

MONTHLY REPOSITORY,

FOR 1836.

NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY new year to all our readers! “Why, that is the conclusion of the Bellman’s Christmas ditty.” Well, and be it so; what then? The objection is a silly one, nor shall the standing of a kindly wish at the bottom of the bellman’s verse, hinder its standing at the top of our prose. There it is,—as homely, and not less hearty. It is a good old familiar phrase; and betokens a good old feeling too, which should not become unfamiliar. We care not much about family birthdays; at least, as they are commonly celebrated. There is often something of little personality,—something selfish, conventional, and merely complimentary, in their observances; they are made ministrations of vanity to each in rotation; but a year’s birthday is quite a different matter. That is a common festival, an anniversary of universal interest, which sinks the individual in the social being. The year is born for all of us. It is a gift to gods, men, and beasts; to all things that creep or fly; and the sun, moon, and stars, rejoice in its nativity. They echo the chorus of angels at that other nativity which just precedes; for what is a week in the harmonic intervals of the music of the spheres? and they respond, “Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given.” How happened it in all the changes of the calendar, that the two days were not united, and the new year made to begin on Christmas-day? That should have been the Christian date, and the memorial of Time’s regeneration. Or was it meant—and if not, it were well it should be meant—that the whole intervening week should be a golden and joyous link binding its day boundaries into identity, and making one entire unsetting sabbath-festival? There was something like this in heathenism; and worse transcripts have been made from the antique mythology! So might there have been a holiday for humanity, during which Time could relieve guard unnoticed at the door; and the satisfied guests would simply perceive that there was a new sentinel, with one more number on his cap, who had quietly taken his predecessor’s post, they knew not exactly when or how, while they were lapped in Elysium. It were better than the harsh transition, the jolt out of one year into another, we have now to endure, and which inflicts a shaking like that

of an omnibus turning a sharp corner upon a rough pavement. The operation is too jarring for kindly wishes and greetings at the moment. We do not at all regret that the slow medium of the press, through which we communicate with our readers, compels us to be anticipative, and will also compel them to be retrospective. No, not though it brings us again into comparison with our friend the bellman, whose good wishes last all the week, from Christmas to New Year's Day—at least we hope they do; for, as Cobbett used to say, “we cannot vouch for the fact.” Long imprisonment in Cockayne has impaired our personal knowledge of the country world; and bellmen are defunct in London. Yet, “we cannot but remember such things were.” If the profession be gone down, we hope that Corporation Reform will include its restoration. Newspapers will not do the bellman's business; at any rate, till the stamp duties are off, and every man has his morning “Two-penny,” or “Three half-penny,” with his breakfast. The seven-penny of two days old is all too slow for the recovery of the lost child; or for the ascent of Mr. Green, who leaves town with his balloon to-morrow; or for the thousand other charities and joys of the bellman's province. Then his bell is so properly civic an instrument. The trumpet is aristocratic; it belongs to heraldry, proclamations, the players, and the judges. People give notice by “tuck of drum” in the north; but that is barbarous and military. It is always horribly beaten, besides. The uncouth banging is actual torture to our ears, and cracks our own drums. But the bell, in a practised hand, (Londoners must not judge by muffin or dustmen; they are no artistes), is made to discourse,—not “eloquent music” indeed, but a stately sort of clanging melody. There was a famous bellman at N——, in our young days, whose figure rises every December to our imagination, and wishes us “merry Christmas, and happy New Year” in our dreams; especially after the first mince pies of the season. He was the very beau ideal of the profession; and “methinks I see him now,” ringing his bell a-deal. His portly figure aptly typified the entire corporation, of which he was the outward and visible sign to the junior citizens. It was something between Hercules and Daniel Lambert. The exact colour of his robes has rather faded from our eyes; and we hope to offend no city antiquary by our belief, that they were of a sobered and somewhat dingy blue and violet, blending the Aldermanic Court and the Common Council in the drapery of his august person, which was itself a grand model for a mayor. He was too tall for the ample calimanco folds to impair the visible proportions of his huge frame; and his nervous right arm was always at liberty, without marring the sculpturesque effect, to wield a bell that might well have served a parish church, and

summoned the population of a scattered village to their devotions. He *rang* it. Neither a shake, nor a clatter, nor a toll, was the sound that he produced ; but a slow, full, rich, simple melody,—a sort of *air des trois notes*, every note vibrating into a chord, like that of the great bell of Rouen Cathedral. O, but 'twas a noble prelude ; and the play did not disgrace the overture. Shakspeare prophesied of him, when he described a “big manly voice ;” and Wordsworth celebrated his degenerate nephew only for having “the voice of three.” It had body enough to fill Westminster Hall ; and when his daily official perambulations led him beyond the open squares and spaces of the city, the narrow streets of N—— used to act like speaking trumpets, and send it forth to roll its ample volumes of sound, like civic thunder, over the wide level fields of the circumjacent country. Latterly, though his voice failed but little, his legs got rather gouty, and he was indulged with a corporation pony. It was a sturdy little creature—a horse would have looked little under the load—but there was the big spirit of the master in it ; and it never disgraced him by an unseemly pace or a feeble falter. The pony was as collected and dignified as the young Roscius in Octavian ; and the recollection reminds us of a favourite epigram, in his first days of popularity. We forget the finish ; it is something about the palm-tree growing best under a load ; but it began thus:—

“ Bending beneath St. Ledger’s weight
All thought young Betty’s nerves must crack ;
But young Alcides keeps his state,
Even with a Kemble on his back.”

And so did the pony with Easthaugh on his back. They are both gone. We thought they had been as much parts of N—— as the castle and the cathedral ; but their place knows them no more. Filled up, it never can have been. Would that we had some of his verses. He always made them himself ; and they were sonorous ones. To our taste they were better than those with which Cowper used to supply the poor squeaking, drawling, Methodist bellman at Olney ; they were richer, and “more germane to the matter.” But no matter, now. Bellman, or no bellman, we say again,

A Happy new year to all our readers ! What a comprehensive wish it is ! There goes more to make a happy year, than we have time to tell. And yet, perhaps, the essence of a very happy year may be not inadequately described in three words. It should have continuity, excitement, and utility. The receipt is something like that olden one of the qualities of a good fire ; and never the worse, for there is warmth in both. By continuity, we mean the unbroken flow of the thoughts and feelings that constitute our moral being. Years, like days, should be “bound each to each by natural

piety." There is no happiness in violent changes, and abrupt transitions. Some people begin a year with one set of opinions, and end it with another. If either set had any root in them, there must have been a terrible breaking up of their mental constitution in the interval. The wise grow wiser, not by sudden renunciations and adoptions, but by the progressive development of principles. Nature abhors a vacuum, and happiness abhors conversions. There is good enough in all to grow up into all goodness. There is truth enough in all to be cultivated into all truth. The true process is to select the right, and let the rest wither. So with persons; make sure of the friend, and let the acquaintance hang on or fall off, as the sun may shine, or the wind may blow. The best wish for a year is, that it should resemble its predecessor in the progressiveness of all that comes nearest to the heart. The happiest stream of life has no cascades, but goes flowing on,—the surface ever widening,—the channel ever deepening,—the banks becoming more rich and majestic, till it meets and mingles with the everlasting sea.

The happiest years of a life are generally marked, each by some one strong excitement. As the reviewer pounces upon his "book of the month," so may the self-reviewer upon his event of the year. Or rather, it presents itself to his retrospective gaze, unobtrusively but all-absorbingly, like a mountain in his past road, still present with him, the sun on its summit, and the world at its feet. Such, pre-eminently, is the commencement of the feeling that makes a life's destiny; the first conscious sight of one

" Who seen, became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of memory,"

and not only of memory, but of hope and happiness. That ever makes a year as *new* as it is happy. Then there are many subordinate pleasure marks, memorial pillars of past years, even to those who have not lost rich uncles whom they never knew, that died and left them large legacies. The first year of travel, and any year of it to those who can only take it as a rare luxury, is ever distinguished thereby. Thank heaven and James Watt, each in their order, this excitement is within the compass of a reasonable wish for many thousands. Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Egypt,—we will say nothing about them; we write *for* the many, and *of* the commonly attainable. Reader, may you see Scotland for the first time this year; that will make it a happy and new year for you. Go on either side, west or east, and you shall be sure of its greeting you with a sensation. West? There is Ben Lomond in the sunset, revealing to you the reason why poets sing of blue mountains. East? There is Arthur's lion couchant amid the clouds, with

the most beautiful of cities at his feet. Go, go along, all round and through ; have a glorious toss upon the rolling billows of the Hebrides and the Orkneys ; dip your arm in the deep waters of the transparent Tay ; mount Ben Lomond, and look east and west, Stirling Castle and Dumbarton, the Forth and the Clyde,—there is all Scotland before you, and Ireland in the horizon ; see Perth the lovely, in its lovely valley ; make your way from Loch Katrine through Glencoe to Inverary, and so to Glenco, where heaven roofs in the close mountain walls, and the torrents of Ossian are resounding yet ; never heed our order, we are not writing an itinerary for the feet but the fancy, and so for the next & “will ye go, will ye go, to the Birks of Aberfeldy ?” Beautiful are they in the ravine by the falls of Moness, and there gather your woodruffe, nowhere else is it so fragrant ; and, above all, do not forget Loch Leven—not Queen Mary’s, see that, too—but the northern Loch Leven, which you will come to after you have been to Glenco and Ben Nevis, and through the Caledonian canal, stopping at Fyres, from Inverness, and before you start for Staffa and the holy Iona ; yes, you must then see Loch Leven, and the lone burial isle of the clan amid its dark waters. Fairly on board the steamer back ; not before ; or when you are housed again within sound of Bow-bell ; or at the following Christmas ; or for an anniversary, you may, if you like, sing our song, unless you can make a better, which is not difficult, for in sooth it is rather rough, but it shews Scotland to be a moral country, physically as well as mentally, and full of the emblems of true-heartedness.

Pledge the true-hearted,
Whose souls are as clear
As the Tay’s lovely waters
In sunshine appear.

Pledge the true-hearted,
Whose love is as strong
As the tide that is flowing
The Orkneys among.

Pledge the true-hearted,
Whose faith will not shake
While the heights of Ben Lomond
Stand fast by the lake.

Pledge the true-hearted,
Who lighten our mirth
As the sun brightens more
The bright valley of Perth.

Pledge the true-hearted,
Who long feel our wrongs
As Glenco’s old torrents
Breathe Ossian’s old songs.

Pledge the true-hearted,
 Unchanged when afar—
 As Inch Keith's distant beacon
 Guides the boat like a star.

Pledge the true-hearted,
 Most fond in distress,
 As the fairest birks hide
 By the falls of Moness.

Pledge the true-hearted,
 Who will moan at our grave,
 Round the island of death
 As moans Leven's wild wave.

Pledge the true-hearted——
 Who *are* they? a host?
 No, no— Pledge the true-hearted—
 —— is the toast.

The blank may be filled up by the singer *ad libitum*, if he can; if not, so much the worse for him; "each for himself, and heaven for us all."

You have been to Scotland, have you? Well then, we wish you a happy new year nevertheless. Go to Paris. Quite cheap and easy. Book you from the "Universal Spread Eagle Office, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, for three pounds fifteen shillings all the way." But if you don't like to make a toil of a pleasure, for the Calais journey is tough work, go by Havre, and steam it up the Seine to Rouen. There's refreshment for a wearied spirit. Not even Turner has ever told half the exquisite beauty of those wooded hills that embank the gentlest of rivers. But you will see many things that tourists have never told, or told of falsely; falsely to you, that is, if you have eyes of your own, which every body ought to have that makes an excursion to mark a happy new year. For a sentient being, Paris is all picture; and what has palled upon the ear and mind by iteration, often turns out the most surprising, with a strange and unsuspected beauty. It is worth going only to see the tri-color flying everywhere. Louis Philippe has not yet choused the people out of that. There are no monstrous king's arms sticking about, with their ugly heraldry, and their air of individual property. The beautiful rainbow that it is; one of the only two flags that are properly national, for the Union Jack is but a compromise after all. Who cares about the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George? The whole thing is factitious. We have a song that is national, and with a soul of poetry in it that may challenge the world. Honour to the memory of Jemmy Thomson for the glorious lyric of Rule Britannia. Why cannot the sailor nail to the mast a flag with

a meaning in it, like the striped and starry banner of America? The royal ensigns of Europe all tell but of the past. The tri-color associates itself with futurity, and prevents the sinking of disappointment into despondency. So thinks yonder radical, who is crooning a ditty as the boat puts off *pour l'Angleterre*. Listen to him; the words and the air are alike extempore, and show not much skill in either, but there is truth in them.

Farewell to the land of the tri-color
Where the people's flag is flying yet;
May the glory, when next we seek its shore,
Be risen again, that now hath set.

Then far away may the tyrant be
Who deceived the heroes that fought so well;
And our greeting be sung to France the free,
As our parting is breathed to *France la Belle*.

Farewell to the Seine, the gentle stream,
By woods and hills where it glides along;
As beautiful now as a painter's dream,
And now as bright as a poet's song.

Farewell to the gay and ceaseless fête
Of city and village, of bower and hall,
To the gardens where beauty is wedded with state,
And the Palace of Art, with its treasures for all.

Farewell to the dead, where in beauty they lie;
Farewell to the living, in beauty who dwell;
And to HIM farewell, from his column on high,
Who looks down on the city he loved so well.

Fair France, when again we seek thy shore,
Be the glory uprisen, that now hath set:
Farewell to thee, land of the tri-color—

Here the voice paused; the sun had gone down, the flag of the fort upon the heights was just fluttering in the last faint beam, and the vessel making rapid way; he turned his face seaward, cast a parting glance over his shoulder, and losing all semblance of metre or melody, muttered to himself—

The people's flag is flying yet.

And is France too far for you? Must you sing your songs in a narrower cage? That will not at all stint our good wishes. Our "bounty is as boundless as the sea." There are far off worlds, further than across the wide Atlantic, that may be reached and traversed in the reading-room of the Mechanic's Institute. Some books there are, the first reading of which is enough to give the year a white mark that shall never wear out. If it were not for "Speakers," and "Elegant Extracts,"

and all the other hashes by which the pedagogue prematurely makes a boy "Toby or not Toby," what a happy new year would be that in which Shakspeare should first open upon the soul, like love upon the heart, or nature on the eyes. It cannot be helped; there are a few cases of the ignorance which is bliss, because it dies in the revelation of a wisdom whose sun-burst on the soul is its own unfading memorial; but generally the mischief of imperfect acquaintance is irreparable. Pemberton's Lectures are the best alleviation; such lectures as those which he delivered at Southampton Buildings last Autumn. There was matter in them to awake the senses whose perception had been dulled by the verbal familiarity which anticipates appreciation. Happily the immortals when they re-appear, do not always "cast their shadows before;" Beaumont and Fletcher are unspoiled; the beautiful brethren whose graceful advance to the mind's portal "made a sunshine in the shady place," as they came closely linked together, with the princely band of Elizabethan bards trooping in their train. Children that have the run of libraries become sophisticated thereby, and lose all sense by tasting before their palate is sufficiently matured. Else might each great author become an epoch in their lives. They might chronicle their being by such dates as, when they were *just turning Milton*; or were *between Pope and Spencer* years of age. Nor are they the great works only that look sublime in the retrospect; whatever gives a stimulus will form an era; and that may be done by very inferior productions coming at a happy juncture. We knew a boy who never forgot (he was self-taught) his first feeling (at school it might have been a flogging) of Bonycastle's Algebra. Five-and-thirty years, or more, have not obliterated the year, the day, the hour, in which he made his purchase at a book-stall; nor the sensations of that long slow walk through the streets homewards with his prize, during which he mastered the signs, and the definitions, and the notation, and the mode of working, until he was nearly ripe for simple equations before his trance was broken. Even the stilted triteness of the preface was eloquence in his ears through many a long year, which not vainly presented other models to his admiring contemplation; he yet realizes the time when the enthusiasm of humility imbibed the wise announcement that "application and industry may supply the place of genius and invention," and how, proceeding with the sentence, "and even the creative faculty itself," &c., he stood amazed at the author's temerity. As happy as that year was to him, may the new year be to many a mechanic's boy.

The new year will not turn out well unless some good be done in it. Happiness must have the broad seal of utility to stamp its worth. We are not of those who desire to be, or to

see others, in a continual bustle. Nevertheless, man was not meant to be a pig, with his nose never out of his own sty. He should make some interest with the year, that when it comes to die, his conscience may not be left without a legacy of satisfactory recollection. Some purpose of benefit to others, political or philanthropic, may surely be contemplated by almost every individual: and happy the year that witnesses its accomplishment. Happy even is that which brings him to his grave, in the honourable pursuit of an honourable purpose. How well does that dear garrulous old Frenchman, Montaigne, discourse on this point.

“To Death do I submit the trial of the fruit of my studies. It will then appear whether my Discourses came only from my Mouth, or from my Heart. I have known many who by their death, have given a bad or a good reputation to their whole lives. *Scipio*, the father-in-law of *Pompey*, by dying well, expunged the ill opinion which had till then been conceived of him. *Epaminondas* being interrogated which of the three men he had in greatest esteem, *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or himself, *We must all die*, said he, *before that question can be resolved*. It would really be doing vast injustice to that personage to scan him without considering how great and honourable was his end. The Almighty has ordered every thing as it best pleased him; but in my time three of the most execrable persons that I ever knew, most abominably vicious, and the most infamous to boot, died regular deaths, and in all circumstances composed, even to perfection. There are some deaths that are grave and happy. I have seen the thread of a person's life cut in his progress to wonderful advancements, and in the prime of his years, who made so glorious an exit, that in my opinion, his ambitious and courageous projects had nothing so sublime in them, as the manner in which he bore their interruption; and he arrived without completing his course, at the place he proposed, with more grandeur and glory, than he could desire or hope for; anticipating by his fall, the fame and power to which he aspired in his career. For the judgment I form of another man's life, I always observe how he behaves at the end of it; and the chief study of my own is, that my latter end may be decent, calm, and silent.”

Whether individuals live or die, however, one thing is certain; and it luckily depends not on any particular persons, but on the great aggregate, the people, which is undying; and that is the necessity, if the world is to have happy new years, of keeping out and keeping down the Tories. Very deplorable is it that any body of persons should obstinately plant themselves between humanity and its rights; but if they will do so, they must be as gently as possible pushed out of the way. There will be warm work of it soon, nor has faction ever been so heady and desperate in this country as it is at present. The last struggle of a party for public plunder is yet to be made, and all honest men should be prepared and alert. The next defeat will be final, and the high road be then open of national

peace, freedom, prosperity, and improvement. All Reformers united, and the sturdiest in the front for leaders, must be our battle array. There must be no yielding to the blunder of timid Liberals, who would disarm friends in the vain hope of placating foes. This is the people's battle; and the policy which disables the people, by refusing to remedy the remaining imperfections of our representative system, must be abandoned. The vexations of registration must be done away. Freedom of election must be secured. The duration of Parliaments must be shortened. To refuse these is to provide for the return of Tory domination; or at least to impose the necessity of continued struggles and sacrifices, which ought not to be required. But there will be a time for this hereafter. We will go no further into politics now. The *movement* continues, and that is enough. Once again, a happy new year to all our readers!

F.

SONGS FOR THE BEES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN-LAW RHYMES.'

No. I.

To-morrow will be Sunday, Ann,
 Get up my child with me,
 Thy father rose at four o'clock
 To toil for me and thee.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
 And praise it when they dine,
 For John has taste—and we'll be neat,
 Although we can't be fine.

So let us shake the carpet well,
 Then wash and scour the floor,
 And hang the weather-glass he made,
 Beside the cupboard door.

And polish thou the grate, my love,
 I'll mend the sofa arm,
 The autumn winds blow damp and chill,
 And John loves to be warm.

And bring the new white curtain out,
 And string the pink tape on;
 Mechanics should be neat and clean,
 And I'll take heed for John.

And brush his little table, child,
And fetch the uncut books ;
John loves to read, and when he reads,
How like a king he looks.

And fill the music glasses up
With water fresh and clear ;
To-morrow when he sings and plays,
The street will stop to hear.

And throw the dead flowers from the vase,
And rub it till it glows ;
For in the leafless garden yet
He'll find a winter rose.

And lichen from the wood he'll bring,
And mosses from the dell ;
And from the sheltered stubble field,
The scarlet pimpernell.

No. II.

THE loving poor ! so envy calls
The ever-toiling poor :
But oh ! I choke—my heart grows faint
When I approach my door !
Behind it there are living things,
Whose silent frontlets say,
They'd rather see me out than in,
Feet foremost borne away.
My heart grows sick, when home I come ;
May God the thought forgive !
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

My cat and dog, when I come home,
Run out, to welcome me ;
She mewling, with her tail on end,
While wagging his, comes he :
They listen for my homeward steps,
My smothered sob they hear,
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
Because my home is near.
My heart grows faint when home I come,
May God the thought forgive !
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

I'd rather be a happy bird,
Than scorned and loathed a king ;
But man should live, while for him lives
The meanest loving thing.

Thou busy bee ! how can'st thou choose
 So far and wide to roam ?
 Oh, blessed bee ! thy glad wings say
 Thou hast a happy home,
 But I, when I come home—oh, God !
 Wilt thou the thought forgive ?
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

Why come they not ? They do not come
 My breaking heart to meet :
 A heavier darkness on me falls—
 I cannot lift my feet ;
 Oh, yes, they come ! they never fail
 To listen for my sighs ;
 My poor heart brightens, when it meets
 The sunshine of their eyes.
 Again they come to meet me—God !
 Wilt thou the thought forgive ?
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

My heart is like a church-yard stone,
 My home is comfort's grave,
 My playful cat, and honest dog,
 Are all the friends I have.
 And yet my house is filled with friends,
 But foes they seem, and are ;
 What makes them hostile ? Ignorance :
 Then, let me not despair.
 But oh ! I sigh, when home I come ;
 May God the thought forgive !
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
 I think I could not live.

No. III.

Oh ! blessed, when some holiday
 Brings townsmen to the moor,
 And in the sun-beams brighten up
 The sad looks of the poor.
 The bee puts on his richest gold,
 As if that worker knew
 How hard, and for how little, they
 Their sunless tasks pursue !
 But from their souls the sense of wrong
 On dove-like pinions flies,
 And throned o'er all, forgiveness sees
 His image in their eyes.
 Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
 On marjoram and thyme,
 And through his grated fingers sees
 The falcon's flight sublime.

Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
Grow darkly blue with light,
And his lips redden like the bloom
O'er miles of mountain bright.
The little lowly maiden-hair
Turns up it's happy face,
And saith unto the poor man's heart,
"Thou'rt welcome to this place."
The infant river leapeth free,
Amid the bracken tall,
And cries, "FOR EVER there is one
Who reigneth over all :
And unto him, as unto me,
Thou'rt welcome to partake
His gift of light, his gift of air,
O'er mountain, glen, and lake.
Our father loves us, want-worn man !
And know thou this from me—
The Pride that makes thy pain his couch,
May wake, to envy thee.
Hard, hard to bear, are want and toil,
As thy worn features tell ;
But wealth is armed with fortitude,
And bears thy sufferings well."

No. IV.

NOR ale-house scores, nor ale-house broils,
Turn my good woman pale ;
For in my pantry I've a keg
Of home-brewed ale.
The Devil keeps a newspaper
Where tavern rangers rail,
Because it tempts his doomed and lost
To drink bad ale.
But I read news at second hand,
Nor find it flat and stale,
While Hume's or Hindley's health I drink
In home brewed ale.
My boys and girls delight to see
My friends and me regale,
While Nancy, curtsyng, deigns to sip
Our home-brewed ale.
And when the widowed pauper comes
To tell her monthly tale,
I sometimes cheer her with a drop
Of home-brewed ale.
It tells her heart of better days,
Ere she grew thin and pale,
When James, before the banker failed,
Drank home-brewed ale.

I'll melt no money in my drink
 Where ruffians fight and rail ;
 The guager never dipped his stick
 In my cheap ale.
 But when we household suffrage get,
 And honest men prevail,
 Then, hey Mechanics ! for free trade
 And cheaper ale.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

No. 8. THE INTRIGUANTE.

THERE was silence in the dressing-room of the Dowager Lady Mateland ; but not because it was tenantless. Her ladyship had just past from it attended by her niece, Georgina Mountwell, who might have been deemed her daughter ; not for any personal resemblance, for the one was large, like a huge bastion, with corresponding massiveness of features ; the other tall, like a slender minaret, with an acute pretty face. But the craft and contrivance which had lifted Lady Mateland into rank and riches, appeared as prominently developed in her brother's daughter ; and now that her ladyship had wedded her son's estates to a fine piece of landed property, to which the contingency of a wife was, however, attached, and had matched her daughter's dower to the fair funds of a titled drysalter, she was at leisure to look out for a fortune for her favourite niece, a pursuit in which the young damsel most dutifully assisted her.

When these ladies passed from the dressing-room, where the elder had been adorned for a fancy ball, they left a young and very lovely girl leaning on the scroll of a couch, upon which the sumptuous velvet mantle of Lady Mateland lay in dark and ample folds. This girl was a relation, a *poor* relation, as the phrase is, of the ladies who had just left her, and through whom she became daily but too sensible of the cold quality ascribed to charity.

In the course of the conversation which had passed that evening in her presence, she discovered that hopes which had beamed upon her fortune—dreams which had dazzled her fancy—were finally dashed. The quick beating of her heart—the paling of her cheek—were unnoted, or unheeded by the cold, busy, speculating interlocutors, and not an audible token had Clara given that she suffered. But when her torturers were gone, and she was left to the luxury of solitude, the prisoned tears, at last set free, rolled slowly from her upraised eyes—for a moment she stood statue-like in her desolate beauty, then falling forward on the couch, she lay like the faint moon when a rack of clouds are round her, and the sobbing of the passed storm is dying in the distance.

Clara was a gentle, delicate creature—one of those creations which nature yields only now and then, when pausing in her prodigality she says—"This shall be unique—there shall be nothing like unto this near her or around her." Fatal distinction! which makes the darling dear only to its maker—and to the author of its beauty it must look for its beatitude—for the world has for it neither fitting climate nor companionship.

Clara's early trials, such trials as bend, not brace the spirit, had invested her with an habitual softness and resignation which might have paved her way with melting hearts, if *hearts*—high, holy human hearts, such hearts as God can make, and man unfortunately unmake—she had encountered. She had been in her beautiful childhood one of a little flock, from which wolves had snatched their protector—he had been a kind but careless shepherd—one who loved to lie looking at the stars in the far bright region above him, and even while yearning with love towards his young lambs, fatally forgot to guard their interest. He died, and left his widow and her little ones to the fruitage of his sorrows and misfortunes—a heritage which none contested. They had to endure its undivided bitterness, though many wondered how they bore it.

Such is society. By an inevitable necessity, growing out of a variety of causes, the rich and the necessitous are continually brought into contact: thus are afforded to the former, opportunities for the exercise of a thousand instances of delicate generosity; but it appears that there is scarcely a quality of rarer growth—it is the aloe of the human soil, and blooms once a century.

The man who drinks wine every day, often visits a family in which wine is not drank once in a year; he perhaps finds the father sick, or the mother sad—how does he forbear to send them a dozen from his cellar? One glass less a day at dinner for a few weeks would permit him to do this without any increase of expenditure, save in the virtue of self-denial. But the poor family is probably a proud one. Very probably. But it is an undeniable fact that a hamper, if properly directed, will find its way to the house it is to go *to* without any reference to the house it goes *from*.

Poverty, to meet relief, must be marked with the broad arrow of unconcealable misery, and it must lay its feelings as bare as its fate; charity—coarse, common charity—allows no reservation; but like the experimentalizing anatomist, applies the probe of curiosity till the nerves of sensibility are paralyzed for ever.

Our laws, indeed, for want and age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

The poverty which is "too proud for pity," is the **poverty**

which most deserves it ; and it was this kind of poverty which had tried Clara, and to which much of the unfortunate delicacy of her constitution might be traced. Like the famishing family in Godwin's " St. Leon," hers had often sat down to meals at which many of the members feigned want of appetite to spare the food—they feared to participate, lest they should abridge the portion essential to the necessities of the younger branches : the most prominent among these self-denying members, were her mother and herself ; they hid their acute sorrow under the calmness of fortitude and the serenity of resignation, which covered their calamities from common view, as " the wreath of Harmodius covered his sword." Trials incident to family distress, and frequent sickness, perfected in Clara a spirit of patience, tenderness, and intelligence, rarely developed so early. As she rose into girlhood, some of the family difficulties, conquered by courage, disappeared—her health improved, and a bright, yet delicate vivacity shed its own peculiar enchantment on her beauty. Yet it was delightful to see how the prudence which she had learned from reflection reined the impulses she inherited from nature—how affection prompted persevering exertions, which were all beyond the poor power of *physical* strength—exertions of which the divine energy of a loving intelligent *will* is alone capable.

She was scarcely fifteen when she was seen and loved ; her heart half answered to the appeal ; but her anxious, circumspect mother promptly interposed a barrier between Clara and her fortuneless lover. Disappointed and distressed beyond what he could bear to betray, he broke up his prospects in England and went to sea. He could not go without seeing Clara. " None but myself," he said to her in that interview, " can know how I love you. Depend upon my love—should you ever need its service do not fail ——— who knows ———" The gathering emotion grew beyond his power to suppress it, and he wept the tears which *would* have way.

" Clara," he resumed, when he could again speak, " in any case, no matter what, call to me and I will come to you—come to me and I will receive you, shelter you, succour you—if I should have a home, a friend, a guinea—they shall be more yours than mine."

Had Clara's heart never been touched before, it would have yielded then : there is little doubt, if she had had only self to consider, she would have put her hand into the hand of her lover and said like Ruth, " Whither *thou* goest I will go ; and where *thou* lodgest I will lodge ; *thy* people shall be my people ; and *thy* God, my God." But the religion of nature rarely obtains in society—the uncongenial are forced into association, and the assimilated are torn asunder. Mammon hath said, Let discord be on the face of the earth, and discord in abundance there is.

The provided have leisure to luxuriate in their feelings—to nurse an impression, and reiterate the recollections by which it is deepened and endeared; but the unprovided encounter a thousand circumstances which drive away regret and dissipate devotion; yet, notwithstanding all that toil, trouble, or even time can do, an impression often retreats *cannily*, as our Caledonian brothers say, into a corner of the heart, there keeping quiet and secure possession, of which the heart itself is little conscious.

In the five years which followed the departure of Clara's lover she was tried by a variety of circumstances, which terminated with one of the heaviest of human afflictions, the loss of an excellent mother—that friend of friends on whom time, fortune, nay change itself, works *no* change; everything else on earth may, and perhaps does, cease at moments to love, but a mother never ceases to love her child; true through every trial, firm amid all that would shake faith, affection, confidence, in any other being, *she* alone lives so perfectly for the creature she has produced, that self is wholly lost in the sentiment of maternity. If humanity might meet pardon for setting up an idol, and falling down daily before it in the prostration of worship, that idol must be a woman who concentrated in the character of a mother all that is sweetest, brightest, noblest, best, in human nature.

Clara gradually recovered her serenity and cheerfulness. The flesh wounds of the healthy soon heal, and so do the heart wounds of the innocent; the suffering, in either case, is instinct with its own medicament, and no corrosion is present to prevent the process of healing. Lady Mateland, a distant relative of Clara's father, received the orphan girl into her family, not as an acknowledged domestic with a remunerating stipend, but as a dependent with no reward whatever but such as may be found in the familiarity, without affection, which relationship deems itself entitled to assume.

Here it was that she touched the heart of Edward Tinselton, a younger son—one of those persons who seem to exist merely by the sufferance of their class. As he had some fashion, though little fortune, the circumstance did not fail to call attention to Clara; like a neglected target suddenly set up for a mark, every one was ready with a shaft. Those who would have despised the love of so poor a man as Tinselton, and shunned his attentions as likely to keep off richer offers, yet envied her his devotion; while *his* relations, who never cared to interfere in favour of his fortune, resolved to do all they could to prejudice his happiness. Now, in many a midnight conversation, held in dressing-room or drawing-room, the deep designs and studied artifices of Clara were canvassed and commented on. Now, looks and glances were interchanged which spoke a steno-

graphic language to the clique which employed it; and all the secretive arts and actions of such moral cowards and assassins were at work.

Hail to the open foe! even though he come armed like Achilles, and animated with the hatred said to fill the foe of man, and against whom all resistance were vain; rather than the detestable "snake in the grass" which I could crush with my foot—the sly, slow, soft, stealthy, fair-showing, false-breathing fiend!

Tinselton was compounded of the spoiled materials of many good and fine qualities. He had taste, which, under the guidance of liberal cultivation, might have imbued him with some portion of poetry and its concomitant good; but the finger-post of fashion directed him to the tailor and jeweller; and vanity, having delighted itself with dress and decoration, placed him over head and ears in debt and difficulty. He had wit, which, allied to knowledge and learning, might have made him a bright and powerful being; but he preferred to "attend at the toilet of Venus, rather than serve at the loom of Minerva," and he rapidly degenerated into a male coquet and a coxcomb. Still the originally fine materials were not utterly debased; there were times at which he effused a lustre sufficient to win an interest in the wisest, and more than enough to dazzle and delude the inexperienced, and thus Tinselton was admitted to a heart, one of the pulses of which he was not worthy to move. Just as affairs were approaching the crisis when marriage was about to be mentioned, an event of vast importance to the fortune, whatever it might be to the feelings, of Tinselton occurred; his elder brother, thanks to a blood horse, was killed, and upon his brother's broken bones Tinselton immediately mounted into notice and distinction as the heir of a paralytic earl. Without emigration, Tinselton, now Lord Lentall, found himself in a new world; cards of inquiry fell at his door like a snow shower, and every creature but Clara wore to him an altered aspect. *Her* eloquent eyes had not a brighter beam—*her* mantling cheek had not a warmer glow—*her* thrilling voice not a softer tone. Unread in aristocratic economy, she was to a great degree unconscious of the mighty change which had magnified her lover; and had she been perfectly conscious of it, it would little have affected one who desired to be the lady of his love, not of his fortune.

Clara's manner in the midst of the adulation which poured round him, appeared to the new lord cold and wanting: a worshipper of the empty glare of grandeur, he could not comprehend Clara's quiet equanimity, and, like all the ignorant, condemned that which he could not understand. He felt a strange inflation—an access of self-importance which craved

the ministry of homage; and, amid these gaudy weeds, the wild violet, love, which chance had thrown into his path, breathed in vain.

From this time the commencement of Miss Mountwell's machinations might be dated. She saw that Lord Lentall was destined to become a favourite in that sphere of life in which, as in the atmosphere of mountains, the qualities of coldness and lightness give some claim to the appellation of high; she saw how excessively he was flattered by his present distinction, she saw that he was piqued with Clara — Clara hurt regarding him; that they mutually misunderstood each other, yet each had too much pride, or something like it, to seek or offer explanation.

How easy is the work of mischief to the intriguante; how she can entrap and then betray, intertissue truth and falsehood, prevaricate and exaggerate, till she creates the confusion in which, like the thievish incendiary, she effects her purpose.

But here let me observe that the *female* intriguante is ever open to ridicule and contempt, while male intriguantes are, in a great measure, sheltered from such shafts. Why is this? simply because they occupy a different arena, and act upon a different scale,—the paltry principle is the same in both.

The jealousies and rivalries of Burke and Sheridan, of Pitt and Thurlow, were made up of the same elements that antagonize beauties and leaders of fashion. When George III. took the great seal from Thurlow, notwithstanding as some one has observed, all the hypocritical cant of attachment made by the legal mastiff to his master, he growlingly exclaimed—"No man has a right to use another as the king has used me: we cannot meet again in the same room." Let us convert the chancellor's mace into a fan, the subtle and savage statesman into an equally subtle, though, perhaps, less savage woman of fashion; conceive her disappointed of a favour or annoyed by a neglect from some woman a few grades higher in conventional rank than herself, and parodying Thurlow's words; where is the essential difference between the principle or practice of the lawyer and the lady?

Louis XIV., whom Mr. Bulwer deems a *man of genius* (!) "were it only for the *fineness of his compliments*," what was he but an intrigant? Alas for human nature! If with power and opportunity for the exercise of all that is great and glorious, men fall into so much that is infamous and contemptible, how shall human nature escape where the path of pettiness and folly is prescribed?

Miss Mountwell's first scene of action was a morning concert. She succeeded in making Clara and Lord Lentall members of the party, though both had been disinclined to go. To Clara she pleaded a special reason for desiring her

company, a reason which she promised at some future time to communicate, and then, with such apparent candour, asked for confidence, that Clara's good-nature was taken captive. To Lord Lentall she merely said, "You *must* come—I cannot do without you." A look, fleet as a flash of lightning, fell expressively upon him, ignited his vanity, brought him instantly under the influence of a spell, and he obeyed her. By another manœuvre she had made a Sir Charles Something one of the party—this gentleman was Lord Lentall's particular aversion. As soon as she saw Lady Mateland take the baronet's arm, Miss Mountwell whispered Clara, with her usual insolent dictatorial suavity, "Follow my aunt." The innocent girl did as she was told, was handed into the carriage after Lady Mateland, by Sir Charles, who of course followed himself. Georgina now lightly touched Lord Lentall's arm, and half-laughingly, half-pensively said, "Come with us—that carriage contains your bane, I know; its antidote—I fear." There was a faltering uncertainty in her tone that rendered the last word scarcely audible; but there was a commentary in her bright eyes, which were, however, averted too quickly to allow his lordship sufficiently to read their dazzling and mysterious language.

Who is there that does not know the wisdom, both in poetry and passion, and they are inextricably united, of leaving much to the imagination,—giving to it glimpses of desire and hope, skilfully shadowed by doubt and uncertainty? At least Miss Mountwell knew this.

On gaining the concert-room she found herself seated between Lady Mateland and Sir Charles, after salutations had been exchanged with some friends they met there, and that, either by choice or chance, Lord Lentall was seated by Clara. She soon contrived to catch Clara's eye, and, in obedience to her look, Clara went to her. "Change places with me," she whispered; Clara complied, and again to the apprehensive vanity of her lover she appeared guilty of treason against him. Miss Mountwell by turns tortured and soothed the wound from which he suffered; and at the close of the day, till which she did not permit him to effect his escape, the debtor and creditor sheet of his lordship's vanity stood thus—"Clara does *not* love me, Georgina does."

Difficulties in love are proverbially well known to be as important a feature to the passion as curry to a dinner at Calcutta; but the difficulties must not spring *from* the parties themselves, but about them. From Clara herself seemed to originate every hurt that Lord Lentall received, and resentment came to the relief of his wounded pride; while gratitude, as well as gratified vanity, spoke in behalf of Georgina. Lord Byron said, that we do not like people for the merit we discover in them, but for the merit that they discover in us. This

was the shrewd remark of one more compounded of the mere common-place materials of humanity than those who love his spirit-stirring poetry are willing to believe.

To wound the vanity of a man like Lord Lentall, was to give him the most mortal of moral hurts—to soothe and stimulate his vanity was to fan the fire that fed his spirits, and such happiness as he was capable of feeling. Shall we wonder, then, amid the conflict created by the supposed coldness of Clara and the supposed preference of her rival, that he saw nothing clearly, and, like a vessel broke from its moorings, was drifted by any current which might chance to prevail?

The limits of a sketch admit not of that detail which best lays bare the anatomy of the human heart. In brief, Miss Mountwell wiled or won Lord Lentall from Clara; who, after having been called into temporary notice by the circumstances of his passion and Miss Mountwell's manœuvres, was thrown back into more than her original state of obscurity and neglect—thrown back with a bleeding heart; for, unconscious of the escape she had experienced, she mourned the loss of her lover, and estimated him far beyond his worth.

Thus we return to the moment when Clara cast herself on the couch in Lady Mateland's dressing-room. With a cruel indifference to the feelings of the forsaken girl, or with a malignant design to wound them, Miss Mountwell had spoken explicitly upon the subject of her approaching nuptials with Lord Lentall.

“Oh, my mother!” exclaimed Clara, when tears had relieved the suffocating sensation arising from the mingled emotions of resentment and grief, “Oh, my mother! not thus had Edmund acted!” and the parting words of the lover of her girlhood came back upon her memory,—they were, in fact, graven more deeply than she guessed upon her heart.

It is in the hour of affliction that the heart rises unto God, and thus it is that the broken vessel of an afflicted spirit has been so often filled by the waters of devotion, which, unlike all others, cement that which was shattered—restore that which was ruined. Certain, too, it is, that in that hour the deep memories of the past are prone to return to us—those images over which death and sorrow have placed bolts rusted by the tears of anguish, suddenly burst from their sepulchre, and breathe an indescribable charm upon the existing desolation.

Events of a somewhat striking nature followed in rapid succession; among these was the death of Lord Lentall's father,—and his son, scarcely recovered from the intoxication produced by his succession to the lesser rank, vaulted into the dignity of an earldom, as if it were not lent to him on lease as it had been to his predecessor, whose hatchment was thus vainly hung forth as a memorial of mortality.

Now it was that Georgina Mountwell, triumphant in art, felicitated herself upon her prompt policy; now it was that Lady Mateland pressed a glowing kiss of congratulation on the fair forehead of her niece, and repeated the ceremony with increased pleasure when she saluted her as Countess of Raggedville—a title derived from a place, the revenues of which arrayed her ladyship in robes, while the sons of the soil were in tatters. How much longer are these monstrosities to mark the social map of, at least, *Christian* countries,—how much longer are the mansions of aristocracy to rise in contrast with the manger of the great Master, as the practice of their inmates with his universal charity and simplicity?

The pretty countess was now proclaimed a splendid beauty; the beautiful Clara was unnamed and unnoticed. Such are the delusions which float upon the tide of society, such are the realities which it engulfs—as on the tide of the waters straws float, and gold sinks.

Georgina had married the earl as she would have stepped into a balloon, for the purpose of rising to an elevation that she could no otherwise attain. She resolved that he should be a statesman; it was alike *her* pleasure and *his* birthright, and what opposed to these were his ignorance and his indolence? His vanity, which was even greater than either, enabled her to mould him readily to her views; he was gratified by the blaze with which she surrounded him, and thus aided and stimulated, he won his way to power to gratify vulgar ambition, and serve contemptible interests. But such ambition ever plays a losing game; it has an insatiable desire, which can never be but partially and incidentally appeased. Fortune begins to fail, and personal powers to decay, while along the heights of ambition fresh beacons continue to blaze—and when can it secure a clear path, and an unincumbered progress? Broken or superseded tools cannot always be cast aside—the blunted instrument with which no further way can be cut, may yet be an ugly weapon in the hands of an enemy; and thus it is that every adventurer and adventuress, from the ruler of the pettiest drawing-room or meeting-place to the palace and the senate, have so many *dear* friends who owe all the countenance they meet to fear, not to affection.

But to quit the scene of idle toil, and degrading glare, and turn to Clara Bruce—the wronged—the uncomplaining. The injurer is sure to hate the injured, and the countess hated Clara: some remnant of feeling made her ladyship sensible to the severest of all reproaches—the reproach of silent suffering, of unmerited suffering—which, instead of vituperating or expostulating, stands aside in the noble meekness of conscious innocence and calm resignation.

Clara was like a statue which some classic chisel had called

from the marble, and which, with the despair incident to neglected genius, had been put aside in some sequestered gallery : Georgina was like an idol which superstition had adorned and placed upon an illuminated shrine. The countess, dazzling as she was, and floating through the glare as she did, never passed that fair and placid statue unrebuked, and thence she resolved to have it removed from her vicinity.

An opportunity was soon found. Clara was attached to a family proceeding to India ; and now it was said that she was gone to try the effects of her artifices in a new scene. Clara embarked, dead to all the views attributed to her, but not indifferent to the prospect of change, and a sense of relief in departing from a place in which her spirit had been so severely tried. But a destiny of peculiar hardship attended her. She had not been many weeks at sea, when the angry elements rose in conflict ; the bark so gallant in the fair hour, shrunk, like a wretch struck by paralysis, before the storm ; the masts so lately, with their proud array of white canvas, tapering to the sky, went by the board, and the vessel soon rolled a wreck upon the waters. The insatiable sea continued to make breaches over her, sweeping, at every ruthless visit, many wretches into the remorseless deep.

“ ’Twas twilight,—and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters, like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail—”

when hope revived : the sky cleared, the wind abated, the swell subsided, and a vessel, answering the signals of distress, was seen bearing down. Oh, how the stagnating current of many a dying heart leaped into limpid flow at that moment !

A few hours and the wreck was wholly abandoned. The few that were rescued, were received into the noble vessel, which had so well weathered the gale, with the unstinted kindness which distinguishes the sailor’s charity. Among the rescued was Clara ; the only woman that had been saved, and she was at first apparently lifeless. When consciousness returned to her, she awoke in a cabin of conspicuous neatness and comfort ; the couch-bed on which she lay was nice, even elegant, for an Indian shawl of great beauty was thrown over it as a coverlet. A very few minutes brought back to her the recollection of the storm and all its horrors ; she felt that she had been saved—that she was safe,—and clasping her hands, she murmured, “ My God, thou hast not forsaken me ! ” An instant after this, she gently put aside the curtain of her couch and perceived a man seated beside it. He was sunk in slumber ; it appeared as if weary nature, overcome by watching, had been surprised by sleep. She fixed her eyes upon the sunburnt face presented to her in profile ; strange feel-

ings and recollections grew upon her; she grasped the curtain convulsively,—she put it further aside,—she raised herself on the couch more perfectly to peruse that face. It was *he*,—*he* who had told he would come if she called to him,—would succour her, - shelter her if she came to him! She *had* come, and *how* he had succoured and sheltered her was sufficiently evident. She took the pillow on which she had lain, and gently insinuated it beneath his head; his head sunk heavily upon it, as if conscious that the sleep which had hitherto been stealthy, might now be sound,—and sound it was.

Where was the spirit wandering in the land of dreams, while that grateful girl bent over the sleeper and poured out *her* spirit in tears of gratitude and re-awakened love? How well remembered was the countenance on which she gazed, and yet how changed it was! but she bowed her pale face and softly kissed that brow, bronzed by many a storm and furrowed by many a sorrow, with a feeling more fond and holy than she had ever felt before; and she took his hand, hard and brown with the honourable toils of industry, and, in the innocent fervour of her gratitude, pressed it between her own, with an emotion of veneration such as her late holiday lover never could have inspired.

Sometimes sleep flies suddenly, and eyes open at once in calm and perfect wakefulness: thus, after the profound refreshment he had experienced, did Edmund wake, and his eyes immediately met the tear-bathed eyes of Clara. There was no shrinking about her; none of what the *world* calls modesty.—Joy, indeed, as Shakspeare says,

“ Joy could not show itself modest enough
Without a badge of bitterness.”

And her smiles came with a flood of tears, as she was clasped to the bosom of her lover, who soon gave utterance to *his* feeling in the same language. In the hours during which she had watched Edmund's sleep, she had grown familiar with her situation, and was prepared to meet the joyous welcome of his waking eyes with equal joyfulness; and if the spirits of purity, of gratitude, of devotion, were ever present at a re-union, they were present when Clara was pressed to the manly bosom of that sole friend, who, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, and events of time, had kept an anchorage for her in his heart.

Joy, hope, and love, as if by magic, brought back health and strength to the frame of Clara; and soon beneath the bright beautiful light of a tropical moon, and its many stars, she sat on the deck listening to the story of Edmund's sorrows and successes, his trials and triumphs.

“ Yes, Clara,” he exclaimed, pressing her hand, and pausing at the binnacle, to which he pointed,—“ My heart has been

true as the needle,—both ever pointed north. I was," he continued with a smile, as they walked out of the hearing of the man at the wheel, "I *was* the captain of this ship; now I suppose *you* must be captain;" and he added, pressing her hand against his breast, where it might feel the beating of his heart, "here, in the presence of these pure heavens, I solemnly asseverate my own well-remembered vow, 'may I perish if ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.'"

Prosperously they made their course to England; but for several years Clara continued to accompany her husband in his voyages. At length an increasing family compelled her, and an improved fortune permitted him, to resign the sea, and they settled down, in happiness and prosperity, in kingless America; where, contrary to the fears of many, I trust the trail of the serpent, conventional aristocracy, will never be seen, but *real* power always have the precedence.

Just as Clara, with her truly noble husband, were establishing themselves in a homestead that was to them a kingdom; Georgina, and her *so called* noble husband, with impaired health and disappointed hopes, were preparing to expatriate themselves, that their broken fortune might be put out to nurse, to enable their eldest son to run the same race of vice and folly, which they were closing amid the pity of the few, and the contempt and insulting neglect of still successful fools and knaves.

M. L. G.

The Rime of the Merrie Devil of Edmonton.

BY PYCKLE SMYTH, SOMETIME CLERK OF THAT PARISH.*

Long time ago, the yeare unknown,
There dwelt a sooty sprite
All in the Hundred of Edmonton,
A thief by daye and nighte.

By daye he'd wander thro' the fields,
And under a tree he'd squat,
Dark as a toad, but oft at eve
Shap'd like a huge black cat.

Both daye and night, in dark or lighte,
He held hys mischief revel,
With wicked glee, in effigy
Of Maister Peter Fabel;
'Till bolder growne and better knowne,
He owned himself a Devil.

* "One Pyckle Smyth of Edmonton, was discharged from his office of parish clerk, being much suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions, and likewise for writing verses in his leisure hours.—'Gentleman's Magazine.' Vol. xxxiv.

Sometimes he'd shave a ploughman's skull,
 Sometimes he'd stopp a mill,
 Or with quick start o'erturn a carte,
 And roll it down the hill.

The harvesters they chas'd him oft,
 With pitch-forke and with flail;
 But that same night he'd fire the loft,
 And swill their nut-browne ale.

The vicar came with booke and psalm,
 The clerke hys sweete nose lente,
 The parish warde made full acorde
 With the same instrumente.

The Devil he laugh'd at priest and psalme,
 And tweak'd this clerke by the nose;
 And quoth he, each younker's voice is crack'd
 Like a cocke's when firste it crows.

The Knight of the Shaking-speare rode bye,
 And he gave the Devil a poke,
 And trotting along, he made him a song
 How the Devil was all a joke.

The Devil look'd blue and swore aloud,
 "By the strength of our bonfire smoke,
 If I had you below I'd soone let you knowe
 If jeering the Devil's a joke!"

With my stew-pan and grippers—my long forke and rippers,
 And the gridiron—my favourite toole;
 You'd find it *no* joke, with speare or with booke,
 To make the Devil a foole!"

A widow's soul he now inspir'd,
 And a widow old was she,
 Her spouse had been lawyer, call'd Simon Sawyer—
 She was burnt for sorcerie.

Then one dark nighte, this wicked sprite
 Got drunk with flip and grog,
 And bye next morne had melted quite
 Into a poisonous fog:

Which floating, dropt its heavy dewe
 On every tree that waves,
 Until into a plague it grewe,
 And men went to their graves;
 But after a time, it was quite sublime,
 They came back singing loftie staves.

When time was pass'd, and he releas'd
To tread the earth once more,
Fresh laughter for that time he'd loste
To have right soon he swore.

So on he went with hote intente
Of mischief freshe and rare,
Resolving bye some dire evente
To make the country stare ;
So chang'd into a horse, and flew
With Gilpin down to Ware !

Then next he bound'd up *Silver-street*,
And over the bridge he leapt ;
The water swell'd into a floode,
And down it roaring swept !

And bore the bridge from *Tanner's-end* *
As tho' it were a boat,
And in the *Angel's* cellar of malt
Set all the butts afloat.

The "particular bin" of course he crept in,
Marring my landlord's pelf,
He mix't with the wine—got drunk as a swine—
In shorte, forgot himselfe.

Then out he rush'd, and madly gush'd
Thro' *Duck* and *Watery Lanes*,
Insulted gig, mail-coache, and pig,
And all the holiday swaines.

Then he floated downe to the *Rose and Crown*,
Which being near the *Churche*,
Low sank the floode to humbled mud,
And left him in the lurch ;
And quoth he, "it becomes my royal blood
To escape the Establish'd Birch !"

He next was met all black as jet,
In the shape of Board's mad Bull,
With faces all red and muskets and lead
They fired at his head, but he scratch'd it and said,
" You must give a *united* pull !"

With horne askaunce, and nonchalance,
He declin'd to carry the farce on :
Revenge might be sought, but he paus'd as he thought
They mistooke hym for the parson.†

* These things are too much of a fact for us here, and we wish it was only the witte and fancie of poetry.—P. S.

† A few remarks might here be righte facetiously, and methinks aptly, propounded ; but prudence, which is the best virtue of witte, commendeth silence.—P. S.

He always attended, and much amended
 The *Statute Faire*, I wot ;
 Well varnish'd each hoax—inspir'd the salt box,
 And Richardson's tragique plott.*

The conjurer Gyngell, as brighte as an angel,
 He lente hys very best aide,
 And the rope he entranc'd when young Saunders danc'd
 In garlands of fire array'd ;
 While loude did ring the cymbals ding,
 And drums, horns, hautboys, play'd.

He visited oft the gypsey craft,
 To *Bigley's Field* endear'd,
 And in their merry tents each eve,
 Like Thespis, hys face he smear'd.

He cheer'd and enlighten'd the drinking boothes,
 And the pick-pocket—patient creature ;
 For a feeling he had, to 's honour be it said,
 That a thief is not out of nature.

One morne he stray'd along the "*Hide*,"
 And quoth he "that steeple's divine,
 And brighte as a scythe!—'tis the oil of tythe
 That makes that steeple shine!"

He thruste his nose up *Meeting-house Lane*
 And heard the "common metre,"
 Righte sharpe he drew back—flew off in a cracke
 No grey-hounde ever was fleeter!
 But there he was wrong, tho' his terror was strong,
 For nothing *I'm* sure could be sweeter!

Now whether his eare or his outlaw'd feare
 Was the cause, we cannot saye ;
 But from holy things, while the devil hath wings,
 'Tis clear he must hark away !

He hath much advanc'd the *Golden Fleece*
 Where "the serious" flock by dozens ;
 The first sheep-stealer was Jason of Greece,
 And this Devil and he were cousins.

He hath choak'd the jolly "King of Clubs,"
 And the "Punch-Club King" was he,
 Whose throne was *The Bell*—but his funeral knell
 A black bludgeon beat heavily.

* This name, and several that follow, prove the ancestral glories of the Richardsons, Gyngells, &c.—Ed.

He storm'd one nighte at *The Angel* brighte,
Till he made the sign-poste fall ;*
And well I wot, whether joke or not,
He hath stopp'd the " Christmass ball."
Perchance at midnight he thought t'was not right,
That " the serious " should dance at all.

Now oft he's dress'd in a thread-bare coat,
Bedeck'd with grey-white furr,
Like an idle goose from hys pen got loose,
To taste the country aire.

Sometimes he's seen in a dun black coat,
Walking in sun or showre,
With a clerical hat and powder'd wigg,
As large as a caulifloure !

And merrily still he'll take his fill
Of the tun that ne'er shall faile,
And his nap at noone, wherein full soone
He dissolves in smoake and ale.

Sometimes he's seen with pompous mien,
Like a captain—a Welchman bolde ;
Sometimes he tittups o'er the green
As a widow frisky and olde.

And oft he skips into men's brains,
And addles their senses all ;
He fix'd on one in his heartless fun,
Till he pull'd down *Wyer Halle* :
But the Devil himself when *this* was done,
Some inky tears let falle !

Thus he plagued the Hundred of Edmonton
Unto the last degree,
When after years of grievous fears,
Hunted and caught was he ;
So into prison he was throwne,
To wait the law's decree.

The Justice bigg, built uppe of wigg,
And eke with solemn gowne,
Righte sterne, quoth he, " methinks tis fitte,
This devil we do drowne !"

Then straighte they gette long rope and nette,
And to the pond they drag him,

* And a lawe-suit arose therefrom, which the landlorde loste. For he went to lawe with a waggon-wheel that had rumbled againste the poste all unawares at nighte. P. S.

But as he squall'd, and flank'd, and bawl'd,
 They thoughte it best to gag him.
 Then lastely they hys taile enthrall'd,
 And like a moore-fowle bagg'd him.

They douss'd him in, uppe to the chin,
 Then pitch'd him tail-over-head !
 And thus at laste hys pranks are paste,
 The Merrie Devil's dead !

Yet strange to tell, it soone befell,
 When horses went to drink,
 Or dog, or cow, it chanc'd somehow,
 They reel'd arounde the brinke !

And ploughmen too, soon jovial grew,
 And flock'd around the rail,
 Till all astound the Justice found,
 His ponde had turn'd to ale !

Nought of the Devil was seen againe,
 Save once at midnichte houre,
 A watchman swore that a head uprose
 In the shape of a caulifloure.

But it prophesied that faire Edmonton,
 When fortune shoulde forsake her,
 In future days of less orthodox wayes
 Shoulde fall a prey to the Quaker !

THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF GERMANY.*

THE subject of this volume is contained in letters addressed to Lord Brougham and Lord Althorp,—written at first anonymously, and republished in consequence of some references made by Lord Brougham, in his speech of the 21st of May, 1835, to the system of education in Germany and other continental states. The original purpose of the writer will be best explained by an extract:—

“ My principal view in writing these letters at first, was to induce a deliberate, accurate, and extended examination of the educational institutions of Germany. I had myself given them great attention during a considerable space of time. I had corresponded with, and been on terms of intimacy with, several of the most celebrated professors of education as a science, which Germany has ever produced ; but I felt that longer time, greater attention, more minute examination, than I could afford to bestow, was required to give the public anything like an extended view of the system of German education ;

* *On the Educational Institutions of Germany.* By G. N. R. James, Esq. Saunders and Ottley, 1835.

and I was convinced, from the results which were under my own eyes, that a thorough knowledge of that system would well repay the British public for any trifling expense that a commission of well informed men, sent out for the purpose of investigation, might incur. With this view I sat down to give those general facts which might show to his Majesty's Government, and to the people of England, what an immense, extraordinary, and interesting piece of mechanism the system of education in Germany really is; hoping thus to prove to them that it was worthy of deeper attention than has been hitherto given to it, and that there were many other states, the educational institutions of which are much more applicable to our own land than any which have been displayed in M. Cousin's brilliant but hurried view of those existing in Prussia."—*Introduction*, p. 3.

The letters have another object, which is thus briefly announced,—

"I then proceeded, led on by the natural connexion of the one subject with the other, to touch upon the present state of sound and instructive literature in England, as compared with the same on the continent."—*Introduction*, p. 6.

On each of these points Mr. James has furnished us with information and suggestion, both interesting and important. He has given a description of the system of education in Frankfurt, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in Nassau, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, comprising, as they do, all the varieties of commercial and agricultural, of Protestant and Catholic states. It is impossible in a short compass to give any idea of the details; the book itself must be read, in order to understand them. Perhaps a very slight outline of the plan pursued in one state, may serve as an illustration of the whole, and shew that education is given to the people of Germany on a very magnificent scale, though it cannot with any degree of clearness do more. Perhaps Nassau is the best state that can be chosen for this purpose. Education is there compulsory, and every child not supplied with other means of instruction must enter one of the primary schools at six years of age, and continue under a course of studies for eight years. The whole expense, both of the primary, and of two higher grades of schools is defrayed by the state. The course, beginning at the elementary branches of teaching, which in Germany always include singing and gymnastics, goes on to ancient and modern languages; mathematics and various branches of science; history, drawing, intellectual and moral philosophy, and universally throughout Germany—religion, which is taught by the clergyman of that persuasion to which the child's parents may belong. The whole number of scholars in Nassau is averaged at one to six of the population, seventy-seven to each teacher, and ninety-eight to each school. All the books used are appointed by law. An inspector and regularly

appointed committees superintend all the schools, and all the teachers are supplied from the Normal school.

“This establishment for the education of future masters of elementary schools,” says Mr. James “I have every reason to believe, is conducted with the most scrupulous care. It is provided for at a very considerable expense by the State, and I know that the most particular attention is directed towards maturing the judgment, and confirming, directing, and cultivating the moral feeling of those who are destined to form the hearts and understandings of the people.” —p. 85.

This is indeed an important part of national education; perhaps in establishing any system of the kind, one of the greatest difficulties would be to find efficient teachers. “The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few.” Good training will do much towards preparing educators such as are needed, but it cannot do all. A teacher should have that peculiar aptitude for his work which makes him love it—which makes the society of infancy, and childhood, and youth, delightful to him—the sight of their growing intelligence his pleasure—and the endeavour to direct and forward its progress the occupation he chooses beyond all others. It is a peculiar temperament; as much so as that which leads to any other taste. Without either acquired or natural capability, how many an ignorant pretender has lightly undertaken that work which the wisest would tremble to begin! how many a fine intellect has by such been crushed! how many a sensitive and delicate nature has been distorted! The individuals best fitted for teachers, ought to be selected while yet young, and set apart, and trained so as to prepare them to fulfil their important duties as perfectly as possible; but such a course is not to be looked for yet. It is a grand improvement to educate the educators. Dr. Bryce of Belfast, in one of his excellent lectures on education, delivered in London last summer, mentioned a circumstance which illustrated the importance, to a teacher, of a knowledge of the human mind, and an insight into individual character. At a public examination of a school, in which the visitors were allowed to put questions to the children, a lady was present who had been trained by him for a teacher. It occasionally happened that the children were puzzled and unable to answer. On these occasions Dr. Bryce applied to this lady to explain where the difficulty lay. She never failed to point it out; the proof being, that the questioner, by following her advice as to how to proceed with the examination, found that the stumbling-block was removed, and the right answer speedily given. Mr. James is perfectly aware how much any system of education is dependent on the teachers.

“The method of instruction, and the general discipline of the school, though very strictly laid down by law, still depends greatly

upon the master ; and I have had opportunities of ascertaining that the moral condition of a whole parish had been changed by the appointment of a good or bad schoolmaster, and his continued residence in the place. Were there space, some most striking instances of this fact might be given, showing the absolute necessity of what have been called Normal Schools, from the immense influence that primary schoolmasters exercise upon the moral condition of the people.” —p. 65.

“ To the few who entertain any doubt upon the subject, I will only cite the forcible words of Kroeger in his observations upon Cousin’s report : ‘ Do you demand proofs of capability, and of long apprenticeship,’ he exclaims, ‘ from a handicraft man, and yet confide the formation of your child’s heart, and the direction of his mind, to a person who has undergone no such trial, who has received no such preparation ? Are the heart and soul of your children not more important than the manufacture of a shoe.’ ” —p. 30.

The various measures, both financial and administrative, that would be necessary, should a system of national education be established in England, are discussed at some length. Due allowance is made for the difficulties, but among them Mr. James considers the expense should scarcely be reckoned. The best experimental opinions decide that a part should be paid by the parents of the children taught ; and the very considerable funds already appropriated to the purposes of education ought of course to be applied to the national system. The sum then demanded of the state need be very small indeed ; and he goes on to say

“ I must not only contend that the burden, even at first, is more apparent than real, but also that ultimately, instead of a burden it would prove a relief. It can be statistically demonstrated that in all states where a well-organized system of education has been instituted, poverty, and its consequent claims upon the public, have been diminished in such a degree as to afford the certainty of an immense diminution of that tremendous burden the poor’s rates. Were such an educational institution established in England, I do not say that it would extinguish them, for there must always be support provided for the old, the sick, and the incapable, of the poorer classes, but it would go far to reduce the poor rates to a name.” —p. 70.

It is needless to point out the importance and the soundness of these remarks, or the earnest sincerity of the following :—

“ After long and deep thought upon the subject—after having seen the working of different systems in different countries—after having marked the defects, the follies, the dangers, the vanities, which in various governments have impeded the progress of education in various states, — I remain profoundly convinced that a system of general education is absolutely necessary to Great Britain, and that it must, and can, and will, be introduced. The introduction of it upon one grand and regular scheme, and not as a piecemeal and incongruous mass, will immortalize the person who accomplishes it.” —p. 107.

We sympathize too deeply with so earnest and able an advocate of this great cause, to dwell long on minor points of difference ; but there are one or two which cannot be passed over without notice. On the subject of compulsory education, Mr. James is accustomed to express himself as follows :—

“God forbid that I should advocate anything like compulsory education, which I look upon as a most unjustifiable infraction of the best and dearest rights committed to us by God himself, when he wills us to be parents.”—p. 4.

“God forbid that civil liberty should be ever so far forgotten in England, as to permit a system of compulsory education to be introduced into our native country,” &c. &c.—p. 73.

Now, it certainly does seem a strange anomaly, that a people should concede to their government the right of hanging their children for the results of ignorance, and not the right of enlightening that ignorance. In a well known and popular work, this very ground is taken in arguing on the subject, and what is said is so good and just that it shall be quoted here.

“We are all in England so devotedly attached to that odd, easily pronounced, but difficult to be defined word, liberty, that there is, perhaps, nothing we should all at once set our backs, our faces, and our heads against more, than a national compulsory system of education, similar to that prescribed in Nassau ; and yet, if law has the power to punish crime, there seems at first to exist no very strong reason why it should not also be permitted, by education, to prevent it. Every respectable parent in our country will be ready to admit, that the most certain recipe for making his son a useful, a happy, and a valuable member of society, is carefully to attend to the cultivation of his mind. We all believe that good seeds can be sown there, that bad ones can be eradicated—that ignorance leads a child to error and crime—that his mental darkness, like a town, can be illuminated—that the judgment (his only weapon against his passions) can, like the blacksmith’s arm, by use, be strengthened ; and if it be thus universally admitted that education is one of the most valuable properties a rational being can bequeath to his own child, it would seem to follow that a parental government might claim (at least before Heaven) nearly as much right to sentence a child to education, as a criminal to the gallows. Nevertheless, as a curious example of the difference in national taste, it may be observed, that though in England judges and juries can anywhere be found to condemn the body, they would everywhere be observed to shrink at the very idea of chastening the mind ; they see no moral or religious objection to imprison the former, but they all agree that it would be a political offence to liberate the latter. Although our poor laws oblige every parish to feed, house, and clothe its offspring, yet in England it is thought wrong to enforce any national provision for the mind ; and yet the Duke of Nassau might argue, that in a civilized community children have no more natural *right* to be brought up ignorant than naked.”—*Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, p. 217.

There is another point of still more vital importance on which Mr. James appears to us to deviate widely from the true path of an enlightened benevolence. In expatiating on the danger of over-educating the people, and in attempting to define the amount of knowledge which may with safety be communicated to the productive classes, he has entirely lost his way. Of all the forms of evil which the division of mankind into classes can assume, none is more pernicious than that which gives to one set of men the right to dole out knowledge to another set, according to some standard of sufficiency erected by themselves. They would have an equal right (were it possible) to limit their portion of light or of air. Let men who are the friends of education employ their energies in making it as complete and perfect as possible—there is no danger of their making it *too good*. Education, if enlightened, would begin for the children of all classes with the same endeavour to train and develop all the faculties, and the same communication of the grand elements of all true knowledge. Stern necessity will force away, to the world's work, the children of the poor, before they have had time to do much more than learn these elements; but were it possible for them to continue the progress, *true* knowledge would lead no one to despise any occupation “that may become a man:” the sooner all others are given over to operatives made of wood and steel, the better.

We are unable, also, to sympathize with Mr. James in the complacency with which he mentions the teaching of religion to the children by the ministers of their parent's various sects. Religion, as felt by a child, when learned, as Christ taught it, from the lilies of the field, clothed more gloriously than Solomon on his throne—from the ravens, that neither sow nor gather into barns, yet that God feeds—from his own beautiful parables, or his own character, and life, and death, is something so pure and lovely that we shrink from the idea of the catechisms and creeds which the mention of ‘the clergymen of that persuasion to which the child's parents may belong,’ presents to the imagination. What is Christianity to the child? It is “a tale of one who was sent by the great Being whom we cannot see, but who made us all; who was instructed by Him to tell mankind of his love, and care, and kindness to all his creatures; who shewed that Being in the beauty of the flower, and the brightness of the sun, and the grandeur of sovereignty, and the affection of a father; who told those touching parables, over which young eyes may weep, and young minds may wonder; who made that prayer to our Father in Heaven, in which the child learns to pray; whom wicked men killed, but whom God made to live again; whom the good shall be made alive to meet and be happy with for

ever.”—[Christ and Christianity, vol. ii. p. 5.] This Christianity is confined to no sect—why should any other be taught?

All that part of the book which relates to the want of encouragement for literature in England will be found very interesting. The author conceives that the government must ere long devise some means of supporting those classes of literature which ‘public favour will not support,’ and of rewarding those labours that ‘public taste will not reward.’

“The first of these means is, of course, to secure to men of talent some pecuniary benefit—to hold out to them some object which the exertion of the mind and industry will certainly obtain; and thus to make them feel that the employment of their talents, the occupation of their time, and even the considerable pecuniary expenses which many branches of research require, will no longer be in vain; to show them that their duty to themselves and to their families is not lost sight of while labouring for the public benefit; and that the cold meed of the applause of the few, or the still more desolate portion of posthumous renown, is not all that is to attend their genius, and repay their exertions. Did literary men in England feel this to be the case, many of the most worthy would dedicate themselves to greater objects than they can or ought to pursue at present; and foreign nations would no longer have to reproach us with carrying commerce into our literature, and devoting ourselves exclusively to the *manufacture of what will sell*. This, my Lord, you must well know is a common reproach against us amongst foreigners; but while they make it, they forget that England is the only country in Europe where the government does nothing to promote or encourage literature. * * * Shame, shame, to think, that men who have honoured their country by the noblest exertions of the human mind—whose names will stand revered by posterity as long as the English language is known—whose writings form a brilliant part of our national glory—should have lived unhonoured, undistinguished, by the governments under which they shone! I could almost fancy that I was writing of some period of the dark ages, and of some country where the light of learning and civilization never appeared; but it is enough to say that such a state of things is a gross and glaring evil, and should be amended.”—p. 133.

Allusion is made to the provision for the encouragement of literature in France, Prussia, Germany, and *Russia*.

The remarks on foreign literature are concluded thus,

“We are marked out, and peculiar, and distinguished from the rest of Europe, not more by our insular situation than by the fact of our being the only nation the government of which does nothing for the reward of literary exertion. How long should such a state of things be suffered to exist?”

If an illustration is wanted, these words may serve—they were the outpouring of bitter disappointment endured by one whose genius originated the idea of an effective national education nearly half a century ago, and whose energy succeeded in obtaining one for his own country, the progress of which was only stopped by the desolation of war.

“Thousands pass away as nature gave them birth, in the corruption of sensual gratification, and they seek no more.

“Tens of thousands are overwhelmed by the burdens of craft and of trade; by the weight of the hammer, the ell, or the crown, and they seek no more.

“But I know a man who did seek more; the joy of simplicity dwelt in his heart, and he had faith in mankind such as few men have; his soul was made for friendship, love was his element, and fidelity his strongest tie.

“But he was not made by this world, nor for it; and wherever he was placed in it he was found unfit.

“And the world that found him thus, asked not whether it was his fault or the fault of another; but it bruised him with an iron hammer, as the bricklayers break an old brick to fill up crevices.

“But though bruised, he yet trusted in mankind more than in himself, and he proposed to himself a great purpose, which to attain he suffered agonies, and learned lessons such as few men had learned before him.

“He could not, nor would he become generally useful; but for his purpose he was more useful than most men are for theirs, and he expected justice at the hands of mankind, whom he still loved with an innocent love. But he found none. Those that erected themselves into his judges, without further examination, confirmed the former sentence, that he was generally and absolutely useless.

“This was the grain of sand which decided the doubtful balance of his wretched destinies.

“He is no more; thou wouldst know him no more; all that remains of him are the decayed remnants of his destroyed existence.

“He fell as a fruit falls before it is ripe, whose blossom has been nipped by the northern gale, or whose corn is eaten out by the gnawing worm.

“Stranger that passest by, refuse not a tear of sympathy; even in falling this fruit turned itself towards the stem, on the branches of which it lingered through the summer, and it whispered to the tree ‘even in my death I will nourish thy roots.’

“Stranger that passest by, spare the perishing fruit, and allow the dust of its corruption to nourish the roots of the tree on whose branches it lived, sickened, and died.”—*Written by Pestalozzi after his failure at Neuhoﬀ.*

M.

YORK MINSTER AND THE FOREST BUGLE.

It was on a Sunday morning that we made our way through a hazy atmosphere, and along narrow streets, towards what imagination, fed by description, had long led us to believe one of the finest monuments of human art. There was within us that indefinite feeling of preparation, when the soul appears to be summoning up all her powers to be in readiness to receive a new and elevating impression, that always anticipates the contemplation of any object deified by associations connected with the sublimities and beauties of the works of nature, or the finer developments of the one great spirit as seen in the infinitely varying and glorious achievements of the human mind. This state was somewhat disturbed by the necessity for haste; for we were solitary in our way through the streets—there was no sabbath-morning throng streaming towards the cathedral; it had already received them within its lofty portal, and we hurried forward, fearing to lose alike our view of the interior, and our share in the enjoyment of the service. At the end of a narrow court we came upon it at once. There it stood in all its mighty majesty; perfect, uninjured, as if on the instant the same voice that had said, “Let there be light!” had issued the command, “Let there be a cathedral,” and lo! it uprose!

We entered silently and stealthily. Had the weight of a world of grief rested upon the heart, it would have been uplifted as the eyes sought expansively to take in the height and length and breadth of that pillared and sculptured vastness: we seemed to have left the lesser space without, instead of the greater. The organ was throwing off its clouds of sound, and they rolled along the roof and through the aisles, while at intervals the voices of the choristers came like light and music, both upon the senses, seeming to melt away all obstruction between us and the open heavens, that our hearts might ascend more freely in praises and thanksgivings to *Him* who had created such “wonderful works” through the agency of man to delight “the children of men.” We were not long allowed to remain where we were; one of the vergers, those human crows of a cathedral who look disposed to have a *caw* at you if they dared, came up and gave sign that we were to follow him to the upper entrance to the choir. He then marshalled the way through a crowd clustered on the steps leading to the communion table, to one of the pens, called pews, immediately under the pulpit. He shuffled us in somewhat abruptly, with a bustling, business-like air, far preferable to the assumed sanctity sometimes observable in similar clerical officers. The architectural effects of the choir, usually the least interesting portion of a cathedral, were rapidly glanced at, and the eyes were again at their old work, resting on that part of the nave

that was visible over the organ gallery; and we determined, in our own minds, that if the fanatic Martin had confined his practical illustration of the organ of destructiveness to the destruction of the organ and its gallery, we would not have been on the subscription list for its new erection, at least in the same place. It is this undivided vastness that assists in giving Catholic cathedrals their superiority over Protestant; though even this is as nothing when compared with the far stronger impression made upon the feelings by the genuineness of Catholic devotion. Protestant cathedral service is like the representation of a thing that has been; the acting of what in Catholic service is to the individuals engaged in it (the people, that is) an all absorbing reality. The Protestant says his prayers, where the Catholic prays. Especially is this observable in the communion service, which is called out in anything but a devotional tone (a good reader with a strong voice being the utmost that you can expect) or tending to excite the devotion of others. The most devotional part of the service is the music; and when Lord Henley would have tried to deprive cathedrals of their choir, albeit that his intent might seem good, he would have stripped them of the only spiritual grace of which they are at present possessed. Look at the faces of the multitudes as they listen,—see the same faces while undergoing the sermon or other parts of the service; and can it be doubted which is the most spiritualizing influence, music, or sermon? Were the elected ministers equal to their office, all would be well. To arouse the sense by the purest of all administrators to its enjoyment, and then, while in this state of excitement, to speak through it to the soul,—to awaken it by these harmonious means into a state of living vital attention to fluent and fervent spiritual truths—truths to the high nature, capabilities, and destinies of man—truths that elevate and exalt him into a union with the divine spirit, not sink him, when in a state of more than ordinary spiritual elevation, to a level lower than the brute, calling upon him to join in the chorus “what worthless worms are we,” when his soul is asking for a stimulus dealt out in beautiful equality with that which had just been administered to his sense. Alas! alas! for such a demand in York Minster. A face, rayless of intellect or sensibility,—eyes, cased in glass, fixed to a book, to which they possessed the merit of constancy through the whole of their morning’s employ, appeared above the pulpit cushion,—and a voice, as if issuing from out its stuffing, strongly infected with the brogue (if it may be so called) of canny York, told us at once what we had to expect, a collection of words, words, words,—put together in sentences to make the proper quantity,—their most fruitful result the chance of administering an opiate to some poor sufferer who had endured a previous night’s toothache that defied a soporific of an inferior

quality. It was very effective with two middle aged gentlewomen, who had sat opposite, and had looked somewhat opposed to each other before this reconciliatory sermon; they now nodded and bobbed to one another most good-naturedly, at the same time shutting their eyes upon all past grievances.

Fortunately there was the religion that lurked about and around, and spoke out from the living stone, that could satisfy us for the want of it in the dead preacher. Again and again the eye wandered over the world of carved work, from the mimic and varied faces upon the near pulpit, to the remote pillars, the tops of which uprose in the distance. The various escutcheons carved upon the walls were next scanned, and the eye rested, amongst them all, upon a forest bugle that hung in bold relief above the stalls on the left of the choir. In one moment the whole cathedral had vanished. Instead of the lofty pillars, trees of a thousand years uprose in giant majesty, their wide arms spreading in stately arches, their multitudinous leaves mingling overhead in forest fretwork. Mossy banks spread out beneath their feet, where late had been the carved oaken stalls. The drowsy murmur of the preacher melted into the music of a brook, that went on its cheering way leaping and laughing at the pebbles that threw themselves across its path. The sound of the organ was lost in the myriad united voices of the mighty winds, swelling forth hymns of praise amongst the lofty tree-tops; the voices of the choristers were mute in the up-springing of a thousand woodland throats fraught with sweet unbought thanksgiving; while a universal voice seemed to utter forth, "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands." And then the forest became peopled; there was a vast multitude of worshippers, and one among them was their preacher, and he was clothed in a "garment of camel's hair," and his food was "locusts and wild honey," and he cried unto those around him, "Prepare ye a way for the Lord." And he passed and gave place to another, whereon whose face was written love—"perfect love that casteth out fear"—yet power with love, the image of divine perfection. And his voice was as balm "for the healing of the nations," and it bade them take no anxious "thought for the morrow," but look around them at the flowers "that toiled not, nor spun," yet were arrayed more gloriously than the princes of the earth—at the birds that fell not to the ground unheeded by the heavenly Father, who cared equally for all—that beneficent Spirit "of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things."—"And the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in the love of God, and in the knowledge of his son, Christ Jesus," &c. &c.—and then the charm was broken—the forest vanished—and there was the general rustling of bodies released from a state

of uneasy attention—the two respectable gentlewomen suddenly awoke, gave one short stare, and then looked unusually devout to atone for their brief state of somnific abstraction. The service ended, we were free to take a survey of that part of the building we had passed so rapidly on entering.

The peculiar advantage which York Minster possesses over every other cathedral which we have seen, is in its magnificent central tower. Standing at the profusely ornamented entrance to the choir, then sending the eyes up into the stupendous vault above, suddenly to bring them down again to look along the avenue of pillars that lead to the western end, is a demand upon the vision that almost agonizes the eye, lest it should not at once take in all that is spread out before it. The pillars that support the tower are fluted, without one single horizontal impediment. They rise up higher—higher still, so that the eye as it gradually follows their upward tending, is in the same condition perpendicularly as it is in the gallery of the Louvre horizontally—it seems to be taking an endless journey. There is in no part of it anything to mar the magnificence of the whole. The windows are all on a grand scale, and wherever modern additions have of necessity been introduced, even of the minutest kind, good taste has ever been ready to regulate their disposition.

As we were leaving the area that surrounds the cathedral, a person who had sat near us during the service, seeing that we were strangers, most kindly informed us that in the afternoon there would be a fine anthem, *AND NO SERMON!* a fair practical comment upon what had been the reflections of the morning. Our visit was to the Minster, and not the town, and even had the infliction been repeated, we had intended passing as much of the day with it as we could.

The day had cleared—the mists were all gone—and a blue afternoon sky, with a faint tint of coming twilight, showed the tower in clearly defined beauty when next we saw it. The sun had set behind the surrounding houses, but it threw up a parting gleam on the rich pinnacled towers of the western front, and here and there the more lofty parts of the building glowed with a bright amber hue. We entered the garden in which it partly stands, with its surrounding erections generally in good keeping, and its beautiful cluster of grey ivy-covered miniature arches. Another pre-eminent beauty which York Minster possesses over most others, is in the superiority of its many different points of view. There is no sacrifice of the rest to one magnificent front, leaving the remaining whole as a sort of large back door to the other. As you walk round it, each successive point of view is a sublime picture. It is like seeing a procession of cathedrals pass one after the other. Towards the eastern end, on one side, there is an evil which is often

found to exist in the neighbourhood of noble buildings—a number of houses that barely leave space for a carriage to pass between the cathedral and themselves. We longed for a giant's power, aided by a huge battering-ram, to butt at them. Surely with so many idle *cánons* they might manage better. Before we had completed the circuit, the windows were all illuminated from within, though faintly, seen at a time when the division between day and night seemed yet undecided. Again we were within the walls, now darkened by coming shadows, which the partial illumination of gas was insufficient to penetrate, adding mystery to that which had been beauty, and investing the imagination with power to create another, and even more magnificent, world out of that which in the day had been palpable to sight. The painted windows gleamed like gems in contrast with the black stone that enclosed them; here and there a long stream of light shone across the pavement, as if some spirit had passed, leaving token of its glorious track. The choir was crowded to excess—pews filled—steps thronged, up to the very rail around the communion table. The choristers and lay clerks were all assembled; their snowy-white surplices contrasted well with the rich brown carved work, and the bright crimson cushions that formed their back ground. Beautiful was it to watch the fading away of daylight through the storied windows—the successive lights and shadows wandering at intervals over various parts of the building, till all trace of day was gone, and artificial light alone rendered visible the choir filled with its closely pent assemblage of expectant people. The organ again sent forth its volumes of sound, which again floated over the heads of the multitude like vast clouds of incense ascending from some mighty altar. When the anthem was about to begin, there was a general move towards the centre. The music selected for the anthem was a quartette from one of Mozart's operas. It was done "excellent well." At its close there was a slight though universal movement, and a sound that seemed like the release of suppressed breath; and the crowd again receded towards the communion table. The usual prayers, said over in the ordinary tone, followed, and involuntarily we looked towards the forest bugle. It was no longer visible, but the very thought of it was as a fresh breeze passing over the brow. It was no longer visible; but the spell was again at work. The roof was suddenly withdrawn, and there were the starry heavens to "declare the glory of God, and the firmament to shew forth his mighty work." We were with the shepherd poet, tending his flock by night—listening to his divine utterance of strains harmonious as those of the stars, his inspiration, when they sing their hymns of praise to him who gave to them, and all, a universal voice wherewith to utter forth a song of beauty and of love. We were with

those of Bethlehem, who out of darkness hailed a light that heralded the coming "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth and good-will amongst men." We were with the unearthly child in its midnight wanderings, nestled closely to the bosom of its mother; we listened with her to the night breezes, lest they should whisper a tale of pursuit; we looked upward to the stars to be their silent yet unerring guide to their haven, Egypt.—And he whom she had guarded so tenderly—who was himself to be the guard, the guide, the "lamp unto our feet, the light unto our path," however broken and desolate the wilderness, however dark the night—we were with him in his lonely wanderings amongst the Judean mountains, or on the shores of the sea of Galilee, when he retired apart to commune with his own heart, to be with the Father of his spirit in secret, to muse on the workings of the mighty plan which he had formed for the regeneration of mankind, to gather strength and calmness for the work which he had to do, in the stillness and beauty of the night. We were with him when that work was finished—when the spirit was rendered "unto God who gave it." But though darkness wrapped Calvary in gloom, he had "brought life and immortality to light" throughout the earth. Again was the love of him invoked for blessings on the departing crowd. They had been subdued by the service, and went their way slowly and silently. As we watched their figures gliding along the aisles, they seemed spiritualized by what they had heard, and looked like the shadows of the bodies that had entered. We lingered—lingered till warned away; one more look in which the thought of the bugle, and the many associations it had awakened, was magically mingled. Never since has the recollection of one come without the other—they are linked for ever in our memory; and when dwelling on that one day's delight, never do we forget to beg that blessing for others that we ourselves enjoyed through the agency of York Minster and its forest bugle.

S. Y.

PORPHYRIA.

The rain set early in to-night :
The sullen wind was soon awake—
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake :
I listened, with heart fit to break,
When glided in Porphyria : straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm ;
Which done, she rose, and from her form

Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
 And laid her soiled gloves by ; untied
 Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
 And, last, she sate down by my side
 And called me. When no voice replied,
 She put my arm about her waist,
 And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
 And all her yellow hair displaced,
 And, stooping, made my cheek lie there
 And spread o'er all her yellow hair,
 Murmuring how she loved me—she
 Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
 To set its struggling passion free
 From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
 And give herself to me for ever :
 But passion sometimes would prevail ;
 Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
 A sudden thought of one so pale
 For love of her—and all in vain ;
 And she was come through wind and rain.
 Be sure I looked up at her eyes
 Proud—very proud—at last I knew
 Porphyria worshipped me : surprise
 Made my heart swell, and still it grew
 While I debated what to do.
 That moment she was mine,—mine, fair
 Perfectly pure and good : I found
 A thing to do, and all her hair
 In one long yellow string I wound
 Three times her little throat around
 And strangled her. No pain felt she—
 I am quite sure she felt no pain.
 As a shut bud that holds a bee
 I warily oped her lids—again
 Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
 And I untightened next the tress
 About her neck—her cheek once more
 Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss :
 I propped her head up as before,
 Only, this time *my* shoulder bore
 Her head—which droops upon it still :
 The smiling rosy little head !
 So glad it has its utmost will ;
 That all it scorned at once is fled,
 And I, its love, am gained instead,
 Porphyria's love : she guessed not how
 Her darling, one wish would be heard.
 And thus we sit together now :
 And all night long we have not stirred,—
 And yet God has not said a word !

JOHANNES AGRICOLA.

“ANTINOMIANS, so denominated for rejecting the Law as a thing of no use under the Gospel dispensation : they say, that good works do not further, nor evil works hinder salvation ; that the child of God cannot sin, that God never chastiseth him, that murder, drunkenness, &c. are sins in the wicked but not in him, that the child of grace being once assured of salvation, afterwards never doubteth.....that God doth not love any man for his holiness, that sanctification is no evidence of justification, &c. Pontanus, in his Catalogue of Heresies, says John Agricola was the author of this sect, A.D. 1535.”—*Dictionary of all Religions*, 1704.

THERE'S Heaven above : and night by night
 I look right through its gorgeous roof—
 No suns and moons though e'er so bright
 Avail to stop me :—splendor-proof
 I keep the broods of stars aloof :
 For I intend to get to God . . .
 For 'tis to God I speed so fast !
 For in God's breast, my own abode,
 Those shoals of dazzling glory past,
 I lay my spirit down at last.
 I lie—where I have always lain,
 God smiles—as he has always smiled ;—
 Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
 Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
 The heavens . . . God thought on me his child,
 Ordained a life for me—arrayed
 Its circumstances, every one
 To the minutest . . . ay, God said
 This head this hand should rest upon
 Thus,—ere he fashioned star or sun !
 And having thus created me,
 Thus rooted me, he bade me grow—
 Guiltless for ever, like a tree
 That buds and blooms, nor seeks to know
 A law by which it prospers so :
 But sure that thought and word and deed
 All go to swell his love for me—
 Me—made because that love had need
 Of something irrevocably
 Pledged solely its content to be.
 Yes, yes,—a tree which must ascend—
 No poison-gourd foredoomed to stoop :
 I have God's warrant, could I blend
 All hideous sins, as in a cup,—
 To drink the mingled venoms up,
 Secure my nature will convert
 The draught to blossoming gladness fast :
 While sweet dew turns to the gourd's hurt,
 And bloat, and while they bloat it, blast—
 As from the first its lot was cast,

For as I lie, smiled on, full fed
 With unexhausted blessedness,—
 I gaze below on Hell's fierce bed,
 And those its waves of flame oppress,
 Swarming in ghastly wretchedness,
 Whose like on earth aspired to be
 One altar-smoke,—so pure!—to win
 If not love like God's love to me,
 At least to keep his anger in . . .
 And all their striving turned to sin!
 Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown white
 With prayer: the broken hearted nun,
 The martyr, the wan accolyte,
 The incense-swinging child . . . undone
 Before God fashioned star or sun!
 God—whom I praise . . . how could I praise
 If such as I might understand,
 Make out, and reckon on his ways,
 And bargain for his love, and stand,
 Paying a price, at his right-hand?

Z.

RIENZI.*

It is not our present purpose to attempt any analysis of the characteristic merits of the prince of our living novelists. We hope to take some occasion to do so ere long. All that the reader must expect of us now, is a brief account of a work which is certainly not inferior to any of its predecessors, either in conception, execution, or in the tone of sentiment by which it is pervaded.

Mr. Bulwer has kept very closely to history; the circumstances and the catastrophe of his novel are all to be found in Gibbon and Sismondi. He has indeed given to *Rienzi* a noble-minded wife and an interesting sister, both very beautiful creations, but neither of them influencing his actions or his fate in any degree. The novelist differs from modern historians as to the character and motives of his hero; and whoever has been dissatisfied with the cold sneer of Gibbon, as he recounts the mighty revolution worked by one man, yet blames that man as the cause of the wreck which ensued, will be pleased to find in fiction what will appear to him a more just and philosophical view of the progress of events. Such a mind will be disposed to agree with Mr. Bulwer, that the moral to be learned from the fate of *Rienzi* is not the common and hacknied one, of a warning against ambition and pride, but the important truth that, "a people must trust, not to individuals, but themselves; that there is no sudden leap from servitude to liberty;

* *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.* By the Author of *Eugene Aram, Last Days of Pompeii, &c. &c.* 3 Vols. Sanders and Otley.

that it is to institutions, not to men, that they must look for reforms that last beyond the hour; that their own passions are the real despots they should subdue—their own reason the true regenerator of abuses.”

The Roman populace of the fourteenth century was at the same time ferocious and cowardly. The seat of the Papal government was removed to Avignon. The great barons held themselves independent of authority and law, and, maintaining fortified castles and foreign mercenaries, were constantly at open war with each other, and united only in oppressing and pillaging the people. Besides these domestic tyrants, and besides hordes of robbers who infested all the public ways and were frequently in the pay of the barons, a still more formidable species of freebooters ravaged the land under the name of ‘Free Companies,’ who besieged cities and laid the country waste, for the avowed purpose of plunder. Walter de Montreal, one of their most celebrated leaders exercised considerable influence over the political events of the age. While Venice, Florence, and Milan, were fast advancing in wealth and civilization, Rome seemed only to retrograde; and its people “unblest by laws, unvisited by art, were strangers at once to the chivalry of a warlike, to the graces of a peaceful, people.” It was with a populace like this, that Rome was suddenly raised to the dignity of a free and well-governed state by the energy of one man; and it was by the vices and ignorance of that same populace that she was as suddenly plunged again into anarchy and barbarism.

Rienzi, whose genius effected so wonderful though so short-lived a reformation, was the son of obscure parents, living in a despised quarter of the city. They painfully procured for their son the means of a liberal education. He studied history, eloquence, the ancient marbles and manuscripts, and began to ask, “Where are now these Romans? their virtue, their justice, their power? Why was I not born in those happy times?” He was relieved from extreme poverty, by obtaining, either through favour or his own merit, the office of apostolic notary, which, while it gave him a respectable station and the means of subsistence, made him acquainted with many of the vices and abuses of the state. The assassination of a brother, and the impunity of the murderers, contributed to form what soon became the ruling passion of his mind. He was gifted by nature with extraordinary eloquence, a commanding person, and a noble countenance. He began to harangue the people,—to tell them of the ancient glory and freedom of Rome,—and to exhibit in various parts of the city emblematic pictures, all tending to the point of rousing in them the desire for liberty. By a series of such efforts he succeeded in awakening this desire in them. By dexterous management he got the church on

his side ; and at length, taking advantage of the absence of Stephen Colonna and the principal nobles, he summoned the whole people to a great meeting. The result was, his complete success. He proclaimed a new constitution, and a set of wise and beneficial laws. The people would have made him king, but he chose the ancient title of Tribune. The nobles, on their hasty return, found the gates shut and the walls manned, and were finally obliged to yield to the " Good State." Their castles were dismantled, their mercenaries banished ; the robbers disappeared ; trade, ease, wealth, were restored ; the laws were administered with the most perfect impartiality ; all the abuses of the state were reformed ; all Italy acknowledged the Tribune and his government ; foreign states respected him ; Petrarch celebrated him. He maintained an extraordinary degree of pomp and parade, and is said to have incensed the nobles by his haughtiness and pride. He discovered a conspiracy among them to assassinate him, and pardoned the conspirators after sentence of death had been pronounced on them. Still further incensed by the humiliation of *being pardoned*, they next appeared in open insurrection, but he conquered them in battle. One battle, however, was quite enough for the Roman people ; they would neither fight again, nor pay taxes to support mercenary troops. At the most critical moment the church deserted him, sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him, and the nobles succeeded in regaining their power. After seven months only of a most beneficent sway, Rienzi was obliged to fly from the city, and to abandon the people to worse than their old oppressions, if worse could be. He wandered about the world for seven years, part of the time being spent in prison at Avignon ; till at length, the Pope, unable to quell the turbulence and anarchy of Rome, sent him back to the people, who had never ceased to regret him, with the title of Senator. He ruled again, as wisely and successfully as before, but only for four months. On again attempting to lay a tax on the people, they rose against him, and he was massacred in the act of haranguing them from the stairs of the capitol.

A few extracts will give some idea of the skilful manner in which Mr. Bulwer has worked upon the materials of which so very slight a sketch has here been attempted. The following scene introduces Rienzi to the reader :—

" It was on a summer evening that two youths might be seen walking beside the banks of the Tiber, not far from that part of its winding course which sweeps by the base of Mount Aventine. The path they had selected was remote and tranquil. It was only at a distance that were seen the scattered and squalid houses that bordered the river, from amidst which arose, dark and frequent, the high roof and enormous towers which marked the fortified mansion of some Roman

baron. On the one side the river, behind the cottages of the fishermen, rose Mount Janiculum, dark with massive foliage, from which gleamed, at frequent intervals, the grey walls of many a castellated palace, and the spires and columns of a hundred churches; on the other side, the deserted Aventine rose abrupt and steep, covered with thick brushwood: while, on the height, from concealed but numerous convents, rolled, not unmusically, along the quiet landscape and the rippling waves, the sound of the holy bell.

“Of the young men introduced in this scene, the elder, who might have somewhat passed his twentieth year, was of a tall and even commanding stature, and there was that in his presence remarkable and even noble, despite the homeliness of his garb, which consisted of the long, loose gown, and the plain tunic, both of dark grey serge, which distinguished, at that time, the dress of the humbler scholars who frequented the monasteries for such rude knowledge as then yielded a scanty return for intense toil. His countenance was handsome, and would have been rather gay than thoughtful in its expression, but for that vague and abstracted dreaminess of eye which so usually denotes a propensity to reverie and contemplation, and betrays that the past or future is more congenial to the mind within than the enjoyment and action of the present hour.

“The younger, who was yet a boy, had nothing striking in his appearance or countenance, unless an expression of great sweetness and gentleness could be so called; and there was something almost feminine in the tender deference with which he appeared to listen to his companion. His dress was that usually worn by the humbler classes, though somewhat neater, perhaps, and newer; and the fond vanity of a mother might be detected in the care with which the long and silky ringlets had been smoothed and parted as they escaped from his cap and flowed midway down his shoulders.

“As they thus sauntered on, beside the whispering reeds of the river, each with his arm round the form of his comrade, not only in their manner and gait, but in their youth and evident affection, there was a grace and sentiment about the brothers—for such their connexion—which elevated the lowliness of their apparent condition.”
—vol. i. p. 3.

They talk as they go along of their hopes and aspirations. The elder already dreams of patriotism; the younger has humbler projects—‘the new boat, the holiday dress, and the cot removed to a quarter more secure from the oppression of the barons, and such distant pictures of love as a dark eye and a merry lip conjure up to the vague sentiment of a boy.’ They separate; the elder remembering he has to return to the convent for a manuscript. The boy employs himself while waiting for his return, in weaving a wreath of flowers for his sister Irene. He is suddenly surrounded by a party of horsemen, belonging to the Orsini, involuntarily mixed with them in a fray with a troop of the rival house of Colonna, and killed in the pursuit which ensues by one of the sons of Stephen Colonna. His brother only arrives in time to see him pinned

to the earth by the deadly spear, to fling himself down by his side, and to appeal to the old noble who rides up at the moment.

“ ‘It is my brother, noble Stephen, a boy, a mere child!—the best—the mildest! see how his blood dabbles the grass: back, back—your horse’s hoofs are in the stream! Justice, my lord, justice;—you are a great man.’ ”

“ ‘Who slew him? an Orsini, doubtless; you shall have justice.’ ”

But it is found that Gianni Colonna was the murderer.

“ ‘You slew him!’ cried Rienzi, in a voice of thunder, starting from the ground. ‘Justice then, my Lord Stephen, justice; you promised me justice and I will have it!’ ”

“ ‘My poor youth,’ said the old man compassionately, ‘you should have had justice against the Orsini, but see you not this has been an error? I do not wonder you are too grieved to listen to reason now. We must make this up to you.’ ”

“ ‘And let this pay for masses for the boy’s soul; I grieve me much for the accident, said the younger Colonna, flinging down a purse of gold. ‘Ay, see us at the palace next week young Cola—next week.’ ”

* * * Rienzi made no reply, he did not heed or hear him—dark and stern thoughts, thoughts in which were the germ of a mighty revolution, were at his heart. He woke from them with a start, as the soldiers were now arranging their bucklers so as to make a kind of bier for the corpse, and then burst into tears as he fiercely motioned them away, and clasped the clay to his breast till he was literally soaked with the oozing blood.

“The poor child’s garland had not dropped from his arm even when he fell, and, entangled by his dress, it still clung around him.’ It was a sight that recalled to Cola all the gentleness, the kind heart, and winning graces of his only brother—his only friend! It was a sight that seemed to make yet more inhuman the untimely and unmerited fate of that innocent boy. ‘My brother! my brother!’ groaned the survivor; ‘how shall I meet our mother?—how shall I meet even night and solitude again?—so young, so harmless! See ye, sirs, he was but too gentle. And they will not give us justice, because his murderer was a noble and a Colonna. And this gold, too—gold for a brother’s blood! Will they not’—and the young man’s eyes glared like fire—‘will they not give us justice? Time shall show!’ So saying he bent his head over the corpse; his lips muttered, as with some prayer or invocation, and then rising, his face was as pale as the dead beside him, but it was no longer pale with grief.”

Our next extract shall be of the time when the seed, thus sown, had sprung up and borne fruit.

“It was the morning of the 19th of May, the air was brisk and clear, and the sun, which had just risen, shone cheerily upon the glittering casques and spears of a gallant procession of armed horsemen, sweeping through the long and principal street of Rome. The neighing of the horses, the ringing of the hoofs, the dazzle of the armour, and the tossing to and fro of the standards, adorned with the proud insignia of the Colonna, presented one of the gay and brilliant spectacles peculiar to the middle ages.

“ * * * There was no crowd in the streets,—the citizens looked with seeming apathy at the procession from their half closed shops.

“ ‘Have these Romans no passion for shows?’ asked Montreal; ‘if they could be easier amused they would be easier governed.’

“ ‘Oh! Rienzi and such buffoons amuse them, we do better—we terrify!’ replied Stephen.

“ * * * and so the gallant procession passed through the streets, and quitted the eternal city.

“ There was a long interval of deep silence—of general calm—throughout the whole of Rome, the shops were still but half opened, no man betook himself to his business, it was like the commencement of some holiday, when indolence precedes enjoyment.

“ About noon a few small knots of men might be seen scattered about the streets, whispering to each other, but soon dispersing; and every now and then a single passenger, generally habited in the long robes used by the men of letters, or in the still more sombre garb of monks, passed hurriedly up the street toward the church of St. Mary of Egypt, once the Temple of Fortune. Then, again, all was solitary and deserted. Suddenly there was heard *the sound of a single trumpet*. It swelled—it gathered on the ear. Cecco del Vecchio looked up from his anvil. A solitary horseman passed slowly by the forge, and wound a long loud blast of the trumpet suspended round his neck, as he passed through the middle of the street. Then might you see a crowd, suddenly, and as by magic, appear emerging from every corner; the street became thronged by multitudes; but it was only by the tramp of their feet, and an indistinct and low murmur, that they broke the silence. Again the horseman wound his trump, as commanding attention, and as the note ceased, he cried aloud—‘Friends and Romans! to-morrow at dawn of day let each man find himself unarmed before the church of St. Angelo. Cola di Rienzi convenes the Romans to provide for the good state of Rome.’ A shout that seemed to shake the bases of the seven hills, broke forth at the end of this brief exhortation; the horseman rode slowly on, and the crowd followed.—This was the commencement of the revolution!

“ * * * The sun had long risen, and the crowd had long been assembled before the church door, and in vast streams along every street that led to it; * * * the gate of the church opened; the crowd gave way on either side, and preceded by three of the young nobles of the inferior order, bearing standards of allegorical design, depicting the triumph of Liberty, Justice, and Concord, forth issued Rienzi, clad in complete armour, the helmet alone excepted. His face was pale with watching and intense excitement—but stern, grave, and solemnly composed, and its expression so repelled any vociferous and vulgar burst of feeling, that those who beheld it hushed the shout on their lips, and stilled, by a simultaneous cry of reproof, the gratulations of the crowd behind. Side by side with Rienzi, moved Raimond Bishop of Orvietto; and behind, marching two by two, followed a hundred men-at-arms. In complete silence the procession began its way, until, as it approached the Capitol, the awe of the crowd gradually vanished, and thousands upon thousands of voices rent the air with shouts of exultation and joy.

“Arrived at the foot of the great staircase, which then made the principal ascent to the square of the Capitol, the procession halted; and as the crowd filled up that vast space in front—adorned and hallowed by many of the most majestic columns of the temples of old,—Rienzi addressed the populace, whom he had suddenly elevated into a People.”—vol. i. p. 269.

It is impossible within the limits of so short a notice as this must be to convey an adequate idea of Nina di Rasselli, the wife of Rienzi. We shall not make the attempt. There is room but for one more extract—the death scene. We must premise that Villani, one of the assassins, was the son of Walter de Montreal, the chief of the ‘Great Company’ who had been executed by the Tribune.

“‘Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised,’ cried a voice behind—it was Villani’s. The concealing load was torn from his head—Rienzi stood revealed!

“‘*I am* the Senator!’ he said in a loud voice. ‘Who dare touch the Representative of the people?’

“The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the grey image reflected a lurid light, and glowed (that grim and solemn monument!) as if itself of fire!

“There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing round him. The whole Capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the hurried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna—the Orsini—the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

“‘Die, tyrant!’ cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger in the Senator’s breast.

“‘Die, executioner of Montreal!’ muttered Villani; ‘thus the trust is fulfilled!’ and his was the second stroke. Then as he drew back, and saw the artisan in all the drunken fury of his brute passion tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion; the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, while he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd, ‘Fool, miserable fool! *thou* and *these* at least had no blood of kindred to avenge!’

“They heeded not his words, they saw him not depart; for as Rienzi without a word, without a groan fell to the earth,—as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him,—a voice shrill, sharp, and wild, was heard above all the clamour. At the casement of the palace (the casement of her bridal chamber) Nina stood! through the flames

that burst below and around, her face and outstretched arms alone visible! Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the Capitol, a blackened and smouldering mass."—vol. iii. p. 339.

M.

A LETTER TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P.,
ON THE EXCLUSIVE AGITATION OF PEERAGE REFORM.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ. M. P.

IF you feel anything of the ambition of the late Emperor of Russia to see your name in the English newspapers, it must be abundantly gratified. One can scarcely see anything else. Whig or Tory, morning or evening, daily or weekly, they all exhibit the ceaseless march of columns after columns upon O'Connell. You are the pivot of our politics. All publications, from octavo "Vindications of the Constitution" to unstamped fly-leaves of Republicanism; all speeches at meetings, whether convivial, electoral, agricultural, or sacerdotal, from Land's End to John O'Groat's; are full, for praise or vituperation, of the great Irishman. The press, the platform, and the presbytery, celebrate "Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

I need not tell you that the smallest portion of this celebrity, of this absorbing attention, is owing to your character, powers, and deserts. Addressing you as I now do under public cognizance, I am at liberty to speak freely of yourself to yourself, and in a manner which might bear the imputation, perhaps of gross rudeness, perhaps of gross flattery, were it adopted in personal intercourse. You are not lauded because you are the first Orator of which the British Empire can boast; nor have I ever seen a correct and critical appreciation of that wonderful power by which you can enthrall the souls of any assembly that is not hardened against the charm by some sinister interest which is supposed to be at stake. The promptness, the shrewdness, and the versatility; the skilful gradation, the bold contrast, and the well-timed burst of impassioned appeal; the consummate art which is true nature: these have been noted, though only in a rough and indiscriminating criticism; but the poetical individuality which really makes you what you are, and would have separated you from common men had you lived in the most quiet and stagnant times; which has been the source of your most general or most remote political aspirations; and yet which often, with your fiercest invective, blends some momentary emotion or allusion stealing upon the ear like sweet music through the gloom and storm of a winter's night: this has been scarcely heeded, though by all who look through argument to genius, and through politics to humanity, it is what has been

most deeply felt. Nor is your name rife in the world for what you have done any more than for what you are. Even such achievements as yours, worth all the laurels that mere warriors ever won, do not permanently inscribe the glory of a liberator on sands that are washed by the never-resting tides of human interest, and that require every twelve hours a new inscription to replace that which has been obliterated. Who talks of Clarkson now? The Emancipator of Irish Catholics might have taken his place in oblivion beside the Emancipator of African slaves, did not his continued activity make us feel his presence.

And you do make your presence felt, from Derrynane to Dublin, from Ireland to England, and through all the extent of newspaper ubiquity. Your letters of the last month would fill a volume. You are the world's "Constant Correspondent." I must postpone awhile the main purpose for which I now address you, to make a few remarks on two of your recent epistles.

Considering the provocation, you have used Sir Francis Burdett gently and generously. He seems to have presented himself to your imagination, uttering words with which your priests have not prevented your becoming acquainted, "I have been young, and now am old." The Electors of Westminster have a stern duty to perform, and I trust they will perform it unflinchingly, but not unfeelingly.

"Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods :
Not hew him as a carcase for the hounds."

He cannot *un-be* what he has been. Nor, while the drivellings of imbecility are shrouded,—yes, even in spite of the cold-hearted factionousness that, for its paltry purposes, drags them before the public,—shrouded by ourselves from our own minds, never let the Burdett of former days be forgotten. If already, "being dead while yet he lives," it is only his memory that can be consecrated, then consecrated be his memory; and the more sacredly in our minds if it fail from his own. It is worse than absurd to undervalue him, as some of our liberal journals now affect to do. There was soul in him; clear principle, high feeling, and singleness of purpose: all made the more illustrious by the times of trial during which he ran his glorious career. For years he *was* the cause of Reform, and his hand alone upheld the banner around which only rallied the men of Westminster. Thousands of us there are who should never have been what we are, but for the intensity with which he concentrated all the rays of patriotic feeling upon the single essential point of Parliamentary Reform, and ministered by his eloquence, his often unprompted eloquence, to that flame of excitement which long burned as in a shrine, but at length burst forth and wrapped the temples of corruption

in a consuming blaze. Future Representative of Westminster ! in their name, I thank your forbearance.

Your reply to those who tenant the dungeons of St. Pelagie, until usurped authority dismisses them perhaps to a narrower abode, I read with different emotions. You did not well, in my opinion, to take the occasion to lecture them upon the folly of Republicanism. You tell them that France has not enough of political knowledge, of political morals, or of religion, to become a Republic. And how are they to be acquired ? Have you not unwittingly patronized the old sophism, the vicious circle of tyrannical apology, that men must wait for free institutions until they have previously acquired those virtues of freemen which are the exclusive produce of such institutions ? It is quite as true that institutions make men as it is that men make institutions. If but one virtue grow under the yoke—viz. the determination to break that yoke from the neck, it is all that should be expected. France has advanced no little beyond this point, even on the most unfavourable estimate. She is now paying the penalty of a single blunder, and when the opportunity recurs, it is not likely to be repeated.

But to return from this digression to the causes of your present unparalleled prominence ; it is not so much to be found in what you are, or what you have done, nor even in your unceasing public efforts, as in the singular and most commanding position which you occupy, in consequence of the peculiar state of political party. Your notoriety is the index of real power. Without office, rank, title, or large possessions, you are indisputably the most important person in the empire. The Tories are infuriate with you as the most formidable of their foes. The Whigs feel the necessity of your support ; many of the Radicals regard you as their leader. At the head of your Irish phalanx you uphold a government which the Court, the Peerage, and the Church have alike determined upon destroying. Did men conform their conduct to realities rather than to mere external symbols, to you there would be the bending of knees and the presentation of petitions. No wonder that your name is ever in our eyes and ears. No wonder that the opinions you hold, the plans you propose, the advice you offer, are the subject of earnest attention. Nor will you think it strange that one who, like yourself, glories in being a Radical Reformer, should be moved only the more strongly by his admiration of the extent of your powers, and his satisfaction at the extent of your influence, to express with the same frankness his dissent from you, his apprehension, and his remonstrance. For all these I perceive reason in your recent advice to the Radicals of Great Britain on the subject of Peerage

Reform, indicating a policy which, as you strenuously recommend, it may be assumed you intend to pursue.

I demur in the first place to your scheme of Reform ; but, secondly, and far more strongly to your proposed postponement of all other considerations to this one topic.

You are, no doubt, ready to promote, with heart and soul, any plan which can be shown to you to be more efficient than your own. But it is an unfortunate circumstance that your notion of an elective House of Lords has already laid hold of the public mind, and may require a prolonged discussion to dislodge it. Mr. Roebuck's scheme seems to me far more practicable and more efficient. His proposition is to reduce the veto of the Lords upon a bill which has passed the Commons, to a single exercise ; so that if the Commons again determine upon a measure which has been rejected by the Lords, it forthwith (having received the royal assent) becomes law. This plan would simply delay any measure of improvement adopted by our representatives for one Session. However beneficial the change, it implies the least quantum of individually-annoying interference that perhaps ever accompanied any important reform. There would be no alteration in the constitution of the House of Peers. The hereditary dignities, and the relative positions of the members of the upper House, would remain as they are. The peers of the empire would not become elective ; the Scotch and Irish peers would not cease to be elective ; the former would still be chosen, as at present, for the duration of Parliament,—the latter for life ; and even the bishops need not be disturbed. The entire good ascribed to a second chamber by its apologists would continue to be realized. There would be the drag upon the wheels of the chariot of improvement, checking the rapidity of their movement, and only deprived of the power of bringing them to a complete stand-still. Your plan, on the other hand, would be felt as an intolerable nuisance by every individual peer. It would strip him of all authority whatever, except as he could obtain it by means of a process to which he would feel it a degradation to submit. The peers of the empire would be levelled with those of Scotland and Ireland. The church would be deprived of a species of representation, by which it seems to set much store,—and the “ mitred front ” compelled to betake itself to holy privacy, or to be tried, for a fit, by some of the cloven hoofs that beset the hustings. And of all this irritation, what would be the result ? A second chamber not much better than the present. The election would only be like the striking a special jury on the old system, which Horne Tooke compared to a free choice of a dozen oranges out of a box which was full of rotten ones. You propose adding 180 peers to the present number ; never allowing

the total to be below 500 ; and the elective house to consist of 150 members. As there are now 620, here would be 650 rejected candidates ; most of them perhaps of the old stock, and feeling all the irritation of complete and permanent degradation. And who would the new ones be ? Junior branches of the present peerage ; aristocratic commoners ; men whose habits and associations would give the new house so very strong a resemblance to the old, as that the country would not much felicitate itself upon the change. If the popular choice were to *create* a peer, the plan would be somewhat mended. Yet this would only give us a cumbrous machinery of two houses, to do the work for which one would be a simpler and fitter instrument ; and it implies, moreover, a trenching upon the royal prerogative. Your scheme introduces so much of democracy, as must render it most offensive to the peerage ; while it is not less obnoxious to the enemies of aristocracy, by the manner in which it proposes to widen and perpetuate that burden and bane of the community.

It is very premature at present to enter into the details of a plan, but it may not be unwise to discuss the principles on which any plan should be based. That of Mr. Roebuck's is very simple ; it is merely the extension of the period of delay and deliberation which is required before a proposition passes into a law. That extension may be in many cases needless, and in some pernicious ; but generally it would at least be harmless ; and it is buying off a great mischief at a cheap rate. You profess to rest upon the principle of representation ; but what sort of representation is that in which the choice is limited by the accident of birth, and the nomination of the sovereign ? *Election* there is ; but that may be a very different thing from representation, and is capable of being totally separated from it. The voters might be compelled to select a certain number of men from the front rank of the first regiment of the guards ; and it would be as reasonable to call this representation, as the exercise of their suffrage upon a Peerage. The elected would, in both cases, much more correctly represent the class to which they belonged, than the class by which they were appointed. All the electoral ceremony in the world, even with the addition of such responsibility as consists in the chance of not being re-elected, would not destroy those affinities which would continue to sever both from the mass of the people, and draw the one towards his fellow shoulderers of muskets, and the other towards his compeers in privileges and interests. You have confounded material distinctions, which often grow into contrarieties, when you speak, as if it were one of " the principle of election and representation."

The title of your proposed Bill—" *An Act for the Reform of the House of Lords by combining the representative principle*

with the practice of hereditary rank and title,”—is therefore very questionable; but that term can scarcely be applied to its success, or, I should rather say, to its failure. When do you expect to carry it? This session?—or next year?—or the year after?—or *ever*, while the House of Commons is constituted as at present? You will probably say “No” to all these questions, except the last, and answer that in the affirmative. At any rate there are few reformers who will differ except upon the last question. What, then, is their best course of action? You have answered by anticipation; and I shall quote the passage from your second letter to the “Leeds Mercury.”

“I therefore address the people of England, of Scotland, and Ireland—I call upon all real Reformers, and especially upon that great and growing class, called Radical Reformers, who, with me, glory in the name, to rouse themselves from torpor—to give up lesser pursuits, and to rally for the commencement and the progress of these legal and constitutional exertions which are necessary, in order to obtain the reform of the Lords—that reform can be caused only by constitutional “pressure from without.” We cannot expect that any Ministry will initiate such a Reform as this—nay, it would be folly in any Ministry to participate in the struggle to bring about this Reform, unless it shall first be called for by the unequivocal and loud voice of a great majority of the intellect and of the vigour of the British people.

“The task is ours—not theirs. The Ministry, in this respect must obey, not lead the popular impulse, until such time as that impulse is so strong as to be able to remove the great obstacles to success.

“The Reform of the Lords is the great, the radical improvement, in the British Constitution. Do you wish for an extension of the elective franchise to universal suffrage, or, at least, to household suffrage?—You never can obtain the one or the other until the House of Lords is reformed. Do you wish to procure for every voter the protection of the ballot?—You wish in vain, until the House of Lords is reformed. Do you see the utility of shortening the duration of the representative trust in the Commons?—You must wait until after the Reform of the Lords. Do you desire a perfect Corporation Reform?—You know you cannot get it until the House of Lords is reformed. Do you honestly look for justice to the people of Ireland?—You know that you will not be allowed to make one step towards that object until the House of Lords is reformed.

“Brother Reformers—Brother Radicals—I appeal to your good sense—to your patriotism—to your political integrity. Do not be led away from the first and greatest and most useful labour in the cause of Reform—that of the Lords. Do not listen to those who would divert your attention to stale complaints and modern grievances, alleged against the Whigs. Let us reserve these until the public enemy—the Tory oligarchy, is reduced into subjection. The lion of the fold, the lordly aristocracy, has vowed to arrest the progress of every improvement in the political state of these realms. When you have pared his talons and drawn his fangs, we will return to the detail of our grievances and constitutional deficiencies, with the certainty of

being able to achieve every needful and every useful amelioration of our institutions by peaceable means, without the slightest risk to the social state, and without the smallest danger of revolutionary violence,"

The statement on which your exhortation is founded entirely blinks the present condition of the House of Commons. It is there that the organic reforms which you enumerate are stopped in their course. The extension of the suffrage is not yet impeded by the House of Lords, but by the House of Commons. The ballot is not yet rejected by the House of Lords, it is refused by the House of Commons. Instead of the Lords declaring that the representative trust shall not be abridged in its duration, the representatives decline putting to them any such question, and choose to abide by the usurpation of their predecessors. We know we cannot get a "perfect Corporation Reform" from the Lords, but we also know that we could only obtain a very imperfect one from the Commons; so that the question became one of degree rather than of principle. Did not Lord John Russell oppose the annual election of Town Councillors, although it already exists in London, Norwich, and other large Corporations? Did not Sir John Hobhouse oppose the ballot in municipal elections? Do not let us lay upon the Lords more than belongs to them. True, we "do honestly look for justice to the people of Ireland," both for their sakes and our own; but even on this point are not the Peers justified by that very charitable Whig, Lord Ebrington, on the ground of the division of opinion being so near a balance? Might not a thundering majority have compelled the Peers to make that "one step," that one little step which constituted the whole mighty march of the Commons?

Suppose, were it possible, the House of Lords reformed, as you propose, but without any previous change in the Commons; in what would our condition be better than it now is? Your upper house would still be behind the Commons; and the Commons would still be behind the people. There would be the same succession of poor patchwork measures, mitigating a little evil, but every where leaving ample room for corruption to resume its dirty work. There would still be the opening for Toryism, by court intrigue, and by all its nefarious electioneering arts of bribery, influence, and intimidation, to attempt, and perhaps accomplish its reactions, and by taking advantage of its intervals of power to throw us back to a recommencement of the task of Reformation. We must come at last to a House of Commons founded on a broader basis, chosen by a freer, because a secret vote, and by the limitation of its term made more responsible. Why not strive for this at once? Is it wise to wait for it until we get a reformed House of Lords to help us? That were something like the boy who waited for the sky to fall, that he might catch larks. Let us obtain a House of

Commons thoroughly identified with the people, and we may safely leave the Lords in their hands; or if we choose to keep that question in our own, may rely upon what is essential to its being well disposed of, their hearty co-operation.

You say "we cannot expect that any Ministry will initiate such a reform as this." No, truly; we know that the present Ministry will oppose it; and so will any other Ministry that can exist in the House of Commons, until the principle of representation be more completely carried into practice. Nor, till then, can we trust that House with the reform of the Peerage. How shall they accomplish the harder task who refuse the easier? If they will not subject themselves to election by ballot, or by household suffrage, what shall make them bring down to such a mode of choice the hereditary legislators of the empire? If they will not abridge the length of their own legislative functions to the original term, how can we expect them to destroy the perpetual authority to which many of them aspire? If Ministers dare not, cannot, or will not, create the seventy peerst hat would be necessary to sanction these changes, why should we reckon upon the creation of one hundred and seventy for the purpose of remodelling the Upper House altogether? Whether "pressure from without" will ever make them do the latter, would be best ascertained by first trying it upon the former. If agitation be needful for one or the other, let there be agitation. Let societies be formed, and petitions poured in, as you recommend. Let the political unions be again called into existence; and their fearful array show the physical force of the country ready to back its moral power. As adequate and efficient representation must render such demonstrations unnecessary, so it seems the primary purpose for which they should ever be made.

Will not your proposal to "give up" what you most incorrectly, as I think, term "lesser pursuits" tend, instead of uniting Whigs and Radicals, to divide the latter amongst themselves? Will it not widen the distinction pointed out in one of Mr. Roebuck's recent pamphlets as already existing, and fraught with danger?

"One broad and very important distinction is that between the Radicals of Great Britain and those of Ireland. Hitherto these two bodies have acted in concert; but the time seems fast approaching when, if care be not taken, they will pursue different ends, and act independently of each other.

"To an Irish Liberal nothing is so hideous as Orange domination. The evils brought upon the mass of the population in Ireland by the mere existence of a Tory Government, can only be properly appreciated by those who have suffered the infliction of Orange rulers. The terror of this Orange dominion naturally overbears in the minds of the Irish Liberals all other fears. Their first great end is to ward off from their country this dreadful infliction; and they feel that their

only hope of doing so at present is, by adhering to the Whigs. The late sudden irruption of the Tories into power excited extraordinary alarm in the minds of the Irish leaders. They fancied two years since, that the Reform Bill had stricken down the Tory party for ever; they were, therefore, led by this fancied security to express with great asperity their feelings against the Whigs. Suddenly made to see that their old and dreaded enemy still retained great and dangerous power, they seek to ally themselves to the Whigs, in the hope of excluding the far more dreadful and hated Orangeman. While this terror remains, the Whigs will have no keener, no more thorough thick-and-thin supporters than the Liberals of Ireland; and this out-and-out support of Whig measures will induce the English Radicals to confound the Irish and the Whigs together. It is to be hoped, however, that the true interests of the English and the Irish will eventually guide the councils of both. The English must exercise forbearance towards their Irish brethren, and not too hastily judge and condemn a conduct which results from a dire necessity, to them unknown. And the Irish should bear in mind that they alone are not sufficient to maintain the Whigs in office. Deserted by the English Radicals, they and the Whigs united must succumb to the Tories; so that the staving off of Orange domination depends as much upon the Radicals as the Whigs, and the Irish Liberals should be careful not to excite, by an unscrupulous support of their present Whig allies, distrust and jealousy in that party which must eventually rule in England."

No one will accuse you of an "unscrupulous support" of the Whigs; but would not the evil here deprecated, be likely to arise from merging all topics in the comparatively remote one of Peerage Reform; and meanwhile, casting into oblivion all "stale complaints, and modern grievances," together with "the detail of constitutional deficiencies?" If disunion on these points will let in the Tories, not less surely will they be let in by the disunion which even the agitation of Peerage Reform is certain to create.

Indeed, while we are debating, the enemy is at the gates. Omens of danger are warning us on every side. Look at the elections, substituting, as fast as they fall, for every dead Whig a living Tory. Mark the language of ministerial papers, and ministerial candidates, and diners. How carefully your principles are disclaimed, and how humbly is your support apologized for. Vain is the expectancy that present aid in keeping out the Tories will be repaid by future co-operation in reforming the Lords. How will the Irish returns stand after the next dissolution? Will it be possible there to exclude Toryism to the same extent, without substituting a portion of Whig aristocracy for some of your Radical friends? In England, the improvement of our corporations will afford some help; but the last elections showed the feebleness in which the Reform Act has left the people, and the system must needs degenerate. And it is essential to remember, throughout the empire, that although Whig or Radical may make no difference at all as to

preventing an immediate return of the Tories to power, yet that they make all the difference as to further organic reform both in the Lords and the Commons. They make all the difference as to the efficient, complete, and permanent exclusion of the Tories from power. There is no certain provision against Tory re-action, but by immediately strengthening the people in their own House. It must be done forthwith, or the country is betrayed. No union of Reformers can long support the Whigs in office, if they obstinately refuse to receive that accession of strength which the Ballot alone would be sufficient to secure for them. It will be of no avail, that even you hold the balance of power, if they will not agree to let the nation throw its weight into their scale. They must kick the beam. The majority which brought them in, is gone already. Agitation, solely for an object which must be years in its accomplishment, is merely a diversion, and may be a fatal one. Some one or other of the "Organic Reforms" must be pressed for immediately. The duty of all true Reformers in Parliament is plain and urgent. The time is come when they must make a stand for a nearer approach to that entire representation which is our only safeguard. The sun of any morning may rise upon a Peel and Wellington Administration. And then where is Ireland? Where, but trampled beneath the iron hoofs of Orangeism,—of Clerical Ascendancy,—of Military Tribunals? Soon would they, as you have predicted, make the entire country "one blood-red Rathcormac." The horrors of ninety-eight may be re-enacted. Women may again feel the drummer's lash upon their backs to make them betray brothers and fathers to the executioner; and the pitch cap, the triangle and the walking gibbet perambulate the country, to quell rebellion against a system which cants about the mutilation of God's word, but has been little careful of God's image, when its own pelf was in peril. For you would infallibly be goaded into insurrection; and the army is yet machine enough to "make a solitude and call it peace,"—the peace of death to your liberties and ours. Or if the engine should recoil, or crack, in the atrocious work, still through what fearful scenes would both countries have to pass to resume the progress and the prospects which are now before them. And is the creation of such a world of mischief and misery to be risked because a Ministry, which cannot stand alone, is too pragmatistical to defeat a party by conciliating a nation? It seems scarcely possible. At least, let them be put fairly to the test; Peerage Reform will not grow cool the while; and if they refuse any, or all of the obvious means for averting a speedy return of Tory domination, on their own heads be the consequences, and in our hands be the remedy.

W. J. Fox.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Vindication of the English Constitution. By Disraeli the Younger.

THE reader will search in vain through this volume for either definition or vindication of the English Constitution. He will find much sounding declamation against the principle of utility, and many attempts to make out a case for despotism upon that same principle; great scorn of democracy, and yet all sorts of historical perversion to show that Toryism is democratic; attempts to prove that the House of Commons ought not to represent the people, intermingled with panegyrics upon the Peers as being a body both representative and responsible. In short he will find one point laboured most diligently, which is, that Disraeli the younger is a very extraordinary young man, and worth his weight in gold to either party; for having eloquently vindicated Toryism on account of its Democratical tendencies, he can any day, with perfect consistency, defend Democracy as a Conservative system, and cut a shining figure on which ever side the Fates shall decree. It is to be hoped his lot will be cast with his present associates; for, unless there be a marvellous improvement in him, to them he belongs. But he is too late in the market. He should have lived in the times when Peers had snug boroughs to bestow on promising young men. We are sorry for him, for we did once hope better things; but the devil and the dandy have been too hard for the spirit of truth and poetry which was in his nature.

Gog and Magog. A Legendary Ballad.

“ ’Twas in the days of old King Lud,
A virgin fair and young
Was stolen; and with bitter grief
Each British belle was wrung.
‘O Lud!’ the frantic father cried,
O Lud! my daughter’s gone;
I know, altho’ eighteen is she,
She did not run alone.”

Such is the commencement of this elucidatory poem on the character and history of those great subjects of antiquarian controversy, the giants in Guildhall. It continues in a like strain of pathos to the end; and the effect of the narrative is aided by four most characteristic sketches of the two heroes and their adventures. It is also appropriately adorned with the city arms, and dedicated to the Lord Mayor, who cannot do less, to show his sense of this civic service as well as personal compliment, than invite poet, publisher, and artist to all dinners during his Mayoralty.

The Comic Annual. By T. Hood.

THERE is nothing like acting up to professions of goodwill, and of all the people who wish a "merry Christmas," we know of none who give better proofs of their sincerity than Mr. Hood. He makes what he wishes. His present volume is, we think, one of the best, graphically, but in its letter-press sketches not equal to some of its predecessors, although we can scarcely find in our hearts to say so. The reader, however, will judge, for having had one view of the volume he will be sure to re-view it.

Oceanic Sketches. By T. Nightingale.

A SLIGHT but amusing account of the author's visit to several of the South Sea Islands. He takes a much more favourable view of the effects of the residence and labours of missionaries upon the manners of the natives than some travellers have done. While we are thankful for the facts which he details from personal observation, we cannot subscribe to the soundness of his reflections. The savage state proves nothing as to the "natural depravity of man," because it is not the natural condition of man, but one into which he has sunk. Nor are "brute propensities and instincts" the summary of his being. The cannibal is no more the type of unchristianized man than the persecutor is the representative of religion.

The Political Almanack for 1836. Wilson.

AT first we thought this Almanack was high-priced, remembering the taking off of the stamp duty; but on opening it we found Seymour's stamp upon every month of the year, and forthwith repented us of our injurious thought towards the most generous publisher. Nothing can surpass the humour of these appropriate devices, especially the April Fools, and Saint Agony. Reversing the maxim, and going back from gay to grave, the book ends with political statistics, and commercial information.

Land and Sea Tales. By the Old Sailor. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. Two Volumes.

VERY excellent for winter evenings by the fire-side, or for summer afternoons in the shade, are these stories; better for the former than the latter, because one cannot go to sleep over them. The author writes like an old sailor, he is fearless, and does not spoil a strong effect by a tame and conventional *denouement*. We perceive no reason for the apology in the preface for those tales of which the scene is on shore, and not upon the author's favourite element. He is apparently quite at home in the land service as well as on board. In both he is very successful, and his volumes are a most acceptable Christmas offering for those who enjoy short stories, strong interest, and nervous writing.