenders are converted into appellants, and suspenders into respondents, and the whole habitable earth assumes for a time the aspect of a Scotch Jury Court, which suddenly blazes into the House of Lords.[12]

[Footnote 12: Certain river mouths and estuaries in the north of Scotland “within flude-marke of the sea,” have lately given rise to various questions of disputed rights regarding the erection of stake-nets, and the privilege of catching salmon with the same. These questions involve the determination of several curious though somewhat contradictory points in physical geography, geology, and the natural history of fishes and marine vegetation.]

That salmon return with great regularity to the river in which they were originally bred, is now well known. Mr Scrope, however, thinks that they do not invariably do so, but will ascend other rivers during spawning time, if they find their own deficient in bulk of water. Thus many Tweed salmon are caught in the Forth, (a deep and sluggish stream,) and a successful fishing there is usually accompanied by a scarce one in the Tweed. Yet we know that they will linger long, during periods of great drought, in those mingled waters where the sea “comes and gangs,”—as was well seen in the hot and almost rainless summer of 1842, when the Berwick fishings were abundant, but those of Kelso and the upper streams extremely unproductive. The established fact, however, that

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grilse and salmon, under ordinary natural circumstances, do certainly return to their native beds, is one of great practical importance, because it permits the plan of peopling barren rivers by the deposition of impregnated spawn carried from more fruitful waters. It ought to be borne in mind, however, in relation to this latter point, that these waters must possess, in a considerable measure, the same natural attributes which characterize the voluntary haunts of salmon. If they do not do so, although the fry bred there will in all probability return thither from the sea as grilse, yet the breeding process will be carried on at first feebly, and then inefficiently, till the species finally becomes extinct. The same observations, of course, apply to trout. It has been proposed, we believe by Sir W.F. Mackenzie of Gairloch, to apply the principle of one set of Mr Shaw's experiments to the improvement of moorland lochs, or others, in which the breed of trout may be inferior, by carrying the ova of a better and richer flavoured variety from another locality. Now, in this well-intentioned scheme, we think there is some confusion of cause and effect. It is the natural difference in food, and other physical features and attributes, between the two kinds of lochs in question, which causes or is intimately connected with the difference in the fleshly condition of their finny inhabitants; and unless we can also change the characters of the surrounding country, and the bed of the watery basin, we shall seek in vain to people "the margins of our moorish floods" with delicate trout, lustrous without any red of hue within, in room of those inky-coated, muddy-tasted tribes, "indigenae an advectae," which now dwell within our upland pools.

It has been asserted by some that salmon will dwell continuously, and even breed, in fresh water, although debarred all access to the sea. "Near Kattrineberg," says Mr Lloyd, in his work on the field-sports of the north of Europe, "there is a valuable fishery for salmon, ten or twelve thousand of these fish being taken annually. These salmon are bred in a lake, and, in consequence of cataracts, cannot have access to the sea. They are small in size, and inferior in flavour. The year 1820 furnished 21,817." We confess we cannot credit this account of fresh water (sea-debarred) salmon, but suppose there must be some mistake regarding the species. Every thing that we know of the habits and history, the growth and migrations, of these fish in Britain, is opposed to its probability. Mr Young has conclusively ascertained that, at least in Scotland, not only does their growth, after the assumption of the silvery state, take place solely in the sea, but that they actually decrease in weight from the period of their entering the rivers; and Mr Scrope himself, (see pp. 27, 30,) although he quotes the passage without protest, seems of the same opinion. Besides, with their irrepressible instinctive inclination to descend the

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rivers during spring when young, we don't believe that the cataract in question would prevent their doing so, although it might assuredly hinder their return in summer, in which case the Kattrineberg breed would soon become extinct, even supposing that they had ever had existence. The alleged fact, however, is well worthy of more accurate observance and explicit explanation than have yet been bestowed upon it by the Scandinavian naturalists.

We are informed that Mr George Dormer of Stone Mills, in the parish of Bridport, put a female salmon, which measured twenty inches, and was caught in the mill-dam, into a small well, where it remained twelve years, and at length died in the year 1842. "The well measured only five feet by two feet four inches, and there was only fifteen inches depth of water." We should have been well pleased to have been told of the size of the fish when it died, in addition to that of the prison in which it dwelt, for otherwise the fact itself is of less consequence.[13] We presume its rate of growth would be extremely slow, although we do not agree with Mr Young in the opinion already quoted, that salmon actually decrease in *dimensions* on entering the fresh water. We doubt not they decrease in *weight*, and probably also in circumference; but their bones and organic structure are assuredly enlarged, and themselves lengthened, in such a way as to fit their general form for a rapidly increased development, so soon as they again rejoice in the fattening influences of the salubrious sea.

[Footnote 13: The following curious particulars regarding the above-mentioned salmon are taken from a Devonshire newspaper:—"She would come to the top of the water and take meat off a plate, and would devour a quarter of a pound of lean meat in less time than a man could eat it; she would also allow Mr Dormer to take her out of the water, and when put into it again she would immediately take meat from his hands, or would even bite the finger if presented to her. Some time since a little girl teased her by presenting the finger and then withdrawing it, till at last she leaped a considerable height above the water, and caught her by the said finger, which made it bleed profusely: by this leap she threw herself completely out of the water into the court. At one time a young duckling got into the well, to solace himself in his favourite element, when she immediately seized him by the leg, and took him under water; but the timely interference of Mr Dormer prevented any further mischief than making a cripple of the young duck. At another time a full-grown drake approached the well, when Mrs Fish, seeing a trespasser on her premises, immediately seized the intruder by the bill, and a desperate struggle ensued, which at last ended in the release of Mr Drake from the grasp of Mrs Fish, and no sooner freed, than Mr Drake flew off in the greatest consternation and affright; since which time, to this day, he has not been seen to approach the well, and it is with great difficulty he can be brought within sight of it. This fish lay in a dormant state for five months in the year, during which time she would eat nothing, and was likewise very shy."]

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Our author next refers to a rather singular subject, which has not yet sufficiently attracted the notice of naturalists, and the phenomena of which (at least their final causes) have not been explained by physiological enquirers. That fishes assume, in a great degree, the colour of the channel over which they lie, is known to many practical observers. We have ourselves frequently frightened small flounders from their propriety with our shoe-points, while angling near the mouths of rivers, and so exactly did their colour accord with the shingle beneath our feet, that we could not detect their presence but by their own betraying movements. Such, however, as happened to glide towards, and settle on, a portion of the bed of different colour from the rest, continued perceptible for a short time; but they too seemed speedily to disappear, although we afterwards discovered that they had not stirred an inch, but had merely changed their tint to that of the particular portion of the basin of the stream to which they had removed. Every angler knows, that there is not only a difference in the colour of trouts in different streams, but that different though almost adjoining portions of the same river, if distinguished by some diversity of character in respect to depth, current, or clearness, will yield him fish of varying hue. Very rapid and irregular changes are also observable in their colours after death; and large alternate blotches of darker and lighter hues may be produced upon their sides and general surface, by the mode of their disposal in the creel. Dr Stark showed many years ago, that the colour of sticklebacks, and other small fishes, was influenced by the colour of the earthenware, or other vessels in which they were confined, as well as modified by the quantity of light to which they were exposed; and Mr Shaw has very recently informed us, regarding this mutability of the outer aspect of fishes, that if the head alone is placed upon a particular colour, (whether lighter or darker,) the whole body will immediately assume a corresponding shade, quite independent of the particular tint upon which the body itself may chance to rest. We know not to what extent these, and similar phenomena, are familiar to Sir David Brewster; but we willingly admit, that in order to attain to their clearer comprehension, the facts themselves must be investigated by one who, like that accomplished philosopher, is conversant with those branches of physical science to which they are related. They unfortunately lie beyond the range of our own optics, but Mr Scrope's practical improvement of the subject is as follows:—

“I would recommend any one who wishes to show his day's sport in the pink of perfection, to keep his trouts in a wet cloth, so that, on his return home, he may exhibit them to his admiring friends, and extract from them the most approved of epithets and exclamations, taking the praise bestowed upon the fish as a particular compliment to himself.”—P.

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British legislators ought certainly to consider the recent completion of our knowledge both of salmon and sea-trout; and if they can make themselves masters of their more detailed local history, so much the better. Mr Home Drummond's is still the regulating Act of Parliament, and seems to have kept its ground firmly, notwithstanding many attempted alterations, if not amendments. In accordance with that Act, all our rivers north of the Tweed close on the 14th of September, and do not re-open till the 1st of February.[14] This bears hardly upon some of our northern streams. In the Ness, for example, before the application of the existing laws, more fish were wont to be killed in December and January than during most other periods of the year.[15] It appears to have been clearly ascertained that the season of a river (in respect to its being early or late) depends mainly upon the temperature of its waters. The Ness, which is the earliest river in Scotland, scarcely ever freezes. It flows from the longest and deepest loch in Britain; and thus, when the thermometer, as it did in the winter of 1807, stands at 20, 30, or even 40 deg. below the freezing point at Inverness, it makes little or no impression upon either lake or river. The course of the latter is extremely short. The Shin is also an early river, flowing from a smaller loch, though with a more extended course before it enters the Kyle of Sutherland, where it becomes confluent with the Oykel waters. It may so happen, that in these and other localities, a colder stream, drawing its shallow and divided sources from the frozen sides of barren mountains, may adjoin the lake-born river, and

“On that flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved, while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.”

Now salmon don't like either snowy water, bridges of ice, or stealthy streams, but a bold, bright, expansive, unimpeded, and accommodating kind of highway to our inland vales. They instinctively regard a modified temperature, and a flowing movement, as great inducements to leave the sea in early winter, instead of waiting until spring; and, in like manner, they avoid “imprisoned rivers” until icy gales have ceased to blow. The consequences are, we may have an extremely early river and a very late one within a few hundred yards of each other, and both debouching from the same line of coast into the sea. Now, in the autumn of 1836, a bill was proposed and brought in by Mr Patrick Stewart and Mr Loch, to amend the preceding Act (9th Geo. IV.) which had repealed that of James I., (1424.) It proceeded on the preamble, that “whereas the sand acts have been found inadequate to the purposes for which they were passed, inasmuch as it is found that our close-time is not suitable for all the salmon fishings and rivers throughout Scotland, and it is expedient that the same should therefore, and in other

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respects, be altered, modified, and amended.” It therefore enacted that different close-times shall be observed in different divisions of Scotland, the whole of which is partitioned into twelve districts, as specified in schedule A referred to in the bill. We do not know how or from whom the necessary information was obtained; but we doubt not it was sedulously sought for, and digested in due form. For example, the boundaries as to time and space of the second district, are as follows:—“From Tarbet Ness aforesaid, to Fort George Point, in the county of Nairn, including the Beaulie Frith and the rivers connected therewith, *except the river Ness*, from the 20th day of August to the 6th day of January, both days inclusive; and for the said river Ness, from the 14th day of July, to the 1st day of December, both days inclusive.” This is so far well. But in the ninth district, the definition and directions are:—“From the confines of the Solway Frith to the northern boundary of the county of Ayr, from the 30th day of September to the 16th day of February, both days inclusive.” Now most anglers know that the district thus defined, includes streams which vary considerably in their character, and cannot be correctly classed together. Thus the Doon, which draws its chief sources from numerous lakes among the hills, is one of the earliest rivers in the south-west of Scotland, clean fresh-run fish occurring in it by Christmas; while the neighbouring river Ayr, although existing under the same general climatic influence, produces few good salmon till the month of June. It is fed by tributaries of the common kind. The Stinchar, in the same district, is also a late river, being seldom worked by the tacksmen till towards the end of April, and even then few of the fish are worth keeping. Of course, it requires to be closed in September, although the fish are then in good case. These, and many other facts which might be mentioned, show the difficulty of legislating even upon the improved localizing principle which it has been attempted to introduce. However, the bill referred to, though printed, was never passed.

[Footnote 14: The net fishings in the Tweed do not close till the 16th of October, and the lovers of the angle are allowed an additional fortnight. These fishings do not open (either for net or rod) till the 15th of February.]

[Footnote 15: It was proved in evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons in 1825, that the amount of salmon killed in the Ness during eight years, (from 1811-12 to 1818-19,) made a total for the months

Of December, of 2405
Of January, 3554
Of February, 3239
Of March, 3029
Of April, 2147
Of May, 1127
Of June, 170
Of July, 253



Of August, 2192
Of September, 430

18,542

It further appears, from the evidence referred to, that during these years no *grilse* ran up the Ness till after the month of May. The months

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Of June produced 277

Of July, 1358

Of August, 4229

Of September, 1493

7357

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Since we have entered, inadvertently, into what may be called the legislative branch of our subject, we may refer for a moment to the still more recent bill, prepared and brought into Parliament by Mr Edward Ellice and Mr Thomas Mackenzie, and ordered to be printed, 11th May 1842. It is entitled, "a bill for the better regulation of the close-time in salmon fisheries in Scotland;" and with a view to accommodate and reconcile the interests of all parties, it throws the arrangement and the decision of the whole affair into the hands of the commissioners of the *herring* fishery. It enacts that it shall be lawful for these commissioners, upon due application by any proprietor (or guardian, judicial factor, or trustee) of salmon fishings, of the value of not less than twenty pounds yearly, in any of the rivers, streams, lochs, &c., or by any three or more of such proprietors possessing salmon fishings of the yearly value of ten pounds each, or of any proprietor of salmon fishings which extend one mile in length on one side, or one half mile on both sides of any river or stream, calling upon the said commissioners to alter the close-time of any river, stream, &c., to enquire into the expediency of such alteration. With that view, they are empowered to call before them, and examine upon oath or affirmation, all necessary witnesses, and to take all requisite evidence for and against the proposed alteration of the close-time; and upon due consideration of all the circumstances of the case, to determine that the close-time in such river, stream, &c., shall be altered, and to alter the same accordingly, and fix such other close-time as they shall deem expedient. Provided always that the close-time to be fixed by said commissioners, shall not in any case consist of less than one hundred and thirty-nine free consecutive days. Provision is also made for an alteration, on application and evidence as before, of any such legalized close-time, after the expiration of three years; all expenses incurred by the commissioners in taking evidence, or in other matters connected with the subject, to be defrayed by the proprietors. Permission may also be granted in favour of angling with the single rod, for fourteen days after the close. This bill, which we suspect it would have been difficult to work conveniently, was likewise laid upon the shelf.

Although, as we have said, salmon soonest ascend the warmest rivers, they are alleged to spawn earliest in the colder ones. Thus Mr Scrope informs us, that in the shallow mountain streams which pour into the Tay, near its source, the fish spawn much earlier than those in the main bed of that magnificent river, and he quotes the following sentiments of the late John Crerar, head fisherman and forester to the Duke of Athole, on the subject:—

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“There are,” said John, “two kinds of creatures that I am well acquainted with—the one a land animal, the other a water one—the red-deer and the salmon. In October the deer ruts, and the salmon spawns. The deer begins soonest, high up among the hills, particularly in frosty weather; so does the salmon begin to spawn earlier in frosty weather than in soft. The master hart would keep all the other harts from the hind, if he could; and the male salmon would keep all the other males from the female, if he was able.”—P. 60.

We do not think, however, that Mr Scrope’s comparative reference to the upper and lower portions of the Tay affords a satisfactory or conclusive test. The higher parts of almost all rivers (including, their tributaries) constitute the favourite spawning places, from other causes than “by reason of the cold;” and the question should be tried, not by comparing two different districts of the same river, but all the portions of one river, with the entire course of another of dissimilar character. The exceptive clause in Mr Loch’s proposed act in flavour of the river Ness, certainly stood upon the supposition of that river being an early one for the breeding salmon, as well as the new-run winter fish; for it enacts not only that the Ness should open more than a month earlier than its neighbours, but also that it shall close more than a month before them. This latter restriction would of course be useless and impolitic, if the parent fish were not conceived to be about to spawn. But it should also be borne in mind, that the same causes (such as the extent and depth of feeding lakes) which produce a higher temperature in winter, cause a lower one in summer and the earlier part of autumn, and that shallow upland streams are warmer during the latter periods than those which flow from deeper and more affluent sources. We believe that the fish of all rivers spawn soonest on the higher portions of their water courses, whether these be comparatively warm or cold. The earliest individuals are in general such as have escaped the nets and other accidents below, and have made their watery way in good time to proper spawning places. In several rivers with which we are acquainted, a great majority of the breeding fish ascend in August and September. But many of those which make their appearance in July, would be early spawners if they were allowed to escape the various dangers which beset their path in life—almost all the salmon of that month being captured by one means or another. Mr Young, in our MS. notes already quoted, states, in regard to the range of the breeding season, that he has seen salmon perfectly full of spawn, ascending the rivers in October, November, December, January, and February. Now the fish of the last-named month may have spawned as late as March, although our correspondent adds that he has never seen fish on the spawning beds later than February, nor earlier than September. He has seen them in the act of spawning in these and all the intermediate months.

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As we have said above, the greater part of these breeders ascend in August and September, and the *throng* of the spawning process takes place in November and December. The earlier spawning begins in September with only a few pairs, generally grilse; and from that period the numbers increase till the first week of December, when the operation has attained its height. It then gradually decreases until February, when perhaps only a few pairs are seen at work. Mr Young informs us that sea-trout are seen spawning a week earlier than grilse, and grilse a week earlier than salmon. He does not mean that all grilse spawn before salmon begin, but that they are observed working a week before the latter have commenced.

Mr Shaw informs us, (in his last letter,) that it is an exceedingly rare occurrence to find an unspawned fish in the rivers of Dumfriesshire in the month of March. On one occasion, however, about twenty years ago, he observed a female salmon spawning in the Nith about the 10th or 12th of March, but unaccompanied by any male. He can also call to mind a pair of salmon having been observed spawning in the Ettrick so late as Selkirk March fair, which is held during the first week of April. This, however, we believe to be a very rare occurrence, notwithstanding Mr Scrope's statement, that he has in the Tweed "caught full roaners as late as May." These seem to be anomalous or accidental instances, and we are not aware that any evidence has been brought forward to prove that they still seek the spawning beds in pairs at that period, or produce what may be called autumnal fry.

The usual spawning period in the south-west of Scotland extends from about the middle of November till the middle of February; but the busiest months of that period are December and January, when the salmon spawn in great numbers in the Nith, about Drumlanrig. From the circumstances of the largest salmon visiting the rivers at that season, Mr Shaw is induced to think that they are likewise the oldest; and that, as they increase in years, they desire to remain the longer in the sea, visiting the fresh waters only during the breeding season. The spawning period of sea-trout, he informs us, is from about the middle of October until the middle of December, the principal period being the whole of November, when the various streams and tributaries are taken possession of both by sea-trout and herling, spawning in deep or shallow water, according to their individual size.

But in reference to the point in question, that cold accelerates the spawning process, let us take for a moment the general basin of the Oykel waters into view. We know that for several seasons back, the earliest spawning in that quarter has occurred in the Carron, in September. Now, it is certain, that during that month the Carron waters are warmer than those of the Shin. So also the Oykel (properly so called) is itself two degrees warmer in October than the Shin, and yet the latter is the later of

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the two. It thus appears that warmth may be advantageous both as inducing early spawning in autumn, and an early entrance of fresh-run fish in winter; although a single river may not possess both attributes for the reason hinted at—the deepest waters, though protected from winter's cold, being also screened from summer's heat. Mr Scrope may therefore be regarded as right in his facts as to the earlier season of the upland streams, although his theoretical explanation of them is not conclusive.

The lateness of the spawning season in the Shin may, in some measure, be owing to the early breeding fish going up into the loch, from whence, after a time, they fall back upon the spawning places in the fords of the river. The same thing happens in the lower regions of the Tay—the fish fall back from the loch, and the ford between Taymouth Castle and Kenmore is by far the latest in that river. Salmon have been seen to spawn there in February. In regard to the general influence of the atmosphere, we may here remark that frosty weather is good for spawning; because the fish go then into the deeper or central portions of the fords, by which procedure the spawning beds are never dry,—whereas, in time of spates, salmon are apt to deposit their spawn along the margins, and thus the roe is frequently destroyed by the subsiding of the waters.

However, the real importance of an early river has little or no connexion with the periods of the spawning process; because it is not so much the breeding fish that are of individual value in winter, as those which, having no intention or requirement to spawn until the following autumn, enter the fresh waters because they have already completed the days of their purification in the sea. Although, when viewed in the relation of time, they may seem to form the continuous succession of spawning fish which have come up *gravid* from the ocean during the later months of autumn, they are in truth rather the *avant-couriers* of the newer and more highly-conditioned shoals which show themselves in early spring. We believe that fresh-run fish may be found in all our larger rivers during every month throughout the year, though we cannot clear up their somewhat anomalous history, nor explain why the breeding season, as among land creatures of identical natures, should not take place more uniformly about the same time. It is by no means improbable, however, that, as grilse seek our fresh waters at different periods from adult salmon, so salmon of a certain standing may observe different periods of migration from those of dissimilar age.

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If, as many suppose, the earliest fish are those which have soonest spawned during the preceding autumn, and have since descended towards and recovered in the sea,—then a precocious spawning would necessarily lead to the speediest supply of clean fish in mid-winter; but the fact referred to has not been ascertained, and it may therefore still be as reasonably alleged that the winter fish (an opinion supported by the fact of their unusually large size) have continued in the sea since spring. At least a majority of them, (for they differ somewhat in their aspect and condition,) instead of having spawned soonest in autumn, have probably rather spawned last of all during the preceding spring, and so required for their recovery a corresponding retardation of their sojourn in the sea. The reasons why grilse seldom show themselves till the summer is well advanced, are very obvious, now that we have become conversant with their true history. They were only smolts in the immediately preceding spring, and are becoming grilse from week to week, and of various sizes, according to the length of their continuance in the sea. But they require at least a couple of months to intervene between their departure from the rivers in April or May, and their return thither;—which return consequently commences, though sparingly, in June, and preponderates in July and August.

But we are making slow progress with our intended exposition of Mr Scrope's beautiful and instructive volume. Although salmon and salmon streams form the subject and "main region of his song," he yet touches truthfully, albeit with brevity, upon the kindred nature of sea-trout, which are of two species—the salmon-trout and the bull-trout. The fry of the former, called orange fins, (which, like the genuine parr, remain two continuous years in the river,) greatly resemble the young of the common fresh-water trout. "Like the grilse, it returns to the river the summer of its spring migration, weighing about a pound and a half upon an average."—P. 63. We think our author rather over-estimates their weight at this early period. Herlings (for so they are also named on their first ascent from the sea) rarely weigh one pound, unless they remain for a longer time than usual in salt water. In this state they bear the same relation to adult sea-trout as grilse do to salmon, and they spawn while herlings. They afterwards increase about a pound and a half annually, and in the summer of their sixth year (from the ovum) have been found to weigh six pounds.[16] Whether this is their ordinary ultimate term of increase, or whether, having every year to pass up and down the dangerous, because clear and shallow waters, exposed to many mischances, and, it may be, the "imminent deadly breach" of the cruive-dyke, and thus perish in their prime, we cannot say: but this we know, that they are rarely ever met with above the weight of six or seven pounds.

[Footnote 16: See Mr Shaw's paper "On the Growth and Migration of the Sea-trout of the Solway."—*Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. Vol. XV. Part iii. p. 369.]

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Of the generation and growth of the other and greater sea-trout (*Salmo eriox*,) we have not yet acquired the same precise knowledge, but its history may fairly be inferred to be extremely similar.

“These fish,” says Mr Scrope, “are found in many salmon rivers, but not in all. It is very abundant in the Tweed, which it visits principally at two seasons; in the spring about the month of May, and again in the month of October, when the males are very plentiful; but the females are scarce till about the beginning or middle of November. With salmon it is the reverse, as their females leave the sea before the males. The bull trout is also more regular in his habits than the salmon; for the fisherman can calculate almost to a day when the large black male trout will leave the sea. The foul fish rise eagerly at the fly, but the clean ones by no means so. They weigh from two to twenty-four pounds, and occasionally, I presume, but very rarely indeed, more. The largest I ever heard of was taken in the Hallowstell fishing water, at the mouth of the Tweed, in April 1840, and weighed twenty-three pounds and a half. The heaviest bull trout I ever encountered myself weighed sixteen pounds, and I had a long and severe contest with his majesty. He was a clean fish, and I hooked him in a cast in Mertoun water called the *Willow Bush*, not in the mouth but in the dorsal fin. Brethren of the craft, guess what sore work I had with him! He went here and there with apparent comfort and ease to his own person, but not to mine. I really did not know what to make of him. There never was such a Hector. I cannot say exactly how long I had him on the hook; it seemed a week at least. At length John Halliburton, who was then my fisherman, waded into the river up to his middle, and cleeked him whilst he was hanging in the stream, and before he was half beat.”—P. 66.

Many simple-minded people, with something of a sentimental turn, (they are almost always fond of raw oysters, and gloat over a roasted turkey, although they know that it was bled to death by cutting the roots of its tongue,) look upon angling as a “cruel sport.” Let us see, with Mr Scrope, how this matter really stands.

“I take a little wool and feather, and tying it in a particular manner upon a hook, make an imitation of a fly; then I throw it across the river, and let it sweep round the stream with a lively motion. This I have an undoubted right to do, for the river belongs to me or my friend; but mark what follows. Up starts a monster fish with his murderous jaws, and makes a dash at my little Andromeda. Thus he is the aggressor, not I; his intention is evidently to commit murder. He is caught in the act of putting that intention into execution. Having wantonly intruded himself on my hook, which I contend he had no right to do, he darts about in various directions, evidently surprised to find that the fly, which he hoped to make an easy conquest of, is much

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stronger than himself. I naturally attempt to regain this fly, unjustly withheld from me. The fish gets tired and weak in his lawless endeavours to deprive me of it. I take advantage of his weakness, I own, and drag him, somewhat loth, to the shore, when one rap on the back of the head ends him in an instant. If he is a trout, I find his stomach distended with flies. That beautiful one called the May fly, who is by nature almost ephemeral—who rises up from the bottom of the the shallows, spreads its light wings, and flits in the sunbeam in enjoyment of its new existence—no sooner descends to the surface of the water to deposit its eggs, than the unfeeling fish, at one fell spring, numbers him prematurely with the dead. You see, then, what a wretch a fish is; no ogre is more bloodthirsty, for he will devour his nephews, nieces, and even his own children, when he can catch them; and I take some credit for having shown him up. Talk of a wolf, indeed a lion, or a tiger! Why, these, are all mild and saintly in comparison with a fish! What a bitter fright must the smaller fry live in! They crowd to the shallows, lie hid among the weeds, and dare not say the river is their own. I relieve them of their apprehensions, and thus become popular with the small shoals. When we see a fish quivering upon dry land, he looks so helpless without arms or legs, and so demure in expression, adding hypocrisy to his other sins, that we naturally pity him; then kill and eat him, with Harvey sauce, perhaps. Our pity is misplaced,—the fish is not. There is an immense trout in Loch Awe in Scotland, which is so voracious, and swallows his own species with such avidity, that he has obtained the name of *Salmo ferox*. I pull about this unnatural monster till he is tired, land him, and give him the *coup-de-grace*. Is this cruel? Cruelty should be made of sterner stuff.”—P. 83.

Mr Scrope is known as an accomplished artist as well as an experienced angler, and we need not now to tell our readers that he is also a skilful author. It does not fall to the lot of all men to handle with equal dexterity the brush, the pen, and the rod—to say nothing of the rifle—still less of the leister, under cloud of night. There is much in the present volume to interest even those who are so unfortunate as to have never seen either, grilse or salmon, except as pupils or practitioners in the silver-fork school. His reminiscences of his own early life and manlier years, under the soubriquet of Harry Otter, are pleasantly told, and his adventurous meetings with poachers and painters are amusing in themselves, as well as instructive in their tendency to illustrate, not only the deeper mysteries of piscatorial art, but the life and conversation of the amphibious people who dwell by the sides of rivers. His first arrival in “fair Melrose,” the moonlight lustre of which was then unsung, is thus described—

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"It was late, and I looked forth on the tranquil scene from my window. The moonbeams played upon the distant hilltops, but the lower masses slept as yet in shadow; again the pale light caught the waters of the Tweed, the lapse of whose streams fell faintly on the ear, like the murmuring of a sea-shell. In front rose up the mouldering abbey, deep in shadow; its pinnacles, and buttresses, and light tracery, but dimly seen in the solemn mass. A faint light twinkled for a space among the tomb-stones, soon it was extinct, and two figures passed off in the shadow, who had been digging a grave even at that late hour. As the night advanced, a change began to take place. Clouds heaved up over the horizon; the wind was heard in murmurs; the rack hurried athwart the moon; and utter darkness fell upon river, mountain, and haugh. Then the gust swelled louder, and the storm struck fierce and sudden against the casement. But as the morrow dawned, though rain-drops still hung upon the leaf, the clouds sailed away, the sun broke forth, and all was fair and tranquil."—P. 97.

The fisherman was sent for express, and his general garb and fly-bedizened hat, are soon portrayed; while the "waxing" of the Tweed, and how the Eildon Hills were of old cloven by the art of grammarye, conclude the fourth chapter, and bring us only to the hundredth page.

The ensuing section of the work opens with some general observations on the scenery of that now noted district of the south of Scotland, blended with the graceful expression of those melancholy remembrances, we doubt not deeply felt, which must ever cast a dark shadow over the minds of the surviving associates of the Great Minstrel. Alas! where can we turn ourselves without being reminded of the transitory nature of this our low estate, of its dissevered ties, its buried hopes, and lost affections! How many bitter endurances, reflected from the bosom of the past, are ever mingling with all those ongoings of human life and action which we call enjoyments! How mixed in their effects are even the natural glories of this our fair creation! What golden sunset casts not its far-beaming splendour, not only on the great mountains and the glittering sea, but also breaks, as if in mockery, into ghastly chambers where the desolation of death, "the wages of sin," is miserably brooding! And yet how solemnizing, how elevating in their influences, are all the highest beauties both of art and nature, notwithstanding the awe, approaching to fearfulness, with which they not seldom affect our spirits. The veneration with which we gaze even on insensate walls which once formed the loved abode of genius and virtue, is a natural tribute to a noble nature, and flows from one of the purest and most sustaining sources of emotion by which our humanity is distinguished. It almost looks as if, in accordance with the Platonic philosophy, there remained to man, from an original and more lofty state of existence, some dim remembrance of perfection.

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"This inborn and implanted recollection of the godlike," says Schlegel, "remains ever dark and mysterious; for man is surrounded by the sensible world, which being in itself changeable and imperfect, encircles him with images of imperfection, changeableness, corruption, and error, and thus casts perpetual obscurity over that light which is within him. Wherever, in the sensible and natural world, he perceives any thing which bears a resemblance to the attributes of the God-head, which can serve as a symbol of a high perfection, the old recollections of his soul are awakened and refreshed. The love of the beautiful fills and animates the soul of the beholder with an awe and reverence which belong not to the beautiful itself—at least not to any sensible manifestation of it—but to that unseen original of which material beauty is the type. From this admiration, this new-awakened recollection, and this instantaneous inspiration, spring all higher knowledge and truth. These are not the product of cold, leisurely, and voluntary reflection, but occupy at once a station far superior to what either thought, or art, or speculation, can attain; and enter into our inmost souls with the power and presence of a gift from the divinity."

Mr Scrope's first visit to the Tweed was made before the "Ariosto of the North" had sung those undying strains which have since added so much associated interest to the finely varied courses of that fair river. But many fond lovers of nature, then as now,

"Though wanting the accomplishment of verse,"

were well acquainted with all its unrecorded beauties.

"What stranger," asks our author, "just emerging from the angular enclosures of the south, scored and subdued by tillage, would not feel his heart expand at the first sight of the heathy mountains, swelling out into vast proportions, over which man had no dominion? At the dawn of day he sees, perhaps, the mist ascending slowly up the dusky river, taking its departure to some distant undefined region; below the mountain range his sight rests upon a deep and narrow glen, gloomy with woods, shelving down to its centre. What is hid in that mysterious mass the eye may not visit; but a sound comes down from afar, as of the rushing and din of waters. It is the voice of the Tweed, as it bursts from the melancholy hills, and comes rejoicing down the sunny vale, taking its free course through the haugh, and glittering amongst sylvan bowers—swelling out at times fair and ample, and again contracted into gorges and sounding cataracts—lost for a space in its mazes behind a jutting brae, and re-appearing in dashes of light through bolls of trees opposed to it in shadow." Thus it holds its fitful course. The stranger might wander in the quiet vale, and far below the blue summits he might see the shaggy flock grouped upon some sunny knoll, or struggling among the scattered birch-trees, and lower down

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on the haugh, his eye perchance might rest awhile on some cattle standing on a tongue of land by the margin of the river, with their dark and rich brown forms opposed to the brightness of the waters. All these outward pictures he might see and feel; but he would see no farther: the lore had not spread its witchery over the scene—the legends slept in oblivion. The stark moss-trooper, and the clanking stride of the warrior, had not again started into life; nor had the light blazed gloriously in the sepulchre of the wizard with the mighty book. The slogan swelled not anew upon the gale, sounding, through the glens and over the misty mountains; nor had the minstrel's harp made music in the stately halls of Newark, or beside the lonely braes of Yarrow. "Since that time I have seen the Cottage of Abbotsford, with the rustic porch, lying peacefully on the haugh between the lone hills, and have listened to the wild rush of the Tweed as it hurried beneath it. As time progressed, and as hopes arose, I have seen that cottage converted into a picturesque mansion, with every luxury and comfort attached to it, and have partaken of its hospitality; the unproductive hills I have viewed covered with thriving plantations, and the whole aspect of the country civilized, without losing its romantic character. But, amidst all these revolutions, I have never perceived any change in the mind of him who made them,—'the choice and master spirit of the age.' There he dwelt in the hearts of the people, diffusing life and happiness around him; he made a home beside the border river, in a country and a nation that have derived benefit from his presence, and consequence from his genius. From his chamber he looked out upon the grey ruins of the Abbey, and the sun which set in splendour beneath the Eildon Hills. Like that sun, his course has been run; and, though disastrous clouds came across him in his career, he went down in unfading glory. "These golden hours, alas! have long passed away; but often have I visions of the sylvan valley, and its glittering waters, with dreams of social intercourse. Abbotsford, Mertoun, Chiefswood, Huntly-Burn, Allerley—when shall I forget ye?"—P. 102.

How many share these sad and vain regrets! The very voice of the living waters, which once glittered so rejoicingly through the green pastures, or reflected in their still expanse the lichen-covered crag or varied woodland, seems now to utter an "*illoetabile murmur*," while

"A trouble not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engender'd, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height."

On the 21st of September 1832, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. "It was a beautiful day," we have been elsewhere told, "so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose." [17]

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[Footnote 17: The Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by his literary executor.]

We must here unwillingly conclude our account of Mr Scrope's volume, although we have scarcely even entered on many of its most important portions. Bait fishing for salmon, and the darker, though torch-illuminated, mysteries of the leister, occupy the terminal chapters. A careful study of the whole will amply repay the angler, the naturalist, the artist, and the general admirer of the inexhaustible beauties of rural scenery—nowhere witnessed or enjoyed to such advantage as by the side of a first-rate river.

* * * * *

THE WHIPPIAD, A SATIRICAL POEM.

BY REGINALD HEBER, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

In offering this little poem to the public, some few words, by way of explanation, are deemed necessary. Most of the circumstances alluded to in it will be familiar to Oxford readers of Bishop Heber's standing, but especially to those of his own college, Brazenose. The origin of the poem was simply this:—A young friend of his, B——d P——t, went to call upon him at Brazenose, and, without being aware of the heinous crime he was committing, cracked a four-horse whip in the quadrangle. This moved the ire of a certain doctor, a fellow and tutor, and at that time also dean of the college, commonly called *Dr Toe* from a defect in one of his feet. The doctor had unfortunately made himself obnoxious to most of those of his own college, under-graduates as well as others, by his absurd conduct and regulations. On the following day Mr P——t cracked the whip in the quadrangle, when the doctor issued from his rooms in great wrath, and after remonstrating with Mr P——t, and endeavouring to take the whip from him, a scuffle ensued, in which the whip was broken, and the doctor overpowered and thrown down by the victorious P——t, who had fortunately taken his degree of Master of Arts. Heber, then an under-graduate of only a few terms' standing, wrote the first canto the same evening, and the intrinsic merit of the poem will recommend it to most readers. But it will be doubly interesting when considered as one of the *first*, if not the *very first*, of the poetical productions of that eminent and distinguished scholar. In it may be traced the dawnings of that genius which was afterwards to delight the world in an enlarged sphere of usefulness.

K.

CANTO FIRST.

Where whiten'd Cain the curse of heaven defies,[18]
And leaden slumber seals his brother's eyes,
Where o'er the porch in brazen splendour glows
The vast projection of the mystic nose,
Triumph erewhile of Bacon's fabled arts,[19]
Now well-hung symbol of the student's parts;
'Midst those unhallow'd walls and gloomy cells
Where every thing but Contemplation



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dwells,

Dire was the feud our sculptured Alfred saw,[20]
And thy grim-bearded bust, Erigena,
When scouts came flocking from the empty hall,
And porters trembled at the Doctor's call;
Ah! call'd in vain, with laugh suppress they stood
And bit their nails, a dirty-finger'd brood.
E'en Looker gloried in his master's plight,[21]
And John beheld, and chuckled at the sight.[22]
Genius of discord! thou whose murky flight
With iron pennons more obscured the night—
Thou, too, of British birth, who dost reside
In Syms's or in Goodwin's blushing tide,[23]
Say, spirit, say, for thy enlivening bowl
With fell ambition fired thy favourite's soul,
From what dread cause began the bloodless fray
Pregnant with shame, with laughter, and dismay?
Calm was the night, and all was sunk to rest,
Save Shawstone's party, and the Doctor's breast:
He saw with pain his ancient glory fled,
And thick oblivion gathering round his head.
Alas! no more his pupils crowding come,
To wait indignant in their tyrant's room,[24]
No more in hall the fluttering theme he tears,
Or lolling, picks his teeth at morning prayers;
Unmark'd, unfear'd, on dogs he vents his hate,
And spurns the terrier from his guarded gate.
But now to listless indolence a prey,
Stretch'd on his couch, he sad and darkling lay;
As not unlike in venom and in size,
Close in his hole the hungry spider lies.
"And oh!" he cries, "am I so powerless grown,
That I am fear'd by cooks and scouts alone?
Oh! for some nobler strife, some *senior* foe,
To swell by his defeat the name of Toe!"
He spoke—the powers of mischief heard his cries,
And steep'd in sullen sleep his rheumy eyes.
He slept—but rested not, his guardian sprite
Rose to his view in visions of the night,
And thus, with many a tear and many a sigh,
He heard, or seem'd to hear, the mimic demon cry:—[25]
"Is this a time for distant strife to pray,



When all my power is melting fast away,
Like mists dissolving at the beams of day,
When masters dare their ancient rights resume,
And bold intruders fill the common room,
Whilst thou, poor wretch, forsaken, shunn'd by all,
Must pick thy commons in the empty hall?
Nay more! regardless of thy hours and thee,
They scorn the ancient, frugal hour of three.[26]
Good Heavens! at four their costly treat is spread,
And juniors lord it at the table's head;
See fellows' benches sleeveless striplings bear,[27]
Whilst Smith and Sutton from the canvass stare.[28]
Hear'st thou through all this consecrated ground,
The rattling thong's unwonted clangour sound?
Awake! arise! though many

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a danger lur,
By one bright deed to vindicate thy power.”
He ceased; as loud the fatal whip resounds,
With throbbing heart the eager Doctor bounds.
So when some bear from Russia’s clime convey’d,
Politer grown, has learnt the dancer’s trade,
If weary with his toil perchance, he hears
His master’s lash re-echoing in his ears,
Though loath, he lifts his paws, and bounds in air,
And hops and rages whilst the rabble stare.

CANTO THE SECOND.

You the great foe of this Assembly! I the great foe? Why the great foe? In that being one of the meanest, barest, poorest, —Thou goest foremost.—SHAKSPEARE’S *Coriolanus*.

Forth from his cell the wily warrior hies,
And swift to seize the unwary victim flies.
For sure he deem’d, since now declining day
Had dimn’d the brightness of his visual ray,
He deem’d on helpless under-graduate foes
To purge the bile that in his liver rose.
Fierce schemes of vengeance in his bosom swell,
Jobations dire, and Impositions fell.
And now a cross he’d meditate, and swear[29]
Six ells of Virgil should the crime repair.[30]
Along the grass with heedless haste he trod,[31]
And with unequal footsteps press’d the sod—
That hallow’d sod, that consecrated ground,
By eclogues, fines, and crosses fenced around.
When lo! he sees, yet scarcely can believe,
The destined victim wears a master’s sleeve;
So when those heroes, Britain’s pride and care,
In dark Batavian meadows urge the war;
Oft as they roam’d, in fogs and darkness lost,
They found a Frenchman what they deem’d a post.
The Doctor saw; and, filled with wild amaze,
He fix’d on P——t[32] his quick convulsive gaze.
Thus shrunk the trembling thief, when first he saw,
Hung high in air, the waving Abershaw.[33]
Thus the pale bawd, with agonizing heart,



Shrieks when she hears the beadle's rumbling cart.
"And oh! what noise," he cries, "what sounds unblest,
Presume to break a senior's holy rest?[34]
Full well you know, who thus my anger dare,
To horse-whips what antipathy I bear.
Shall I, in vain, immersed in logic lore,
O'er Saunderson and Allrick try to pore—
I, who the major to the minor join,
And prove conclusively that *seven's* not *nine*?
With expectation big, and hope elate,
The critic world my learned labours wait:
And shall not Strabo then respect command,
And shall not Strabo stay thy insulting hand?
Strabo![35] whose pages, eighteen years and more,
Have been my public shame, my private bore?
Hence, to thy room, audacious wretch! retire,
Nor think thy sleeves shall save thee from mine ire."

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He spoke; such fury sparkled in his face,
The Buttery trembled to its tottering base,
The frightened rats in corners laid them down,
And all but P——t was daunted at his frown;
Firm and intrepid stood the reverend man,
As thrice he stroked his face, and thus began:
“And hopest thou then,” the injured Bernard said,
“To launch thy thunders on a master’s head?
O, wont to deal the trope and dart the fist,
Half-learn’d logician, half-form’d pugilist,
Censor impure, who dar’st, with slanderous aim,
And envy’s dart, assault a H——r’s name.
Senior, self-called, can I forget the day,
When titt’ring under-graduates mock’d thy sway,
And drove thee foaming from the Hall away?
Gods, with what raps the conscious tables rung,
From every form how shrill the cuckoo sung! [36]
Oh! sounds unblest—Oh! notes of deadliest fear—
Harsh to the tutor’s or the lover’s ear,
The hint, perchance, thy warmest hopes may quell,
And cuckoo mingle with the thoughts of *Bel*.” [37]
At that loved name, with fury doubly keen,
Fierce on the Deacon rush’d the raging Dean;
Nor less the dauntless Deacon dare withstand
The brandish’d weight of Toe’s uplifted hand.
[38] The ghost of themes departed, that, of yore,
Disgraced alike, the Doctor praised or tore,
On paper wings flit dimly through the night,
And, hovering low in air, beheld the fight.
Each ill-starr’d verse its filthy den forsakes,
Black from the spit, or reeking from the jakes;
The blot-stain’d troop their shadowy pages spread,
And call for vengeance on the murderer’s head.

CANTO THE THIRD.

digito male pertinaci.—*Hor.*



[39]Shade of Boileau! (who told in deathless lays
A choral pulpit's military praise,)
Thou, too, that dared'st a cloister'd warfare sing,
And dip thy bucket in Castalia's spring!
Forgive, blest bards, if, with unequal fire,
I feebly strike the imitative lyre;
Though strong to celebrate no vulgar fray,
Since P——t and conquest swell the exulting lay.
Not link'd, alas in friendship's sacred band,
With hands fast lock'd the furious parsons stand;
Each grasps the whip with unrelenting might—
The whip, the cause and guerdon of the fight—
But either warrior spends his strength in vain,
And panting draws his lengthen'd breath with pain,
Till now the Dean, with throat extended wide,
And faltering shout, for speedy succour cried
[40]To them who in yon grateful cell repose,
Where Greenland odours feast the stranger's nose—
"Scouts, porters, shoe-blacks, whatsoe'er your trade,
All, all, attend, your master's fist to aid!"

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They heard his voice, and, trembling at the sound,
The half-breech'd legions swarm'd like moths around;
But, ah! the half-breech'd legions, call'd in vain,
Dismay'd and useless, fill'd the cumber'd plain;
And while for servile aid the Doctor calls,
[41]By P——t subverted, prone to earth he sprawls.
[42]E'en then were heard, so Brazenose students sing,
The grass-plot chains in boding notes to ring;
E'en then we mark'd, where, gleaming through the night,
Aerial crosses shed a lurid light.
Those wrestlers, too, whom naked we behold
Through many a summer's night and winter's cold,
Now changed appear'd, his pristine languor fled,
Expiring Abel raised his sinking head,
While with fix'd eyes his murderer seemed to stand,
The bone half dropping from his nerveless hand.
So, when of old, as Latian records tell,
At Pompey's base the laurel'd despot fell,
Reviving freedom mock'd her sinking foe,
And demons shriek'd as Brutus dealt the blow.
His trencher-bonnet tumbling from his crown,
Subdued by Bernard, sunk the Doctor down;
But yet, though breathless on the hostile plain,
The whip he could not seize he snapt in twain—
"Where now, base themester,"—P——t exulting said,
And waved the rattling fragments o'er his head—
"Where now thy threats? Yet learn from me to know
How glorious 'tis to spare a fallen foe.
Uncudgel'd, rise—yet hear my high command—
[43]Hence to thy room! or dread thy conqueror's hand."
[44]His hair all gravel, and all green his clothes,
In doleful dumps the downcast Doctor rose,
Then slunk unpitied from the hated plain,
And inly groaning sought his couch again;
Yet, as he went, he backward cast his view,
And bade his ancient power a last adieu.
So, when some sturdy swain through miry roads
A grunting porker to the market goads,
With twisted neck, splash'd hide, and progress slow,
Oft backward looks the swine, and half disdains to go.



“Ah me! how fallen,” with choaking sobs he said,
And sunk exhausted on his welcome bed;
“Ere yet my shame, wide-circling through the town,
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown,
Oh! be it mine, unknowing and unknown,
[45]With deans deceased, to sleep beneath the stone.”
As tearful thus, and half convulsed with spite,
He lengthen’d out with plaints the livelong night,
At that still hour of night, when dreams are oft’nest true,
A well-known spectre rose before his view,
As in some lake, when hush’d in every breeze,
The bending ape his form reflected sees,[46]
Such and so like the Doctor’s angel shone,
And by his gait the guardian sprite was known,
Benignly bending o’er

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his aching head—

“Sleep, Henry, sleep, my best beloved,” he said,[47]
“Soft dreams of bliss shall soothe thy midnight hour;
Connubial transport and collegiate power.
Fly fast, ye months, till Henry shall receive
The joys a bride and benefice can give.
But first to sanction thy prophetic name,
In yon tall pile a doctor’s honours claim;[48]
E’en now methinks the awe-struck crowd behold
Thy powder’d caxon and thy cane of gold.
E’en now—but hark! the chimney sparrows sing,
St Mary’s chimes their early matins ring—
I go—but thou——through many a festive night
Collegiate bards shall chant thy luckless fight—
Though many a jest shall spread the table round,
And many a bowl to B——r——d’s health be crown’d—
O’er juniors still maintain thy dread command,
Still boast, my son, thy cross-compelling hand.[49]
Adieu!”—His shadowy robes the phantom spread,
And o’er the Doctor drowsy influence shed;
Scared at the sound, far off his terrors flew,
And love and hope once more his curtains drew.

[Footnote 18: In the quadrangle of Brazenose College, there is a statue of Cain destroying Abel with a bone, or some such instrument. It is of lead, and *white-washed*, and no doubt that those who have heard that Cain was struck black, will be surprised to find that in Brazenose he is white as innocence.]

[Footnote 19: All the world has rung with the fame of Roger Bacon, formerly of this college, and of his exploits in astrology, chemistry, and metallurgy, *inter alia* his brazen head, of which alone the nose remains, a precious relic, and (to use the words of the excellent author of the *Oxford Guide*) still conspicuous over the portal, where it erects itself as a symbolical illustration of the Salernian adage “Noscitur a naso.”]

[Footnote 20: Two medallions of Alfred and Erigena ornament the outside of the Hall, so as to overlook the field of battle.]

[Footnote 21: The Porter of the college.]

[Footnote 22: The doctor’s servant or scout.]

[Footnote 23: Two wine-merchants residing in Oxford.]

[Footnote 24: To those gentlemen who, for half an hour together, have sometimes had the honour of waiting in the Doctor's antechamber, "Donec libeat vigilare tyranno," this passage will need no explanation; and of his acts of graceful dignity and unaffected piety at chapel, perhaps the less that is said the better.]

[Footnote 25: It was a Rosicrucian tenet, that the demon was assimilated to the object of his care; and in this we are confirmed by the authority of the Doctor himself, who treated very largely on the subject of demons in his lecture on Plato's Phaedon. The powers of his mind were never more successfully displayed than when he illustrated his positions by the scriptural instance of the two Galilean demoniacs, who abode in the tombs night and day. It was reserved for his ingenuity and learning to discover that those unfortunate Bedlamites were not mortals, but departed spirits.]

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[Footnote 26: The real friend of collegiate discipline, whose feelings our author would blush to offend, will be pleased to recollect that this deviation from the usual dinner hour took place in the long vacation; that it was introduced for the convenience of study, and that the doctor, could he so far have forgotten his dignity as to have joined the four o'clock party, would have found decorous manners, and more than one brother fellow of the company.]

[Footnote 27: Wisely was it ordained by our founders, that, young men being too apt to laugh in their sleeves at the conduct of their superiors, the academical dress of the under-graduates should, as far as possible, obviate that inconvenience. Thus, also, Tully hath it, "Cedant arma togae."]

[Footnote 28: The two founders of Brazenose College.]

[Footnote 29: It is necessary to explain to non-academic readers, that it is customary for the tutor of a college to put an X opposite the name of an offending member in the Buttery Book, as it is called, by which he is interdicted from having bread buttered, a kind of excommunication.]

[Footnote 30: For the meaning of this expression we refer the reader to the most preposterous imposition ever known in the annals of collegiate punishment; the original MS. of which is preserved in the museum of an eminent collector in Kent. In short, as in Cambridge they sell their butter by the yard, so at Brazenose the cloth measure has been applied with singular success to the works of genius; and perhaps the system may be so far improved upon, that a future under-graduate may have to toil through a *furlong* of Strabo, or a *perch* of logic.]

[Footnote 31: This alludes to the hobbling gait of the Doctor, in consequence of the defect in his foot.]

[Footnote 32: The Rev. B——d P——t.]

[Footnote 33: Alluding to a notorious malefactor, executed about this times and hung in chains on Wimbledon Common.]

[Footnote 34: Prophetically spoken, as the Doctor was then only a junior fellow.]

[Footnote 35: The Doctor, finding that Horace prescribed a nine years' delay for play or poem, inferred that more than twice that time was necessary for the learned labours of the editor of Strabo.]

[Footnote 36: For the wonderful answers of the learned cuckoo, at logic lecture, we refer to his (the cuckoo's) equally edified class-fellows.]

[Footnote 37: The reader will perhaps be astonished to find, that the Doctor as supposed to flatter himself with the hope that his attentions were not altogether unacceptable to a young lady of singular elegance and personal accomplishments, here alluded to.]

[Footnote 38: "Obscoenaeque volucres signa dabant."]

[Footnote 39: The poet invokes his heroi-comic predecessors, the author of the *Lutrin*, and Alessandro Tassoni, whose *Secchia Rapita*, or Rape of the Bucket, is well known to the amateurs of Italian poetry.]



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[Footnote 40: No classical stranger could ever pass the porter in his lodge at Brazenose, without being sensibly reminded of a favourite passage in Horace, and exclaiming,

“Quis multa gracilis—puer in rosa,
Perfusus liquidis—odoribus
Grato——sub antro.”

]

[Footnote 41: “Procumbit humi bos.” This is not the first time the Doctor has been overcome by *port*.]

[Footnote 42:

“Hine exaudiri gemitus, et saeva sonare
Verbera, tum stridor ferri tractaeque catenae.”

]

[Footnote 43: With great practical justice and classical elegance, the words of the assailant are retorted upon himself—

“Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo.”

]

[Footnote 44: The *bouleversement* is supposed to have happened on the green adjoining the gravel.]

[Footnote 45: Dead deans, broken bottles, dilapidated lanterns, under-graduated ladders, and other lumber, have generally found their level under the pavement of Brazenose cloisters.]

[Footnote 46: Like Virgil’s nightingale or owl—

“Ferali carmine bubo
Flet noctem.”

]

[Footnote 47: “Post mediam visus noctem cum somnia vera.”]

[Footnote 48: We have heard it whispered, but cannot undertake to vouch for the truth of the rumour, that a considerable wager now depends upon the accomplishment of this prophecy within nine calendar months after the Doctor has obtained a *bona fide* degree.]

[Footnote 49: Alluding to the collegiate punishment before explained.]

* * * * *

CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF CULLODEN.

Take away that star and garter—hide them from my loathing sight,
Neither king nor prince shall tempt me from my lonely room this night;
Fitting for the throneless exile is the atmosphere of pall,
And the gusty winds that shiver 'neath the tapestry on the wall.
When the taper faintly dwindles like the pulse within the vein,
That to gay and merry measure ne'er may hope to bound again,
Let the shadows gather round me while I sit in silence here,
Broken-hearted, as an orphan watching by his father's bier.
Let me hold my still communion far from every earthly sound—
Day of penance—day of passion—ever, as the year comes round.
Fatal day whereon the latest die was cast for me and mine—
Cruel day, that quell'd the fortunes of the hapless Stuart line!
Phantom-like, as in a mirror, rise the griesly scenes of death—
There before me, in its wildness, stretches bare Culloden's heath—
There the broken clans are scatter'd, gaunt as wolves, and famine-eyed—
Hunger gnawing at their vitals—hope abandon'd—all but pride—
Pride—and that supreme devotion which the Southron never knew,

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And the hatred, deeply rankling, 'gainst the Hanoverian crew.
Oh, my God! are these the remnants—these the wrecks of the array,
That around the royal standard gather'd on the glorious day,
When, in deep Glenfinnart's valley, thousands, on their bended knees,
Saw once more that stately banner waving in the northern breeze,
When the noble Tullibardine stood beneath its weltering fold,
With the ruddy lion ramping in the field of treasured gold!
When the mighty heart of Scotland, all too big to slumber more,
Burst in wrath and exultation, like a huge volcano's roar!
There they stand, the batter'd columns, underneath the murky sky,
In the hush of desperation, not to conquer but to die.
Hark! the bagpipe's fitful wailing—not the pibroch loud and shrill,
That, with hope of bloody banquet, lured the ravens from the hill—
But a dirge both low and solemn, fit for ears of dying men,
Marshall'd for their latest battle, never more to fight again.
Madness—madness! Why this shrinking? Were we less inured to war
When our reapers swept the harvest from the field of red Dunbar?
Fetch my horse, and blow the trumpet!—Call the riders of Fitz-James,
Let Lord Lewis bring the muster!—Valiant chiefs of mighty names—
Trusty Keppoch! stout Glengarry! gallant Gordon! wise Lochiel!
Bid the clansmen charge together, fast, and fell, and firm as steel.
Elcho, never look so gloomy! What avails a sadden'd brow?
Heart, man—heart! we need it sorely—never half so much as now.
Had we but a thousand troopers—had we but a thousand more!—
Noble Perth, I hear them coming!—Hark! the English cannons' roar.
God! how awful sounds that volley, bellowing through the mist and rain!
Was not that the Highland slogan? Let me hear that shout again!
Oh, for prophet eyes to witness how the desperate battle goes!
Cumberland! I would not fear thee, could my Camerons see their foe.
Sound, I say, the charge at venture—'tis not naked steel we fear;
Better perish in the melee than be shot like driven deer!
Hold! the mist begins to scatter. There in front 'tis rent asunder,
And the cloudy battery crumbles underneath the deafening thunder;
There I see the scarlet gleaming! Now, Macdonald—now or never!—
Woe is me, the clans are broken! Father, thou art lost for ever!
Chief and vassal, lord and yeoman, there they lie in heaps together,
Smitten by the deadly volley, rolled in blood upon the heather;
And the Hanoverian horsemen, fiercely riding to and fro,
Deal their murderous strokes at random.—
Ah my God! where am I now?

Will that baleful vision never vanish from my aching sight?
Must those scenes and sounds of terror haunt me still by day and night?

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Yea, the earth hath no oblivion for the noblest chance it gave,
None, save in its latest refuge—seek it only in the grave.
Love may die, and hatred slumber, and their memory will decay,
As the water'd garden recks not of the drought of yesterday;
But the dream of power once broken, what shall give repose again?
What shall charm the serpent-furies coil'd around the maddening brain?
What kind draught can nature offer strong enough to lull their sting?
Better to be born a peasant than to live an exiled king!
Oh, these years of bitter anguish!—What is life to such as me,
With my very heart as palsied as a wasted cripple's knee!
Suppliant-like for alms depending on a false and foreign court,
Jostled by the flouting nobles, half their pity, half their sport.
Forced to hold a place in pageant, like a royal prize of war
Walking with dejected features close behind his victor's car,
Styled an equal—deem'd a servant—fed with hopes of future gain—
Worse by far is fancied freedom than the captive's clanking chain!
Could I change this gilded bondage even for the massy tower
Whence King James beheld his lady sitting in the castle bower—
Birds around her sweetly singing, fluttering on the kindled spray,
And the comely garden glowing in the light of rosy May.
Love descended to the window—Love removed the bolt and bar—
Love was warder to the lovers from the dawn to even-star.
Wherefore, Love, didst thou betray me? Where is now the tender glance?
Where the meaning looks once lavish'd by the dark-eyed Maid of France?
Where the words of hope she whisper'd, when around my neck she threw
That same scarf of broider'd tissue, bade me wear it and be true—
Bade me send it as a token when my banner waved once more
On the castled Keep of London, where my fathers' waved before?
And I went and did not conquer—but I brought it back again—
Brought it back from storm and battle—brought it back without stain;
And once more I knelt before her, and I laid it at her feet,
Saying, "Wilt thou own it, Princess? There at least is no defeat!"
Scornfully she look'd upon me with a measured eye and cold—
Scornfully she view'd the token, though her fingers wrought the gold,
And she answer'd, faintly flushing, "Hast thou kept it, then, so long?
Worthy matter for a minstrel to be told in knightly song!
Worthy of a bold Provençal, pacing through the peaceful plain,
Singing of his lady's favour, boasting of her silken chain,
Yet scarce worthy of a warrior sent to wrestle for a crown.
Is this all that thou hast brought me from thy field of high renown?

Is this all the trophy carried from the lands where thou hast been?
It was broider'd by a Princess, can'st thou give it to a Queen?"

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Woman's love is writ in water! Woman's faith is traced in sand!
Backwards—backwards let me wander to the noble northern land;
Let me feel the breezes blowing fresh along the mountain side;
Let me see the purple heather, let me hear the thundering tide,
Be it hoarse as Corrievreckan spouting when the storm is high—
Give me but one hour of Scotland—let me see it ere I die!
Oh, my heart is sick and heavy—southern gales are not for me;
Though the glens are white with winter, place me there, and set me free;
Give me back my trusty comrades—give me back my Highland maid—
Nowhere beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid!
Flora! when thou wert beside me, in the wilds of far Kintail—
When the cavern gave us shelter from the blinding sleet and hail—
When we lurk'd within the thicket, and, beneath the waning moon,
Saw the sentry's bayonet glimmer, heard him chant his listless tune—
When the howling storm o'ertook us drifting down the island's lee,
And our crazy bark was whirling like a nutshell on the sea—
When the nights were dark and dreary, and amidst the fern we lay
Faint and foodless, sore with travel, longing for the streaks of day;
When thou wert an angel to me, watching my exhausted sleep—
Never didst thou hear me murmur—couldst thou see how now I weep!
Bitter tears and sobs of anguish, unavailing though they be.
Oh the brave—the brave and noble—who have died in vain for me!

W.E.A.

* * * * *

EARLY GREEK ROMANCES—THE ETHIOPICS OF HELIODORUS.

“It is not in Provence, (*Provincia Romanorum*,) as is commonly said from the derivation of the name—nor yet in Spain, as many suppose, that we are to look for the fatherland of those amusing compositions called *Romances*, which are so eminently useful in these days as affording a resource and occupation to ladies and gentlemen who have nothing to do. It is in distant and far different climes to our own, and in the remote antiquity of long vanished ages:—it is among the people of the East, the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Syrians, that the germ and origin is to be found of this species of fictitious narrative, for which the peculiar genius and poetical temperament of



those nations particularly adapt them, and in which they delight to a degree scarcely to be credited. For even their ordinary discourse is interspersed with figurative expressions; and their maxims of theology and philosophy, and above all, of morals and political science, are invariably couched under the guise of allegory or parable. I need not stay to enlarge upon the universal veneration paid throughout the East to the fables of Bidpai or Pilpay, and to Lokman, who is (as may easily be shown) the Esop of the Greeks:—and

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it is well known that the story of Isfendiyar, and of the daring deeds of the Persian hero Rustan, in love and war,[50] are to this day more popular in those regions than the tales of Hercules, Roland, or Amadis de Gaul, ever were with us. And so decidedly is Asia the parent of these fictions, that we shall find on examination, that nearly all those who in early times distinguished themselves as writers of what are now called romances, were of oriental birth or extraction. Clearchus, a pupil of Aristotle, and the first who attempted any thing of the sort in the Greek language, was a native of Soli in Cilicia:—Jamblichus was a Syrian, as were also Heliodorus and Lucian, the former being of Emessa, the latter of Samosata:—Achilles Tatius was an Alexandrian; and the rule will be found to hold good in other instances, with scarcely a single exception.”

[Footnote 50: The exploits of these and other paladins of the Kaianian dynasty, the heroic age of Persian history, are now known to us principally through the *Shah-Nameh* of Ferdousi, a poem bearing date only at the beginning of the eleventh century; but both this and its predecessor, the *Bostan-Nameh*, were founded on ballads and [Greek: rhapsodiai] of far distant ages, which had escaped the ravages of time and the Mohammedans, and some of which are even now preserved among the ancient tribes of pure Persian descent, in the S.W. provinces of the kingdom. Sir John Malcolm (*History of Persia*, ii. 444, note, 8vo. ed.) gives an amusing anecdote of the effect produced among his escort by one of these popular chants.]

Such is the doctrine laid down (at somewhat greater length than we have rendered it) by the learned Huetius, in his treatise *De Origine Fabularum Romanensium*; and from the general principle therein propounded, we are certainly by no means inclined to dissent. But while fully admitting that it is to the vivid fancy and picturesque imagination of the Orientals that we owe the origin of all those popular legends which have penetrated, under various changes of costume, into every corner of Europe,[51] as well as those more gorgeous creations which appear, interwoven with the ruder creations of the northern nations, to have furnished the groundwork of the *fabliaux* and *lais* of the chivalry of the middle ages:—we still hold that the invention of the romance of ordinary life, in which the interest of the story depends upon occurrences in some measure within the bounds of probability, and in which the heroes and heroines are neither invested with superhuman qualities, nor extricated from their difficulties by supernatural means, must be ascribed to a more *European* state of society than that which produced those tales of wonder, which are commonly considered as characteristic of the climes of the East. Even the authors enumerated by the learned bishop of Avranches himself, in the passage above quoted, were all denizens of the *Greek* cities of Asia

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Minor, Syria, and Egypt, and consequently, in all probability, Greeks by descent; and though the scene of their works is frequently laid in Asia, the costumes and characters introduced are almost invariably on the Greek model. These writers, therefore, may fairly be considered as constituting a distinct class from those more strictly Oriental, not only in birth, but in language and ideas; and as being, in fact, the legitimate forerunners of that portentous crowd of modern novelists, whose myriad productions seem destined (as the Persians believe of the misshapen progeny of Gog and Magog, confined within the brazen wall of Iskender,) to over-run the world of literature in these latter days.

[Footnote 51: The prototype of the well-known Welsh legend of Beth-Gelert, for instance, is found in the Sanscrit Hitopadosa, as translated by Sir William Jones, with a mere change in the *dramatis personae*—the faithful hound Gelert becoming a tame mungoos or ichneumon, the wolf a cabra-capello, and the young heir of the Welsh prince an infant rajah.]

At the head of this early school of romantic writers, in point of merit as of time, (for the writings of Lucian can scarcely be considered as regular romances; and the “Babylonica” of Jamblichus, and the “Dinias and Dercyllis” of Antonius Diogenes, are known to us only by the abstract of them preserved in Photius,) we may, without hesitation, place Heliodorus, the author of the “Ethiopics,” “whose writings”—says Huetius—“the subsequent novelists of those ages constantly proposed to themselves as a model for imitation; and as truly may they all be said to have drunk of the waters of this fountain, as all the poets did of the Homeric spring.” To so servile an extent, indeed, was this imitation carried, that while both the incidents and characters in the “Clitophon and Leucippe” of Achilles Tatius, a work which, in point of literary merit, stands next to that of Heliodorus, are, in many passages, almost a reproduction, with different names and localities,[52] of those in the “Ethiopics,” the last-named has again had his copyists in the “Hysminias and Hysmine” of Eustathius or Eumathius, and the “Dosicles and Rhodanthe” of Theodorus Prodromus, the latter of whom was a monk of the twelfth century. In these productions of the lower empire, the extravagance of the language, the improbability of the plot, and the wearisome dullness of the details, are worthy of each other; and are only varied occasionally by a little gross indelicacy, from which, indeed, none but Heliodorus is wholly exempt. Yet, “as in the lowest deep there is a lower still,” so even Theodorus Prodromus has found an humble imitator in Nicetas Eugenianus, than whose romance of “Charicles and Drosilla” it must be allowed that the force of nonsense “can no further go.” Besides this descending scale of plagiarism, which we have followed down to its lowest anti-climax, we should mention, for the sake of making our catalogue

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complete, the “Pastorals, or Daphnis and Chloe” of Longus—a work in itself of no particular merits or demerits as a literary composition, but noted for its unparalleled depravity, and further remarkable as the first of the class of pastoral romances, which were almost as rife in Europe during the middle ages as novels of fashionable life are, for the sins of this generation, at the present day. There only remain to be enumerated the three precious farragos entitled “The Ephesiacs, or Habrocomas and Anthia”—“the Babylonics”—and “the Cypriacs”—said to be from the pen of three different Xenophons, of whose history nothing, not even the age in which any of them lived, can be satisfactorily made out—though the uniformity of stupid extravagance, not less than the similarity of name, would lead *a priori* to the conclusion that one luckless wight must have been the author of all three. From this list of the Byzantine romances, (in which we are not sure that one or two may not after all have been omitted,) it will be seen that Heliodorus had a tolerably numerous progeny, even in his own language, to answer for; though we fear we must concur in the sweeping censure of a Quarterly Reviewer, (vol. x. p. 301,) who condemns then *en masse*, with the single exception of the “Ethiopics” of the last-named author, as “a few tiresome stories, absolutely void of taste, invention, or interest; without influence even upon the declining literature of their own age, and in all probability quite unknown to the real forerunners of Richardson, Fielding, and Rousseau.”

[Footnote 52: The principal adventures of Clitophon and Leucippe consist in being twice taken by pirates on the banks of the Nile, as Theagenes and Chariclea are in the Ethiopics.]

A work thus excepted, by common consent, from the general reprobation is which all its compeers are involved, must deserve some notice from its negative, if not from its positive merits; and the particulars which have been preserved of its literary history are also somewhat curious. Even in these days, when almost every other individual is a novelist, either *in esse* or in embryo, the announcement of a love-story from the pen of a bishop would create what is called “a considerable sensation”—though perhaps it would hardly draw down on the author such condign and summary punishment as was inflicted by the straitlaced Kirk of Scotland, less than a century ago, on one of her ministers, for the high crime and misdemeanour of having indited “a stage play, called the *Tragedy of Douglas*.”[53] Yet not only the “Ethiopics,” but the best known of its successors, the “Clitophon and Leucippe” of Achilles Tatius, are both universally asserted to have been juvenile productions of ecclesiastics who afterwards attained the episcopal dignity: and the former, if we may credit the Ecclesiastical History of Nicephorus, fared not much better at the hands of the Provincial Synod of Thessaly than did

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the “Tragedy of Douglas” at those of the Scottish Presbyteries. Hear what saith the historian: “This Heliodorus, bishop of Trica, had in his youth written certain love-stories called the “Ethiopics,” which are highly popular even at the present day, though they are now better known by the title of ‘Chariclea’”—(the name of the heroine)—“and it was by reason thereof that he lost his see. For, inasmuch as very many of the youth were drawn into peril of sin by the perusal of these amorous tales, it was determined by the provincial synod that either these books, which kindled the fire of love, should themselves be consumed by fire, or that the author should be deposed from his episcopal functions—and this choice being propounded to him, he preferred resigning his bishopric to suppressing his writings.”—(*Niceph. Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. xii. c. 34.*)[54] Heliodorus, according to the same authority, was the first Thessalian bishop who had insisted on the married clergy putting away their wives, which may probably have tended to make him unpopular: but the story of his deposition, it should be observed, rests solely on the statement of Nicephorus, and is discredited by Bayle and Huet, who argue that the silence of Socrates (*Ecclesiast. Hist. v. chap. 22.*) in the passage where he expressly assigns the authorship of the “Ethiopics” to *the Bishop* Heliodorus, more than counterbalances the unsupported assertion of Nicephorus—“an author,” says Huet, “of more credulity than judgment.” If Heliodorus were, indeed, as has been generally supposed, the same to whom several of the Epistles of St Jerome were addressed, this circumstance would supply an additional argument against the probability of his having incurred the censures of the church: but whatever the testimony of Nicephorus may be worth on this point, his mention of the work affords undeniable proof of its long continued popularity, as his Ecclesiastical History was written about A.D. 900, and Heliodorus lived under the reign of the sons of Theodosius, or fully five hundred years earlier. Enough, however, has been said of him in his capacity of a bishop—and we shall proceed to consider him in that of an author, by which he is far better known than by episcopacy.

[Footnote 53: Home was expelled the ministry for this heinous offence, which raised a fearful turmoil at the time among Synods and Presbyteries. The Glasgow Presbytery published a declaration (Feb. 14, 1757) on the “melancholy but notorious fact, that one, who is a minister of the Church of Scotland, did himself write and compose a stage play intitled the Tragedy of Douglas;” and to this declaration various other presbyteries published their adhesion.]

[Footnote 54: This sentence might, with more justice, have been visited upon the work of the other bishop, Achilles Tatius, for his not infrequent transgressions against delicacy, a fault never chargeable on Heliodorus.]

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The time of the story is laid in the middle ages of Grecian history, after the conclusion of the wars between Greece and Persia, and while Egypt was still governed by the satraps of the great king; and the first scene at once plunges the reader, in accordance with the Horatian precept, *in medias res*. A band of marauders, prowling on the coast of Egypt, are surprised by the sight of a ship moored to the shore without any one on board, while the beach around is strewn with the fragments of a costly banquet, and with a number of dead bodies of men, slain apparently in mutual conflict; the only survivors being a damsel of surpassing beauty, arrayed as a priestess of Diana, who is wailing over the inanimate form of a wounded youth. Before they have time however, either to unravel the mystery, or to avail themselves of the booty, thus unexpectedly spread before them, they are in turn put to flight by a more numerous party of robbers, or rather buccaneers, (*bucoli* or *herdsmen*,) who carry off the forlorn couple to their retreat, in the inner-most recesses of a vast lake or morass, near the Heracleotic mouth of the Nile.[55] The description of this robber-colony appears to have been drawn from an existing or well-remembered state of things, and bears considerable resemblance, except in the presence of women and children, to a *setsha*, or stronghold, of the Zaporog Cossacks in the islets of the Dniepr.

[Footnote 55: This is usually called the *Canopia* mouth; but Herodotus (who says that it was dug by artificial means) calls it the *Bucolic*, perhaps from the haunts above described in its neighbourhood.]

“This whole region is called by the Egyptians the *Bucolia*, or ‘pasturages,’ and is a tract of low land, which has been converted by the inundations of the Nile into a lake, of great depth in the middle, and gradually shoaling towards the margins into a marsh. Among this labyrinth of lakes and morasses, all the robber-community of Egypt hold their commonwealth; some building huts wherever there is enough of dry land for the purpose, and others living wholly on board their boats, which serve them for a home, as well as to transport them from place to place. In these narrow craft their children are born and brought up, tied by a cord round their foot, in their infancy, to keep them from falling overboard, and tasting for their first food, after being weaned, the fish of the lake dried in the sun. Thus, many of these *buccaneers* are natives of the lake itself, which they regard as their country and their fortress; and they also receive among them many recruits of the same sort as themselves. The waters serve them for a defence, and they are further fortified by the vast quantity of reeds overgrowing the borders of the lake, through which they have contrived certain narrow winding paths known only to themselves, to guard them against sudden incursions from without.”

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The chief, Thyamis, is forthwith desperately smitten by the charms of Chariclea, and announces, in a set speech to his followers, when assembled for the division of the booty, his intention of taking her to wife. The heroine, as usual with heroines in such trying circumstances, feigns compliance, stipulating only for the delay of the ceremony till she could deposit her sacred ornaments in a temple; a request which Thyamis—who, by the way, is no vulgar depredator, but an Egyptian of rank, who has been deprived of an hereditary^[56] priesthood, and driven into hiding, by the baseness of a younger brother—is too well bred to refuse. The beautiful captive is accordingly, (with Theagenes, whom she calls her brother,) given in charge, for the time, to an Athenian prisoner named Cnemon, who had been driven into exile by the vindictive artifices of his step-mother and her confidante, and the recital of whose adventures (apparently borrowed from those of Hippolitus) occupies a considerable space at this juncture, without much advancing the story. On the following day, however, the settlement is attacked by an irresistible force, guided by the gang who had been driven from their prey on the beach. Thyamis, after performing prodigies of valour, is taken prisoner; and Theagenes and Chariclea, with Cnemon, escaping in the confusion, find themselves alone in an island of the lake. Cnemon, as being best acquainted with the language and the surrounding country, is sent the next day to the main land, to make discoveries, accompanied by Thermuthis, the buccanier lieutenant, who had returned when the fray was over, in hopes of recovering a fair captive of his own. The object of his search, however, who proves to be no other than Thisbe, the treacherous soubrette through whom Cnemon's misfortunes had arisen, had been slain by accident in the conflict; and Thermuthis, whose suspicions had been awakened by the joy expressed by Cnemon, is meditating the murder of his fellow-traveller, when he opportunely perishes by the bite of an asp. Cnemon, continuing on his way,^[57] reaches the margin of the Nile opposite the town of Chemmis, and there encounters a venerable personage, who, wrapt in deep thought, is pensively pacing the banks of the river. This old Egyptian priest, (for such he proves to be,) Calasiris by name, not only takes the abrupt intrusion of Cnemon in perfect good part, but carries his complaisance so far as to invite him to the house of a friend of whom he is himself a guest, and the honours of whose mansion he is doing in the temporary absence of the owner. This obliging offer is, of course, accepted with great alacrity; and, in the course of after-dinner conversation, the incidental mention by Calasiris of the names of Theagenes and Chariclea, and the consequent enquiries of Cnemon, who recognises them as those of his late fellow captives, lead to a long episodal narration from the old gentleman, during which Cnemon, in return for the hospitality and confidence thus unexpectedly shown him, displays most enviable powers as a listener, and which, in a great measure, unfolds the plot to the reader.

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[Footnote 56: The hereditary succession of the Egyptian priesthood is stated both by Herodotus and Diodorus; but Sir J.G. Wilkinson (*Manners of the Ancient Egyptians*, i. 262,) believe that, “though a priest was son of a priest, the peculiar office held by a son may sometimes have been different in point of rank from that of his father.”]

[Footnote 57: Before setting out on this expedition, he “reduces his hair to a more moderate quantity than that usually worn by robbers.” Thus, the Italian bravo of the middle ages, when they repented their evil ways, were wont to “shave the tuft,” which was thrown over the face as a disguise; hence the phrase, *radere il ciuffo*, still used as synonymous with becoming an honest man. See Manzoni’s well-known romance of “*I Promessi Sposi*.”]

It appears that Persina, consort of Hydaspes, King of Ethiopia, had given birth, in consequence of one of those accidents which will sometimes happen in the best regulated families, to a *white* or fair-complexioned daughter;[58] and dreading lest the hue of her offspring, unusual in that country, might draw on herself suspicions which might expose her to certain pains and penalties, she secretly committed the infant to the care of Sisimithres, an officer of the court, placing at the same time in his hands, as tokens by which she might afterwards be recognised, various costly ornaments, especially a ring which had been given her by the king at their nuptials, bearing “the royal symbol engraven within a circle on the talismanic stone *Pantarbe*,” and a fillet on which was embroidered, in the Ethiopic character,[59] the story of the child’s birth. Under the guardianship of Sisimithres, she remained seven years; till, fearing for her safety if she continued in Ethiopia, he took the opportunity of his being sent to Thebes as ambassador from Hydaspes to the Satrap of Egypt, to transfer his charge, with the tokens attached to her, to a priest of the Delphian Apollo, named Charicles, who was travelling in search of consolation for domestic afflictions. Before Sisimithres, however, had time to explain the previous history of the foundling, he was compelled to leave Egypt in haste; and Charicles, carrying her with him on his return to his Grecian home, adopted her as his daughter, and gave her the name of Chariclea. She grew up at Delphi a miracle of grace and beauty, dedicating herself to the service of the temple, and obedient to the will of her supposed father in all points, except one, her determination to lead a single life. At this juncture, Calasiris (who, as it now incidentally transpires, is father of Thyamis and his rival-brother Petosiris) arrives at Delphi during the celebration of the Pythian games, having found it expedient to absent himself from Egypt for a time, for various family reasons, and more especially on account of the prediction of an oracle, that he should live to see his two sons engaged with each other in mortal conflict. A favourable response,

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vouchsafed to him by the Pythia from the tripod, at his entrance into the fane of Apollo, having pointed him out as a personage of consideration, he is treated with high distinction by Charicles, who confides to him the history of Chariclea, as far as he is himself acquainted with it, and entreats him to dispose her, by those occult sciences in which the Egyptian priests were supposed to be versed, to listen to the suit of his nephew Alcamenes, whom he had destined for her husband. Calasiris promises compliance; but the scene is now changed by the arrival of a magnificent deputation from the AEnianes, a noble tribe of Thessaly, headed by a princely youth named Theagenes, who, as a reputed descendant of Achilles, has come to sacrifice at the shrine of his ancestor Neoptolemus. The pomp and pageantry of the ceremonial is described in vivid language, and with considerable effect; and as a specimen of our author's manner, we shall quote the procession of the Thessalians to the temple. "In the van came the oxen destined for sacrifice, led by men of rustic guise and rude demeanour, each clad in a white tunic closely girt about him, with the right arm bare to the shoulder, and brandishing a double-headed axe. The oxen were all black without mixture, with massive necks low-hung dewlaps, and straight and even horns, which in some were gilt, in the others twined with garlands; and their number was neither more nor less than a hundred—a true hecatomb. Next followed the rest of the victims, each kind of animal kept separate and in order, and all marshalled to the sound of flutes and other wind instruments. Then appeared, in rich and flowing robes, and with their long locks floating loose on their shoulders, a band of the deep-zoned virgins of Thessaly, divided into two separate sets or choruses, the first of which bore baskets of flowers and ripe fruit, while those in the second carried salvers of sweetmeats and rich perfumes, which filled the air with the mingled fragrance breathing from them; but these light burdens were supported on their heads, thus leaving their hands free to be joined in the movements of the dance, to the slow and stately measure of which they advanced; while one chorus led the hymn, the strains of which were taken up by the other, in praise of Peleus and Thetis, their hero-son, and Neoptolemus and the other heroes of his race. The alternate rhythm of the chant keeping time with the fall of their footsteps, riveted the attention of the spectators, who seemed spell-bound by the sweet voices of the maidens, till the cavalcade which succeeded, flashing out from the crowd beyond, with their princely leader at their head, once more attracted all eyes to themselves. The troop consisted of fifty horsemen, who rode like guards in double file, twenty-five on each side of the chief, arrayed all alike in white cloaks with borders of azure embroidery, clasped across the breast with golden buckles, and with buskins laced above the ankle with scarlet thongs. Their

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steeds were all of that generous breed which the rich plains of Thessaly alone produce, and pawed the ground as if impatient of the bit by which their ardour was restrained by their riders; and the silver and gold which glittered on their frontlets and caparisons, showed the rivalry prevailing among these cavaliers in the splendour of the equipments, rather of their coursers than themselves. But it was on him who rode in the midst of this gallant party, eclipsing all his comrades as the glare of lightning seems to obscure all lesser luminaries, that the eyes of the gazing crowd were now fixed. He was completely armed at all points, except his head, and grasped in his hand an ashen lance; while a scarlet cloak, on which was depicted, in figures of gold tissue, the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithae, flowed loose over his panoply, and was fastened in front with a clasp, representing Pallas sculptured in amber, and holding before her the Gorgon's head on her shield. The breeze, which blew back his locks from his forehead, gave his features more fully to view; and even the horse which bore him seemed to move with a statelier gait, arching his neck and proudly caracoling, as if conscious of the noble presence of his master; while the admiration of the surrounding multitude burst out into a spontaneous shout of applause, and some of the women of the lower class even threw fruit and flowers towards him, in the hope, I suppose, of drawing on themselves a glance of acknowledgement from his eye."

[Footnote 58: The incidents of the birth of Chariclea have been copied by Tasso in the story of Clorinda, as related to her by Arsete, in the 12th canto of "Gierusalemme Liberata." In the "Shah-Nameh," also, Zal, the father of the Persian hero Rustan, being born *with white hair*, is exposed by his father Sam on the mountain of Elborz, where he is preserved and brought up by the giant-bird Simorgh.]

[Footnote 59: "In the *royal* character"—"[Greek: grammasin Aithiopikois oy demotikois, alla basilikois]." This distinction between the royal and popular system of hieroglyphics, as well as the etiquette, before mentioned, of inscribing the title of the king within a circle or oval, is borrowed, as need hardly be mentioned, from the monuments of Egypt.]

The cavalier thus eulogized by Calasiris is of course Theagenes, who, after thrice encompassing in due form the tomb of Neoptolemus, at length reaches the Temple of Apollo; but, during the performance of the ceremonial, it falls to his lot to receive the torch with which the altar is to be kindled from the hand of Chariclea, and love at first sight, mutual and instantaneous, is the result. The aid of Calasiris is again invoked by both the lovers; and the good old gentleman, whose knowledge of the Ethiopian hieroglyphics, by enabling him to decipher the mysterious inscription on the fillet, has put him in possession of the true parentage of Chariclea, (which he does not, however,

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communicate to Charicles,) at once resolves to contrive their elopement, being further stimulated thereto by Apollo in a dream—the agency of dreams, it should be remarked, being introduced on almost every possible occasion throughout the narrative, and their dictates in all cases religiously acted upon by the parties interested. A passage is procured on board a Phoenician ship opportunely lying in the Crissaeian Gulf, the nearest point of the coast to Delphi; and the abduction of Chariclea having been effected by apparent violence by the companions of Theagenes, the trio set sail for Sicily, the fugitives passing as the children of Calasiris. The voyage is at first prosperous; but the ship happening to touch at Zacynthus, the beauty of Chariclea attracts the eye of a noted pirate named Trachinus, who, when the vessel resumes her course, pursues and captures her after a long chase, and turning the crew adrift in the boat,[60] and carries his prize, with his three captives, to the coast of Egypt, where he prepares a feast on the beach, from the materials furnished by the rich cargo of the Phoenician ship, in honour of his intended nuptials. Calasiris, however, whose genius seems ever fertile in expedients, has contrived to possess the mind of Pelorus, the pirate lieutenant, with the belief that he is the object of the fair captive's preference; and his assertion at the banquet of his claims gives rise to a furious conflict among the intoxicated pirates, ending in the slaughter of the whole party except Pelorus himself, who in turn falls by the sword of Theagenes. Calasiris, who had prudently retired to a safe distance till the fighting was over, is now on the point of coming forward to aid Chariclea in the care of her wounded lover, when he is anticipated by the arrival of the robbers, by whom, as related at the commencement of the story, he sees his proteges carried off.

[Footnote 60: The capture of the vessel has furnished the subject of a painting by Raffaello and Giulio Romano.]

Before this recital, however, had been brought to a close, Nausicles,[61] the master of the house, returns, and the cause of his absence is explained. An Athenian mistress whom he had brought from Greece had fallen into the hands of the freebooters; and Nausicles, having procured the aid of a body of Persian troops from the governor of the district, had proceeded against the buccanier settlement in order to recover her. On reaching the island, however, they find only Theagenes and Chariclea, Cnemon and Thermuthis having just started on their voyage of discovery; and Nausicles, disappointed of finding her whom he sought, (and who was no other than the faithless Thisbe, slain, as above related, in the battle,) conceived the idea of claiming Chariclea in her place by way of indemnity; while Theagenes was sent off to Memphis by the Persian officer, who deemed that his beauty and noble bearing would make him an acceptable addition to the household[62] of

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the Satrap Oroondates. The lovers are thus again separated, and Chariclea is in despair; but, on arriving at the house of Nausicles, she is of course immediately recognised and reclaimed by Calasiris. Cnemon, who seems to have as extraordinary a genius for sudden friendships as the two heroines in the "Rovers," marries the fair daughter of Nausicles after a few hours' courtship, and at once sets sail with his father-in-law for Greece, having ascertained from him that the detection of his enemies had now made his return safe:—And Calasiris and Chariclea, disguised as beggars, set out in search of the lost Theagenes. That luckless hero had, meanwhile, been re-captured on his road to Memphis, by his, old friend Thyamis, who, having escaped (it does not exactly appear how) from the emissaries of his treacherous brother, with whom the attack on the island proves to have originated, is now at the head of another and more powerful body of the buccanier fraternity, in the district of Bessa. He receives Theagenes with great cordiality, and, having beaten off an attack from the Persian troops, takes the bold resolution of leading his lawless followers against Memphis itself, in order to reclaim his right to the priesthood, while Oroondates is engaged on the southern frontier in withstanding an invasion of the Ethiopians. Arsace, the wife of the satrap, who is acting as vice-regent for her husband, unprovided with troops to repel this sudden incursion, proposes that the two brothers shall settle the ecclesiastical succession by single combat; and a duel accordingly takes place under the walls of Memphis, in which Petosiris is getting considerably the worst of it, when the combat is interrupted by the arrival of Chariclea and Calasiris, who thus witnesses the spectacle foretold by the oracle—(the dread of seeing which had driven him into voluntary exile)—his two sons aiming at each other's life. The situation is a well-conceived one, and described with spirit. Calasiris is recognised by his penitent sons, and himself resumes the priesthood, the contested vacancy in which had been occasioned only by his absence and supposed death. The lovers are received as his guests in the temple of Isis, and all seems on the point of ending happily, when Calasiris, as if the object of his existence had been accomplished in the fulfilment of the oracle, is found the same night dead in his bed.

[Footnote 61: He is called "A merchant of Naucratis," though resident in Chemmis. But Naucratis, as we find from Herodotus, (ii. 179,) "was of old the only free port of Egypt; and, if any trader came to one of the other mouths of the Nile, he was put upon oath that his coming was involuntary, and was then made to sail to the Canopic mouth. But, if contrary winds prevented him from doing this, he was obliged to send his cargo in barges round the Delta to Naucratis, so strict was the regulation." Amasis was the first king who had permitted the trade of the Greeks at this port, [ib. 178,] and the restriction appears to have been continued under the Persian rule.]

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[Footnote 62: The establishment of household slaves or *Mamlukes* seems to have been nearly on the same footing with the ancient as with the modern Persians.]

The loss of their old protector soon involves them in a fresh maze of troubles. Thyamis, indeed, whose elevation to the high priesthood seems to have driven his former love for Chariclea out of his head, still continues their friend; but Arsace, the haughty consort of the satrap, who is represented as a princess of the royal blood of Persia, and a prototype of Catharine of Russia in her amours, has already cast her eyes on Theagenes, whose personal attractions seem on all occasions to have been as irresistible by the ladies as those of the fair partner of his wanderings by the other sex. [63] Under pretence of removing them from the temple during the period of mourning for Calasiris, they are lodged in the palace of the satrapess, where the constancy of the hero is exposed to a variety of perilous temptations, but comes forth, of course, unscathed from the ordeal. The love of ladies thus rejected has been prone, in all ages and countries, particularly in Egypt since the days of Yusuf and Zuleikha,[64] to turn into hatred; and Arsace is no exception to this long-established usage. Theagenes is accordingly thrown into a dungeon, and regularly bastinadoed under the superintendence of a eunuch, in order to instill into him proper notions of gallantry; while an attempt on the life of Chariclea, whom Arsace has discovered not to be his sister, fails through the mistake of an attendant, who delivers the poisoned goblet intended for her to Cybele, the princess's nurse and confidante, and the contriver of the plot. Chariclea, however, is condemned on this pretext to be burned alive as a poisoner; but the flames recoil before the magical influence of the gem *Pantarbe*, which she wears in her mother's ring; and before Arsace has time to devise any fresh scheme for her destruction, the confidential eunuch of Oroondates, to whom the misdeeds of his spouse had become known, arrives from the camp of Syene with orders to bring the two captives to the presence of the satrap. Arsace commits suicide in despair; but the escort of the lovers, while travelling along the banks of the Nile, is surprised by a roving party of Ethiopians; and they are carried to the camp of Hydaspes, by whom they are destined, according to Ethiopian usage, to be hereafter sacrificed to the sun and moon—the national deities of the country, as first-fruits of the war. A long account is now introduced of the siege and capture of Syene by the Ethiopians, and the victory of Hydaspes over Oroondates, which occupies the whole of the ninth book; and though in itself not ill told, is misplaced, as interrupting the narrative at the most critical point of the story. Peace is at last concluded between the belligerents; and Hydaspes, returning in triumph to his capital of Meroe, holds a grand national festival of thanksgiving,

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at which the victims are to be sacrificed. The secret of her birth had, however, been revealed to Chariclea by Calasiris before the elopement from Delphi, and when on the point of being led to the altar, she suddenly throws herself at the feet of the Queen Persina, and, producing the well-remembered token of the fillet and the ring, claims the protection of her parents. The recognition of the mother is instantaneous, but Hydaspes, who had always believed that the child to which his queen gave birth had died in early infancy, remains incredulous, till his doubts are removed by the evidence of Sisimithres, who identifies Chariclea as the child which he had confided, ten years before, to the care of Charicles. At this juncture Charicles himself appears, having come to Egypt to reclaim his lost child from Calasiris, and thence having been sent on by Oroondates to the court of Ethiopia:—and the denouement, as far as the heroine is concerned, is now complete. Theagenes, however, still remains doomed, and Hydaspes seems unwilling to relinquish his victim; but, after an interval of suspense, during which he incidentally performs various exploits rather unusual in a man in momentary expectation of death,[65] he is spared, at the vehement intercession of Persina, to whom Chariclea has revealed her love for the young Thessalian. The voice of the people, raised in acclamation at this deed of clemency, is ratified by the approbation of Sisimithres and the Gymnosophists, and all difficulties are now at an end. The betrothal of Theagenes and Chariclea is publicly announced; and, at the termination of the festival, they return in state into the city, with Hydaspes and Persina, as the acknowledged heirs of the kingdom.

[Footnote 63: In all the Greek romances, it seems almost inevitable that all the male characters should fall in love with the heroine, and all the females with the hero; and, this is, in some of them, carried to a ludicrous degree of absurdity.]

[Footnote 64: The name of Potiphar's wife, according to the 12th chapter of the Koran. The story of Yusuf and Zuleikha forms the subject of one of the most beautiful poems in the Persian language, by Jami.]

[Footnote 65: One of these consists in pursuing a wild bull on horseback, and throwing himself from the horse on the neck of the bull, which he seizes by the horns, and then, by main force wrenching his neck round, hurls him powerless to the ground on his back! Such an achievement appears almost incredible; but it is represented, in all its particulars, in one of the Arundel marbles, (Marmor. Oxon. Selden, xxxviii,) under the name of [Greek: Tayrokathapsia], and is mentioned as a national sport of Thessaly, the native country of Theagenes, both by Pliny (Hist. Nat. viii. 45), and by Suetonius (Claud. cap. 21)—“He exhibited,” (says the latter writer,) “Thessalian horsemen who drive wild bulls round and round the circus, and leaping on them when they are weary, bring them to the ground by the horns.”]

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Such is the general outline of the story, which, as will have been perceived, is far from deficient either in incident or in strikingly imagined situations; but the merit of the conceptions is too often marred by the mismanagement of the details, and the unskilful arrangement of the different parts of the narrative. Thus all the circumstances of the early history of Chariclea, and the rise of the mutual affection between her and Theagenes, and of their adventurous flight, are made known through a long episode awkwardly put into the mouth of a third person, who himself knows great part of them only at second-hand, and voluntarily related by him to one with whom his acquaintance is scarcely of an hour's standing. This mode of narration, in which one of the characters is introduced (like the prologue in an old play) to recount the previous adventures of the others, is in itself at all times defective; since it injures the effect of the relation by depriving it of those accessory touches which the author, from his conventionally admitted insight into the feelings and motives of his characters, is privileged to supply: whereas a speaker in the first person must necessarily confine himself, unless when narrating his own adventures, to the points which have fallen under his personal observation. In the present instance it is, moreover, needless, as the whole episode might as well have been told in the ordinary manner. The endless captures and recaptures of the lovers, who are continually bandied about from one set of pirates, robbers, or plundering soldiers to another, become, at length, wearisome from repetition; and the dramatic force of the conclusion, which would otherwise be highly effective, is weakened by the knowledge which the reader possesses, that Chariclea is all along aware of the secret of her own parentage, and that she has only to produce the fillet and ring in order to ensure her deliverance from the dreadful doom which appears to threaten her. The improbability of some of the incidents, and the awkward manner in which others are brought about, have been much objected to by modern critics, and it must be admitted that some better way might be found to dispose of personages whose agency was no longer needed, than to cut them off by sudden death, like Calasiris, or by the bite of a venomous serpent, like Thermuthis. But the mechanical art (as it may almost be called) of constructing a story was then in its infancy; and the violations of probability which have been laid to the charge of Heliodorus, are, after all, much less flagrant than those of Achilles Tatius, and infinitely less so than those of any of the other Greek writers of romance; nor would many of our modern novelists, perhaps, gain much by the comparison.

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The characters are of very different degrees of merit. Theagenes is as insipid and uninteresting as one of Walter Scott's well-behaved heroes; and his entreaties to Chariclea, in the final scene, no longer to delay making herself known to her parents, betray a most laudable instinct of self-preservation. The deeds of strength and valour which he is occasionally made to perform, seem rather to arise from the author's remembering that his hero must do something to support the character, than to result naturally from the situations in which he is placed, and his love of decorum is carried, on all occasions, to an absurd extent of prudery. "Le heros de la piece est d'une sagesse qui a donne lieu a des railleries assez plaisantes," says Bayle; though the instance usually cited—a box on the ear, which he gives Chariclea, when she approaches him in her beggar's dress, under the walls of Memphis, and attempts to throw herself into his arms, is scarcely a fair one, as he does not at the time recognize his beloved under her unbecoming disguise. The character of Chariclea herself, however, makes ample amends for the defects of that of her lover; and this superiority of the heroine, it may be observed, is almost invariable in the early Greek romances. The masculine firmness and presence of mind which she evinces in situations of peril and difficulty, combined at all times with feminine delicacy, and the warmth and confiding simplicity of her love for Theagenes, attach to her a degree of interest which belongs to none of the other personages; and her spontaneous burst of grateful affection, on recognizing, at Meroe, the voice of her foster-father, Charicles, is expressed with exquisite tenderness. Of the subordinate characters little need be said. Charicles is a mere impersonation of benevolence and parental love; and Cnemon seems to have been introduced for little else than to tell his own long story, and listen to that of Calasiris in return. The old Egyptian priest, however, is a sketch of considerable merit. Like Scott's Peregrine Touchwood, though abundantly zealous at all times to serve his friends, he cannot find it in his heart to take any but the most round-about way of doing so; but he is never disconcerted by any of the untoward results of his schemes, and relates to Cnemon, with the most perfect self-complacency, the deceit which he had practiced on his confiding host, Charicles, in helping Theagenes to steal away his adopted daughter, and the various scrapes into which his proteges had fallen under his guidance. He has, moreover, pet theories of his own on the phenomena of the Nile, the cause of the roughness of the Ionian Sea, and various other matters, in which he indoctrinates Cnemon *par parenthese*: he is an enthusiastic admirer and constant quoter of Homer, whose Egyptian birth (at Thebes the hundred-gated) he maintains with all the zeal of a Highlander defending the authenticity of Ossian; and, on the whole, we cannot but think the author has scarcely used him well, in not allowing him to live to see his efforts crowned with success, and to enjoy the honours which would doubtless have been heaped upon him at the court of Ethiopia.

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The author appears to take especial delight in accounts of costumes, processions, sacrifices, &c.; the details given of which are often valuable in an antiquarian point of view; and his information upon these subjects, as well as of the manners of the country in which the scene is laid, as far as our knowledge of the present day will enable us to decide, is extremely correct. One of the most curious morceaux of this sort, is a minute description of the complete armour for horse and man, worn by the elite of the cavalry in the army of Oroondates; and which, though probably taken from that used by the troops of the Sassanian monarchs cotemporary with Heliodorus, is equally applicable to the period at which the scene is laid; since numerous passages in ancient authors show, that from the earliest time up to the Mohammedan conquest, the Persian nobles and heavy cavalry used panoply as impenetrable as the European chivalry of the middle ages. Among the other scattered traits of manners, it will be remarked as singular, according to the ideas of the present day, that open piracy and robbery are neither spoken of as disreputable, nor as attaching any slur to those who exercised them; insomuch, that the notoriety of Thyamis, having been a chief of freebooters, is not regarded as any obstacle to his assumption of the high-priesthood. But this, it will be found, was strictly in accordance with the manners of the ancient Greeks, among whom piracy was so far from being looked upon in any other light than that of an honourable profession, that Nestor himself, in the third book of the *Odyssey*, asks his guests, Telemachus and Mentor, as an ordinary question, whether business or piracy was the object of their voyage. But the *Bucoli* (herdsmen or buccaniers,) over whom Thyamis held command, should probably, notwithstanding their practice of rapine, be regarded not so much as robbers as in the light of outlaws, who had taken refuge in these impenetrable marshes from the yoke of the Persians; and their constant conflicts with the Persian troops, as well as the march of Thyamis upon Memphis, confirm the opinion that this was the intention of the author. That these vast marshes of the Delta were in fact, throughout the period of Persian rule in Egypt, the strongholds of Egyptian independence, admits of abundant demonstration from the Greek historians:—it was here, in the mysterious island of Elbo, that Amyrtaeus, (called by Thucydides “the king of the marshes,”) held out after the reconquest of Egypt by Megabysus, B.C. 454, “for they could not take him on account of the great extent of the marsh; besides which, the marshmen are the most warlike of all the Egyptians.”[66] This view of the subject has, at least, the advantage of placing Thyamis in a more respectable light than that of a mere marauder; though his mode of life under either supposition, would be considered, according to modern notions, as a strange training for the sacerdotal office.

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[Footnote 66: Thuc. i. cap. 110. The island of Elbo, according to Herodotus, who gives a curious account of the Egyptian marshes and their inhabitants, had been constructed of *cinders*, in long past times, by a king who lay concealed for fifty years from the Ethiopians; but no man knew its situation, till it was again brought to light, after having been lost for five hundred years, by Amyrtaeus.]

Few if any works of fiction have enjoyed so long and widely diffused a celebrity, as the Ethiopics. Whatever credit may be attached to the story preserved by Nicephorus, of the deposition of Heliodorus from his see, it at least affords evidence of the high popularity of the work, even during the lifetime of the author; and we have the personal testimony of Nicephorus himself, that in his own time, five centuries later, it was still regarded with undiminished favour. Down to the fall of the Greek empire, its style and incidents continued to furnish a model to all the wretched scribblers who attempted the composition of romances—nor was its fame confined within the limits of the language in which it was written. It found a place in the famous library of Matthias Corvinus at Buda; and the dispersion of that celebrated collection on the capture of the city by the Ottomans after the battle of Mohacz, in 1526, first made it known to western Europe: the first edition by Obsopoeus,[67] (printed at Basle in 1534,) having been taken in MS. which fell into the possession of a soldier on this occasion. Among the literati of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its popularity seems almost to have equalled that which it had enjoyed in its native country. Tasso, as has already been noticed, borrowed from it the episode of Clorinda—and Racine (one of whose early productions was also founded upon it) was, in his younger days, so enthusiastic an admirer of it, that when the volume was taken from him by his tutor at Port-Royal, he replied that it mattered little, as he knew the whole by heart! The numerous translations, however, which have appeared in various languages, particularly in French and English, are little calculated to add, by the merits of their execution, to the favour of the work; one English *poetical* version in particular, by Lisle, published in 1527, is one of the most precious specimens of balderdash in existence—a perfect literary curiosity in its way! Of the others, we need mention only the French one of Amyot, (1558,) not for its merits, but from the author's having been rewarded by Henry II. of France with the nomination to an abbey—as if in tardy compensation to Heliodorus, in the person of his literary representative, for the see from which the authorship is said to have caused his expulsion.

[Footnote 67: Of the later editions of the Greek text, the best are those of Coray, Paris, 1804; and Mitscherlich, Strasburg, 1797.]

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PAST AND PRESENT, BY CARLYLE.

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Mr Carlyle—an astute and trenchant critic might, with show of justice, remark—assumes to be the reformer and castigator of his age—a reformer in philosophy, in politics, in religion—denouncing its *mechanical* method of thinking, deploring its utter want of *faith*, and threatening political society, obstinately deaf to the voice of wisdom, with the retributive horrors of repeated revolutions; and yet neither in philosophy, in religion, nor in politics, has Mr Carlyle any distinct dogma, creed, or constitution to promulgate. The age is irreligious, he exclaims, and the vague feeling of the impenetrable mystery which encompasses us, is all the theology we can gather from him; civil society, with its laws and government, is in a false and perilous position, and for all relief and reformation, he launches forth an indisputable morality—precepts of charity, and self-denial, and strenuous effort—precepts most excellent, and only *too* applicable; applicable, unfortunately, after an *a priori* fashion—for if men would but obey them, there had been need of few laws, and of no remedial measures.

This man of faith—our critic might continue—has but one everlasting note; and it is really the most sceptical and melancholy that has ever been heard, or heard with toleration, in our literature. He repeats it from his favourite apostle Goethe; “all doubt is to be cured only—by action.” Certainly, if *forgetting* the doubt, and the subject of doubt, be the sole cure for it. But that other advice which Mr Carlyle tells us was given, and in vain, to George Fox, the Quaker, at a time when he was agitated by doubts and perplexities, namely, “to drink beer and dance with the girls,” was of the very same stamp, and would have operated in the very same manner, to the removing of the pious Quaker’s doubts. Faith! ye lack faith! cries this prophet in our streets; and when reproved and distressed scepticism enquires where truth is to be found, he bids it back to the loom or the forge, to its tools and its workshop, of whatever kind these may be—there to forget the enquiry.

The religion, or, if he pleases, the formula of religion, which helps to keep men sober and orderly, Mr Carlyle despises, ridicules; “old clothes!” he cries, empty and ragged. It is not till a man has risen into frenzy, or some hot fanaticism, that he deserves his respect. An Irving, when his noble spirit, kindled to fever heat, is seized with delirium, becomes worthy of some admiration. A Cromwell is pronounced emphatically to have believed in a God, and *therefore* to have been “by far the remarkablest governor we have had here for the last five centuries or so.” Meanwhile, is it the faith of an Irving, or the God of a Cromwell, that our subtle-minded author would have us adopt, or would adopt himself? If he scorn the easy, methodical citizen, who plods along the beaten tracks of life, looking occasionally, in his demure, self-satisfied

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manner, upwards to the heavens, but with no other result than to plod more perseveringly along his very earthy track, it follows not that there is any one order of fanatic spirits with whom he would associate, to whose theology he would yield assent. Verily, no. He demands faith—he gives no creed. What is it *you* teach? a plain-speaking man would exclaim; where is your church? have you also your thirty-nine articles? have you nine? have you *one* stout article of creed that will bear the rubs of fortune—bear the temptations of prosperity or a dietary system—stand both sunshine and the wind—which will keep virtue steady when disposed to reel, and drive back crime to her penal caverns of remorse? What would you answer, O philosopher! if a simple body should ask you, quite in confidence, where wicked people go to?

Were it not better for those to whom philosophy has brought the sad necessity of doubt, to endure this also patiently and silently, as one of the inevitable conditions of human existence? Were not this better than to rail incessantly against the world, for a want of that sentiment which *they* have no means to excite or to authorize?

The same inconsequence in politics. We have *Chartism* preached by one not a Chartist—by one who has no more his *five points* of Radicalism than his five points of Calvinistic divinity—who has no trust in democracy, who swears by no theory of representative government—who will never believe that a multitude of men, foolish and selfish, will elect the disinterested and the wise. Your constitution, your laws, your “horse-haired justice” that sits in Westminster Hall, he likes them not; but he propounds himself no scheme of polity. Reform yourselves, one and all, ye individual men! and the nation will be reformed; practise justice, charity, self-denial, and then all mortals may work and eat. This is the most distinct advice he bestows. Alas! it is advice such as this that the Christian preacher, century after century, utters from his pulpit, which he makes the staple of his eloquence, and which he and his listeners are contented to applaud; and the more contented probably to applaud, as, on all hands, it is tacitly understood to be far *too good* to be practised.

In fine, turn which way you will, to philosophy, to politics, to religion, you find Mr Carlyle objecting, denouncing, scoffing, rending all to pieces in his bold, reckless, ironical, manner—but *teaching* nothing. The most docile pupil, when he opens his tablets to put down the precious sum of wisdom he has learned, pauses—finds his pencil motionless, and leaves his tablet still a blank.

Now all this, and more of the same kind, which our astute and trenchant critic might urge, may be true, or very like the truth, but it is not the whole truth.

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“To speak a little pedantically,” says our author himself, in a paper called *Signs of the Times*, “there is a science of *Dynamics* in man’s fortune and nature, as well as of *Mechanics*. There is a science which treats of, and practically addresses, the primary, unmodified, forces and energies of man, the mysterious springs of love, and fear, and wonder, of enthusiasm, poetry—religion, all which have a truly vital and *infinite* character; as well as a science which practically addresses the finite, modified developments of these, when they take the shape of immediate ‘motives,’ as hope of reward, or as fear of punishment. Now it is certain, that in former times the wise men, the enlightened lovers of their kind, who appeared generally as moralists, poets, or priests, did, without neglecting the mechanical province, deal chiefly with the dynamical; applying, themselves chiefly to regulate, increase, and purify, the inward primary powers of man; and fancying that herein lay the main difficulty, and the best service they could undertake.”—*Misc.* vol. ii. p. 277.

In such *Dynamics* it is that Mr Carlyle deals. To speak in our own plain common-place diction, it is to the elements of all religious feeling, to the broad unalterable principles of morality, that he addresses himself; stirring up in the minds of his readers those sentiments of reverence to the Highest, and of justice to all, even to the lowest, which can never utterly die out in any man, but which slumber in the greater number of us. It is by no means necessary to teach any peculiar or positive doctrine in order to exert an influence on society. After all, there is a moral heart beating at the very centre of this world. Touch *it*, and there is a responsive movement through the whole system of the world. Undoubtedly external circumstances rule in their turn over this same central pulsation: alter, arrange, and modify, these external circumstances as best you can, but he who, by the *word* he speaks or writes, can reach this central pulse immediately—is he idle, is he profitless?

Or put it thus: there is a justice between man and man—older, and more stable, and more lofty in its requisitions, than that which sits in ermine, or, if our author pleases, in “horse-hair,” at Westminster Hall; there is a morality recognized by the intellect and the heart of all reflective men, higher and purer than what the present forms of society exact or render feasible—or rather say, a morality of more exalted character than that which has hitherto determined those forms of society. No man who believes that the teaching of Christ was authorized of heaven—no man who believes this only, that his doctrine has obtained and preserved its heavenly character from the successful, unanswerable, appeal which it makes to the human heart—can dispute this fact. Is he an idler, then, or a dreamer in the land, who comes forth, and on the high-road

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of our popular literature, insists on it that men should assume their full *moral strength*, and declares that herein lies the salvation of the world? But what can he do if the external circumstances of life are against him?—if they crush this moral energy?—if they discountenance this elevation of character? Alone—perhaps nothing. He with both hands is raising one end of the beam; go you with your tackle, with rope and pulley, and all mechanical appliances, to the other end, and who knows but something may be effected?

It is not by teaching this or that dogma, political, philosophical, or religious, that Mr Carlyle is doing his *work*, and exerting an influence, by no means despicable, on his generation. It is by producing a certain moral tone of thought, of a stern, manly, energetic, self-denying character, that his best influence consists. Accordingly we are accustomed to view his works, even when they especially regard communities of men, and take the name of histories, as, in effect, appeals to the individual heart, and to the moral will of the reader. His mind is not legislative; his mode of thinking is not systematic; a state economy he has not the skill, perhaps not the pretension, to devise. When he treats of nations, and governments, and revolutions of states, he views them all as a wondrous picture, which he, the observer, standing apart, watches and apostrophizes, still revealing *himself* in his reflections upon them. The picture *to the eye*, he gives with marvellous vividness; and he puts forth, with equal power, that sort of world-wide reflection which a thinking being might be supposed to make on his first visit to our planet; but the space between—those intermediate generalizations which make the pride of the philosophical historian—he neglects, has no taste for. Such a writer as Montesquieu he holds in manifest antipathy. His *History of the French Revolution*, like his *Chartism*, like the work now before us, his *Past and Present*, is still an appeal to the consciousness of each man, and to the high and eternal laws of justice and of charity—lo, ye are brethren!

And although it be true, as our critic has suggested, that to enlarge upon the misery which lies low and wide over the whole ground-plot of civilized society, without at the same time devising an effectual remedy, is a most unsatisfactory business; nevertheless, this also must be added, that to forget the existence of this misery would not be to cure it—would, on the contrary, be a certain method of perpetuating and aggravating it; that to *try* to forget it, is as little wise as it is humane, and that indeed such act of oblivion is altogether impossible. If crowds of artizans, coming forth from homes where there is neither food nor work, shall say, in the words that our author puts into their mouths, “Behold us here—we ask if you mean to lead us towards work; to try to lead us? Or if you declare that

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you cannot lead us? And expect that we are to remain quietly unled, and in a composed manner perish of starvation? What is it that you expect of us? What is it that you mean to do with us?"—if, we say, such a question is asked, we may not be able to answer, but we cannot stifle it. Surely it is well that every class in the community should know how indissolubly its interest is connected with the well-being of other classes. However remote the man of wealth may sit from scenes like this—however reluctant he may be to hear of them—nothing can be more true than that this distress is *his calamity*, and that *on him* also lies the inevitable alternative to remedy or to suffer.

It accords with the view we have here taken of the writings of Mr Carlyle, that of all his works that which pleased us most was the one most completely *personal* in its character, which most constantly kept the reader in a state of self-reflection. In spite of all its oddities and vagaries, and the chaotic shape into which its materials have been thrown, the *Sartor Resartus* is a prime favourite of ours—a sort of volcanic work; and the reader stands by, with folded arms, resolved at all events to secure peace within his own bosom. But no sluggard's peace; his arms are folded, not for idleness, only to repress certain vain tremors and vainer sighs. He feels the calm of self-renunciation, but united with no monkish indolence. Here is a fragment of it. How it rebukes the spirit of strife and contention!

"To me, in this our life," says the Professor, "which is an internecine warfare with the time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this—'Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of happiness in the world, something from *my* share; which, by the heavens, thou shalt not; nay, I will fight thee rather.' Alas! and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a 'feast of shells,' for the substance has been spilled out: not enough to quench one appetite; and the collective human species clutching at them! Can we not, in all such cases, rather say—'Take it, thou too ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wanted; take it with a blessing: would to heaven I had enough for thee!'"—P. 200.

Truisms! Preachments repeated from Solomon downwards! some quick, impatient reader, all animal irritability, will exclaim—Good, but it is the very prerogative of genius, in every age, to revive truisms such as these, and make them burn in our hearts. Many a man in his hour of depression, when resolution is sicklied over by the pale cast of thought, will find, in the writings of Carlyle, a freshening stimulant, better than the wine-cup, or even the laughter of a

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friend, can give. In some of his biographical sketches, with what force has he brought out the moral resolution which animated, or ought to have animated, the man of whom he is writing! We shall have occasion, by and by, to notice what, to our mind, appears a mere perversion of thought, and a mischievous exaggeration in our author, who, in his love of a certain *energy* of character, has often made this energy (apart from a moral purpose) the test and rule of his admiration. But at present turn to his admirable estimation of Dr Samuel Johnson, and the noble regret which he throws over the memory of Burns. A portion of the first we cannot resist extracting. What a keen mountain air, bracing to the nerves, mortal to languor and complaint, blows over us from passages such as these:—

“The courage we desire and prize is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully. Johnson, in the eighteenth century, all as a man of letters, was, in good truth, ‘the bravest of the brave.’ What mortal could have more to war with? Yet, as we saw, he yielded not, faltered not; he fought, and even, such was his blessedness, prevailed. Whoso will understand what it is to have a man’s heart, may find that, since the time of John Milton, no braver heart had beat in any English bosom than Samuel Johnson now bore. Observe, too, that he never called himself brave, never felt himself to be so; the more completely was he so. No Giant Despair, no Golgotha Death-Dance, or Sorcerer’s Sabbath of ‘Literary Life in London,’ appals this pilgrim; he works resolutely for deliverance; in still defiance steps stoutly along. The thing that is given him to do he can make himself do; what is to be endured he can endure in silence. “How the great soul of old Samuel, consuming daily his own bitter, unalleviable allotment of misery and toil, shows beside the poor, flimsy, little soul of young Boswell; one day flaunting in the ring of vanity, tarrying by the wine-cup, and crying, Aha, the wine is red; the next day deploring his down-pressed, night-shaded, quite poor estate; and thinking it unkind that the whole movement of the universe should go on, while *his* digestive apparatus had stopped! We reckon Johnson’s ‘talent of silence’ to be among his great and rare gifts. Where there is nothing further to be done, there shall nothing further be said; like his own poor, blind Welshwoman, he accomplished somewhat, and also ‘endured fifty years of wretchedness with unshaken fortitude.’ How grim was life to him; a sick prison-house and doubting-castle! ‘His great business,’ he would profess, ‘was to escape from himself.’ Yet towards all this he has taken his position and resolution; can dismiss it all ‘with frigid indifference, having little to hope or to fear.’ Friends are stupid, and pusillanimous, and parsimonious; ‘wearied of his stay, yet offended at his departure;’ it is the manner of the world. ‘By popular delusion,’

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remarks he, with a gigantic calmness, 'illiterate writers will rise into renown:' it is a portion of the history of English literature; a perennial thing, this same popular delusion; and will—alter the character of the language....“The life of this man has been, as it were, turned inside out, and examined with microscopes by friend and foe; yet was there no lie found in him. His doings and writings are not *shows*, but *performances*: you may weigh them in the balance, and they will stand weight. Not a line, not a sentence is dishonestly done, is other than it pretends to be. Alas! and he wrote not out of inward inspiration, but to earn his wages; and with that grand perennial tide flowing by, in whose waters he nevertheless refused to fish, to whose rich oyster-beds the dive was too muddy for him. Observe, again, with what innate hatred of cant he takes to himself, and offers to others, the lowest possible view of his business, which he followed with such nobleness. Motive for writing he had none, as he often said, but money; and yet he wrote *so*. Into the region of poetic art he indeed never rose; there was no *ideal* without him, avowing itself in his work; the nobler was that unavowed *ideal* which lay within him, and commanded, saying, Work out thy artisanship in the spirit of an artist! They who talk loudest about the dignity of art, and fancy that they too are artistic guild-brethren, and of the celestials, let them consider well what manner of man this was, who felt himself to be only a hired day-labourer.”—*Misc.* vol. iv. p. 19.

The *History of the French Revolution* deserves, no doubt, notwithstanding the sort of partiality we have intimated for its wild predecessor, to be considered as the greatest work of Mr Carlyle; but it is the work of which criticism, if she ventures to speak at all, must speak with the loudest and most frequent protests. There are certain grave objections which cannot be got over. As to the *style*, indeed, Mr Carlyle is, on this head, (except, occasionally, when writing for some *Review* in which a very violent departure from the English language would not be advisable,) far above all criticism. The attempt to censure the oddities with which it abounds—the frequent repetition—the metaphor and allusion used again and again till the page is covered with a sort of slang—would only subject the critic himself to the same kind of ridicule that would fall upon the hapless wight who should bethink him of taking some Shandean work gravely to task for its scandalous irregularities, and utter want of methodical arrangement. Such is *Carlylism*; and this is all that can be said upon the matter. But the style which seemed not altogether unnatural, and far from intolerable, in Herr Teufelsdröckh, becomes a strangely inconvenient medium of communication where a whole history is to be told in it. The mischief is, that it admits

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of no safe middle path: it must arrest attention for its novelty, its graphic power, its bold originality; or it must offend by its newfangled phrase, its jerking movement, and its metaphor and allusion reduced into a slang. Meanwhile, there is so much in a history which needs only to be told—so much, which even this author, *skip* how he may, must relate, for the sake merely of preserving a continuous narrative—and where the perfection of style would be, as all the world knows, that it should draw no attention whatever to itself. A style like this of our author's, once assumed, cannot be laid down for a moment; and the least important incident is related with the same curiosity of diction, and the same startling manner, that delighted us in the *Siege of the Bastile*. To convey mere *information*, it seems quite unserviceable. "How inferior," says our author somewhere himself,—“how inferior for *seeing by* is the brightest train of fireworks to the humblest farthing candle!”

The basis of a history is surely, after all, the narrative, and whatever may be the estimate of others, the *historian* proceeds on the supposition that the facts he has to relate are, for their own sake, deserving to be had in remembrance. If not, why is he there recording and verifying them? But Mr Carlyle proceeds throughout on quite the contrary supposition, that the fact for itself is worth nothing—that it is valuable only as it presents some peculiar picture to the imagination, or kindles some noteworthy reflection. He maintains throughout the attitude of one who stands apart, looking *at* the history; rarely does he assume the patient office of that scribe whom we remember to have seen in the frontispiece of our school histories, recording faithfully what the bald headed Time, sitting between his scythe and his hour-glass, was dictating.

Never, indeed, was history written in so mad a vein—and that not only as regards style, but the prevailing mood of mind in which the facts and characters are scanned. That mood is for the most part ironical. There is philanthropy, doubtless, at the bottom of it all; but a mocking spirit, a profound and pungent irony, are the manifest and prevailing characteristics. It is a philanthropy which has borrowed the manner of Mephistopheles. It is a modern Diogenes—in fact it is Diogenes Teufelsdröckh himself, surveying the Revolution from his solitary watch-tower, where he sits so near the eternal skies, that a whole generation of men, *whirling off in wild Sahara waltz into infinite space*, is but a spectacle, and a very brief and confused one. This lofty irony, pungent as it is, grows wearisome. By throwing a littleness on all things, it even destroys the very aliment it feeds on; nothing, at last, is worth the mocking. But the weariness it occasions is not its greatest fault. It leads to a most unjust and capricious estimate of the characters and actions of men.

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Capricious it must, of necessity, become. To be ironical always were insufferable; even for the sake of artistical effect, some personages; and some events, must be treated with a natural feeling of respect or abhorrence; yet if one murder is to be recorded with levity, why not another;—if one criminal is to be dismissed with a jest, levelled perhaps at some personal oddity, why is an earnest indignation to be bestowed on the next criminal that comes under notice? The distinctions that will be made will be not fair judgments, but mere favouritism. Situated thus—plain moral distinctions having been disparaged—Mr Carlyle has given way to his admiration of a certain *energy* of character, and makes the possession of this sole excellence the condition of his favour, the title to his respect, or perhaps, we should say, to an immunity from his contempt. The man who has an eye—that is, who glares on you like a tiger—he who, in an age of revolution, is most thoroughly revolutionary, and *swallows all formulas*—he is made a hero, and honourable mention is decreed to him; whilst all who acted with an ill-starred moderation, who strove, with ineffectual but conscientious effort, to stay the wild movement of the revolution, are treated with derision, are dismissed with contempt, or at best with pity for their *weakness*.

His first hero is Mirabeau, a man of energy enough doubtless, and who had, in a most remarkable degree, that force of character which gives not only influence over, but a sort of *possession* of, other men's minds, though they may claim far higher intellectual endowments. For this one quality he is forgiven every thing. The selfish ambition of which he must be more than suspected, is not glanced at. Even the ridicule due to his inordinate vanity, is spared him. "Yes support that head," says this dying gladiator to his friend; "would I could bequeath it to thee!" And our caustic Diogenes withholds the lash. As the history proceeds, Danton is elevated to the place of hero. He is put in strong contrast with Robespierre. The one is raised into simple admiration, the other sunk into mere contempt; both are spared the just execration which their crimes have merited. The one good quality of Danton is, that, like Mirabeau, he had an eye—did not see through *logic spectacles*—had *swallowed all formulas*. So that, when question is made of certain massacres in which he was implicated, we are calmly told "that some men have tasks frightfuller than ours." The one great vice of Robespierre is, that he lacked courage; for the rest, he is "sea-green and incorruptible"—"thin and acrid." His incorruptibility is always mentioned contemptuously, and generally in connexion with his bilious temperament, as if they related as cause and effect, or were both alike matters of pathology. Mr Carlyle has a habit of stringing together certain moral with certain physical peculiarities, till the two present themselves as of quite equal importance, and things of the same category.

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Yet this Robespierre, had our author been in want of another hero, possessed one quality, which, in his estimate, would have entitled him to occupy the pedestal. He had *faith*. "Of incorruptible Robespierre, it was long ago predicted that he might go far—mean, meagre mortal though he was—for *doubt* dwelt not in him." And this prediction was uttered by no less a man than Mirabeau. "Men of insight discern that the sea-green may by chance go far: 'this man,' observes Mirabeau, 'will do somewhat; *he believes every word he says*.'" The audacity of Danton the 'sea-green' certainly did not possess, but of that sort of courage which can use the extremest means for the desired end, he surely had sufficient. He shrunk from no crime, however exorbitant. His *faith* carried him through all, and nearer to the goal than any of his compeers. He walked as firm as others round the crater of this volcano, and walked there the longest. It is impossible not to feel that *here*, by the side of Danton, a great injustice has been done to the incorruptible and *faithful* Robespierre.

Well may *energy* or *will* stand in the place of goodness with Mr Carlyle, since we find him making in another place this strange paradoxical statement: "*Bad* is by its nature negative, and can do *nothing*; whatsoever enables us to *do* any thing is by its very nature *good*." So that such a thing as a *bad deed* cannot exist, and such an expression is without meaning. Accordingly, not only is energy applauded, but that energy applauded most that *does most*. Those who exercised their power, and the utmost resolution of mind, in the attempt to restrain the Revolution, are not to be put in comparison with those who *did something*—who carried forward the revolutionary movement. With what contempt he always mentions Lafayette—a man of limited views, it is true; and whose views at the time were wide enough? or to whom would the widest views have afforded a practical guidance?—but a man of honour and of patriotic intentions! It is "Lafayette—thin, constitutional pedant; clear, thin, inflexible, as water turned to thin ice." And how are the whole party of the Gironde treated with slight and derision, because, at a period of what proved to be irremediable confusion—when nothing but the whirlwind was to be reaped—they were incessantly striving to realize for their country some definite and permanent institutions! But though their attempt we see was futile, could they do other than make the attempt? Mr Carlyle describes the position of affairs very ably in the following passage:—

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“This huge insurrectionary movement, which we liken to a breaking out of Tophet and the abyss, has swept away royalty, aristocracy, and a king’s life. The question is, what will it next do? how will it henceforth shape itself? Settle down into a reign of law and liberty, according as the habits, persuasions, and endeavours of the educated, monied, respectable class prescribe? That is to say, the volcanic lava-flood, bursting up in the manner described, will explode, and flow according to Girondine formula and pre-established rule of philosophy? If so, for our Girondine friends it will be well.” Meanwhile, were not the prophecy rather, that as no external force, royal or other, now remains which could control this movement, the movement will follow a course of its own—probably a very original one. Further, that whatsoever man or men can best interpret the inward tendencies it has, and give them voice and activity, will obtain the lead of it. For the rest, that, as a thing *without* order—a thing proceeding from beyond and beneath the region of order—it must work and wither, not as a regularity, but as a chaos—destructive and self-destructive always; till something that *has* order arise, strong enough to bind it into subjection again; which something, we may further conjecture, will not be a formula, with philosophical propositions and forensic eloquence, but a reality, probably with a sword in its hand!”

But, true as all this may be, Mr Carlyle would be the last man to commend the Girondists had they allowed themselves to be borne along *passively* by this violent movement: is it fair dealing, then, that their efforts—the only efforts they *could* make—efforts which cost them life, should be treated as little better than idle pedantries?

But what criticism has to say in *praise* of this extraordinary work, let it not be said with stint or timidity. The bold glance *at* the Revolution, taken from his Diogenes’ station, and the vivid descriptions of its chief scenes, are unrivalled.

That many a page sorely tries the reader’s patience is acknowledged, and we might easily fill column after column with extracts, to show that the style of Mr Carlyle, especially when it is necessary for him to descend to the common track of history, can degenerate into a mannerism scarce tolerable, for which no term of literary censure, would be too severe. We have, however, no disposition to make any such extracts; and our readers, we are sure, would have little delight in perusing them. On the other hand, when he does succeed, great is the glory thereof; and we cannot forego the pleasure of making one quotation, however well known the remarkable passages of this work may be, to illustrate the triumphant power which he not unfrequently displays. Here is a portion of his account of the *Taking of the Bastile*. It will be borne in mind, that there is throughout a mixture of the ironical and mock-heroic:

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"All morning since nine there has been a cry every where: To the Bastile! Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon elector Thuriot de la Rosiere gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon—only drawn back a little! But *outwards*, behold how the multitude flows on, swelling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *generale*: the suburb Saint Antoine rolling hitherward wholly as one man!" Woe to thee De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve, hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *unquestionable*. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing even louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge; a slight sputter—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos. Bursts forth insurrection at sight of its own blood, (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire,) into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration. The Bastile is besieged!" On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite thou, Louis Tournay, cart-wright of the Marais, old soldier of the regiment Dauphine: smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe (*q.* hammer?) strike such a stroke. Down with it, man: down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some 'on bayonets stuck into the joints of the wall,' Louis Tournay smites brave Aubin Bonnemere (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down thundering, (*avec fracas.*) Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks! The eight grim towers, with their Invalides' musketry, their paving stones and cannon-mouths, still roar aloft intact; ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its *back* towards us; the Bastile is still

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to take!“To describe this siege of the Bastile (thought to be one of the most important in history) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite leading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open esplanade at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Fore-courts, *Cour avance*, *Cour de l’Orme*, arched gateway, (where Louis Tournay now fights,) then new drawbridges, dormant bridges rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers: a labyrinthic mass, high-frowning there, of all ages, from twenty years to four hundred and twenty; beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer; seldom, since the war of pigmies and cranes, was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in coloured clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Francaises in the Place de Greve. Frantic patriots pick up the grape-shots; bear them, still hot, (or seemingly so,) to the Hotel de Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt!—Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness.“Let conflagration rage of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides’ mess-rooms. A distracted ‘peruke-maker with two fiery torches’ is for burning ‘the saltpetres of the arsenal;’ had not a woman run screaming—had not a patriot, with some tincture of natural philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him, (butt of musket on pit of stomach,) overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element.“Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into the houses of the Rue Cerisue; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hotel de Ville. These wave their town-flag in the gateway, and stand rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such crack of doom De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides’ cannon, to wet the touch-holes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high, but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous brewer of the suburb Saint Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a ‘mixture of phosphorus and oil of turpentine, spouted up through forcing pumps.’ O Spinola Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart) and one Turk. Gardes Francaises have come; real cannon, real cannoniers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay

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Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands. "How the great Bastile clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour, as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began; and is now pointing towards five, and still the firing slakes not. Far down in their vaults the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.... "For four long hours now has the world-bedlam roared: call it the world-chimera, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge, a port-hole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone ditch—plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots—he hovers perilous. *Such a dove towards such an ark!* Deftly thou shifty usher; one man already fell, and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry. Usher Maillard falls not; deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his port-hole; the shifty usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender—pardon, immunity to all. Are they accepted? "*Foi d'officier*—on the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin, or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge, Usher Maillard bolting it when down—rushes in the living deluge—the Bastile is fallen! '*Victoire! La Bastile est prise!*'"—Vol. i. p. 233.

Such descriptions, we need hardly say, are not the sport of fancy, nor constructed by the agglomeration of eloquent phrases; they are formed by collecting together (and this constitutes their value) facts and intimations scattered through a number of authorities. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that there is no imagination, or little artistic talent, displayed in collecting the materials for such a description. There may be genius in *reading well* quite as certainly as in *writing well*; nor is it any common or inferior ability that detects at a glance, amongst a multitude of facts, the one which has real significance, and which gives its character to the scene to be reviewed. If any one wishes to convince himself how much a man of genius may see in the page which can hardly obtain the attention of an ordinary reader, the last work of Mr Carlyle, *Past and Present*, will afford him an opportunity of making the experiment. He has but to turn, after reading in that work the account of Abbot Samson, to the Chronicle of *Jocelin*, from which it has been all faithfully extracted, and he will be surprised that our author could find so much life and truth in the antiquarian record. Or the experiment would be still more perfect if he should read the chronicle first, and then turn to the extracted account in *Past and Present*.

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It is time, indeed, that we ourselves turned to this work, the perusal of which has led us to these remarks upon Mr Carlyle. We were desirous, however, of forming something like a general estimate of his merits and demerits before we entered upon any account of his last production. What space we have remaining shall be devoted to this work.

Past and Present, if it does not enhance, ought not, we think, to diminish from the reputation of its author; but as a *mannerism* becomes increasingly disagreeable by repetition, we suspect that, without having less merit, this work will have less popularity than its predecessors. The style is the same “motley wear,” and has the same jerking movement—seems at times a thing of shreds and patches hung on wires—and is so full of brief allusions to his own previous writings, that to a reader unacquainted with these it would be scarce intelligible. With all this it has the same vigour, and produces the same vivid impression that always attends upon his writings. Here, as elsewhere, he pursues his author-craft with a right noble and independent spirit, striking manifestly for truth, and for no other cause; and here also, as elsewhere, he leaves his side unguarded, open to unavoidable attack, so that the most blundering critic cannot fail to hit right, and the most friendly cannot spare.

The *past* is represented by a certain Abbot Samson, and his abbey of St Edmunds, whose life and conversation are drawn from the chronicle already alluded to, and which has been lately published by the Camden Society.[68] Our author will look, he tells us, face to face on this remote period, “in hope of perhaps illustrating our own poor century thereby.” Very good. To get a station in the past, and therefrom view the present, is no ill-devised scheme. But Abbot Samson and his monks form a very limited, almost a domestic picture, which supplies but few points of contrast or similitude with our “own poor century,” which, at all events, is very rich in point of view. When, therefore, he proceeds to discuss the world-wide topics of our own times, we soon lose all memory of the Abbot and his monastery, who seems indeed to have as little connexion with the difficulties of our position, as the statues of Gog and Magog in Guildhall with the decision of some election contest which is made to take place in their venerable presence. On one point only can any palpable contrast be exhibited, namely, between the religious spirit of his times and our own.

[Footnote 68: *Chronica JOCELINI DE BRAKELONDA, de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi: nunc primum typis mandata, curante JOHANNES GOGG ROKEWOOD.* (Camden Society, London, 1840.)]

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Now, here, as on every topic where a comparison is attempted, what must strike every one is, the manifest partiality Mr Carlyle shows to the past, and the unfair preference he gives it over the present. Nothing but respect and indulgence when he revisits the monastery of St Edmunds; nothing but censure and suspicion when he enters, say, for instance, the precincts of Exeter Hall. Well do we know, that if Mr Carlyle could meet such a monk alive, as he here treats with so much deference, encounter him face to face, talk to him, and hear him talk; he and the monk would be intolerable to each other. Fortunately for him, the monks are dead and buried whom he lauds so much when contrasted with our modern pietists. Could these tenants of the stately monastery preach to him about their purgatory and their prayers—lecture him, as assuredly they would, with that same earnest, uncomfortable, too anxious exhortation, which all saints must address to sinners—he would close his ears hermetically—he would fly for it—he would escape with as desperate haste as from the saddest whine that ever issued from some lath-and-plaster conventicle.

Mr Carlyle censures our poor century for its lack of faith; yet the kind of faith it possesses, which has grown up in it, which is *here* at this present, he has no respect for, treats with no manner of tenderness. What *other* would he have? He deals out to it no measure of philosophical justice. He accepts the faith of every age but his own. He will accept, as the best thing possible, the trustful and hopeful spirit of dark and superstitious periods; but if the more enlightened piety of his own age be at variance even with the most subtle and difficult tenets of his own philosophy, he will make no compromise with it, he casts it away for contemptuous infidelity to trample on as it pleases. When visiting the past, how indulgent, kind, and considerate he is! When Abbot Samson (as the greatest event of his life) resolves to see and to touch the remains of St Edmund, and “taking the head between his hands, speaks groaning,” and prays to the “Glorious Martyr that it may not be turned to his perdition that he, miserable and sinful, has dared to touch his sacred person,” and thereupon proceeds to touch the eyes and the nose, and the breast and the toes, which last he religiously counts; our complacent author sees here, “a noble awe surrounding the memory of the dead saint, symbol, and promoter of many other right noble things.” And when he has occasion to call to mind the preaching of Peter the Hermit, who threw the fanaticism of the west on the fanaticism of the east, and in order that there should be no disparity between them in the sanguinary conflict, assimilated the faith of Christ to that of Mahommed, and taught that the baptized believer who fell by the Saracen would die in the arms of angels, and at the very gates of heaven; here, too, he bestows a hearty respect on the enthusiastic missionary, and all his

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fellow crusaders: it seems that he also would willingly have gone with such an army of the faithful. But when he turns from the past to the present, all this charity and indulgence are at an end. He finds in his own mechanico-philosophical age a faith in accordance with its prevailing modes of thought—faith lying at the foundation of whatever else of doctrinal theology it possesses—a faith diffused over all society, and taught not only in churches and chapels to pious auditories, but in every lecture-room, and by scientific as well as theological instructors—a faith in God, as creator of the universe, as the demonstrated author, architect, originator, of this wondrous world; and lo! this same philosopher who looked with encouraging complacency on Abbot Samson bending in adoration over the exhumed remains of a fellow mortal, and who listens without a protest to the cries of sanguinary enthusiasm, rising from a throng of embattled Christians, steps disdainfully aside from this faith of a peaceful and scientific age; he has some subtle, metaphysical speculations that will not countenance it; he demands that a faith in God should be put on some other foundation, which foundation, unhappily, his countrymen, as yet unskilled in transcendental metaphysics; cannot apprehend; he withdraws his sympathy from the so trite and sober-minded belief of an industrious, experimental, ratiocinating generation, and cares not if they have a God at all, if they can only make his existence evident to themselves from some commonplace notion of design and prearrangement visible in the world. Accordingly, we have passages like the following, which it is not our fault if the reader finds to be not very intelligible, or written in, what our author occasionally perpetrates, a sad jargon.

“For out of this that we call Atheism, come so many other *isms* and falsities, each falsity with its misery at its heels!—A SOUL is not, like wind, (*spiritus* or breath,) contained within a capsule; the ALMIGHTY MAKER is not like a clockmaker that once, in old immemorial ages, having *made* his horologe of a universe, sits ever since and sees it go! Not at all. Hence comes Atheism; come, as we say, many other *isms*; and as the sum of all comes *vatetism*, the *reverse* of heroism—sad root of all woes whatsoever. For indeed, as no man ever saw the above said wind element inclosed within its capsule, and finds it at bottom more deniable than conceivable; so too, he finds, in spite of Bridgewater bequests, your clockmaker Almighty an entirely questionable affair, a deniable affair; and accordingly denies it, and along with it so much else.”—(P. 199.)

Do we ask Mr Carlyle to falsify his own transcendental philosophy for the sake of his weaker brethren? By no means. Let him proceed on the “high *a priori* road,” if he finds it—as not many do—practicable. Let men, at all times, when they write as philosophers, speak

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out simply what they hold to be truth. It is his *partiality* only that we here take notice of, and the different measure that he deals out to the past and the present. Out of compliment to a bygone century he can sink philosophy, and common sense too; when it might be something more than a compliment to the existing age to appear in harmony with its creed, he will not bate a jot from the subtlest of his metaphysical convictions.

Mr Carlyle not being *en rapport* with the religious spirit of his age, finds therein no religious spirit whatever; on the other hand, he has a great deal of religion of his own, not very clear to any but himself; and thus, between these two, we have pages, very many, of such raving as the following:—

“It is even so. To speak in the ancient dialect, we 'have forgotten God;'—in the most modern dialect, and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the fact of the universe as it *is not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and shams of things. We quietly believe this universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible PERHAPS; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive cattle-fold and workhouse, with most extensive kitchen-ranges, dining-tables—whereat he is wise who can find a place! All the truth of this universe is uncertain; only the profit and the loss of it, the pudding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man. “There is no longer any God for us! God’s laws are become a greatest-happiness principle, a parliamentary expediency; the heavens overarch us only as an astronomical timekeeper: a butt for Herschel telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at:—in our and old Jonson’s dialect, man has lost the *soul* out of him; and now, after the due period, begins to find the want of it! This is verily the plague-spot—centre of the universal social gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its roots and top-root, with its world-wide upas boughs and accursed poison exudations, under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and agony. You touch the focal centre of all our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion; there is no God; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly: in killing Kings, in passing Reform Bills, in French Revolutions, Manchester Insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, re-appears in new force and desperateness next hour. “For actually this is *not* the real fact of the world; the world is not made so, but otherwise! Truly, any society setting out from this no-God hypothesis will arrive at a result or two. The *unveracities*, escorted each unveracity of them by its corresponding

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misery and penalty; the phantasms and fatuities, and ten-years' corn-law debating, that shall walk the earth at noonday, must needs be numerous! The universe being intrinsically a perhaps, being too probably an 'infinite humbug,' why should any minor humbug astonish us? It is all according to the order of nature; and phantasms riding with huge clatter along the streets, from end to end of our existence, astonish nobody. Enchanted St Ives' workhouses and Joe Manton aristocracies; giant-working mammonism near strangled in the partridge nets of giant-looking Idle Dilettantism—this, in all its branches, in its thousand thousand modes and figures, is a sight familiar to us.”—P. 185.

What is to be said of writing such as this! For ourselves, we hurry on with a sort of incredulity, scarce believing that it is set down there for our steady perusal; we tread lightly over these “Phantasms” and “Unveracities,” and “Double-barrelled Dilettantism,” (another favourite phrase of his—pity it is not more euphonious—but none of his coinage *rings* well,) we step on, we say, briskly, in the confident hope of soon meeting something—if only a stroke of humour—which shall be worth pausing for. Accordingly in the very page where our extract stopped, in the very next paragraph, comes a description of a certain pope most delectable to read. As it is but fair that our readers should enjoy the same compensation as ourselves, we insert it in a note.[69]

[Footnote 69: “The Popish religion, we are told, flourishes extremely in these years, and is the most vivacious-looking religion to be met with at present. ‘*Elle a trois cents ans dans le ventre,*’ counts M. Jouffroy; ‘*c’est pourquoi je la respecte!*’ The old Pope of Rome, finding it laborious to kneel so long while they cart him through the streets to bless the people on *Corpus-Christi* day, complains of rheumatism; whereupon his cardinals consult—construct him, after some study, a stuffed, cloaked figure, of iron and wood, with wool or baked hair, and place it in a kneeling posture. Stuffed figure, or rump of a figure; to this stuffed rump he, sitting at his ease on a lower level, joins, by the aid of cloaks and drapery, his living head and outspread hands: the rump, with its cloaks, kneels; the Pope looks, and holds his hands spread; and so the two in concert bless the Roman population on *Corpus-Christi* day, as well as they can.

“I have considered this amphibious Pope, with the wool-and-iron back, with the flesh head and hands, and endeavoured to calculate his horoscope. I reckon him the remarkablest Pontiff that has darkened God’s daylight, or painted himself in the human retina, for these several thousand years. Nay, since Chaos first shivered, and ‘sneezed,’ as the Arabs say, with the first shaft of sunlight shot through it, what stranger product was there of nature and art working together? Here is a supreme priest who believes God to be—what, in the name of God, *does* he believe God to be?—and discerns that all worship of God is a scenic phantasmagory of wax candles, organ blasts, Gregorian chants, mass-brayings, purple monsignori, wool-and-iron rumps, artistically spread out, to save the ignorant from worse....

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“There is in this poor Pope, and his practice of the scenic theory of worship, a frankness which I rather honour. Not half and half, but with undivided heart, does *he* set about worshipping by stage machinery; as if there were now, and could again be, in nature no other. He will ask you, What other? Under this my Gregorian chant, and beautiful wax-light phantasmagory, kindly hidden from you is an abyss of black doubts, scepticism, nay, sans-culottic Jacobinism, an orcus that has no bottom. Think of that. ‘Groby Pool is thatched with pancakes,’ as Jeannie Deans’s innkeeper defined it to be! The bottomless of scepticism, atheism, Jacobinism, behold it is thatched over, hidden from your despair, by stage-properties judiciously arranged. This stuffed rump of mine saves not me only from rheumatism, but you also from what other *isms!*”—P. 187.]

The whole parallel which he runs between past and present is false—whimsically false. At one time we hear it uttered as an impeachment against our age, that every thing is done by committees and companies, shares and joint effort, and that no one man, or hero, can any longer move the world as in the blessed days of Peter the Hermit. Were we disposed to treat Mr Carlye as members of Parliament, by the help of their *Hansard*, controvert each other, we should have no difficulty in finding amongst his works some passage—whether eloquent or not, or how far intelligible, would be just a mere chance—in which he would tell us that this capacity for joint effort, this habit of co-operation, was the greatest boast our times could make, and gave the fairest promise for the future. In Ireland, by the way, *one man* can still effect something, and work after the fashion, if not with so pure a fanaticism, as Peter the Hermit. The spectacle does not appear very edifying. Pray—the question just occurs to us—pray has Mr O’Connell got an eye? Would Mr Carlye acknowledge that this man has *swallowed all formulas*? Having been bred a lawyer, we are afraid, or, in common Christian speech, we hope, that he has not.

But we are not about to proceed through a volume such as this in a carping spirit, though food enough for such a spirit may be found; there is too much genuine merit, too much genuine humour, in the work. What, indeed, is the use of selecting from an author who *will* indulge in all manner of vagaries, whether of thought or expression, passages to prove that he can be whimsical and absurd, can deal abundantly in obscurities and contradictions, and can withal write the most motley, confused English of any man living? Better take, with thanks, from so irregular a genius, what seems to us good, or affords us gratification, and leave the rest alone.

We will not enter into the account of Abbot Samson; it is a little historical sketch, perfect in its kind, in which no part is redundant, and which, being gathered itself from very scanty sources, will not bear further mutilation. We turn, therefore, from the *Past*, although, in a literary point of view, a very attractive portion of the work, and will draw our extracts (they cannot now be numerous) from his lucubrations upon the *Present*.

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Perhaps the most characteristic passage in the volume is that where, in the manner of a philosopher who suddenly finds himself awake in this “half-realized” world, he scans the institution of an *army*—looks out upon the *soldier*.

“Who can despair of Government that passes a soldier’s guard-house, or meets a red-coated man on the streets! That a body of men could be got together to kill other men when you bade them; this, *a priori*, does it not seem one of the impossiblest things? Yet look—behold it; in the stolidest of do-nothing Governments, that impossibility is a thing done. See it there, with buff-belts, red coats on its back; walking sentry at guard-houses, brushing white breeches in barracks; an indisputable, palpable fact. Out of grey antiquity, amid all finance-difficulties, *scaccarium*-tallies, ship-monies, coat-and-conduct monies, and vicissitudes of chance and time, there, down to the present blessed hour, it is. “Often, in these painfully decadent, and painfully nascent times, with their distresses, inarticulate gaspings, and ‘impossibilities;’ meeting a tall lifeguardsman in his snow-white trousers, or seeing those two statuesque lifeguardsmen, in their frowning bearskins, pipe-clayed buckskins, on their coal-black, sleek, fiery quadrupeds, riding sentry at the Horse-Guards—it strikes one with a kind of mournful interest, how, in such universal down-rushing and wrecked impotence of almost all old institutions, this oldest fighting institution is still so young! Fresh complexioned, firm-limbed, six feet by the standard, this fighting man has verily been got up, and can fight. While so much has not yet got into being, while so much has gone gradually out of it, and become an empty semblance, a clothes’-suit, and highest king’s-cloaks, mere chimeras parading under them so long, are getting unsightly to the earnest eye, unsightly, almost offensive, like a costlier kind of scarecrow’s blanket—here still is a reality!” The man in horse-hair wig advances, promising that he will get me ‘justice;’ he takes me into Chancery law-courts, into decades, half-centuries of hubbub, of distracted jargon; and *does get me*—disappointment, almost desperation; and one refuge—that of dismissing him and his ‘justice’ altogether out of my head. For I have work to do; I cannot spend my decades in mere arguing with other men about the exact wages of my work: I will work cheerfully with no wages, sooner than with a ten years’ gangrene or Chancery lawsuit in my heart. He of the horse-hair wig is a sort of failure; no substance, but a fond imagination of the mind. He of the shovel-hat, again, who comes forward professing that he will save my soul. O ye eternities, of him in this place be absolute silence! But he of the red coat, I say, is a success and no failure! He will veritably, if he gets orders, draw out a long sword and kill me. No mistake there.

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He is a fact, and not a shadow. Alive in this year Forty-three, able and willing to do *his* work. In dim old centuries, with William Rufus, William of Ipres, or far earlier, he began; and has come down safe so far. Catapult has given place to cannon, pike has given place to musket, iron mail-shirt to coat of red cloth, saltpetre ropematch to percussion-cap; equipments, circumstances, have all changed and again changed; but the human battle-engine, in the inside of any or of each of these, ready still to do battle, stands there, six feet in standard size. "Strange, interesting, and yet most mournful to reflect on. Was this, then, of all the things mankind had some talent for, the one thing important to learn well, and bring to perfection—this of successfully killing one another? Truly you have learned it well, and carried the business to a high perfection. It is incalculable what, by arranging, commanding, and regimenting, you can make of men. These thousand straight-standing, firm-set individuals, who shoulder arms, who march, wheel, advance, retreat, and are, for your behoof, a magazine charged with fiery death, in the most perfect condition of potential activity; few months ago, till the persuasive sergeant came, what were they? Multiform ragged losels, runaway apprentices, starved weavers, thievish valets—an entirely broken population, fast tending towards the treadmill. But the persuasive sergeant came; by tap of drum enlisted, or formed lists of them, took heartily to drilling them; and he and you have made them this! Most potent, effectual for all work whatsoever, is wise planning, firm combining, and commanding among men. Let no man despair of Governments who look on these two sentries at the Horse Guards!"—P. 349.

Passages there are in the work which a political agitator might be glad enough to seize on; but, upon the whole, it is very little that Radicalism or Chartism obtain from Mr Carlyle. No political party would choose him for its champion, or find in him a serviceable ally. Observe how he demolishes the hope of those who expect, by new systems of election, to secure some incomparably pure and wise body of legislators—some aristocracy of talent!

"We must have more wisdom to govern us, we must be governed by the wisest, we must have an aristocracy of talent! cry many. True, most true; but how to get it? The following extract from our young friend of the *Houndsditch Indicator* is worth perusing—'At this time,' says he, 'while there is a cry every where, articulate or inarticulate, for an aristocracy of talent, a governing class, namely, what did govern, not merely which took the wages of governing, and could not with all our industry be kept from misgoverning, corn-lawing, and playing the very deuce, with us—it may not be altogether useless to remind some of the greener-headed sort what a dreadfully difficult affair the getting of such an aristocracy is!

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Do you expect, my friends, that your indispensable aristocracy of talent is to be enlisted straightway, by some sort of recruitment aforethought, out of the general population; arranged in supreme regimental order; and set to rule over us? That it will be got sifted, like wheat out of chaff, from the twenty-seven million British subjects; that any ballot-box, reform-bill, or other political machine, with force of public opinion ever so active on it, is likely to perform said process of sifting? Would to heaven that we had a sieve; that we could so much as fancy any kind of sieve, wind-fanners, or *ne plus ultra* of machinery, devisable by man that would do it!" "Done, nevertheless, sure enough, it must be; it shall, and will be. We are rushing swiftly on the road to destruction; every hour bringing us nearer, until it be, in some measure, done. The doing of it is not doubtful; only the method or the costs! Nay, I will even mention to you an infallible sifting-process, whereby he that has ability will be sifted out to rule amongst us, and that same blessed aristocracy of talent be verily, in an approximate degree, vouchsafed us by-and-by; an infallible sifting-process; to which, however, no soul can help his neighbour, but each must, with devout prayer to heaven, help himself. It is, O friends! that all of us, that many of us, should acquire the true eye for talent, which is dreadfully wanting at present." "For example, you, Bobus Higgins, sausage-maker on the great scale, who are raising such a clamour for this aristocracy of talent, what is it that you do, in that big heart of yours, chiefly in very fact pay reverence to? Is it to talent, intrinsic manly worth of any kind, you unfortunate Bobus? The manliest man that you saw going in a ragged coat, did you ever reverence him; did you so much as know that he was a manly man at all, till his coat grew better? Talent! I understand you to be able to worship the fame of talent, the power, cash, celebrity, or other success of talent; but the talent itself is a thing you never saw with eyes. Nay, what is it in yourself that you are proudest of, that you take most pleasure in surveying, meditatively, in thoughtful moments? Speak now, is it the bare Bobus, stript of his very name and shirt, and turned loose upon society, that you admire and thank heaven for; or Bobus, with his cash-accounts, and larders dropping fatness, with his respectabilities, warm garnitures, and pony chaise, admirable in some measure to certain of the flunkey species? Your own degree of worth and talent, is it of *infinite* value to you; or only of finite—measurable by the degree of currency, and conquest of praise or pudding, it has brought you to? Bobus, you are in a vicious circle, rounder than one of your own sausages; and will never vote for or promote any talent, except what talent or sham-talent has already *got* itself voted for!"—We here cut short the *Indicator*; all readers perceiving whither he now tends."—P. 39.

In the chapter, also, on Democracy, we have notions expressed upon *liberty* which would make little impression—would be very distasteful to any audience assembled for the usual excitement of political oratory.

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"Liberty! the true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk thereon—to learn or to be taught what work he actually was able for, and then, by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing the same! That is his true blessedness, honour, 'liberty,' and maximum of well-being,—if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty, you that are wise, and keep him, were it in strait waist-coat, away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man, is but a less palpable madman; his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he is going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. O! if thou really art my *senior*—seigneur, my *elder*—Presbyter or priest,—if thou art in very deed my *wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to 'conquer' me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee, in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! That I have been called by all the newspapers a 'free man,' will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. O that the newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death but life! Liberty requires new definitions."—P. 285. "But truly, as I had to remark in the meanwhile, the 'liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow-man,' is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fractional parts of human liberty. No man oppresses thee—can bid thee fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True; from all men thou art emancipated, but from thyself and from the devil! No man, wiser, unwiser, can make thee come or go; but thy own futilities, bewilderments, thy false appetites for money—Windsor Georges and such like! No man oppresses thee, O free and independent Franchiser! but does not this stupid porter-pot oppress thee? no son of Adam can bid thee come and go; but this absurd pot of heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this scoured dish of liquor; and thou protest of thy 'liberty,' thou entire blockhead!"—P. 292.

We should hardly think of entering with Mr Carlyle into a controversy upon the corn-laws, or on schemes of emigration, or any disputed point of political economy. He brings to bear upon these certain primitive *moral* views and feelings which are but very remotely applicable in the resolution of these knotty problems. We should almost as soon think of inviting the veritable Diogenes himself, should he roll up in his tub to our door, to a discussion upon our commercial system. Our Diogenes Teufelsdröckh looks upon these matters in a quite peculiar manner; observe, for example, the glance he takes at our present mercantile difficulties, which, doubtless, is not without its own value, nor undeserving of all consideration.

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"The continental people, it would seem, are 'exporting our machinery, beginning to spin cotton, and manufacture for themselves, to cut us out of this market and then out of that!' Sad news, indeed, but irremediable—by no means the saddest news. The saddest news is, that we should find our national existence, as I sometimes hear it said, depend on selling manufactured cotton at a farthing an ell cheaper than any other people—a most narrow stand for a great nation to base itself on; a stand which, with all the corn-law abrogations conceivable, I do not think will be capable of enduring."My friends, suppose we quitted that stand; suppose we came honestly down from it, and said—'This is our minimum of cotton prices; we care not, for the present, to make cotton any cheaper. Do you, if it seems so blessed to you, make cotton cheaper. Fill your lungs with cotton fug, your hearts with copperas fumes, with rage and mutiny; become ye the general gnomes of Europe, slaves of the lamp!' I admire a nation which fancies it will die if it do not undersell all other nations to the end of the world. Brothers, we will cease to *undersell* them; we will be content to *equal* sell them: to be happy selling equally with them. I do not see the use of underselling them; cotton cloth is already twopence a yard or lower, and yet bare backs were never more numerous amongst us. Let inventive men cease to spend their existence incessantly contriving how cotton can be made cheaper; and try to invent, a little, how cotton, at its present cheapness, could be somewhat juster divided amongst us! Let inventive men consider whether the secret of this universe, and of man's life there, does after all, as we rashly fancy it, consist in making money? There is one God—just, supreme, almighty: but is Mammon the name of him?"But what is to be done with our manufacturing population, with our agricultural, with our ever-increasing population?—cry many.—Ay, what? Many things can be done with them, a hundred things, a thousand things—had we once got a soul and begun to try. This one thing of doing for them by 'underselling all people,' and filling our own bursten pockets by the road; and turning over all care for any 'population,' or human or divine consideration, except cash only, to the winds, with a 'Laissez-faire' and the rest of it; this is evidently not the thing. 'Farthing cheaper per yard;' no great nation can stand on the apex of such a pyramid; screwing itself higher and higher: balancing itself on its great toe! Can England not subsist without being *above* all people in working? England never deliberately proposed such a thing. If England work better than all people, it shall be well. England, like an honest worker, will work as well as she can; and hope the gods may allow her to live on that basis. *Laissez-faire* and much else being once dead, how many 'impossibles' will become possible! They are 'impossible'

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as cotton-cloth at twopence an ell was—till men set about making it. The inventive genius of great England will not for ever sit patient with mere wheels and pinions, bobbins, straps, and billy-rollers whirring in the head of it. The inventive genius of England is not a beaver's, or a spinner's, or a spider's genius: it is a *man's* genius, I hope, with a God over him!"—P. 246.

And hear our Diogenes on the often repeated cry of *over-production*:—

"But what will reflective readers say of a governing class, such as ours, addressing its workers with an indictment of 'over-production!' Over-production: runs it not so? 'Ye miscellaneous ignoble, manufacturing individuals, ye have produced too much. We accuse you of making above two hundred thousand shirts for the bare backs of mankind. Your trousers too, which you have made of fustian, of cassimere, of Scotch plaid, of jane, nankeen, and woollen broadcloth, are they not manifold? Of hats for the human head, of shoes for the human foot, of stools to sit on, spoons to eat with—Nay, what say we of hats and shoes? You produce gold watches, jewelleries, silver forks and epergnes, commodes, chiffoniers, stuffed sofas—Heavens, the Commercial Bazar and multitudinous Howel and James cannot contain you! You have produced, produced;—he that seeks your indictment, let him look around. Millions of shirts and empty pairs of breeches hang there in judgment against you. We accuse you of over-producing; you are criminally guilty of producing shirts, breeches, hats, shoes, and commodities in a frightful over-abundance. And now there is a glut, and your operatives cannot be fed.'" "Never, surely, against an earnest working mammonism was there brought by game-preserving aristocratic diletantism, a stranger accusation since this world began. My Lords and Gentlemen—why it was *you* that were appointed, by the fact and by the theory of your position on the earth, to make and administer laws. That is to say, in a world such as ours, to guard against 'gluts,' against honest operatives who had done their work remaining unfed! I say, you were appointed to preside over the distribution and appointment of the wages of work done; and to see well that there went no labourer without his hire, were it of money coins, were it of hemp gallows-ropes: that formation was yours, and from immemorial time has been yours, and as yet no other's. These poor shirt-spinners have forgotten much, which by the virtual unwritten law of their position they should have remembered; but by any written recognized law of their position, what have they forgotten? They were set to make shirts. The community, with all its voices commanded them, saying, 'make shirts;'—and there the shirts are! Too many shirts? Well, that is a novelty, in this intemperate earth, with its nine hundred millions of bare backs! But the community commanded you, saying, 'See that the shirts are well apportioned,

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that our human laws be emblems of God's law;' and where is the apportionment? Two millions shirt-less, or ill-shirted workers sit enchanted in work-house Bastiles, five millions more (according to some) in Ugoline hunger-cellars; and for remedy, you say—what say you? 'Raise our rents!' I have not in my time heard any stranger speech, not even on the shores of the Dead Sea. You continue addressing these poor shirt-spinners and over-producers in really a *too* triumphant manner. "Will you bandy accusations, will you accuse *us* of over-production? We take the heavens and the earth to witness, that we have produced nothing at all. Not from us proceeds this frightful overplus of shirts. In the wide domains of created nature, circulates nothing of our producing. Certain fox-brushes nailed upon our stable-door, the fruit of fair audacity at Melton Mowbray; these we have produced, and they are openly nailed up there. He that accuses us of producing, let him show himself, let him name what and when. We are innocent of producing,—ye ungrateful, what mountains of things have we not, on the contrary, had to consume, and make away with! Mountains of those your heaped manufactures, wheresoever edible or wearable, have they not disappeared before us, as if we had the talent of ostriches, of cormorants, and a kind of divine faculty to eat? Ye ungrateful!—and did you not grow under the shadow of our wings? Are not your filthy mills built on these fields of ours; on this soil of England, which belongs to—whom think you? And we shall not offer you our own wheat at the price that pleases us, but that partly pleases you? A precious notion! What would become of you, if we chose at any time to decide on growing no wheat more?"

An amusing—caustic—exaggeration, more like a portion of a clever satire on man and society, than a sincere discussion of political evils and remedies; and not intended, we trust, for Mr Carlyle's own sake, to express his real belief in the true causes of the evils of society. If we could suppose that this piece of extravagant and one-sided invective were meant to be seriously taken, as embodying Mr Carlyle's social and political creed, we should scarcely find words strong enough to reprobate its false and mischievous tendency.

We have already said, that we regard the chief *value* of Mr Carlyle's writings to consist in the *tone of mind* which the individual reader acquires from their perusal;—manly, energetic, enduring, with high resolves and self-forgetting effort; and we here again, at the close of our paper, revert to this remark: *Past and Present*, has not, and could not have, the same wild power which *Sartor Resartus* possessed, in our opinion, over the feelings of the reader; but it contains passages which look the same way, and breathe the same spirit. We will quote one or two of these, and then conclude our notice. Their effect will not be injured, we may observe, by our brief manner of quotation. Speaking of "the man who goes about pothering and uproaring for his *happiness*," he says:—

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“Observe, too, that this is all a modern affair; belongs not to the old heroic times, but to these dastard new times. ‘Happiness, our being’s end and aim,’ is at bottom, if we will count well, not yet two centuries old in the world. The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not, ‘I can’t eat!’ but, ‘I can’t work!’ that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man—that he cannot work—that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled.”

* * * * *

“The latest Gospel in this world, is, know thy work and do it. ‘Know thyself;’ long enough has that poor ‘self’ of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to ‘know’ it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.”

* * * * *

“Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one’s existence, like an ever-deepening river, there it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest glass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small. Labour is life!”

* * * * *

“Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow workmen there, in God’s eternity—surviving there—they alone surviving—sacred band of the Immortals. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving—peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of time! To thee, Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind. Heaven is kind, as a noble mother—as that Spartan mother, saying, as she gave her son his shield, ‘with it, my son, or upon it!’” “And, who art thou that braggest of thy life of idleness; complacently showest thy bright gilt equipages; sumptuous cushions; appliances for the folding of the hands to more sleep? Looking up, looking down, around, behind, or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil? Not a vestige of one. ‘In the heavens, in the earth, in the waters under the earth, is none like unto thee.’ Thou art an original figure in this creation, a denizen in Mayfair alone. One monster there is in the world: the idle man. What is his ‘religion?’ That nature is a phantasm, where cunning, beggary, or thievery, may sometimes find good victual.”



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“The ‘wages’ of every noble work do yet lie in heaven, or else nowhere. Nay, at bottom dost thou need any reward? Was it thy aim and life-purpose, to be filled with good things for thy heroism; to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call ‘happy’ in this world, or in any other world? I answer for thee, deliberately, no?” The brave man has to give his life away. Give it, I advise thee—thou dost not expect to *sell* thy life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee?... Thou wilt never sell thy life, or any part of thy life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart—let the price be nothing; thou hast then, in a certain sense, got all for it!”

Well said! we again repeat, O Diogenes Teufelsdröckh!

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