

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

LORD DURHAM AND THE REFORMERS.

LORD DURHAM'S "manifesto" disappointed us, when we first saw it;—not for what might not be got out of it for liberal construction, but for what might be doubted to that end, or construed to the reverse. We thought, and we still think, that it begged several important questions in its very terms; and that the wish to conciliate the few, was far more evident in it, than the determination to abide by the many.

On the other hand, we could not but feel, that in worldly wisdom, nay, (as statesmen and their circumstances go) in large and allowable philosophical wisdom, that very circumstance might be taken as a proof of his desire to risk no obstacles in the way of the most generous policy. Feeling sure of the people and of their faith in him, he might think that he could afford to pay them the compliment of showing a little extra attention to their enemies at their seeming expense.

But again, the compliment was awkward; the intention, on the face of it, equivocal. Lord
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Durham was a Reformer, but then he was also Lord Durham; an Earl rich and powerful; a man of eminent aristocratic family; and by repute, aristocratic in temper, if not in opinion. What were the chances, under new and extraordinary prospects of ascendancy? Would he stick by his old opinions in deed as well as profession? or would the sweets of untried influence be too much for him? Would the passionate part of him prevail, or the reflecting? The blood or the brain?

We came to two conclusions:—first, that his very pride and passion, or complexional Toryism (if he has it, which we do not at all know, or assume) would tend to keep a man, who has so far and so nobly committed himself for Reform, on the side contrary to the Tories, who hate and mock him;—and second, that it was due to him from Reformers to think the very best they could of such a helper, and to read his present declaration by the light of his past, and of a series of such

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actions in behalf of Reform as no other nobleman ever yet performed or abided by.

Lord Durham is the man, who, after exerting himself in the cause from his entrance into life, prepared the Reform Bill in its first and best state, and would have gone farther than anybody in the Upper House to secure us its right working. He is the man who advocates Household Suffrage, Triennial Parliaments, and the Ballot. He is the man who opposed "the infamous Six Acts." He is the man who opposed new grants of money to the Royal Dukes. He is the man who denounced the transfer of Norway to Sweden, and of Genoa to the King of Sardinia;—who would not allow to his Whig friends and kindred the right of inflicting the Irish Coercion Bill; and who, in the course of these and all his other exertions in the cause of principle and freedom has suffered bitter calamities of domestic losses and personal ill-health;—things, which render some men careless of the good of others, and some exasperated with human nature and Providence itself; but which, falling on right brains and hearts, make them see how desirable good is to everybody, and what an exaltation of all other titles is that of a benefactor to his species.

It is for *this* we respect and have faith in Lord Durham, in spite of whatever infirmities his nature may be mixed up with. These are the reflections, these are the reminiscences, which

re-assured us; and which have made us read the document over again, with feelings, such as we believe the Noble Reformer to wish us to feel.

Those, therefore, we still have, and gratefully acknowledge. But one more reflection arose, not hostile to them, but jealous of mingling them with a weakness which the Noble Lord himself might disrespect and be injured by. He says he will do his duty; but he says, as he has said always, that we also must do ours; and our duty on the present occasion we take to be this,—to shew Lord Durham, that if we think him too worthy to trifle with us, we also are too worthy to be trifled with; and that we must not induce him to suppose our worthiness gone out of us, for default of manifesting a strenuous expectation of our rights. The energetic captain, lest his very energies corrupt into an ambition fatal to both parties, must be enabled to see that he leads energetic soldiers; men who are proud to fight under him; but too proud to fight *for* him, or for any one; or for anything less than mankind.

Conceding then to our Noble Friend (we speak in the name of all the Reformers who agree with us, and not in the ordinary sense of that appellation, for we have not the honour of knowing his Lordship, nor do we bring forward idle personal pretensions of any sort on this occasion)—conceding then to the Noble Friend of Reform, that his

intentions are the very best, according to the views which circumstances, in him as in other men, dispose him to think best, we feel bound to shew him in what respect we agree with him in the spirit of his declaration, and in what others, for the sake of that spirit, we have objections to make to the letter.

Lord Durham says,—

“I wish to rally as large a portion of the British people as possible around the existing institutions of the country—the *Throne, Lords, Commons, and the Established Church*. I do not wish to make new institutions, but to preserve and strengthen the old. Herein lies the difference between me and my opponents. Some would confine the advantages of those institutions to as small a class as possible; I would *throw them open* to all who had the ability to comprehend them, and the vigour to protect them. Others, again, would annihilate them, for the purpose of forming new ones on fanciful and untried principles. I would, I repeat, preserve them, but increase their efficiency, and add to the numbers of their supporters. I have often stated the modes by which, as I imagine, that efficiency can be most readily produced; but I have ever accompanied those declarations, as I do now, with the announcement of my determination never to force them peremptorily or dogmatically on the consideration of the Government or the Parliament. If they are (as in my conscience I believe them to be) useful and salutary measures—for they are based on the most implicit confidence in the loyal and good feeling of the peo-

ple—the *course of events, and the experience of every day, will remove the objections and prejudices which may now exist*, and ensure their adoption, whenever they are recommended by the deliberate voice of the people.

“This, in a few words, is my political creed; and no one can look for my co-operation or support on any other grounds. It has been my ruling principle throughout my political life to endeavour to bring all classes—especially the middle and *lower*—within the pale of the true, not the spurious Constitution. I have ever wished to give the latter an interest in the preservation of privileges which exclusion would no longer render obnoxious to them; to make them feel that whilst the Crown *enjoyed its prerogatives*, and the upper classes their *honours*, they also were *invested with privileges most valuable to them*; and, moreover, that all, separately and collectively, rested on the common basis of *national utility*.”

These passages, which contain all that is to the present purpose in his lordship's letter to the electors of North Durham, may be divided into three portions; first, where he speaks of the existing institutions; second, of his measures for securing and rendering them efficient; third, of the distinctions between the existing classes, and the “national utility” upon which all are based.

To begin with the last.—Those two words, “national utility,” comprise the whole question; and we are glad that his lordship, whether in a spirit of intended or involuntary climax, concluded with them.

National utility, then, is now, and ever must be, (taking national for a part of universal), the whole and sole object of all institutions, their efficiency and modification; and the "course of events" must, if necessary, produce the modification, as well as the measures which his lordship proposes for the efficiency. We object to the word "*lower*" classes for two reasons; first, because it tends to maintain a false estimate of the only true height, which is intellectual and moral excellence; and, second, because it keeps out of sight the proper terms, "*poorer*" classes, or "*less educated*" classes, or the "*majority*;" for such are the terms which explain the only real distinction of those classes from the others. Most of the concluding words also, beginning with the Crown "*enjoying its prerogatives*," down to the poorer classes "*invested with privileges valuable to them*," are conceived in a spirit of candour, more pleasant, we fear, to Conservatives, than comfortable of augury to Reformers. The Crown, says Lord Durham, "*enjoys its prerogatives*," and the upper classes their *honours*;—the lower are *invested with privileges* most valuable to them. Now, "*prerogative*" is a term that should long have been blotted out of the language of the constitution, and we hope to see a liberal Crown taking opportunities of waiving it. It is, by its own etymology, a begging of the question;—a something asked be-

fore-hand, — *præ-rodatum*, — stipulated for, before the rights of others are conceded;—therefore a tyrannous and unfounded demand, — and unworthy of a just sovereignty and its free ordainers. Then "*privilege*:"—what is a privilege? Something held, we conceive, in peculiar right, however founded in the general good. But what are the privileges held by the poorer orders or majority? And in what sense can they be said to be "*invested*" with them? "*Enjoy*" them, it is not pretended they do; "*honoured*" by them, it is not pretended they are. To what then amounts the word "*invested*?" and, again, we must ask, what are the "*privileges*" of the majority, which are not possessed by the other classes, and which are supposed to give them anything like an equal comfort with the "*prerogated*" and the "*honoured*?"

"I wish to rally as large a portion of the British people as possible," says the Noble Lord, "around the existing institutions of the country—the Throne, Lords, Commons, and the Established Church."

If we suppose the greatest body of Reformers to be reading this passage, and giving their answers to it at once, item by item, we may suppose them to answer as follows:—

THE THRONE.—Yes;—because it saves us from the evils of a disputed rule, and also possesses a something in its very ornamentality, which (in the present condition of human

nature at all events) seems advantageous for the maintenance of what is orderly, imaginative, and anti-sordid; or the avoidance of what offends a certain calm, courteous, and generous sense of refinement, in the habits of states that are without it. If this advantage, in the course of ages, should turn out to be obsolete, and republics rise in all these respects above monarchies, then "national utility," in its highest and only thorough sense, would be for republics and not for monarchies. Meanwhile, the Throne;—yes;—and with hearty goodwill; but also with expectations of as much economy as is consistent with the *graces* of splendour, and as near an approach as possible to the cheapness of republican sovereignty.

The LORDS.—Yes,—to avoid present convulsion; but how far future good is concerned in the maintenance of this institution—at any rate as existing at present—it will take a very great and very speedy alteration in the conduct of its members, to render even a question. Some of Lord Durham's greatest admirers have pronounced the House of Lords a "House of Mischief" and a "Hospital of Incurables." They waive the question at present, out of regard to his Lordship's promises; and it may be salutary to waive it; but not, we think, without strong intimations of a jealous and watchful remembrance, even for the sake of his own performance of those promises. For the public weal

must no longer be delayed or hazarded, as it has been so often, for the sake of courtesies towards actual greatness and probable goodness, even with the best intentions on both sides: otherwise a man may have the old right to say, "You believed me under such and such circumstances; believe me still; the time is not ripe," &c. Lord Durham is himself a member of the "House of Incurables," and—but we have touched upon those personal matters already. It is a great abstract question, mooted by Bentham and others, whether two Houses of Parliament are good for a people, or not;—a question which the present House of Lords has, of late, concreted into some very hard blows, that go nigh to stagger one's belief in its being worth mooting. And, certainly, we have lost all belief in that portion of the old argument in its favour, which talked of its standing between the sovereign and the people, as the safeguard of both against each other! Sovereign and people were going on very comfortably, with great mutual good-will and confidence; and so they might always;—what is to hinder them, except jealous and selfish interferers, who tell the one that the people cannot heartily love a just leader without their assistance, and who would rouse the people themselves against that very leader, or his successor, for the purpose of subjecting both leader and people to *interference without responsi-*

lity?—We are for the existence, we repeat, of the House of Lords at present, because at no price of hasty good would we hazard convulsions, that render good insecure, and liable to reaction when it comes; but we cannot conceive the existence of that House as anything but a nuisance, and an injury to all parties, even its own members, unless it be modified into something which shall take away its power of subjecting the wishes of prince and people to the control of a minority no better educated, or with more at stake, than far greater numbers of their countrymen, and converting the right of difference of opinion into a ridiculous privilege of enforcing it. The power to enforce, in case of necessity, ought to be on the side of the greatest physical strength, accompanied with the greatest brain; and will the people, called Lords, pretend that they possess either? What have they to show for it? What signify the “honours” of which Lord Durham speaks, apart from a respect for them? And how are they recommended to that respect “out of doors,” by common-place character and midnight brawls, in default of a cordial dignity within? What are we to make of them, while the wearers are huffishly retreating upon their “rank” and such-like assumptions, and the rest of the community advancing beyond them in every-

day knowledge? Mankind consent to be puzzled a good while by what unaccountably happens to be above them;—their very knowledge as well as ignorance leads them to content themselves with references to fate and mystery:—but a god who is no better than a block, and yet has human sacrifices made to him, stands a chance of being rudely questioned some day, and tumbled from his pedestal. It is high time to prove that the gods are not wood, or that we are no longer to be sacrificed.

Let it be added, that all true Reformers respect whatever is respectable in the House of Lords, be its party what it may. They respect the soldiership of the Duke of Wellington, as well as the statesmanship of Lord Durham; the talents of a Lyndhurst (if he would let them) as well as those of a Brougham;—the taste and unaffectedness of an Egremont, though no politician, as well as the same qualities heightened into the cordial sympathies of a Holland, who is an earnest one; and the hospitalities and excellent landlord-reputation of an ultra-Tory Duke of Rutland, as well as the congenial virtues and more popular politics of a Radnor and a Shrewsbury.* But the more they respect what is respectable in that House, think how perilous becomes their hearty and wholesale objection to it!

* We gather some of these private particulars from Mr Carpenter's *Peerage for the People*,—a formidable book, and worth the most serious attention of those who are the subject of it.

THE COMMONS.—Yes; but a real *Commons*,—the representative of the community,—of every one who has a common stake in that country, great or little; often greatest when it seems least, for then it is a man's *all*. But there is no need of dwelling upon this at present.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—Yes; but far more Christianized; far more like its rarest and best members (we acknowledge their existence with pleasure, and love them), and far, very far less resembling a thing of force and state, an exacter, a “striker,” a lover of “filthy lucre,” a brawler not undipped in blood. *That* is not the general character of the Church, we allow. It is not the character of any church now-a-days; for Christianity has outgrown it, and the English Church has even helped the out-growth. But there is a worldliness sometimes taking place of bigotry, which does not disdain to recur to its rusty weapons during fits of anger. It must be a church (and begin to be such forthwith) which gradually opens its doors to all other churches, at once merging and refining them into the only true and universal Christian Church, that of charity; which, if it were not the only flower and consummation of all Christian doctrine, then Christianity itself were worse than nothing, and a lie and a snare to its own spirit. “Behold a new commandment give I unto you, Love one another.” “In this

ye fulfil the law and the prophets.” We hope the day is not very far distant, in the lapse of generations, when the beautiful old churches in green England (never may they perish!) will echo with none but the mild voices of a charity-perfected Christian faith, good alike for all, and perplexing to nobody;—and if we desire that this day, like daylight itself, may come gradually, and with no noise, or violence, or the least alarm, not the less do we desire, and expect, that it may give unceasing proofs of its coming; displacing, with its angelic fingers, darkness after darkness, and opening every one's eyes to what is sweetest and cheerfullest in the visitation of heaven.

In short,—

From the **THRONE** the Reformers expect a loving performance of what it promises,—a heading of the irresistible advancement of the age, for its own sake as well as theirs.

In the **LORDS**, such a modification of the institution as shall prevent its being able to obstruct the wishes of Throne and People.

In the **CHURCH**, a gradual but unceasing development of the *fruits* of Christianity, not the perpetual thorns and husks of it;—a dispensation, daily growing wider and more charitable, with excluding forms. No conscience-hurting subscriptions to articles. No Church Rates. No Tithes.

THE COMMONS it is the Reformers' own business to im-

prove; and for this purpose the motto of the most influential part of them, and that of Lord Durham, are the same;—Triennial Parliaments, Household Suffrage, and the Vote by Ballot. That of the *Monthly Repository*, we confess, is stronger, but well content to wait for the present, and always zealous to stipulate for the tranquillity and

good of all. What only we claim, without further delay, is UNBOUNDED EDUCATION for the PEOPLE. No country can be thoroughly civilized till all are educated, and till all have an interest, as well as a task in it. The whole community should therefore be raised in the scale. How glorious, *then*, for the throne to continue at the top of it!

THE QUEEN.

WE had the pleasure the other day of seeing the Queen return from dissolving the Parliament. Bells rang, and cannon thundered, and the crowd pressed together with cries of "Hats off," and "She's coming," and first (as well as we could discern, who were not in a front row) appeared horse-soldiers clearing the way; then a gilt coach, very stately, containing lords of the household, and a grave little page behind a great hat and feathers; then another with ladies; and then (all moving slowly, and with abundance of beautiful black and cream-coloured horses, whom we rather fancied than saw) the great coach of coaches, out-Lord-Mayoring the Lord Mayor (we do not wish to say it irreverently) and presenting to the delighted eyes of her subjects, the young and handsome Queen, gorgeously attired, and crowned with a diadem of gold and diamonds. Most courteously, and with a face of good-humoured pleasure, she kept bow-

ing to the exclamations of "God bless the Queen,"—"God save your Majesty," uttered in tones more fervent than loud; and so the huge coach went heavily on, putting "hats off" as it proceeded, and shining in the distance, amidst a sea of heads and gazing windows, with the gilt crown on the top of its great gilt self.

It was the first time we had seen the Princess, since she was a child, walking prettily, hand-in-hand, in Kensington Gardens, with a young lady of her own age (like any "private" child with another, as Mr Pepys would have phrased it) and followed by a most majestic footman, in scarlet and gold, with calves in his white stockings as big and radiant as a couple of chaise-lamps.

Instead of a child, somewhat formal in countenance, we now saw before us a fine-grown young woman (woman is a higher word than lady), of the order of figures called buxom, but not

inelegant; handsome indeed in face (the person we could not so well see); smiling, self-possessed but highly pleased; looking healthy (for she had not the pale look so often attributed to her); and crowned, besides her diadem, with a profusion of light brown tresses; altogether presenting an aspect luxuriant, good-humoured, and highly agreeable.

It was the Guelph face under its very best aspect, and improved, if we mistake not, with a straitness and substance of forehead, certainly not common to that portion of her race. We had fancied her darker, from the recollection of her when a child, though, at the same time, more like her father than mother. She now appeared still like her father, with a mixture of something more gladsome and open-mouthed (the upper lip, we believe, shews the teeth while speaking); but her crown seemed to rest on a forehead derived from her mother and maternal uncle (Leopold) and we thought, looked all the securer and happier for it. This may be hypercriticism; and foreheads are not always the wiser for being strait and deep. There is a Guelph living (the Duke of Sussex) who is unquestionably a man of sense, whatever the physiognomists or phrenologists may have to say to his brow, which we never saw. Perhaps there is another (the Duke of Cambridge). At all events, the latter has shown no sympathy with the arbitrary

follies of a third, who seems bent upon proving that he has no brain at all, or only enough to follow the impulses of a wilful and energetic *physique*, that is running his head against a wall. Plenty of will, it must be confessed, seems to be the inheritance of all the Guelphs, if we are to judge from evidences of countenance, which the world have generally agreed to regard as such; nor is the young Queen's face wanting to the family likeness in this particular. The good or evil of the result depends upon whether she has affections and understanding; and hitherto, thank God, as far as can be seen by the public, she has afforded evidences of both. With understanding, what would be obstinacy, is convertible into firmness. With affections, what would have been love of power for its own sake, may become the wish to do good and to diffuse happiness.

What a problem for the reflecting portion of the spectators to solve, as they stood looking at her on the occasion before us! How affecting to analyze one's own wonder as we gazed,—to think of the causes of one's curiosity! How various are the lights (such was the natural reflection) in which this spectacle may be regarded; and how entirely it depends for any real dignity on the good connected with it.

Is it a mere show? Are these servants, plastered with gold, these horses all pride and ribbons, these soldiers,

these ladies, these fine gilt coaches, and this wonderfully superannuated old coachman, who looks as if he had come out of the century before last on purpose to vindicate his right of immortal drive, nothing better than an *imposing* sight, which might as well be spared, and merely "sets idle people gaping?" Then it is nothing better, nay, not half so good as the sight which it really resembles, that of Cinderella in the story book; for that contains a good moral. And lo! *there* is the identical old rat, turned into the coachman. (We defy any one who knows the story, and saw the poor old gentleman, not to laugh at the likeness. He sat on the enormous box, diminutive, huddled up; looking as if bewildered and bent double; floating with his chin up in a sea of ham-mercloth.)

On the other hand, is the spectacle of any solid significance? and if so, is the solidity to be all on the side of the principal object in it? Is it simply to add to her power? Then, besides being a puerile compliment to those who admire it, it is provoking to those who reflect, and perilous to all.

But is it meant also in good faith and regard to the people? Is love to come of it? and joy, of which this joy is an earnest? Then, oh then, the whole business takes another aspect, which is yet "another and the same;" that is to say, including all which is good for the love, good for the power, and plea-

sant, nay, amusing in the recollection even of the tale in the story-book: for it is wonderful what kindness does for everything, small as well as great; and how it fuses the child-like, and the laughing, and the respectful, the playful and the dignified, all in one; and converts a gaudy spectacle into a thing at once grand and good-natured, like the sunshine.

As such, we, for one, willingly looked at it with eyes of hope, enjoying, in no unpleasant confusion of ideas, our fairy tale, our belief in the good-will, and our own good-will accordingly;—our own willing concession of the power,—*with that understanding*. There rode our young Queen, like a proper queen of romance, with her radiated diadem; there we at once smiled at, and felt a reverend concern for the good old coachman out of Ratopolis; and somewhere, we know not where, (but not far off, we trust, in point of time) was the young Prince, or Lord, whoever he might be, destined to complete the happiness of the lady, and make her, and all the rest of us, "live happy after."

"A pleasing and boy-like dream!" will cry many, who yet would be very angry, if we did not put faith in the fine results that are to ensue, provided their own respective recommendations of policy be adopted!

Alas! we have our fears as well as hopes; but we have also our "recommendations" of policy, or at least a very distinct idea of what is requisite

to be done ; and this we shall proceed to state with a candour befitting honest Reformers. But first let us look back a moment to what the newspapers tell us of the Queen's aspect and behaviour in the House of Lords ; for these apparently superficial matters are significant of the internal spirit.

The *Morning Chronicle*, describing her Majesty's appearance in the House (which must have been very striking, particularly at the period when she remained courteously standing for some time, in return for the rising of the Peers, smiling, and pleasantly looking about her, with the ribbon of the Garter across her bosom, and the diadem on her head) says that she seemed much amused with the scuffling entrance of the Commons, and noticed it by her manner to those about her. The *Morning Post*, we understand, speaks of having observed a tear in her eye at another time, and of a compression of the lips, manifesting some emotion kept under. Another paper says that the Queen had been "strongly advised" not to dissolve the Parliament in person, for fear of the excitement it might cause ; but that being very "firm" in going through with anything she determines on, she persisted. We know not the authority of this paper for its information, which we find in a country journal ; but the prevailing impression is, that her Majesty has great sensibility ; and though we ourselves

discerned nothing but self-possession in her manner as she passed us on her return from the House, nor a greater flush of the face than was consistent with it, it is evident from all that has yet been seen of her, since the moment when she melted into that affecting and self-pitying flood of tears at her Proclamation (for self-pity is at the bottom of all such emotions of self-reference) that the general conclusion on this point is correct, and that we have a Sovereign who is very sensitive, and liable to feelings which she can little conceal ; a temperament very charming, if it run on the wise and generous side, and very happy for the possessor, if it succeed in diffusing happiness ; but perilous to all parties, if emotion is indulged from inability to deny itself its mere will and pleasure.

Hard is the lot of sovereigns, as well as those whom they may injure by such temperaments, when we consider how they *must* be rendered liable to more than ordinary spoiling by the mere fact of their being sovereigns, or of growing up under the probability of becoming such. But again our hopes take refuge in the recollection of the more than ordinary advantages which her Majesty, to assist her against these chances, has enjoyed, or is understood to have enjoyed, in the instruction and society of an excellent mother ; and fervently do we pray and hope, that nothing may occur during

her reign, to render it necessary for reflecting people to remind the less reflecting of that perilous condition annexed to the royal state.

Consider a human being so young, and of a sex as well as age the most sensitive, standing in that ascendant manner before a crowd of her worshipping elders,—blazing with wealth and gorgeousness,—cried after and blessed wherever she appears,—never moving without exciting an interest intense,—possessing actual power of the rarest and most peculiar description,—conferring honours,—altering and exalting the colour of people's sensations for their whole lives,—and on occasions like the present, issuing forth like something super-human in human shape, announced with extacies of pealing and crashing bells, and the leaping thunder of cannon!—Who could wonder if the wonder itself were almost too much for the brain of human being so raised above its fellows? or where there is no danger that way, who has a right to quarrel with the object of such worship, if a less sensibility take its merits for granted, to the detriment of those who impute them? At all events, is not the thing itself a wonder in man's history; and reasonably calculated to excite reflections of the deepest nature on the phenomena of circumstance and Providence, whether to purposes of duration or vicissitude? It is easy to talk of delusion and puerility; but delusion

itself is a part of the economy of the universe, and becomes a fact in the belief; nor can even our respected, we will add, revered friend, excellent Robert Owen (the most Christian-minded man now living, and we know excellent Christians too, Church of England, Dissenter, and Catholic) induce us to believe, that all the past history of mankind is nothing but a mass of irrationality, without a meaning and a good; or even without a necessary inclusion of the greater good which is to come, unproducable perhaps except by the previous ill, like a fruit out of its husk. And we think he injures his noble aspirations after good by thus disrespectfully treating the mystery of what has been, and risking a contempt for that very humanity, which, according to him, is to follow up such mere irrationality with such sudden and entire reasonableness. Wonderful, we doubt not, are the changes to come; for wonderful have they been, and are; and most wonderful of all would it be to suppose, that vicissitude itself is to stop, as it never yet did for any body, out of compliment to our present notions, Tory or Radical! We believe also, as Mr Owen does, that those changes, though not in every respect such as he looks for, may come quietly, and happily for all, and with not a detriment to queen or ploughman. But we are getting upon other subjects. Suffice it to say for the present, that we were among those the

other day, who felt the gravest and heartiest good wishes for the prosperity of the young being before us, both as woman and queen; desiring as we do, amidst the great but gradual changes which we certainly do desire, none that should render her existence in that station incompatible with all the modifications of system and custom, conceivable for the greatest good of the dwellers in this world of ornament as well as utility. An innocent female may surely make as good a sovereign for the noblest order of things, as a man; and we are not among those who take all the superficial aspects of things reasonable for the only ones; or who see nothing desirable in what administers to the natural passion of mankind for looking up to something above themselves.

One great change, good for her and for every body (from all that we ever understood of occasions like the present), we noticed with delight in the

behaviour of the multitudes assembled; and that was, the mixture of fervent good-will with the absence of mere slavish noise and gratuitous enthusiasm. We have mentioned the expressions used by the crowd. They were deep and general in the quarter where we stood, and therefore, we conclude, elsewhere. But there was no hurraing; no loss of the crowd's own self-possession; no violent outbreak of any sort. The feeling, as clearly as it could be expressed both by sound and silence, was to this effect:—"We love you, and wish you well with all our hearts; but we expect that you will maintain love with love, and be the proper sovereign for this new era, which knows the rights of people as well as sovereigns, and has broken up the delusion which sacrificed the many to the few."

This is what the popular feeling said: and this is what we say ourselves, with all loving respect.

LILLIPUTIAN.

I.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

II.

Out of Eternity
This new day was born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

III.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

IV.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

T. C.

DOGGREL ON DOUBLE COLUMNS AND LARGE TYPE;

OR, THE PRAISE OF THOSE PILLARS OF OUR STATE, AND
ITS CLEAR EXPOSITOR.

Be present, ye home Truths and
Graces,
That throw a charm on common-
places,
And make a street or an old door
Look as it never look'd before,
Nay, doggrel's very self refine
Into a bark not quite canine
(Rather, a voice that once those fairies
Took delight in, call'd the Lares ;
Fire-side gods, that used to sit
Loving jolly dogs and wit ;)*
For with a truth on our own part,
Which, though it frisketh, is at heart
The solemnest of all the solemn,
We sing, imprimis, Double Columns ;
And secondly, our noble Type,
Beauteous as Raphael, clear as Cuyp.

Double Columns, in all places,
Are always cause of double graces ;
They grace one's front, and grace
one's wings,
And do all sorts of graceful things,
Making a welcome fit for queens ;
But most of all in magazines.

Look at the fact. All monthly publi-
cations that have been column'd
doubly,
Have always hit the public fancy
Better, and with more poignancy
Than your platter-fac'd, broad pages ;
Witness things that liv'd for ages,—
London Magazines, and *Towns*
And Countrys, of charade renowns ;
The old *Monthly*, still surviving
Though with single life now striving ;
And the old *Gentleman's* (why also
Should *he* change, and risque a fall
so ?)

Truly old gentleman was he,
And liv'd to hail the century,
Although his diet was no better
Than an old tombstone or dead letter.
Then look at *Blackwood*, look at
Fraser ;
To them and *their* sales what d'ye
say, Sir ?
Tories, I own ; the more's the pity ;
But double-column'd, and therefore
witty :
For columns (quoth th' Horatian
fiddling)
Don't permit people to be middling.†
The *Dublin University*
Might also spell his name with *g*,—
With *o* and *g*, and call himself
The *Doubling*,—therefore fit for
shelf ;

A clever dog ; though he, too, beats
His Dublin drum with Toryous
heats.

Tait, lastly, hath his columns double,
Though he began (which gave him
trouble)

With single ones. I warn'd him of it,
And now, you see, he owns me
prophet.

Lucky for *Tait* ;—because I prophe-
sied

Also, that wealth would thus be *of*-
his-side.

I only wish his columns were of
Narrower edifice ; since thereof
Greater snugness comes, and easiness
Of reading, which is half the business.

Oh, nothing like your double
columns !

Notions of single ones are all hums.

* The Lares, or ancient Gods of the hearth, had figures of dogs at their feet.

† ————— *Mediocribus esse poetis*

Non dî, non homines, non concessere columnæ.—HOR.

For the strictly classical use of the word "fiddling" in this place, *vide* innume-
rable places in the ancient poets. Truly did Cicero observe, "*Discebant fidibus*
antiqui ;"—the ancients learnt the fiddle. Horace repeatedly mentions the one
with which he accompanied his own verses.

Compare a single one with any
Two that you see, how like a zany
It looks ; how poor, inept, inhuman !
Oh, ever while you live, have two,
man ;

Two, like two legs ; and don't be
branding

With love of *one* your *understanding*.
Fancy a *door* with one provided ;
How ludicrous ! one-legg'd ! lop-sided !

Whereas with two, like tit for tat,
Pediment, cornice, and all that,
It stands like something worth
looking at,

Or a stout fellow in a cock'd hat. }
See our own door-way, at page one ;
There's fitness for a Parthenon !
Two columns, bearing that first story
Of strong and sweet Repository.
Will any man who hates a flat
style,

Or a forc'd, object to that style ?
Will Mr Gwilt, or Mr Barry,
Or Mr What's-his-name ? No, marry.
Our front demands them to be stout ;
So no pun, pray, on the word *gout*.
Turn but the corner, and look *there* ;
There see our columns mount in air,
So smooth, and sweet, and with a
smile,

Air seems itself to feel the style.
No one will say, with wondering
brows,

As the man did to Carlton House,
“ *Care colonne, che fate quà ?*”
Nor will the columns, with *hum* }
and *ha*,
Say “ *Non sappiamo, in verità.*” * }
A pretty jest, 'faith, and a queer,
To ask our columns how *they* came
here !

Egad, they'd say to such suggestion,
“ How came *you* here, that ask the
question.”

Double then be your columns, ever :
Were single ones in Nature ? Never.
(There's nothing like a round asser-
tion)

And history holds them in aversion.

All her best columns go by twos ;—
Witness those pillars of the Jews,
Jachin and Boaz, which implied
That Love and Pow'r go side by side ;†
And those which Hercules set up,
When he sat down in Spain to sup
On fame and gratitude (no dull tray)
And carv'd upon them *Ne plus ultra* ;
Meaning, “ You can't surpass my
columns” ;

Words in our favour that speak
volumes.

Upon the like, deny who can,
Goes that most wondrous fabric, man,
And on two legs walks noble and
steady ;
But this we have touch'd upon already.
Thus emperors walk ; yea, poets ; yea,
My lady B. and lady A. ;
Yea (not to speak it lightly) queens ;
And so must wits in magazines.

In short, look at the common sense
O' the case, and frame your judg-
ment thence.

So wide are single-column'd pages,
The eyes grow tir'd with the long
stages ;
At each line's end you feel perplex'd
For the beginning of the next,

* A *jeu d'esprit* recorded of divers colonnades ; among others, that which
screened the late Carlton House. It may be thus translated :—

How came you here, good columns, pray ?
'Faith, my good friend, we cannot say.

† Colonne Ebraiche o Misteriose. Due colonne del vestibolo del tempio di
Salomone ; l'una delle quali, a destra, si chiamava *Jachin*, desiderio ; e l'altra, a
sinistra, *Booz*, forza e vigore, &c.—*Dizionario d' Ogni Mitologia*, tom. i. p. 468.

And have to run back all the way
 To find it, and keep saying "Eh?"
 Now double ones require but glances;
 From line to line the sweet eye
 dances,
 Without a strain, or the least trouble,
 And thus th' enjoyment's truly double,
 Taking your meaning and your think-
 ing,
 As easily as lovers, winking.
 Besides, meanwhile it has an eye to
 The other column it runs nigh to;
 Which doubly doubles the enjoyment,
 By certainty of more employment;
 Just like that terrible Greek, who
 reckon'd,
 While courting one love, on a second;
 Or as your gourmand, dining plea-
 santly,
 Says, "I'll attack *that* pigeon pre-
 sently."

So much for columns. Now for
 type.
 What soul, of any judgment ripe,
 Or wise by dint of good intentions,
 But must exult in its dimensions?
 What good heart swell not at a size
 So very good for good old eyes?
 Nay, good for eyes too not grown
 old,
 But tried by labours manifold,
 And glad not to be forc'd to take
 To spectacles and vision-ache?
 Young eyes, of course, can find no
 fault with it;
 And babes that learn to spell, won't
 halt with it:
 So that, in fact, the *only* pages
 To suit all eyes and suit all ages,
 And fill the whole earth's visual powers
 With tears of transport, will be *ours*!
 Good heav'ns! what an amazing
 glory!
 Unknown in periodic story!

We knew once a shrewd speculator,
 Young withal, and fond of *pater*,
 Who in the course of a right breeding
 Had got such filial views of reading,

That he projected an old men's
 Newspaper, to be call'd—THE LENS;
 That is to say, a glass to read it;
 Because the print was *not to need it*!
 (We think we see old Munden *knead-*
 ing

The word, in his intensest reading,
 And counting it a gain, exceeding).
 Well, here's a LENS in all its glory,
 The type of the Repository;—
 A glass, without a glass's need;—
 A print, that cries to all "Come, read!"
 How pleasant to reverse, for once,
 The cares that patronise good sons,
 And give good sons occasion rather
 To *filiatronize* their father!

There's a strange tale of an old sire,
 Who screaming every moment higher,
 Came running from a house, or rather
 Hobbling, and follow'd by *his* father,
 Who was belabouring him, because
 Forgetful of all filial laws,
 "Th' ungracious boy," like a draw-
 cansir,
 Had laid a stick upon his *grandsire*!!
 Observe our sweet Repository,
 How 'twill reverse this horrid story.
 For sure as we see future ages
 Rise, like May-mornings, o'er our
 pages,
 We see full many a grateful sire,
 Old as *that* grandson, but all fire,
 Come smiling from his home, and
 telling
 The neighbours round about the
 dwelling,
 How he had left, with eyes all glis-
 tening,
 His father to *his grandsire* listening,
 Who taking up our magazine,
 And putting his white locks serene
 Pleasantly back, and looking proud,
 Read it, upon the spot, out loud!

What need to add another syllable?
 Hearts, that could stand this, are
 unkillable.

HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY,

EXHIBITED IN LETTERS AND MEMOIRS COLLECTED BY THE LATE J. J. PIDCOCK RAIKES, ESQ.; AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY HIS NEPHEW, SIR RODNEY RAIKES, WITH SEVERAL MATERIAL ADDITIONS.

PREFATORY MEMOIR.

THAT the Editor of these pages is professionally no literary man, would be evident of itself. A publisher, in fact, was desirous of printing them in quarto, with a great accumulation of other matter, prefixing a brief account of the author's life. Although the scheme was laid aside, the reader shall not be deprived of what information a grateful nephew can present to him, in regard to that worthy man.

James Jeffery Pidcock Raikes, (or Raykes, for sometimes the name has been spelt with the *i* and sometimes with the *y*), Esq., of Cranburn alley, was the eldest son of Benjamin Tobias Raikes, Esq., of the same residence, who married the daughter and sole heiress of Samuel Gamaliel Rodney Pidcock, Esq., of True-Blue House, on the north-east coast of Newfoundland. In the conscientious discharge of his professional duties he often reflected that perhaps a Wolfe or an Abercrombie had become immortal by merely having looked into his father's window; and that the fine arts had been aided in rising to their present stupendous height by the encouragement he gave to the

more eminent painters of trumpets, drums, cannons, cars of victory, and triumphal arches, destined to reward at Christmas, and upon other solemn occasions, the younger portions of human society. He used to defend the dignity of his artists by demonstrating, to every unprejudiced and unsophisticated mind, their superiority over Rubens and Raphael, and one whom he would not name out of delicacy, inasmuch as a drum or trumpet, to say nothing of a car of victory or a triumphal arch, is a nobler basis of glory than a yard, or even a bale of canvas, and that there resulted from either of them a greater, a more genuine, and a far more extensive delight.

The juvenile age of Mr Pidcock Raikes was distinguished by no eccentricities of genius; his themes were by the best judges declared to be superior to his verses. Indeed, when he was of age and thought of settling, he suspected from his natural modesty, that the affections of a distinguished lady in Lombard street (no other than the daughter of the great Mr * * * *) were gained by a rival through the means of some more felicitous expression

in the verses handed to her. He retired from the contest with a clear conscience, and resolved to lead a single life. When he had acquired a competency, the sum, namely, of one hundred thousand pounds, part invested in India stock, part in the Three per cents, he retired from business; and having been honoured with great part of a bow (as he believed) by Louis XVIII, who was passing through the city to remount the throne of his ancestors, he resolved, when affairs were firmly settled, to sojourn a few years in France. As is customary with persons of his rank in society, he was presented at court there, on his first arrival; and the only mortification he experienced was upon the very event from which he anticipated unmingled joy. Lord Stuart de Rothesay did not hear him, when, after announcing Mr Pidcock Raikes, he said emphatically, though in a whisper, "*the gentleman who brought the live turtle in his carriage.*"

A sort of coldness between him and his Majesty sprang up from this omission, although he gave as his reason for going so soon into Italy the washiness of French wines. It is well known among his friends, that he carried a powerful antidote in his own excellent port and incomparable sherry, and had suffered as much in England from green peas and broad beans, as ever he encountered in France from the most animated, straight-forward, and

upright hostility of champagne. We may surmise then, on this one occasion, that his sincerity was, to a certain point, affected by his delicacy.

It is beyond all controversy that, on the eleventh day of June, 1824, he crossed Mount Cenis with his suite, the same notification being engraven on the eternal granite of that mountain. And here it must be observed that he was by no means an ostentatious man, and that he never entitled himself *Grand Esquire*, as some Italians entitled him, nor *Milord*, neither of which are to be found in the inscription, but simply *Esquire*, in letters which cannot be mistaken. He was of so liberal a disposition, and so constantly in the habit of giving encouragement,—words which were for ever upon his lips,—that when he contemplated an immortal work, he consulted at an expense of about one hundred pounds, more than twenty of those gentlemen who had formerly been in his employment, whether he should entitle it *Journey, Journal, Tour, Travels, Rambles, Reflections, View, Sketch, or Thoughts*; and whether, if *Thoughts*, which pleased him most, he should call them *Scattered* or *Succinct*.

To proceed in the delineation of his character. It has been remarked, that dispassionate as an observer, and modest as an orator, he never questioned the authority of older or of richer men than himself, and that he preferred the opinions of even those un-

der him, to his own. Speaking of the ancients, he said feelingly, "We know all we can ever know about 'em: they are dead and gone: and I am surprised that gentlemen should quarrel and dispute over their coffins: I do not think it the thing by any means. He must be a very queer random man who fancies he cannot get hot enough with the politics brewed in his own country, but must e'en take a mouthful of Greek and Roman. Whether one or other of 'em wrote this or wrote that, how does it concern us? Why so nice then, and so punctilious? Are we at the quarter sessions? Are we before any justice of the peace? I hate a contradictory and litigious spirit, and would rather give a crown for a book that nobody stirs about, than three-and-sixpence for one that sets people by the ears."

He was formerly member of a Pitt-Club, but having been cheated at Rome by a defender of faith and legitimacy, a noble who received three thousand crowns out of the million sent by our lamented minister in order to excite the people to revolt, he was so incensed, as to declare he was firmly of opinion that the money had been distributed among the greatest scoundrels under heaven. This language would have given great offence to the noble had it been uttered while any more *scudi* from the same quarter could fall within his grasp: as it was, he calmly replied, "*Pazienza Signore!* He

says what is possibly true. But that which was distributed in our country by the unsparing hand of your immortal minister, under the cognizance and with the participation of the French police, was distributed among the scoundrels who *did* want it; while that which was distributed in yours, by the same inexhaustible munificence, was distributed among the scoundrels that did not." Upon which Mr Pidcock Raikes turned to his secretary, Mr Stivers, and declared he would strike out his name with his own hand. It pleased Providence to decree otherwise. On the fourteenth of May, 1831, at a quarter-past three, about twenty minutes after the termination of his dinner hour, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and though no fewer than three leeches were in the course of the night applied to his abdomen, the original seat of the disorder, as four physicians of the five declared, and although they ordered him early in the morning a hot bath of olive oil, as they had done with similar success in the case of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, he departed this life in the olive oil bath precisely at six, A. M. aged fifty-four years and two months. His mortal remains were conveyed from the shores of Italy to the family vault, according to his last will and testament, which, together with a list of illustrious names in both Houses of Parliament (taken from his books), will, if the public voice should imperatively demand it,

be appended to a future volume, together with a fac-simile of his hand-writing. The chief mourners of the distinguished defunct, were his late secretary, J. J. Stivers, Esq. and the editor of these his papers, in regard to which nothing very interesting remains untold, excepting this one anecdote. Finding, at the decline of life, that he could not probably much surpass the efforts of his predecessors in the classical land of Italy, he devolved his own glory on his humbler friends, and, it appears, would have patronized rather than have appropriated the two volumes. After many erasures in the title-page, which is usually the most difficult part of a book, and the thread upon which hang its destinies, we find fairly written and standing forth triumphantly what is now printed in it, of which he himself is certainly the author.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY—In Paris, as I told you, the houses are all roof; in Genoa one can discover neither tile nor chimney. They are higher than our church-towers, and the gentry live at the very top. You may imagine it to be a melancholy thing to have no other view than of heaven. But the sky above the city of Genoa looks like the fair and cheerful mother of the lusty mountains which are as blue as so many blue-beards; and the sea itself at some distance from the shore is just as if you had dipped

your pen in it after a scrawl, it being of so dark a complexion. In England, the clearest sky is between a hedge-sparrow's egg and a basin of starch: here you might recover soiled silk stockings with it, if you could get at it. And I never saw a Coventry garter of a deeper blue than the face of old ocean, (as Dibdin in his whimsical way used to call it), where he has those big blustering Alps to keep him in countenance. And although he swells with burly pride as he elbows and jostles the ship, he very good-naturedly the next moment shews you a specimen of his stock, his dolphins, that look like so many sunset heavens, and those other queer fish, like my lord's good stories, being without head or tail, rolling round and round eternally, and tumbling in the manner of tumbler pigeons, but as huge as a wherry, and yet as active and lightsome as a boarding-school Miss at her holiday's ball or a buxom and blithe young widow, just come to that title, unfolding her glossy handkerchief, ready to hear the condolence (I think they call it) of her dear kind friends.

Happy creatures! Salt water is the element of both until they are taken, and then the fish is the first to change colour.

I remain,

(A word to the wise)

My dear Lady,

Your obedient and dutiful
old servant,

JACK JEREMY STIVERS.

[The merit of Mr John Stivers seems to have been felt and acknowledged by personages of the highest distinction. Hence he was permitted to write with something like familiarity by his noble correspondent, none of whose letters, however, are destined to enrich our collection.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

FOR the soul of me I cannot see any reason, my dear lady, why you should say you are a little angry with my reflections on the sex. The department of it I had under my eye was the widow department. Surely you cannot be jealous. But I know not how it is, every woman I have ever met with, of every sort and description, stands up for the sex, and would send to the devil nearly all who belong to it. You are as devout to the holy word, sex, as we are to the thousand little idols that represent it.

Well, since you command me, I will keep for the future to the description of scenery and character, *and not talk odiously*. I wrote my first letter the first day we came ashore, since which I have seen so many things, I am bothered and bewildered, and know nothing about 'em. No matter, you find them in books. Master has eight or nine, all telling the same story in the main and all contradicting in the particulars. I am fond of

seeing matters with my own eyes: I am active and think it no trouble. I don't want dry skulls for spectacles.

Genoa is said to lie at the foot of the mountains: she appears to me to be treading on their toes. There are the ridges, both in the city and out for miles together, over which you can neither ride nor walk with any comfort. There are some few carriages in the place; but every horse has at least one broken knee. This seems so natural and so necessary an infirmity, that you would almost feel inclined to believe that the beasts were born with it. Tiresome work for walkers (I should have said *pedestrians*, but forgot myself) in hot weather. Nothing but up and down, up and down; and that won't do for ever, you know. The air is the only good thing going, and this the people do all they can to spoil. You must go a mile out of the gates to get a mouthful of prime quality. They have forts all over the country from the sea-beach to the summit, standing as close as old Nat's pointers, when they back in the stubble. I wonder who the devil the gunners can contrive to shoot at: they must have poor sport.

As I admired the sea in my last, and the sky too by daylight, I am now for the stars. They in this country are of another cut and fashion from what they are in London. In London they make themselves

scarce for the most part, and are the only things in the place that don't much like to be looked at. To say the truth, they are little worth the trouble, they look so squinty and surly. But here in Italy they are as bright as your ladyship's eyes in their best manner, or as the plate at your ladyship's table, when honest Jack Stivers had the polishing of it: and they wink and play with one another like spring kids.

* * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

I CAN'T deal and won't deal with master. He wants materials; and I am to be on the look out—the *key-weeve*, as the Frenchmen call it. And what the devil! (God forgive me!) do you think he calls materials? Why, scraps of paper, to be brought to him every night with “my view,” as he calls it, “of things and events.” He said to me, “Stivers! I contemplate a very considerable work. Every man differs from every other man.”—Here he opened first one great volume and then another, and after reading a little, proceeded off-hand—“Not only in his own view of society, but in his recital of events.” Again he paused, threw his spectacles up

to his forehead and looked at me. I said nothing: he went on. “Remarks, I see, do not make much impression on you; but you have very considerable versatility and originality. What you collect for me, and what you express in your own manner, I shall put into proper form, contracting your eccentricities and rounding your periods. I myself shall point out many things to your inexperience; as you must remember I did in the square of the Carousel, near the Thuilleries, the first time you attended me to that royal residence.” Now, my lady, you may be curious to hear what it was he pointed out to me: and as I never balked you, I will not balk you now. The story is worth a pound note.

We saw upon the iron-railing some posts with gilt cocks upon 'em. Master pulled the string, and stopped the carriage, and said to me,

“Stivers! did you ever hear a cock-and-bull story?”

“Yes, sir,” said I, but for the love of mercy don't let's have one now. Many and many a one have I gone through under my Lord C.; enough to last any man for life.

For the love of God, sir, let the carriage go on, or this wind will blow us over the rail.”

“Do you mind a little dust?” said master.

“Sir,” said I, “they say a bushel of March dust is worth

a king's ransom: surely a thousand bushels are blowing about for that worthy king's yonder. It seems as if he was to be paid for by weight: here is enough of it to smother all the cocks and bulls in Christendom. If rain should fall upon my new hat, there would be mud over and above to build a row of cottages."

"Never mind, I ensure it," said he, "to its full value. Hear; listen; put your head towards the glass: I will eat the whole down. Cocks represent the French, bulls the English. Histories relating to the wars and treaties of large nations are properly called *cock-and-bull* stories, and by degrees all stories that turn out to as little account as these wars and treaties, are called by the same name."

I am, &c. &c. &c.

[Let us hope that Mr Stivers added from his own fancy all the words from "and by degrees" to the conclusion. Certainly Mr Raikes was incapable of treating either his heroic ancestors, or his equally brave contemporaries with such disrespect. By these wars and treaties we have reached the pinnacle of human glory; and by the inscrutable designs of Providence, the treaties led us infallibly to wars and the wars to treaties,—an advantage which no other country ever experienced in the same degree. To attribute it to chance, if not impious, is malicious. The prudent men who were ap-

pointed to watch over our welfare, saw before them,

"A mighty maze, but not without a plan,"

at every turn of which was an embryo general, and at the end a national illumination, with prayer and thanksgiving.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

I HAVE made it up, since you say it would be better for me. Indeed, I began to think as much, and never had any quarrel at all with him. The very day after he had talked of my being on the look out, he gave me three crowns for encouragement. I could do no less than sit down and write what I heard in a livery-stable. Here is a copy of it:—

"I heard to-day, sir, that his Majesty the King of Sardinia, who has no more right they tell me to be King of Genoa, than I have to be King of Jerusalem (which is one of his kingdoms, by the bye, and none of mine) has resolved to cut his heir off with a shilling; and to give all the mountains and chesnuts, all the monks and nuns, all the hogs and goats (the next things in number and quality), all the folks and soldiers, all the mules, asses, oxen, and horses, to the Emperor of Austria,—to say nothing of a vast quantity of stone walls." My master put it down directly in his big book. He also put down at the same time, in his account-book, one crown and a half for half-a-dab of butter.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

From Florence.

WE had hardly got to this place, Florence, when my master sent me to the post-office for letters, and I saw flying from a string one of those fine paintings which make Italy so celebrated. It represented to the life a glorious conjurer and all the people round him. There is an older piece on the same subject in a church at Genoa, but not so much to the life. In the old miracle the lookers-on are not half so much in earnest, nor the conjuror neither; for there are women and boys in the corner who are looking at you, and not at the juggler. Either he or the painter could not be doing his best. I clapped my master's letter into my pocket, and ran off to make inquiries for this Signor Goldoni, who kept the theatre that was advertised. An old priest told me that *she sballied**, *she* meaning *me*, and *sballied* that I was off the scent. He then informed me that the juggler was the egregious Signor Matteo Tullio Ostilio Giuseppe Pancrazio, and that he *made fanaticism and fury in Italy*. "My lady," said I to myself in English, "that is rather your trade than his." But these expressions are among the elegancies of the Tuscan tongue, which they tell me are "unnarrivable" and "unpayable." I often thought that I myself have some elegancies of the latter kind. The old fel-

low was fond of chat, and told me that Signor County Alfieri was made of another "*paste*" than Avvocato Goldoni; a fresh elegance of our new tongue there; and that he had known him and had even dined at the next house, and that he was so great a man that the Countess of Albany had married him, and had done every thing but acknowledge the marriage, and at last had broken his heart for him. Ladies often do this when they find a tender one, for they are as apt to try it, as they are to try a thread before they sew with it. The old priest said, that she did it in part by giving him too highly seasoned dishes for his dinner, and in part by giving him a Frenchman for his rival. Now he hated the French, said the priest, and indeed he hated every body who did not hate every body else, and did not much like him who did. "He must have been a hearty dog, parson!" said I, "for those who like every one, have no heart at all. They are cats, said my uncle the fishmonger, and a sturgeon in the same keg; they are satans that look as blandly and as lovingly at an old sinner as at Eve." Lord! if I have not got my master's letter in my pocket to this blessed day!

I am, &c. &c. &c.

[Mr Stivers in this letter is at once remarkable for his levity and repentance. The tragedies of Count Alfieri are

• *Ella sbaglia.*

said to be replete with the effusions of democracy; and if there is any truth in the report that he was in favour with the Countess of Albany, and hated the French, the probability is that she wished to cure him of his French principles by what Mr Stivers, mistaking the learned gentleman's expression, calls a French rival; as holding the finger to the fire is a remedy for the burn.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

WE have been at Florence ten days, and a wonderful place it is. There is not a straight street, nor a square square, in the whole of it. If the men were bigger, I should suppose that the ladies took their curvature from their habitations, as their minds do from their bodies; they are so diminutive, wry, and wriggling. I have conversed with about fifty English and forty Italian servants. It has been intimated to all of them, that it will be allowed them to enjoy an honest liberty (that is to rob their masters) if they behave well. I found on inquiry (for the whole subject is interesting) that behaving well consists in giving true and complete information to the police of everything that occurs in the family. As their newspapers contain no scandal, no elopements, no crim. cons., the curiosity of the heads of the police must be satisfied with washier fare. You would wonder to see with what delight they listen to an account of the

dishes served at table, the squabbles of masters and mistresses, a box on the ear, a bottle thrown across the table, or prayers read to the servants by the master of the family. A good deal of money is spent in Florence by the English, and the city is hardly less enriched by the number of forks, spoons, rings, watches, brooches, and necklaces, put into circulation by the servants, chiefly the Italians; but the same freedom of action is allowed the English and other foreigners, on displaying the same merits. This public spirit is much encouraged by what is called here the hierarchy of the police. Be pleased to direct to me at the Palazzo Maraschini. A palace here is different from a house, by having a barn-door for the entrance, and room enough for horses and mules to stand against the staircase.

I am, &c. &c. &c.

[If Mr Stivers had not been represented to us as a person of strict sobriety, we, reading this letter, should entertain some suspicion of his being fuddled.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

AND a pretty set of nobles they are! Why, Pitt made better! However, I have found out in Florence what I never should have found out in London: everything has its meaning. I always thought as much. Counts come from *counting-house*. Marquise from

marker. They are desperate hands at cards and billiards all over Italy: and because master would not sit down and have his pocket picked, they chose to set him down, and lower than I approved of. My own honour was touched through master's, and if he lost a step, I lost one. Therefore I made him lift up his head among them. I told them he did not require to be called milord; and that he was *grand esquire*. They asked me whether he really was born in London, or only at some castle in the provinces. I caught at the castle, but stuck fast to it, and put it in Cranbourn alley. No Englishman I find is esteemed in Italy, unless he was born in the metropolis. This is much to my taste, for I was whelped in the thickest of it. They are as curious about birth as they ever were, but in another and more reasonable way. Knowing that they all are doubtful in regard to fatherhood, they transfer the inquiry from the person to the place, while in regard to the date of any one's birth they do much as the ancient Romans did in their computation. These, I heard a learned man say, reckoned by the *consulship*; the modern by the *cavaliership*. There is, however, one slight difference: they say "he was born the year after this or that young gentleman was his mother's cavaliere."

I was thought a knight in disguise because I was born in

St Giles's. Had I been born in the best room of Windsor Castle, with the Black Prince's banner waving above my cradle, I should have excited no emotion, but in raising up the shoulder. Being London-born—*veramente di Londra, città capitale*—I was so very high, that every one would make me higher. *Sant' Egidio! scusa, signore. Sant' Egidio è un altro. Lei vuol dire San Giacomo. La corte stà lì: non è vero?* I am come to the end of my Italian, but you have it neat and genuine.

I remain, &c. &c. &c.

[*"Why, Pitt made better!"* To be sure he did, Mr Stivers. He ennobled those gentlemen who had the greatest stake in the country, and some few (too few indeed) of those honourable men, whose houses rose from commerce. These were the great supports of the nation in all her difficulties. Without them in vain would the immortal minister have attempted to carry on a war of twenty years; and never would the people of England have displayed their strength and fortitude, in supporting a heavier weight of debt than all the nations of the world united could endure.]

Among the English here in Italy, whom I could wish to see at my table in Cranbourn alley, is Lieutenant Arthur Cockles, third Lieutenant of his Majesty's ship *Leopard* in Lord Howe's grand engage-

ment on the first of June, and promoted to the rank of second lieutenant soon after the taking of Copenhagen. The grandfather of Mr Cockles was ensign in the battle of Minden, in which he lost his life, aged fifty-four years; and, in consequence of his bravery and regularity, the eldest of his eight children, Roger Cockles, was admitted into the army at somewhat under the regulation-price of commission, and had the honour to be slain at Bunker's Hill, leaving an only son, Arthur. The royal favour did not desert the family: on the contrary, this young man was patronized to such a degree that he rose to the rank of lieutenant at an age when his grandfather and father had been but ensigns; in a word, when he scarcely had completed his fortieth year of service and fifty-first of life; a period when the mind and body are just attaining their full perfection. Although Mr Cockles has much the appearance of being a quiet and unambitious man, he is reported to have displayed on several occasions the most impetuous bravery; and I myself have observed in him some slight (I say slight) indications of discontent. Mr Cockles* was always a loyal man, as we properly call those who love their king above all other blessings; and yet he thought it hard, he said, to have seen, in the various ships in which he had served, every

junior in each put above him; some who were not born when he entered the service, others whom he had instructed and loved, and who were removed to vessels newly built or newly taken, that, to use his own expression, "fresh cubs from lordly kennels, litter after litter, might start from the same hatchway, and leap over him." Being a good accountant, and having learned Italian and *Lingua Franca* from a sailor of Lord Hotham's fleet in the Mediterranean, he offered his services to several mercantile houses at Leghorn, on his reduction to half-pay. But one merchant said he could not in his conscience give him a higher salary than it had pleased his Majesty to give him after forty years' service; another, that he could not think of a clerk dining at his table; that clerks must be clerks, and that gentlemen must be gentlemen. This was an elderly Scotchman, who lately married the daughter of a woman he kept for many years. On leaving the house of this exemplary person, who had the fortitude, in spite of ill habits, to exchange an irregular life for a regular one, a Turkish merchant, then accidentally present, having liked his look and admired his calmness, came after him and addressed to him the following words in the most polished Tuscan:—

"Sir, I congratulate those who have exercised the military

* The Editor thinks himself at liberty to write the name at length, although the letters composing it are covered with asterisks in the MS.

profession so many years as you have, and who retire from it so sound in health, as to be capable of other and better occupations, and I venerate those who are likewise so sound in mind as to show a readiness to undertake them. In Turkey we have no distinctions, but from the services we render our country. The most powerful man in Constantinople, after the Sultan, was waiter at a public bath, and if he behaves ill, may return to it. I think I heard you say that your lodgings are at the inn. My house is cool and spacious. As I give no credit to the Christians of this city, whether Greeks, Jews,* or English, and deal chiefly with the Armenians, I employ no book-keeper. When I may happen to want one, I will request the favour of your assistance. Allow me then, as a military man, to offer you my quarters; as a merchant, to provide for your table; and as a friend, if you believe a Mussulman can or ought to be one, to enjoy the situation of your purse-bearer."

The lieutenant grasped his hand, and gazed upon his placid countenance, but stood speechless. Sidi Dahr, such was the Turk's name, understood the real cause of his emotion, and added with greater animation, "Grant it me, grant it me for life." The lieutenant was induced to accept the quarters, and to accompany his benefactor. On my first visit I found

them extremely cleanly, being covered with mats of coloured reeds, but containing little furniture. In the bed-room, instead of a mattress, there was an enormous cushion of morocco-leather filled with wind like a foot-ball, but not to such a degree as should spoil the level of the surface. Over this was thrown some coarse, glazed linen; the sheets were very fine, and a net-work was suspended round from the center of the ceiling. There was one sofa as hard as the bed, another very soft and broad, two cane-hottomed chairs, a small cedar table, a marble dressing-table, a large stone jar of rose-water, and two porcelain vases filled with flowers. I mention these particulars to show what poor ideas the richer Turks have of *comfort*; though indeed these apartments looked cooler than any I ever entered in the month of August. Mr Cockles assured me that in the winter, his own rooms were covered with Turkey carpets, and his bed *hung* with velvet, and the counterpane of the same. I verily believe that my little parlour in Cranbourn alley contains more furniture than the twenty rooms of Sidi Dahr's palace, rich as he is, and unsparing in expense, if he knew how to spend his money.

The library contained one chair only, an arm chair, with Russia-leather cushion and back, a small cedar table, and a small tea-cup, instead of ink-

* Strange oversight in so careful a writer as Mr Raikes, unless it was the error of the Turk.

stand. The Turks are very backward in writing, there was not even a desk. The third room was the dining-room, worse furnished, if possible, than the other two. It contained four cane-bottomed chairs, and a narrow table fixed against the wall, about eight feet long. Above this shabby table are no less than three lamps of gilt bronze, each containing two wicks, and these were always lighted in the season, and the floor covered with hay, and a Turkey carpet over it. The lieutenant told me that he himself had asked his friend Sidi Dahr, the very question that I asked. Seeing two napkins laid for one person, I expressed my wonder, as he had done before; when Sidi told him, that one was to be used at the repast, the other after. And now I am so reconciled to the idea, that I should not wonder if, on my suggestion, the fashionable world in England took up the notion, for it is not exactly the thing to wipe one's mouth and fingers with a greasy napkin, when we have taken fruit or coffee. He informed me that Sidi and he never dined together, but sometimes smoked and took lemonade in the library, and that Sidi did not sit cross-legged like other Turks: from which we may entertain a reasonable hope of his coming over to us Christians in weightier matters as he grows older.

He was vastly courteous to me when he found me once in the library, expecting Mr Cockles by appointment. He

asked me no questions: he did not stumble upon anything to hurt me; and when I apologized for my bad Italian, he told me it was impossible for a stranger, as he was, to discover it, though he spoke as good Tuscan as if he were born in Sienna. He is not very learned: for in looking over his books, and finding no histories, and only the 'Arabian Nights,' and sundry works in poetry, I asked him for the historians—he pointed to 'Ariosto' and 'Tasso,' saying, "These are the pleasantest, and not the least true." Surely he never read them: for they are poets, not historians, and deal in cutting things against those of his kidney.

This Turk, with many good qualities, had some worse. He retained in his house two young maidens of the Greek persuasion, natives of Armenia, whom he had recovered in war from the Circassians, when they were infants. Neither he nor they themselves knew whether they are related, nor can they speak any other language than Italian. He had them instructed in music, but would never allow them to be taught their letters; so that the songs they sing are caught by ear. Their governess, an Italian of rank, was accused by one of them of attempting to persuade her to leave her protector. This accusation was made against her will, and in ignorance of the consequences. He, finding her in tears, took her gently by the hand, and said,

"Tell me, my beloved, (if you think you ought to tell me), the cause of your sorrow. Many may be removed; more may be mitigated; all may be partaken."

"I weep," said the ingenuous girl, "because I must love the lady no more, after all the kindness she has shown me. She was not contented with my loving her and Zuleima and you, but she was so inconsiderate as to think that an even number is as fortunate as an uneven one, and desired that loving her and Zuleima, I should also love you and Sheik Giovanni Batista."

"Very hard, indeed, not to be able to love her after all her kindness," said Sidi Dahr.

He spoke smilingly and looked upon her innocence with tenderness and compassion: but other thoughts and other feelings supervened.

"To what misery," said he to himself, "might the perfidiousness of an ungrateful woman bring an unsuspecting girl. One word, one only escaped his lips audibly, the word *kindness*! His eyes darted fire—but he smiled to compose her agitation, and held her hand. She felt his vibrate, and said, looking up, "Did she not, O beloved of my heart! make me the beloved of your's? did she not teach me to speak the same language, and to sing, and to bring out voices more pleasurable than mine from ivory, and ebony, and wire?"

She had given her governess as many reasons, most of

them founded on gratitude (for those that were not so she did not give at all) why she should love Sidi Dahr. But the governess gave as many reasons why she should love the governor's son, for whose sake she ought to remember that she had Christian blood in her veins, although her persuasion was Greek and schismatic. She felt somewhat gratified at the moment to discover that she had a persuasion, and to know what it was, but fell into tears at hearing Sidi Dahr's condemned. Her tears abated and her perplexity increased on finding that the governess was the only one of the family whose faith was real and right, and she shuddered to learn, that the only one who was ungrateful and perfidious was the only one who, as matters now stood, could possibly enter eternal bliss! She heard these doctrines for the first time, because it was stipulated by Sidi Dahr that none whatever should be introduced into his family; and she would not have heard them now, had they not been employed as instruments of intimidation and seduction. The governess added another argument to prove that her lovely pupil was ordained by providence to marry a Christian, and herself to become one, first by baptism, then by confirmation, then by the sacrament of matrimony. Her sister bore an unbelieving name, but her's was Armina, and Sidi Dahr himself had given it, in the blindness of his heart. Indeed,

she was already half a Christian, and something more, having never set her foot in a mosque, nor pronounced the accursed name of Allah. What little else was to be done, others would do for her. In that case there were angels ready to take her into paradise, and Saint Peter, whom she would know by the keys, might let her pass further.

Sidi Dahr called the governess, and said, smiling very gracefully, "Signora! do me the favour of writing an invitation to Signor Giovanni Battista, the young gentleman who came by appointment to your apartments in female clothes."

She was astonished at the malevolence of her enemies: time would unmask them.

"Signora," said he, calmly, "I cannot think of bestowing the hand of Armina on an utter stranger: In our country, you may have heard, he who marries is accustomed to make presents in proportion to his fortune, to the bride and the relatives and attendants. The usages of this country are different; which are the more generous it is not at the present time my business or intention to decide. I have a trifle to give, and shall give it, I assure you, as willingly as he can receive it. If you think it will be more agreeable to him, and more advantageous to you, the whole sum shall pass through your hands. Some part, I venture to promise, although I know not the extent of his liberality, will remain

with you. Few fathers in Leghorn ever gave, with a favourite or an only daughter, what I intend to give the generous youth who comes as a suiter to the daughter of my adoption. I perceive your reluctance to abandon an innocent and inexperienced girl, before she has profited to the extent she might do, by your instruction and admonition. Since, however, such is the will of Providence, do me the favour to accept this ring of Oriental pearls, small, it is true, but emblems of the candour and purity so conspicuous in your character."

The governess now began to see that her fears and her fault had blinded her. She suffered the ring to be forced upon her finger, declaring the impossibility of accepting it, the rudeness of refusing it, and the sufferings that delicacy had perpetually to undergo in the conflict with generosity. She sat down, wrote the billet, sealed, and sent it. Signor Giovanni Battista made his appearance at the door, and was admitted into her apartment. Before there was time for explanation Sidi Dahr came in, and saluted the visitor, who returned his salute, but without rising. Sidi Dahr then addressed him:—

"Signor, although it has been my felicity to have seen you once or twice before, yet, surely the young person who is educated in my house has always lived in such seclusion that she cannot have partaken it. Is it possible then that destiny should have led you

into her footsteps, and that my house should have been irradiated by your presence? To what can I attribute the distinction you would confer on us?"

He looked at the governess, and she at him: at last he answered,—

"Sir, I was desirous of obtaining the advantages of your acquaintance and friendship, knowing your excellent qualities from universal report."

"Excellent qualities! Of what kind, pray?"

"Of heart and person."

"I am not noble," said Sidi, "and therefore am unfit for your society; besides, I am a Mussulman."

"I am without any prejudices," said Signor Giovanni Battista.

"So much the worse," said Sidi, "if you have nothing to put in the place of them. Prejudices are quite requisite for nine-tenths of mankind: they are the screws and cramping irons that keep the distorted a little more upright. I have told you what I am; you have told me what you are; and now it is only necessary that you should learn what my pupil is. She is not a Christian."

"I know it."

"And could you take for a wife the daughter of Infidelity?"

The young gentleman hesitated a moment, and then said,—

"Signor Sidi, there are two kinds of infidelity in a wife: infidelity in the mysteries of our holy faith, and infidelity to

the forms and ceremonies of matrimony, or what is called the marriage-bed. Certainly, it is a horrible thing in a man, and a more horrible thing in a woman, to renounce the faith they were born in, provided that faith is Catholic. But although matrimony is a sacrament and cannot be dissolved, yet it may be a trifle loosened. A young woman would, however, do very wrong who should take a *cavaliere* without the consent of her husband, unless he treated her cruelly, and would not hear reason. The thing should always be mentioned, and fair means tried in order to induce him; and it is only in cases of contumacy, and when he is not to be induced at all, that the lady should substitute her own ideas, and confer with one who is as ready to be persuaded as to persuade."

"Signor," said the Mussulman, "you have given me a clear and comprehensive view both of your religion and your morality. In every city of Italy we pick up some scattered pages of them, but you appear to possess the complete textbook. Many Christian matrons, and all the Mahometans, think that a man's honour and his children's depend on the honour of his wife. Few like to marry, even among Christians, the daughter of a loose woman, and no one who does marry her treats her with respect."

"Signor Sidi speaks well," said Signor Giovanni Battista; "but this lady knows that I came with no chains or bars in

my hand: I meant only a little *badinage*."

"What is that?" said Sidi, with a smile.

"We borrow it from the French," replied Signor Giovanni Battista.

"Now is the time, after this insufficient borrowing from the French, to contract a larger loan from the Mussulman," said Sidi Dahr; on which he took off his slipper and slapped it against the door. A grey-bearded servant entered with two ample handfuls of cypress branches, about three feet long, with their little green cones upon them, very ornamental. Under his left arm were two halters. "Which of you," said Sidi, complacently, "made the first proposition to betray an innocent girl?"

They both denied: moreover, the young gentleman threatened his father's resentment, next the Grand-Duke's, and lastly, the Minister's.

"I have an opium in my warehouse that can allay ministerial irritation," said Sidi, smiling; "and it is well for you if you have any for that which you are now about to experience."

He gave a signal, and a halter was thrown by the old servant over Signor Giovanni Battista's head and shoulders, and in an instant both arms were straight and motionless as a mummy's. Sidi Dahr then ordered his venerable minister of justice to present a plate of dried Turkey figs to his visitor. These were box-wood gags, Nc. 221—II.

which admitted the teeth up to the gums. Signor Giovanni Battista was prevailed upon to accept one of these by the gentleman who did the honours of the house; and partly from fear, partly from agony, his head looked like Medusa's, when the painter has only chalked it, and not begun the snakes.

"Signora," said Sidi to the governess, "in this country the lady, I hear, is usually served first." The old slave presented her with a broad yellow riband, and raised it to her lips; but she declined the investiture. He, however, was so pressing that the ceremony was no longer to be deferred. He drew it across her mouth, behind her neck, under her chin, over the eyes, and once more under the chin again, taking advantage of what she intended should be a fainting-fit. Sidi then bowed, and asked her whether it was her pleasure that what little remained to be done should be performed by her minister or his. She gave no answer by sign or token. "Perhaps, sir," said the Mussulman, turning round to Signor Giovanni Battista, "as you are in confidence one with the other, you will save her from the dishonour of being whipt by an unbeliever."

He nodded. His right wrist was immediately relieved from its ligature. Sidi stood with an ebony staff beside him, and requested him to prepare the lady for her inauguration. He undid some pinnings and I

lacings, and her shoulders were bared to the waist.

At the signal of the ebony staff, Signor Giovanni Battista flogged so heartily for mercy, that he sowed the ripe wheat-field of the governess with red poppies, as Sidi Dahr expressed it. The blood trickled from more than one quarter; and that portion of it which had the shortest way to run tinged the border of her stockings. At sight of this the heart of Sidi Dahr relented; and after she had received on the whole eight or nine strokes, the bandage was removed from her interesting features. "Am I to suffer any more?" cried she. "No, lady," he replied: on which she, knowing that he never violated a promise, cried aloud,—

"Barbarous brute! Heathen! Turk! As sure as I am alive, I am dead as a crucifix! He has ripped my clothes to tatters! I shall never show my face again!"

"Dear lady," said Sidi, tenderly, "has that too suffered?"

She did not heed him, but proceeded: "Was ever honest woman—O Christ! my white satin shoes! worn but twice before. O distraction! A sea of gore! A spot, oh Jesu Maria! half as big as a *crazia*!"*

He invited her to be seated, and to be comforted. She shewed as little inclination for the one as for the other, when Sidi added, "you shall experience the truth of a Turkish

proverb, that pleasure is sweetest after pain," and he presented to her the second rod. She looked as alert as a greyhound in the slip, when the thong of the old courser is suspended over the hare in her form. But he, as if negligent and indifferent, picked up the cypress-cones from the floor, and said, "I regret that they are too green for planting. They have done more justice than has been done for twenty years in this country, and should rise in sacred groves."

The governess, who had ventured to rest a portion of her fatigue, sitting upright upon the extremity of an old backed chair, leapt up with the alacrity of a parlour kitten at a dangling cord, and belaboured Signor Giovanni Battista with such equitable reciprocity, that she was nearer fainting with exertion than she before had been with pain. At the very first stroke his teeth severed the box-wood gag, to the admiration and astonishment of Sidi Dahr, who cried, "What teeth the dog has! They would have cracked the citadel of Ancona!" This exclamation, and Signor Giovanni Battista's, dove-tailed into each other; but Signor Giovanni Battista's was the loudest.

"Oh, for the love of Christ! Good Signor Sidi Dahr! Jesu Maria! Flesh and blood sink under it! Oh this Pontius Pilate! This Herod! This Murderer of the Innocents! My

* A small coin, of copper and silver mixed, which, when it happens to be nearly circular, and not very ragged, is about the size of a sixpence.—EDIT. M. R.

father shall know it; the whole world shall learn it; it shall come to the ears of the Grand-Duke."

Sidi Dahr had taken his precautions. He already, by that day's post, had written to the ministers at Florence, telling them his intentions, and declaring that he should not

grudge a cargo of rice for permission to execute an act of justice. Accordingly the governor was commanded not to molest Sidi Dahr; his Royal and Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke, being in amity with his Royal and Imperial Highness the Sultan Mahomet.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CURSE OF THE FLOWERS.

" AT the coming of dawn, ere the sun
Had his visible course begun,
And song burst from every bill;
Whilst the earliest breezes were chill,
And the dews on our hearts and our homes
Lay sweet as our balm in bee-combs ;—
In the sultry succeeding of noon,
When in the pale azure the moon
Lay faint as the faintest of clouds,
And we swoon'd in our emerald shrouds ;—
At the grateful survening of even,
Ere twilight shed sleep upon heaven ;
We were cheer'd thro' the beautiful hours
By bands of our sweet sister-flowers :—
But scarce had the sun's loving eye
Look'd its last from the golden sky,
When a creature that seem'd of the skies,
By the light of her eloquent eyes,
By her cheeks, and her lips, and her tresses,
And the bed where they lay in caressess,
And the grace of her form and its motion,
Came amidst us ; and seeming devotion
To our beauty and fragrancy paid,
And with love-looks our droop'd lids survey'd :
But ruin pursued her regard ;
And bloom after bloom from the sward,
And bud after bud, did she sunder ;
And o'er her white bosom and under
With passion fantastic array'd them,
And for joy with death-dreariness paid them :
That now, in the light of the stars,
Our sorrow dew'd slumber debars ;
And the spirit of life in our veins,
Of bereavement eternal complains ;

And when the new dawn shall arise
On the verge of the orient skies,
'Twill but vex the shut grief in our eyes!

"For this murder of those that we cherish'd,
Whose life in her selfishness perish'd,
May she love, and be answer'd with scorn,
And her heart with vain cravings be torn!
Which to glut, with mere limb may she mate,
And then sicken with loathing and hate;
Whilst the life which her blood must allume,
Doth but gasp thro' one breath to the tomb,
And she drag on from morrow to morrow,
To lorn death thro' a desert of sorrow!

"But, if by the love she will vow,
Which deep in her young blood doth grow,
And which springeth, and springeth, and springeth
And grace all about her forthbringeth—
Never more, with a merciless hand,
To make spoil of our innocent band;
But leave us to live, love and die
At God's will, in the breath of his sky;
And the beam and the dew of our birth
Still feel as we wither in earth—
We revoke every spell of our curse;
And its tenor heart-blighting reverse;
May her fond love, by fond answer met,
Never droop in the shade of regret;
May she kiss, and still kiss, and adore;
Till the dream which enchanteth be o'er;
May she bee-drain the sweets it can give,
And die when 'tis sorrow to live!"

* W *

A GENTLEMAN'S REMORSE.

EXTRACT FROM THE MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN
TRAVELLING IN ITALY, IN THE YEAR 16—.

(Never before printed.)

THIS day, being the feast of
St John, I put on my yellow
vest and doublet, richly laced
with gold, with buttons of topaz,
and my black velvet cloak lined
with yellow silk, with a clasp
curiously wrought in jet, with
a topaz in the midst, and dia-

mond at the ends, with a black
cap and feather, turned up with
yellow, and a diamond clasp.
On my legs I wore silken hose,
with boots of fine undressed
leather. I did place the sword
with a rich diamond hilt, the
which was given me by the

Duke of Venice, in a black velvet scabbard that I had to match the cloak. Having ruffled out my fine feathers in this guise, I went forth to see the show, and to pay my respects to the Duke. Understanding how there was to be a review in the place of Saint Mary the Greater, I went thither on foot, being joined by Signor Federigo, Signor Checco,* Signor Olaffe,† and other brave young gentlemen. Being come to the great square, the Grand Duke saw me, and motioned me to come to him, which presently I did. Having made my bow, I placed myself behind to see the show. Presently there was a great shouting at the corner on the left hand of the Church, which was to greet the coming of Signor Pietro Buonaroti, a most noble gentleman to look at, and of magnificent living. After these were other shoutings,—now for this gentleman,—now for that, at whose coming our circle somewhat increased itself, albeit the Duke always kept me near him, being pleased to do me honour. Presently, in the opposite corner, was a great noise and shouting, the which died not off again, but it kept up, even till the crowd opening, there issued from amongst them three men on horseback. The first, who might seem the master, was on a white horse, small and stout,

like a Flemish breed. He was dressed somewhat plain, wearing blue clothes with white trimmings, but very plain. He seemed about fifty, or indeed more, for his hair and beard were quite white, and the top of his head was bald;—for he carried his hat on the fist of his right hand, like a hawk, for coolness. His face was smooth and ruddy, and he smiled like any child; and truly, when he drew nigh, methought I had nowhere, nor at any time, seen a more lovely countenance. His eyes were soft and bright like a young girl's, albeit they had a few wrinkles at the corner. Ever as he rode he kept bowing his head to the people, who on their part shout so lustily and variously, that all was a Babel-like confusion, and none might distinguish what he said. Soon as the Grand Duke saw him he walked towards him suddenly, his face brightening up, as though he had seen the pleasantest sight in the world. When the elder gentleman saw the Duke making that way, he alighted from his horse and walked up to his Highness, and would have knelt; but the Duke preventing him, embraced him very lovingly, crying,—“Signor Alberto, not often are we gifted with your good company; and now you come, I know it, on some business,—some business of bounty.” The old gentleman,

* The English mode of writing at the time,—for *Cecco*, the familiar form of *Francesco*.

† Who Signor Olaffe may be, or what the true orthography of his name, we cannot divine.

smiling afresh, and bowing very graciously, said,—“With your Highness's permission, I have come to kiss your hands, and learn your health, if not to see the show.” “Truly, Signormio,” said the Duke, “few heads so old as yours would have leisure or content enough to take pleasure in these levities; but you have kept a young heart, preserving it in the sweetness of your dispositions.” Whereat the old gentleman bowed and laughed, like one who would not bandy words, knowing they would but run in the same course; and so the Grand Duke walked back to his station, keeping the old gentleman very close by him, like a brother, or a very dear friend.

And now I had more leisure to observe the two men that were with him. One of them was a brave looking young man, very decent in his comportment, like the lackey of a gentleman of respect. But the other was very notable among servants. He wore a serving man's dress, and had taken the rein of the old gentleman's horse, snatching it, as I thought, with a rude kind of greediness. He was a very noble looking man, that might have graced any title or station. His stature was tall and comely, but meagre withal; his hair a grizzled black; his face very pale, anxious, and melancholic, and his eye large, black, dark skinned, and deeply set under his brow; his action was majestic as any prince, and he rode as if he were born to

command rather than to serve: whilst I was observing him, the Duke beckoned a gentleman and whispering him, sent him to this lackey of Signor Alberto, as the old gentleman was called. I saw the gentleman go up to him; but certainly I thought that my eyes were distraught, when they made me see that the gentleman, pulling off his hat with respective gravity, bowed very low, and said something to the tall lackey; at which he turned to his fellow, and seemed very humbly to ask him to take the beasts in charge; for presently dismounting, he accompanied the gentleman to the Duke. When he had knelt, and kissed his Highness's hand, the Duke raised him up, and embraced, and then spake with him in a very courteous guise; but I was not near enough to hear the matter of their discourse. When the Duke had done, he stepped behind, and several gentlemen accosted him, some with an embrace, some with a grappling of hand, and some only bowing very humbly, and he all the while making suitable returns, like a great lord. All these admirable sights did perfectly amaze me, making my eyes seem ready to crack for straining to stare at them, so unmannerly was I made by the astonishment. Now presently the review began, and it was mighty fine. * * *

When it was over, I heard one say that the Duke was going to Signor Alberto's, at which many smiled. And one

gentleman said that Alberto did never come into the city without returning heavily and richly laden, namely, with the Grand Duke. But a few looked very sullen, it might be because they would be disappointed of the gala in the evening; for I found that the Duke went attended very slightly. Whilst they were talking of these things, which I only half understood, because of their newness, the Grand Duke made signs to me, and I drew nigh. "Signor Lessilé,"* said he (for so he calls me, not being ready at my name), I must take you with me, with Signor Alberto's good leave." Signor Alberto took me by the hand, and said that he should be proud to take me home with him, if I could pardon his rude entertainment. And so we set forth. Now I found that only two gentlemen went besides the Grand Duke and me. The tall lackey held Signor Alberto's stirrup, and rode behind him with his fellow as before. Signor Alberto's house lay a mile or so without the walls, up a pleasant hill, in a vineyard. As we passed in at the gate, one of the gentlemen who accompanied us, whom I knew very well, said to me, "You should know, Sir, that as soon as ever the Duke passes these gates, he will not be called by his title any more, nor be treated in any respect differently from other gentlemen. He says, with a most pleasant and true conceit, that this is the Land of Goodness, where

Signor Alberto is sovereign and, but with less veracity, than himself is not of very high rank therein." "What then, Sir, does it please his Highness to be styled?" "Signor Lorenzo nothing more; and it displeases him to be treated with ceremony."

We spent long time in the gardens most pleasantly, being served with sherbet, and fruits, and ices, and greedily devouring the discourses of Signor Alberto and the Grand Duke, and admiring that the Grand Duke was always called plain Master Laurence, and did discourse most pleasantly, and methought he never seemed so merry.

Presently we were called in to a goodly entertainment which had been prepared for us. Signor Alberto took his place at the head of the table, with the Grand Duke on his right hand, and me on his left. The tall lackey, not forgetting his duties, which he filled so strangely, placed himself, not behind the Grand Duke, but behind Signor Alberto; and he served him during the dinner so eagerly, that it seemed to me, now that he was an officious servitor, now a most dutiful and tender son. The Grand Duke sometimes spake with him pleasantly, and he answered easily, like one bred to a high station, showing a ready wit; but withal respectfully, and like one who was something melancholy.

Truly the time we spent with Signor Alberto was most plea-

* Mr John Leslie, the writer of the Diary.

sant, and he invited me, with great show of kindness, to come often to his house. We took leave so late as nine o'clock of the night, returning to town by dark. A son of Signor Alberto's attended the Grand Duke to town, and servants with torches. Passing outside the gates, the Grand Duke again became his Highness, which was a most strange power of the gates.

It chanced that one of Signor Alberto's sons did also ride with us, to do me honour, a sudden friendship having chanced between us; he being mighty curious about our country, and our ships, and the like, and desiring to see all. I did take what advantage I could of this, being very curious to know who was that tall lackey of Signor Alberto's, and so I heard his story.

This tall man is a Signor Giovanni Strozzi, a most powerful noble, by his natural birth-right. He and Signor Alberto, being young, did both love the same lady; but Signor Alberto was the most favoured. Signor Alberto was very high favoured, and did rejoice in all good favours, insomuch that he lived very magnificently, keeping a most goodly train, like a sovereign prince. He and the Grand Duke were close friends (the father of the present), and in all things he outshone Signor Giovanni as the sun might do the moon. Whereat Signor Giovanni did conceive so passionate a malice, that he could not brook it, and often provoked the other with unmannerly words; but this

Signor Alberto regarded not, as one that had the best of the matter.

Soon after Signor Alberto was married (which was done with great pomp), Giovanni, being pushed on by his devilish malice and jealousy, did compass to seize the lady, and conveyed her away to a castle of his. Signor Alberto was wild with wrath, and assembling his people, set forth to recover her, and partly by the authority of the Grand Duke (who sent succours very suddenly), partly by force, she was got back. It was happy for Giovanni that he was imprisoned by the Grand Duke's orders, or certainly Signor Alberto would have slain him in his wrath. The lady discovered that Giovanni had tried to seduce her, and after, like a new Tarquin, had tried a shorter way to his will; but happily she brought back her virtue. But she had been so sore frightened with these violences, breaking in upon her hymeneal contentment, that she died presently.

Then Signor Alberto became a changed man, and very melancholy for the loss of his love; but being withal a very devout and virtuous man, he was weaned from worldly vanities, and he said he repented him of many things, particularly towards Giovanni, saying that his misfortune was a punishment for the vain-glory that had provoked Giovanni to so much; and he prayed of the Grand Duke to release him, "as an atonement to heaven for his friend," and it was done.

Now when Giovanni was released, he did set to work still to satisfy his greedy revenge; for the last benefit he did hold a most notable injury and indignity. So one night, with many bravoës, he set upon Signor Alberto in his own vineyard, and left him for dead; but being himself wounded in the leg by one of his own base companions in the dark, he was left by them in the open road, and taken by Signor Alberto's servants, who conveyed him straightway to the Grand Duke, for fear their master should oblige them to release him, and he was sent to the gallies.

Now about this time the gallies were badly ordered and victualled, and Signor Alberto, who had not withdrawn himself from good works, did busy himself in mending the condition of the miserable malefactors, in getting them priests, and better food and lodging. One day he chanced to visit one of these gallies with the Grand Duke, and there he saw Giovanni, who had been newly removed; and Giovanni, looking at him sternly, said, "It is worthy of the fine Signor Alberto to mock his enemy, who is helpless and unarmed." Thereat Signor Alberto burst into tears, to see his miserable state, sitting in chains, with his hair and beard uncombed, and the prison clothes on. "God knows, Signor Giovanni," said he, "that I did not expect to find you here, and how sad it makes me to see you so low." And so he

knelt down, and prayed the Grand Duke to release his enemy, even though he put the irons on his legs who had helped to place him there, meaning himself. And so with much labour he procured his freedom, and Giovanni left the country, and became a Turk.

Now a war broke out with some Turks of Barbary about certain vessels they had seized, and Alberto commanded a galley in the battle, and was taken prisoner. It chanced that the galley which took him was commanded by the renegade, Giovanni, who had many Christians under him, renegades like himself, as knowing best how to command them. Finding he had his enemy in his power, he was transported with new rage. He made them shave his head, and put him in mean clothes, and bare his back, and so flog him with ropes. Then he changed his humour, and made him be richly clad, and fed, and would have put him on shore without a ransom. This was for payment of his own freedom, being a right noble and proud gentleman, though so devilishly wicked. But a terrible storm arose, so that they could not land. The sailors were sore frightened, and being Christians, they repented of their sins, and setting Alberto free, made him their captain. They would have slain Giovanni in the turmoil, but Alberto defended him at the peril of his life, and by blows and good words made them be pacified. But Gio-

vanni did not escape so well but he got a bad wound, which nigh killed him. They made for the port whence Alberto had come, and being landed, he procured pardon for all who were subjects of the Grand Duke,—the more easily that they brought him back. All this while Giovanni was insensible, and Alberto, being master of the Grand Duke's friendship, again procured him pardon, and the return of all his possessions, to the wonder of all, at his obstinate generosity, and the Grand Duke's easiness, so that he came to life again in his own house.

When he recovered, he was at first strangely bewildered; but when he found where he was, and how, he sent straight-way for a priest, and confessed like a good Christian, and was absolved of all his sins. Then he sent for his brother, and putting on plain clothes, like a mean man, he made all his people leave their arms and follow him to Signor Alberto's house. Signor Alberto's people seeing so great a force, were alarmed, and shut the gates; but Signor Alberto, hearing that they were all unarmed, made them be let into the court. Then Signor Giovanni, standing over against Signor Alberto, before all, confessed how he had wickedly striven to take away his life, and how, in spite of many benefits, conferred in all Christian charity and humility, he had been still hardened, and most devilishly bent on his destruction; to such pass that

he had forsaken the true religion in that hope; and, lastly, how he might have died in that accursed condition, but Signor Alberto, at peril of his precious life, had saved him, body and soul. And now he repented him bitterly of his immeasurable wickedness, and thought he should still die of grief, if Signor Alberto would not help him in his penance. And so he gave up all his lands and houses to his brother, and besought Alberto to receive him as his servant.

At first Signor Alberto would not hear him, but would have embraced him. But Signor Giovanni, with abundance of tears and importunate prayers, at length obtained his wish. There were those who thought this but a new stratagem of Giovanni, to get Signor Alberto in his power, and would have had Signor Alberto mistrust him; but he did seem to trust him the more for their suspicions. And they were mistaken; for Signor Giovanni proved a most faithful and loving servant; and Signor Alberto received his services withal so lovingly, that all say it is a most strange and lovely sight, to see goodness overmaster wickedness, even on this earth, so as to make it like unto itself; and Signor Giovanni, who hath most excellent parts, and a noble temper, is held more great and honourable as a poor lackey, than when he was the master of fair lands and castles, with a princely train.

* * * *

MOTHER AND CHILD, EXPOSED TO THE SEA.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

THIS admired fragment of the most plaintive of the Greek poets, which reminds us of the passage in the *Tempest* where *Prospero* speaks of the like misery to which he had been subjected with his infant daughter, has been frequently translated; and perhaps, had I seen some of the later versions, I should not have attempted another. Some of the passages have been variously read by scholars, and therefore I have ventured upon one or two interpretations of my own, such as appeared to me most natural to the occasion; as in the instance of attributing the night-light to a lamp, and not to the shining of the moon, or of lightning. Those who have been at sea know how dismal is the look of lamp-light in a dark stormy night; and it is

not unnatural to suppose that the chest, coffer, or whatever it was in which the mother and infant were exposed, was furnished with one. It even suggests an additional circumstance of the pathetic, in leading us to conclude that they were thrust forth to sea at night-time, and cruelly (or kindly, as it might happen) furnished with an apparent help accordingly. It is a consolation, even in a fable, when fable is so like truth, to know that the voyagers saved their lives, and that the infant became no less a man than the hero *Perseus*. It is impossible, in reading such fragments as these, not to regret that we possess so few remains of a poet, whose writings *Catullus* has designated by the title of "tears."

Οτε λαρνακι εν δαιδαλεα ανεμος
 Βρημη πνεων, κινηθεισα δε λιμνα
 Δειματι ερειπεν, ετ' αδιανταισι
 Παρειαις, αμφι τε Περσει βαλλε
 Φιλαν χερα, ειπεν τε, Ω τεκνον,
 Οιον εχω πονον· συ δ' αυτε γαλαθηνω
 Ητορι κνωσσεις εν ατερπει δωματι,
 Χαλχεογομφω δε, νυκτιλαμπει,
 Κυανew τε δνοφω. συ δ' αυαλειαν
 'Υπερθε τθαν κομαν βαδειαν
 Παριοντος κυματος εκ αλεγεις,
 Ουδ' ανεμu φθογγων, πορφυρεα
 Κειμενος εν χλανιδι προσωπον καλον.
 Ει δε τοι δεινον το γε δεινον ην,
 Και κεν εμων ρηματων λεπτον
 'Υπειχες. εας. Κελομαι, ευδε, βρεφος,
 Ευδετω δε ποντος, ευδετω αμετρον κακον.

And now the wind beginning to blow fierce
 'Gainst the rude box in which these two were thrust,
 Threatening their instant drowning, Danae
 Huddling her baby closer to her bosom
 With her dear hand, and bursting into tears,
 Said, "Oh my poor baby! 'Tis hard indeed
 To bear,—this misery! Yet here thou sleepest
 Soundly, with thy sweet little milky soul,
 Breathing away against thy mother's breast,
 In this strange cradle, with its ugly nails,
 And dismal lamp, that makes the night more terrible,
 The waters leap over thy head at me,
 And the winds roar; yet thou, poor pretty-cheek,
 Car'st not, all dry beneath the fine red cloak!"

"Ah! didst thou know dreadful when dreadful comes,
 Too sharply wouldst thou lend thy little ear.
 Sleep on, sleep on:—do as thy mother bids thee,
 Baby!—Oh! would that I could bid the seas
 Sleep also, and my immeasurable grief."

OF THE SUFFERINGS OF TRUTH.

BY EGERTON WEBBE.

ALL profess to seek Truth, and doubtless many desire to find her. We have yet, as it were, only seen her footsteps in the sand, but, charmed with that sight, we long to trace the nymph over the difficult mountain passes which she loves to thread, till we shall arrive at her secret abode amongst the rocky holds of Nature.

But though Truth has many ardent followers, she is such a sufferer on all hands as often to have as much reason to complain of friends as of enemies. I therefore once drew out a list of the various sufferings which, as it appeared to me, fell to the share of Truth, and a little reflection on this list convinced me that, in fitting hands, it might be made the ground of a very noble philosophical essay, tending to the exposition of

many besetting errors, and full of advantage to the sincere inquirer.

The object of this essay would be, to do that for Truth, generally, which all essays seek to do for their particular subjects. Every writer, in treating a litigated subject, makes it a part of his task to review the writings of his predecessors, to expose their defects and investigate all the probable sources of their errors. Profiting of their experience, and well read in their mistakes, he proceeds, perhaps, to lay down rules for his own and his reader's guidance, and so fortifies himself on all hands before he sets off on the same road. The method is of course admirable; but when we find it stopping short at entomology or conchology, nay, even at

history or geography, we cannot but feel that a great principle is running to waste, and that we are losing the best exercise of its power. We want a code of laws of universal application, not a mere string of local and peculiar regulations. We want a map of our moral world, showing where the sands lie, and the rocks, and where the deep water,—a manual for all navigators in the perilous seas of discussion. If I am curious in natural history or geology, I find myself placed in circumstances of unparalleled advantage since the great mind of Cuvier has gone before, ordering and methodising; and I know, from him, all that I have to expect of doubt and difficulty. If philology has attractions for me, I have to rejoice in the prospect that I can never fall into the errors of the old grammarians, after Tooke has traced and mapped the zig-zag line of their ludicrous aberrations. If I would travel to the shores of art and taste, there are those who forewarn me of the power of the Syrens, and, like the companions of Ulysses, I stop my ears in time. And so every subject of inquiry is appropriately prepared and illustrated, and if we get into wrong tracks it is our own fault. But now all this prudence and wisdom is cut up and dispersed amongst a multitude of isolated objects, and no attempt has been made to generalize the laws of truth—to fuse and amalgamate — and from the

union of all to draw those broad and universal principles which uphold the common nature of things. We have marked each stone and visible pillar in the temple of Truth, and we may have discovered something of the principle of their construction, but the huge cross beams concealed under the mass they sustain, are apt to escape our recollection, and we go away with minds too full of the *minutiæ* of the edifice, and least impressed with what ought most to have occupied us. Numerous philosophical writers, indeed, have brought together the treasures of knowledge, and have applied themselves to the discovery of general laws for science or for art from a comparative survey thus taken, and numerous theologians, placing themselves in the same circumstances for observation, have endeavoured to argue from facts to morals, and to bring religion in under the wing of natural history—a mode of introduction, it has always struck me, rather ceremonious than hearty. But these are not the best nor the ultimate uses of the laws of science. Their highest use will be developed as soon as some deep-thinking universalist shall be able to grasp them all in one hand, and, carefully sifting them till every accident is thrown out of the measure, lay before us at once their common substance. Then, for the first time, we shall behold the practical moral issue of our accumulated fact know-

ledge. For what does it avail, to know the distinctive marks of each of the thirty-six genera of the testaceous order of worms? or to have found out something new about a stamen in the calyx of a male flower of the third genus of the eleventh order of the twenty second class of plants? Plainly nothing, if not for some help, however remotely felt, which we derive from it in the pursuit of other and higher truths. It is the general foible of scientific men, and indeed of all whose inquiries are limited to particular objects, that they will not accept a subordinate credit, but demand—each for his own pursuit—*independent value*. It ought to be considered no disparagement to any study, that—taken by itself—it is devoid of effective beneficial power. Unless the universal mutual dependence of the matter of knowledge is to be recognised in principle, we must be content to remain collectors and virtuosos, and to forego all hopes of raising a lasting monument of our age. Taking scientific men, however, for what they are,—regarding them, that is to say, as honourable and indispensable commissioners of truth, as the agents and travellers for the philosopher, and admitting them consequently to an exemption from cares beyond their immediate province,—then we come at once to the fact, that there is an office and station above them, in which the duty is, to convert all facts into principles, to find the aver-

age in every number, to arrange and contrast evidence, to piece and match, to methodise and to apply. Then the machine is put into working condition that otherwise is a mere piece of lumber.

Some of the principal *Sufferings of Truth* may be set forth in this manner.

Amongst her enemies—

Truth oppugned;
Truth undermined;
Truth garbled;
Truth counterfeited;
Truth made offensive;
Truth made ridiculous.

Amongst her friends—

Truth misdressed;
Truth overworked;
Truth weakly vindicated;
Truth alloyed;

and, as before,

Truth made offensive;
Truth made ridiculous.

Such would be among the heads of a discourse that I could wish were written. Each would be found capable of illustration the most instructive, and would suggest such rules of conduct for the mind in its inquiries, as would materially facilitate philosophical practice.

One principal feature of such an essay would be its historical examples. Every one of the above aspects of truth has its signal periods of history for our reference and consideration, and by taking an elevated and comprehensive view of surrounding circumstances, as regards an age or a country, we should probably be able not only to detect the true source of the particular moral griev-

ance in question, but to lay down rules, thus suggested to us, for future guidance. Such are the steps, as I have remarked before, by which science, in all her single branches, makes her progress ; — why should not the general science of *truth* be advanced by the same arts ?

To give this subject effective treatment, it would be necessary so assume certain facts for truth, such as no one, however, would be found to refuse us. Before we could proceed to illustrate the manner in which certain passions have arrayed themselves against truth in particular cases, we must have it acknowledged that that was actually the truth which they were found to resist. This would prevent any successful agitation of the question, if we were obliged to take our station at once on ground occupied by living interests. But by throwing our inquiry far enough back in the first instance, we should escape this objection, and we should gain that foot of land coveted by Archimedes, and would not need to despair of moving the rest of our world. None would probably dispute with us, for example, whether the doctrines of Jesus Christ were wrongfully resisted by the old world. Take it then for a fact, that the Christian law was wrongfully resisted, and that its gentle promulgator was cruelly and infamously persecuted. Couple that fact with another, which also, perhaps, there is no one

hardy enough to question, viz., that if Jesus Christ were at this day again to enter human shape (as some hold for a certain and near event) he would again be denied—again be persecuted—nay, in spite of our horror of the ancient Jews, perhaps again be sacrificed to the fury of an incredulous age ! Yes, at intervals of a thousand years or so, we find a nation recognizes and worships its prophet ; but what it has eyes for there, it can by no means see at an ordinary convenient distance. Why is this ? What are the passions here arrayed against truth ? How do they operate ? How do they become conciliated ? These are surely questions deserving the attention of a philosophical writer. That Galileo was in the right, though one, his enemies in the wrong, though a million, none will *now* gainsay. Here then is leverage again. In the person of Galileo, truth, it is allowed, was again a sufferer, again a martyr, but a martyr to other passions. These, then, we are desirous to see, not rhetorically flourished forth to us, with nothing discriminate or defined, from the round mouth of some historian sublimely general, but truly and well explained, because deeply studied, by one able to deal with the highest moral questions.

To descend to ordinary life, we observe in others, and all men of candid discernment observe in themselves, that there are certain truths—truths ultimately acknowledged for such,

which the temper of each period of life, while it lasts, is always busy in resisting. Youth has its truths, which it will not see; manhood its truths; old age its truths. But the truths of youth are seen, perhaps, by manhood, the truths of manhood by old age, and so forth. Again, particular situations, particular states of life, particular hours and moments of our existence (I had almost said attitudes of our person*) have all of them their peculiar sight—their peculiar truths—their peculiar evasions of the truth. These, and their connection with such states of life, such moments, &c. have never as yet received the direct attention of the philosopher; but they demand it. It is not merely a high intellectual faculty which must be brought to such an investigation as this; a certain very unusual degree of moral greatness would be found equally necessary—a moral greatness capable of confessing, and of dwelling in the knowledge, that its own breast, how

pure soever, is sown with all those seeds of evil which sprout to crimes, not excepting the most frightful and the so-called *unnatural*. Our philosopher must be one, therefore, who knows himself with a wise and candid knowledge, and who humbly seeks in his own breast, with the certainty that it is there, the clue to every winding that error has, the root—the stem—the leaf of every moral weed the most noxious, who watches the ugly imps of evil within him so narrowly, that he knows their very times of coming, and their modes of entrance, and can teach others the science of prevention because he has acquired it.† If we consider, what is assuredly the fact, that all men possess in themselves the perfect garden of humanity, and want nothing but the art of its cultivation to find themselves possessed of every flower included in the system, it must seem the more astonishing, that any who make truth an object of pursuit should so overlook

* It is unquestionable that the horizontal position of the body has some peculiarities in it—some distinct tendencies of thought naturally waiting upon it. Suggestions are, moreover, made to the mind on many a mere movement or action of the person; and a connection between such movement and suggestion, as between antecedent and relative, *exists* to a certainty, though it may puzzle us to say exactly where or how. Also there are many facts of this trifling character (only trifling, however, to triflers) which the fear of ridicule restrains men from mentioning or adducing; but consequently also from observing.

† That excellent moral writer, Epictetus, has, I think, expressed more forcibly than any philosopher, amongst the ancients, the doctrine of *γνωθι σεαυτον*. He sums up a list of moral rules (Enchirid. c. 72) in these words, “*Ἐνὶ τε λόγῳ, ὡς ἐχθρὸν ἑαυτὸν παραφυλάσσει (ὁ προκόπτων) καὶ ἐπίβηλον.*” (In one word, he—the proficient in philosophy—observes himself as he would an enemy, and as one *having evil designs*.) This “*ἐπίβηλον*” expresses, very completely, the actual nature of the “inmate bad”—(see Milton’s description of Satan in the snake)—and its subtle and insidious working. For it is certain a human being is not single—may, that there are *two* “men within the breast,” and if conscience is one, for so it has been named, this *ἐπίβηλος* of Epictetus is the other “man,” or demon, “within the breast,” conflicting with him and “having evil designs” against him.

their natural advantages as to turn their view outwards instead of inwards, and should seek abroad with pains and difficulty what they might with no trouble find at home—if they could but lay aside their fond exceptions. One man shall travel the world round, and see not so much as another that was never a mile from his birth-place. And even in matters of science, it is certain that, whatever special wonders this or that land may have to offer to the traveller's notice, all countries possess in common the generic features of Nature. It is the same in morals. The point of truth, however, lies as usual in the middle;—between self and social observation, for morals; between national and foreign, for politics; and between theory and practice, for all knowledge whatsoever.

It is one of the misfortunes of truth, or rather let me say it is one of the sins of language, that all treatises proposing truth for their aim, do and must proceed on the plan of making some word or phrase their pivot of motion. This word or phrase is their centre or focus, and if the treatise draws out from that centre the radii of its speculations with equal hand to all sides of a circle, then that is a perfect treatise,—but a most imperfect draught of the truth. For the circle of the truth is to the circle of the treatise as the girth of the globe to the visible horizon; and therefore even in proportion as

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the treatise is, in itself, more perfect, the more is it independent of, and isolated from, connection with that outer globe of the truth—and consequently the more untrue to it. Thus what is made a merit in our individual efforts—their roundness, their completeness—is itself the very defect which leaves truth's actual and integral form still a thing unknown and undefined,—a thing conceived only in the imaginations of the poets.

Words are a sort of paper currency in which we deal for dispatch of business, but we forget to limit their issue to the amount of our *assets*; and in the meantime truth is a bankrupt.

Here then, in a few words, lies our ultimate misfortune. First, as regards thought; we cannot rise to that point as to survey the entire field of the truth at one glance, but we can only see a small part at a time; *and this view is, for ever, the false one.* Secondly, as regards the medium of thought; we cannot handle thoughts in the gross, but only in that epitome which language furnishes; *and this medium is, for ever, the false one.* We can therefore never either—first—possess thoughts wholly just, nor—secondly—deliver justly the thoughts we have. A scheme of philosophy entirely just and consonant to truth is, for these reasons, a mere chimera.

But here comes the best office of philosophy; here comes the occasion for its highest action; for here is it the

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more necessary to withstand that passion of the mind which, proposing to itself individual distinction, or otherwise too selfish to rejoice in comparative good, refuses to bestir itself in that which has not perfection for its ultimate prospect. Perfection should be always our polar star of life, yet not in the sense of a contemplated acquisition, but only—agreeably to the strict figure—as an object of direction, which we are to follow not the less industriously nor the less gratefully because it will still—advance as we may—lie for ever to the north. It is the summit of philosophy, to know we follow what we never shall overtake, yet not less willingly to follow. Because this is improvement, though it is not consummation.

With respect to the affairs of

Truth, generally, very much I am persuaded is still in our power, and that much neither abstract and over-speculative, nor uninteresting to the student in philosophy, but of immediate concern to all and with a powerful bearing on practical life. But there is only one condition on which truth will be wooed. He that begins must begin with a courage able to meet *any conclusions*. Otherwise the whole pursuit is a farce, and to talk of truth a sort of *Irish bull*.

I will conclude this paper by placing here emphatically my conviction, that an essay on truth, such as I have above sketched, must be founded on a deep basis of *philology*, and that he who would think of commencing the subject from any other quarter of it, would be unfit to handle it at all.*

* It was this feeling that led the writer of the present paper, a year or two ago, to commence a work on the philosophy of language, called 'Thoughts on Language,' of which a few chapters, towards a first book on the origin of speech, have appeared in print, but which remains a fragment until more leisure and independence enable him to proceed with it. He had often designed papers on subjects connected with moral philosophy, but when he perceived, as he thought, that the great rock on which writers had struck was *language*, he determined to "begin at the beginning," and, borrowing a hint from the workmen, to examine his tools before he proceeded to use them.

DE FIDE ALCMÆONIS.

QUÆ commissæ suæ, Jocaste, quondam
Alcmæon fidei, scelestus ille
Scribens prodidit omnia in libellis.
Et sic quam minimè fidem fefellit.

[This Latin epigram, an original, is from the pen of the writer of the preceding article. Perhaps some classical reader will amuse himself with giving us a version of it.—EDIT. M. R.]

THE PURPOSES OF NATURAL THEOLOGY MISTAKEN.**

For some thousands of years man's attention has been drawn to the contemplation of the phenomena of nature, and successive ages have added to our information in such proportion, that the knowledge of preceding times has seemed but a little glooming *knowledge* much like an *ignorance*.† Pythagoras conjectured that the earth went round the sun. Subsequent discoveries confirmed the theory, and what was deemed impious scepticism came to be considered an established truth. The distance of the sun from the earth was reduced to figures, which expressed a sum scarcely perceptible, from its enormousness, to human faculties. The distance of the stars was found to exceed this by a proportion not more appreciable. The milk which gushed from the deep bosom of the goddess, when the strenuous infant rested from his gulping, was found to be made of stars, of suns, in pairs, in triplets, and in groupes. Every advance in the practice of optics shows us a region, in comparison to which the one we had previously known proves but a miniature. The myriad-sunned boundary of our so-called "universe" now seems but the frame and exterior of one among a host of individuals: it is no longer *the* firmament, but one of multitudes, and not the

vastest among its race. Balked in the desire to reach a final boundary, the mind leaps forward, anticipates the space that is to be realized at the next change in optical practice, and consoles its unsatisfied yearning for an end, by assuming that there is none; an assumption more rational than assumptions generally are.

But if we arrive at the conclusion that space outwards—if the term be precise enough to be allowed—is infinite, we find it no less infinite inwardly. The drop of water is a sea to the gigantic monsters which infest it, and withal so fertile that even they can no more depopulate it than the less horrid devastators of the Atlantic. What must be the size of that object which to their prey seems small. Yet we cannot but believe that myriads of creatures surround these—who were themselves latent to our sight until recent improvements of the microscope—unseen, unguessed at, a microscopic world beyond the world of our microscope.

Thus outwards and inwards we are driven to the conclusion that space is infinite. But as nothing which is subject to the strict examination by our senses is found desert, nothing in fact but what is teeming with life, in endless varieties, subsisting upon one another—as if even

* 'The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise.' A Fragment. By Charles Babbage, Esq. 8vo. pp. 244. John Murray.

† "A little glooming light, much like a shade."—SPENSER.

in the infinity of space the most rigid economy were employed to crowd into it the greatest possible quantity of living species, dove-tailing into one another; and as the earth appears to hold many things in common with the other planets of the solar system, the system with the whole firmament, and the firmament with all the rest that glow in the profound space, we cannot resist the belief that life warms throughout that vast expanse which mocks the power of language to express it.

But the wonderful aptitude we have found in every creature for its destined home and habits (wonderful to our limited human capabilities), however opposed to our own nature and disposition, its obvious appetites and desires, and the immediate and facile gratification of those appetites and desires, and the length of life compared with the brevity of its termination, oblige us moreover to believe in the existence of hope and enjoyment among all; to say nothing of a thousand emotions which we can, at most, but guess at.

Life, happiness, and enjoyment (the best gratitude for the blessings of existence), we may suppose to be co-extensive with at least that portion of the universe with which we are acquainted. The thoughts, like water dropped in the midst of the Desert, are lost and bewildered in the crowding immensity. But cold must be the

heart, and dull the imagination, that does not feel its admiration and sympathies excited in the most lively degree, and its gratitude and love for the Infinite Goodness that created and upholds the Universal Existence expand and thicken with every new accession to our knowledge of the innumerable fellow creatures who partake its blessings. And every teacher of the natural sciences, working in the proper sphere of Natural Theology (even though he has not the object immediately in mind), co-operates in leading us to these exalting and humanising contemplations. The king, who lives a life of doubtful dignity; the aristocrat, sometimes conscious of the limited powers of wealth; the fevered student, ill at ease with hope; the anxious tradesman; the uncomfortable mechanic; and the aimless, plodding labourer; all may learn how much there is to be enjoyed beyond the trammels of artificial society; how little the world is limited to their own condition, or dependent upon it; how small a part of it they constitute; and that happiness and goodness still may be believed in, though they are inclined, from the pride of worldly success or the servility of weakness and misery, to take misfortune or success for personal references to their own peculiar merits or demerits. Let the despairer but know that happiness is stable, is no illusion, or has not perished (as his egotism

would teach him), and he may hope to regain it.

This is the genuine work for Natural Theology. It points to those illustrations of religion which may be received from natural objects, recalls man from the sordid contemplation of petty selfishness and narrow worldliness, enlarges the understanding and the sympathies, and adds force and vivacity to the best feelings of his nature. It exalts the low and humbles the vain-glorious.

There are minds, however, that arrogate for Natural Theology a far more astounding power than this; no less than to give some definite ideas of the nature, the motives, the operations of the Creator of the Universe! Whether by so doing they advance the cause they advocate, is very questionable. Whether they do not, by endeavouring to achieve too much, deteriorate what they might really do, is to be doubted.

What is the amount of that part of the whole universe, the existence of which we are aware of? What is the proportion of that part, regarding which we have any settled and tolerably certain ideas? How large is the section of that portion, to the nature of whose constituent parts we have the smallest clue? And which part of that section makes any respectable item in our catalogue of elementary knowledge?

The last is confined to the

earth itself, the microscopic corner (if size, indeed, means anything, but to our limited sense), which we inhabit; that part which we can most intimately examine. How much do we know of that? Every fresh turn in the path of inquiry shows us so much beyond what the wildest speculations might lead us to expect, that we are forced to conclude, that, since the recent period at which free and systematic inquiry commenced, a most infinitesimal portion of the journey towards consummate knowledge, a complete monograph, has been accomplished. Of the earth itself we know but the outside of the crust. Of the creatures that inhabit it, even those visible to us, we know little more than their forms and external actions. Their motives, feelings, reasons, instincts (O word of obscurity and disputation!) are for the most part unintelligible to us. Of the plants we know some of the conditions of their individual existence, and some of their effects upon ourselves and a few other animals, and upon each other. Whether they have consciousness is one of our vaguest and most tantalising surmises.

Of ourselves how much is it that we comprehend? Do we know where we come from, what we are, and whither we go? Do we know what we are made of, and how? or do we know how we support life, or a hundredth part of what our bodies are doing? Are not

all the common functions of our body still a mystery?

And what is the case with the mind? Do we know what it is, and how it acts for us, upon us, or with us, or by us, bodily? or how the body retaliates upon that other *us*, the mind? Can we analyse our own motives, feelings, or sensations? The operations of our being, and its conditions, physical and mental, are known to us no further than the surface.

Yet we, thus comprehending so small a portion of the universe, knowing so little of so small a part,—even of that which we inhabit—even of that which we *are*, pretend to comprehend something definitely of the Universal Creator, to understand his motives, to measure and compare his power, to predicate his means, and anatomise his operations. Perhaps the much condemned pride of humanity never fell with so mad an ambition, even at those moments, when, upon the principle of extremes meeting, it professes to bow down with the most conscious humility.

We have been led to these reflections by a recent work from the pen of Mr Babbage, which exhibits the defects of the class in question in an unusual degree. Mr Babbage's high and deserved reputation will suffer the less from his, certainly, not very great success in the present instance, since the undertaking is of a kind by no means to be expected from one oppressed with the number and importance of

other and more familiar avocations. Indeed the writer has obviously, from the fragmentary and unarranged condition in which the work appears, been unable to spare the time requisite for putting his manuscript in order. This, however, sets the advisableness of publishing it at all in a still more questionable light. There is less, indeed very little, of the more legitimate matter which is demanded by a work on Natural Theology, and much of the most objectionable style of reasoning usually adopted in such writings. We find a constant tendency to impute human motives, human actions, and human expedients to the Divine Power. We constantly come across such phrases as “pre-contrived arrangement,” a “contriving mind,” and similar terms derogatory to an exalted conception of Infinite Power, whose will is consummation. With a singular blindness to its significance, Mr Babbage commences his work with a remark on the very narrow and imperfect means to which we are limited in forming a conception of Infinite Power. Should not this first sentence of his “Introduction” have made the writer lay down his pen?

He subsequently proceeds to the startling comparison of the Infinite Universe and its Creator with the Calculating Machine and its arranger! In illustration of Free Will, for instance, Mr Babbage informs us, that the director of the Calculating Machine can

appoint a change in its operations, the time of which he shall not foresee; *ergo*, the Creator can decree some event, some condition of which is optional to the parties concerned! Again, —because the manager of the Calculating Machine can decree some single exception in the operation of its laws at any remote period, the Deity is able to decree an exception in the laws of Nature, or what is called a miracle!

Mr Babbage begins where Natural Theology ends. Our reason attains the limits set to it by our senses, in the contemplation of natural objects, without perceiving any change in nature's fertile production of life and enjoyment; one step beyond that and our reason stops. How far this goes towards the conception of the Universe and its Creator, we have seen. Imagination and faith may go somewhat beyond, and may help us, if not to more definite, yet to more enlarged and exalted ideas of the Infinite Goodness than a mere review of tangible objects, however industriously reason may labour to prove its independence of its more spiritual auxiliary; nor is it presumptuous to suppose that we may get an atom or two nearer to our conceptions of the Deity by the exercise of all the

faculties which constitute our nature, imagination included, than by means of that one alone by which so much is undoubtedly done for us, but so little concluded.

We the more regret having to urge such grave objections to Mr Babbage's work, in consequence of the very handsome and generous spirit in which he writes, reprobating all the old and absurd modes of drawing odium upon an opponent in religious discussions by allusions to his private, personal, or moral habits, and thus endeavouring to enlist prejudices against him. "Reasoning," he says (and most worthily he says it, and like a true philosopher) "is to be combated and confuted by reasoning alone. Any endeavour to raise a prejudice, or throw the shade of an imputation, either implies the existence of some latent misgiving in the minds of those who employ such weapons, or is a tacit admission that the question is beyond the grasp of one, at least, of the debaters."

In the Appendix of Mr Babbage's work are some interesting papers, particularly one on the Calculating Machine, and another on the probable causes of the changes in the bed of the ocean.

THE DEATH OF MARLOWE :

A Tragedy ;

IN ONE ACT.

BY R. H. HORNE.

THE PERSONS.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE	-	-	} <i>Dramatists and Actors.</i>	
THOMAS HEYWOOD	-	-		
THOMAS MIDDLETON	-	-		
CECILIA	-	-	-	<i>A Courtezan.</i>
JACCONOT, <i>alias</i> JACK-O'-NIGHT	-	-	-	<i>A Tavern-Pander.</i>

Gentlemen, Servants, &c.

SCENE I.

Enter MARLOWE *and* HEYWOOD.

HEY. Be sure of it.

MAR. I am ; but not by your light.

HEY. I speak it not in malice, nor in envy
Of your good fortune with so bright a beauty ;
But I have heard such things !MAR. Good Master Heywood,
I prithee plague me not with what thou'st heard ;
I've seen, and I do love her—and, for hearing,
The music of her voice is in my soul,
And holds a rapturous jubilee 'midst dreams
That melt the day and night into one bliss.

HEY. Beware the waking hour !

MAR. In lovely glory
Like all that's fabled of Olympus' queen
She moves—as if the earth were undulant clouds,
And all its flowers her subject stars.

HEY. Proceed.

MAR. Smile not ; for 'tis most true : the very air
With her sweet presence is impregnate richly ;
As in a mead, that's fresh with youngest green,
Some fragrant shrub, some secret herb, exhales

The Death of Marlowe.

Ambrosial odours ; or in lonely bower,
Where one may find the musk-plant, heliotrope,
Geranium, or grape-hyacinth, confers
A ruling influence, charming present sense,
And sure of memory.

HEY. Come, come, my friend—
Pygmalion and Prometheus dwell within you.
You poetize her rarely, and exalt
Most chaste and goddess-like : be not thus serious !
If for a passing paramour thou'dst love her,
Why so, it may be well ; but never place
Thy full heart in her hand.

MAR. I have—I do—
And I will lay it bleeding at her feet.
Reason no more, for I do love this woman :
To me she's chaste, whatever thou hast heard.
Whatever I may hear, know, find, or fancy,
I must possess her constantly, or die.

HEY. Nay, if 't be thus, I'll fret thine ear no more
With raven voice ; but aid thee all I can.

MAR. Cecilia !—go, dear friend—good Master He
Leave me alone—I see her coming hither.

HEY. Bliss crown thy wooing ; peace of mind its
(*Aside.*) His knees shake, and his face and hands are
As with a sudden fall of dew—God speed him !
This is a desperate fancy !

[A

Enter CECILIA.

CEC. Thoughtful sir,
How fare you ? thou'st been reading much of late
By the moon's light, I fear me ?

MAR. Why so, lady ?

CEC. The reflex of the page is on thy face.

MAR. But in my heart the spirit of a shrine
Burns, with immortal radiation crown'd.

CEC. Nay, primrose gentleman, think'st me a saint

MAR. I feel thy power.

CEC. I exercise no arts—
Whence is my influence ?

MAR. From heaven, I think.
Madam, I love you—ere to-day you've seen it,
Although my lips ne'er breathed the word before ;
And seldom as we've met, and briefly spoken,
There are such spiritual passings to and fro
'Twixt thee and me—tho' I alone may suffer—
As make me know this love blends with my life ;
Must branch with it, bud, blossom, put forth fruit,

Nor end e'en when its last husks strew the grave,
Whence we together shall ascend to bliss.

CEC. Continued from this world.

MAR. Thy hand—both hands;
I kiss them from my soul.

CEC. Nay, sir—you burn me—
Let loose my hands.

MAR. I loose them—half my life has thus gone from me—
That which is left can scarce sustain my heart,
Now grown too full with the high tide of joy,
Whose ebb, retiring, fills the caves of sorrow,
Where Syrens sing beneath their dripping hair
And raise the mirror'd fate.

CEC. Then, gaze not in it,
Lest thou should'st see thy passing funeral.
I would not—I might chance to see far worse.

MAR. Thou art too beautiful ever to die!
I look upon thee, and can ne'er believe it.

CEC. O, sir—but passion, circumstance and fate
Can do far worse than kill—they can dig graves,
And make their future owners dance above them,
Well knowing how 'twill end. Why look you sad?
'Tis not your case: you are a man in love—
At least you say so—and should therefore feel
A constant sunshine, wheresoe'er you tread,
Nor think of what's beneath. But speak no more:
I see a volume gathering in your eye
Which you would fain have printed in my heart;
But you were better cast it in the fire.
Enough you've said, and I enough have listened.

MAR. I have said nought.

CEC. You have spoken very plain—
So, Master Marlowe, please you break we off;
And, since your mind is now relieved—good day!

MAR. Leave me not thus!—forgive me!

CEC. For what offence?

MAR. The expression of my love.

CEC. Tut! that's a trifle.

Think'st thou I ne'er saw men in love before?
Unto the summer of beauty they are as common
As grasshoppers.

MAR. And to its winter, lady?

CEC. There is no winter in my thoughts—adieu!

[*Exit.*

MAR. She's gone!—How leafless is my life!—My strength
Seems melted—my breast vacant—and in my brain
I hear the sound of a retiring sea.

SCENE II.

Enter HEYWOOD and MIDDLETON.

MID. And yet it may end well, after his fit is over.

HEY. But he is earnest in it.

MID. 'Tis his way: a little thunder clears the atmosphere. At present he is spell-bound, and smouldereth in a hot cloud of passion; but when he once makes his way, he will soon again disperse his free spirit abroad over the inspired heavens.

HEY. I fear me she will sow a train of feverish fancies in his mind that may go near to drive him mad.

MID. How so?—he knoweth her for a courtezan, and Master Marlowe hath too deep a reading i'the books of nature to nail his heart upon a gilded weather-cock. He is only desperate after the fashion of a pearl-diver. When he hath enough he will desist.

HEY. Nay, he persisteth in *not* knowing her for a courtezan—talks of her purity in burning words that seem to glow and enhance his love from his convictions of her virtue; then suddenly falls into silent abstraction, looking like a man whose eyes are filled with visions of paradise. No pains takes she to deceive him; for he supersedes the chance by deceiving himself beyond measure. He either listens not at all to intimation, or insists the contrary.

MID. This is his passionate aggravation or self-will: he must know it.

HEY. 'Tis my belief; but her beauty blinds him with its beams, and drives his exiled reason into darkness.

MID. Here comes one that could enlighten his perception, methinks.

HEY. Who's he? Oh, Jack-o'-night, the tavern-pimp.

Enter JACCONOT.

JAC. Save ye, my masters; lusty thoughts go with ye, and a jovial full cup wait on your steps: so shall your blood rise, and honest women pledge ye in their dreams!

MID. Your weighty-pursed knowledge of women, balanced against your light-fingered knowledge of honesty, Master Jack-o'-night, would come down to earth, methinks, as rapid as a fall from a gallows-tree.

JAC. Well said, Master Middleton—a merry devil and a long-lived one run monkey-wise up your back-bone! May your days be as happy as they're sober, and your nights full of applause! May no brawling mob pelt you when crowned, nor hoot down your plays when your soul's pinned like a cock-chafer on public opinion! May no learned or

unlearned calf write against your knowledge and wit, and no brother paper-stainer pilfer your pages, and then call you a general thief! Am I the only rogue and vagabond in the world?

MID. I'faith, not: nay, an' thou wert, there would be no lack of them i'the next generation. Thou might'st be the father of the race, being now the bodily type of it.

JAC. That, for your type! [*Exit JACCONOT, hastily.*]

MID. Look!—said I not so? See whom 'tis he meets;
And with a lounging, loose, familiar air,
Cocking his cap, and setting his hand on's hip,
Salutes with such free language as his action
And attitude explain!

HEY. I grieve for Marlowe:
The more, since 'tis as certain he must have
Full course of passion, as that its object's full
Of most unworthy elements.

MID. Unworthy,
Indeed, of such a form; if all be base.
Nature, methinks, doth seldom so belie
The inward by the outward; seldom frame
A cheat so finish'd to ensnare the senses,
And break our faith in all substantial truth. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CECILIA, followed by JACCONOT.

JAC. Well, well, Mistress St Cecil; the money is all well enough—I object nothing to the money.

CEC. Then, go your ways.

JAC. My ways are your ways—a murrain on your beauties!
—has your brain shot forth sky-larks as your eyes do sparks?

CEC. Go!—here is my purse,

JAC. I'll no more of't!—I have a mind to fling back
what thou'st already given me for my services.

CEC. Master Jacconot, I would have no further services
from thee. If thou art not yet satisfied, fetch the weight and
scales, and I will cast my gold into it, and my dross besides—
so shall I be doubly relieved.

JAC. I say again, and the devil bear me fierce witness! it is
not gold I want, but rightful favour; not silver, but sweet
civility; not dross, but due respect to my nonpareil value!
Bethink thee, Cecil—bethink thee of many things! Ay! am
not I the true gallant of my time? the great glow-worm and
Will-o'-the-whisp—the life, the fortune, and the favorite of the
brightest among ye!

CEC. Go!

JAC. Go!—a death's-head crown your pillow! May you
dream of love, and wake and see that!

CEC. I had rather see't than you.

JAC. What's i' the wind?—nobleman, or gentleman, or a brain-fancy—am not I at hand? Are you mad?

CEC. I'd gladly believe I have been so.

JAC. Good. I'm content you see me aright once more, and acknowledge yourself wrong. And to me too! Bethink thee, I say, when last year after the dance at Hampton thou were enraged against the noble that slighted thee; and, flushed with wine, thou took'st me by the ear, and mad'st me hand thee into thy coach, and get in beside thee, with a drawn sword in my hand and a dripping trencher on my head, singing such songs, until——

CEC. Earth-worms and stone walls!

JAC. Hey! what of them?

CEC. I would that as the corporal Past they cover,
They could, at earnest bidding of the will,
Entomb in walls of darkness and devour
The hated retrospections of the mind.

JAC. (*aside*) Oho! — the lamps and saw-dust! — Here's
foul play
And mischief in the market. Preaching varlet!
I'll find him out. [Exit.

CEC. Self-disgust
Gnaws at the roots of being, and doth hang
A heavy sickness on the beams of day,
Making the atmosphere, which should exalt
Our contemplations, press us down to earth,
As though our breath had made it thick with plague.
Cursed! accursed be the freaks of Nature,
That mar us from ourselves, and make our acts
The scorn and loathing of our after-thoughts—
The finger-mark of Conscience, who, most treacherous,
Wakes to accuse, but slumber'd o'er the sin. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A room in a tavern: MARLOWE, HEYWOOD, MIDDLETON, and GENTLEMEN.

A GENT. I do rejoice to find myself among
The choicest spirits of the age: health, sirs!
I would commend your fame to future years,
But that I know ere this ye must be old
In the conviction, and that ye full oft
With sure posterity have shaken hands
Over the unstable bridge of present time.

MAR. Not so: we write from the full heart within,

And leave posterity to find her own.

Health, sir! may your good deeds crown you in heaven,

MID. 'Twere best men left their fame to chance and fashion,
As birds bequeath their eggs to the sun's hatching,
Since genius can make no will.

MAR. Troth, can it!

But, for the consequences of the deed,
What fires of blind fatality may catch them!
Say, you do love a woman—do adore her—
You may embalm the memory of her worth
And chronicle her beauty to all time,
In words whereat great Jove himself might flush
And feel Olympus tremble at his thoughts;
Yet where is your security? Some clerk
Wanting à fool's-cap, or some boy a kite,
Some housewife fuel, or some sportsman wadding
To wrap a ball (which hits the poet's brain
By merest accident) seizes your record,
And to the winds thus scatters all your will,
Or, rather, your will's object. Thus, our pride
Swings like a planet by a single hair
Obedient to God's breath. More wine! more wine!
I preach—and I grow melancholy—wine!

Enter DRAWER, with a tankard.

A GENT. (*rising*). We're wending homeward—gentlemen,
good night!

MAR. Not yet—not yet—the night has scarce begun—
Nay, Master Heywood—Middleton, you'll stay!
Bright skies to those who go—high thoughts go with ye,
And constant youth!

GENT. We thank you, sir—good night!

[*Exeunt GENTLEMEN.*

HEY. Let's follow—'tis near morning.

MAR. Do not go.

I'm ill at ease, touching a certain matter
I have taken to heart—don't speak of 't—and besides
I have a sort of horror of my bed.
Last night a squadron charged me in a dream,
With Isis and Osiris at the flanks,
'Towering and waving their colossal arms,
While in the van a fiery chariot roll'd
Wherein a woman stood—I knew her well—
Who seem'd but newly risen from the grave.
She whirl'd a javelin at me, and methought
I woke; when, slowly at the foot o'the bed

The mist-like curtains parted, and upon me
Did learned Faustus look. He shook his head
With grave reproof, but more of sympathy,
As though his past humanity came o'er him—
Then went away with a low, gushing sigh,
That startled e'en his own cold breast, and seem'd
As from a marble urn where passion's ashes
Their sleepless vigil keep.

HEY. Pray you, no more.

MAR. Lived he not greatly! think what was his power!
All knowledge at his beck—the very devil
His common slave. And, oh! brought he not back,
Through the thick-million'd catacombs of ages,
Helen's unsullied loveliness to his arms!

MID. Well—let us have more wine then!

HEY. Spirit enough
Springs from thee, Master Marlowe—what need more?

MAR. Drawer! lift up thy slumberous poppy-head!
Up, man!—where art?

HEY. I hear his steps approach.

JACCONOT, *singing outside,*

Ram up the link, boys; ho, boys!*

There's day-light in the sky!

While the trenchers strew the floor,
And the worn-out grey-beards snore,

Jolly throats continue dry!

Ram up the link, boys, &c.

Enter JACCONOT, with a full tankard.

JAC. Ever awake and shining, my masters; and here am
your twin lustre, always ready to herald and anoint your pleasures like a true Master of the Revels. I ha' just stepped over the drawer's body, laid nose and heels together on the doormat asleep, and here's wherewith to continue the glory.

MID. We need not your help.

HEY. We thank you, Jack-o'-night: we would be alone.

JAC. What say you, Master Marlowe? you look as grim as a sign-painter's first sketch on a tavern-bill after his ninth tankard.

MID. Cease your death-rattle, night-hawk!

MAR. That's well said.

JAC. Is it! so 'tis, my gallants—a night-bird like yourselves, am I.

* The inverted iron horns or tubes, a few of which still remain on very old lamp-posts and gates, were formerly used as extinguishers to the torches, which were thrust into them.

MAR. Beast!—we know you.

JAC. Your merry health, Master Kit Marlowe! I'll bring a loud pair of palms to cheer your soul the next time you strut in red paint with a wooden weapon at your thigh.

MAR. Who sent for you, dorr-hawk?—go!

JAC. Go! aha!—I remember the word—same tone, same gesture—or as like as the two profiles of a monkey, or as two squeaks for one pinch. Go!—not I—here's to all your healths! One pull more! There, I've done—take it, Master Marlowe; and pledge me as the true knight of London's rarest beauties!

MAR. I will! [*Dashes the tankard at his head.*

JAC. (*stooping quickly*). A miss, 'fore-gad!—the wall has got it! See, where it trickles down like the long robe of some dainty fair one. And look you here—and there again, look you—what make you of the picture he hath presented?

MAR. O subtle Nature! who hath so compounded
Our senses, playing into each other's wheels,
That feeling oft acts substitute for sight,
As sight becomes obedient to the thought—
How can'st thou place such wonders at the mercy
Of every wretch that crawls! I feel—I see!

JAC. (*singing*).

Ram up the link, boys; ho, boys!
The blear-eyed morning's here;
Let us wander through the streets,
And kiss whoe'er one meets;
St Cecil is my dear!

Ram up the link, boys, &c.

MAR. (*drawing*). Lightning come up from hell and strangle thee!

MID. and HEY. Nay, Marlowe! Marlowe!

[*They hold him back.*

MID. Away, thou bestial villain!

JAC. (*singing*). St Cecil is my dear!

MAR. (*furiously*). Blast! blast and scatter
Thy body to ashes! Off! I'll have his ghost!

[*Rushes at JACCONOT. They fight. MARLOWE disarms him; but JACCONOT wrests MARLOWE's own sword from his hand, and stabs him. MARLOWE falls.*

MID. See! see!

MAR. Who's down?—answer me, friends—Is't I?—
Or in the maze of some delirious trance,
Some realm unknown, or passion newly born—
Ne'er felt before—am I transported thus?
My fingers paddle too, in blood—is't mine?

JAC. Oh, content you, Master Marplot—it's you that's down, drunk or sober; and that's your own blood on your fingers, running from a three-inch groove in your ribs for the devil's imps to slide into. Ugh! cry grammercy! for its all over with your rhyming!

HEY. Oh, heartless mischief!

MID. Hence, thou rabid cur!

MAR. What demon in the air with unseen arm
Hath turn'd my unchain'd fury against myself!
Recoiling dragon, thy resistless force
Scatters thy mortal master in his pride,
To teach him, with self-knowledge, to fear thee.
Forgetful of all corporal conditions,
My passion hath destroy'd me!

JAC. No such matter; it was *my* doing. You shouldn't ha' ran at me in that fashion with a real sword—I thought it had been one o' your sham ones.

MID. Away!

HEY. See! his face changes—lift him up.

[*They raise and support him.*]

Here—place your hand upon his side,
Close over mine, and stanch the flowing wound.

MAR. Bright is the day—the air with glory teems—
And eagles wanton in the smile of Jove:
Can these things be, and Marlowe live no more!
Oh, Heywood! Heywood! I had a world of hopes
About that woman—now in my heart they rise,
Confused, as one would burn a colour'd map.
I see her form—I feel thy breath, my love;
And know thee for a sweet saint come to save me!
Save!—is it death I feel—it cannot be death?

JAC. (*half aside*). Marry, but it can!—or else your sword's a foolish dog that dar'n't bite his owner.

MAR. Oh, friends—dear friends—this is a sorry end—
A most unworthy end! To think—oh, God!
To think that I should fall by the hand of one
Whose office, like his nature, is all baseness,
Gives death ten thousand stings, and to the grave
A damning victory! Fame sinks with life!

A galling—shameful—ignominious end! [Sinks down.

Oh, mighty heart! Oh, full and orb'd heart,
Flee to thy kindred sun, rolling on high!
Or let the hoary and eternal sea,
Father of many worthy thoughts and hopes,
Sweep me away, and swallow body and soul!

JAC. There'll be no encore to either, I wot; for thou'st
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led an ill life, Master Marlowe; and so the sweet saint thou spok'st of, will remain my fair game—behind the scenes.

MAR. Liar! slave! sla—Kind Master Heywood,
You will not see me die thus!—thus by the hand
And maddening tongue of such a beast as that!
Haste if you love me—fetch a leech to help me—
Here—Middleton—sweet friend—a bandage here—
I cannot die by such a hand—I will not—
I say I will not die by that vile hand!
Go bring Cecilia to me—bring the leech—
Close—close this wound—you know I did it myself—
Bring sweet Cecilia—haste—haste—instantly—
Bring life and time—bring Heaven—Oh, I am dying—
Some water—stay beside me—maddening death,
By such a hand! Oh, villain! from the grave
I constantly will rise to curse! curse! curse thee!

[Rises—and falls dead.]

MID. Terrible end!

HEY. Oh, God!—he is quite gone!

JAC. 'Twas dreadful—'twas. I stand up for mine own nature none the less. What noise was that?

Enter OFFICERS.

CHIEF OFFI. This is our man—ha! murder has been here!
You are our prisoner—the gallows waits you.

JAC. What have I done to be hung up like a pear? The hemp's not sown, nor the ladder-wood grown, that shall help fools to finish me! He did it himself! He said so with his last words!—there stand his friends and brother-players—put them to their Testament if he said not he did it himself.

CH. OFFI. Who is it lies here?—methinks that I should know him,
But for the fierce distortion of his face!

MID. He who erewhile wrote with a brand of fire,
Now, in his passionate blood, floats tow'rds the grave!
The present time is ever ignorant—
We lack clear vision in our self-love's maze;
But Marlowe in the future will stand great,
Whom this—the lowest caitiff in the world—
A nothing, save in grossness, hath destroy'd.

JAC. “Caitiff” back again in your throat! and “gross nothing” to boot—may you have it to live upon for a month, and die mad and starving! Would'st swear my life away so lightly! Tut! who was he? I could always find the soundings of a quart tankard, or empty a pasty in half his time, and swear as rare oaths between whiles—who was he; I too ha'

writ my deeds with the twinkling of a bed-post; and as to sword and dagger-play, I've got the trick o' the eye and wrist—~~who was he?~~ What's all his gods, and goddesses and lies?—the first a'nt worth a word; and for the latter, I was always a prince of both! ~~Caitiff!~~ and beast! and nothing!—~~who was he?~~

CH. OFFI. You're ours, for sundry villanies committed,
Sufficient each to bring your vice to an end:
The law hath got you safely in its grasp.

JAC. Then let Vice and Me sit crown'd in heaven—while Law and Honesty stalk damned through hell! Now do I see thee thing very plain—treachery—treachery, my masters! I know the jade that hath betrayed me—I know her. 'Slud! who cares? She was a fine woman, too—a rare person—and a good spirit; but there's an end of all now—she's turned foolish and virtuous, and a tell-tale, and I am to be turned to dust through it—long, long before my time; and these princely limbs must go make a dirt-pie—build up a mud-hut—or fatten an alderman's garden! There! calf-heads—there's a lemon for your mouths! Heard'st ever such a last dying speech and confession! Write it in red ocre on a sheet of Irish, and send it to Mistress Cecily for a death-winder. I know what you've got against me—and I know you all deserve just the same yourselves—but lead on, my masters!

[*Exeunt Jaconot and Officers.*]

MID. Oh, Marlowe! can'st thou rise with power no more?
Can greatness die thus?

HEY. Miserable night!

(*A shriek outside the house.*)

MID. That cry!—what may that mean?

HEY. I hear no cry!

MID. What is't comes hither, like a gust of wind?

CECILIA *rushes in.*

CEC. Where—where? Oh, then, 'tis true—and he is dead!
All's over now—there's nothing in the world—
For he who raised my heart up from the dust,
And show'd me noble lights in mine own soul,
Has fled my gratitude and growing love—
I never knew how deep it was till now!
Through me, too!—do not curse me!—I was the cause—
Yet do not curse me—No! no! not the cause,
But that it happen'd so. This the reward
Of Marlowe's love!—why, why did I delay?
Oh, gentlemen, pray for me! I have been
Lifted in heavenly air—and suddenly
The arm that placed me and with strength sustain'd me,

Is snatch'd up, star-ward : I can neither follow,
 Nor can I touch the gross earth any more !
 Pray for me, gentlemen !—but breathe no blessings—
 Let not a blessing sweeten your dread prayers—
 I wish no blessings—nor could bear their weight ;
 For I am left I know not where or how :
 But pray for me—my soul is buried here.

[*Sinks down upon the body.*]

MID. “ Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 “ And burned is Apollo's laurel bough ! ”

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Views of the Architecture of the Heavens. In a Series of Letters to a Lady. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 226. William Tait; Simpkin and Marshall; John Cumming.

WERE some kind astronomer to invite us to spend an evening in his observatory, to direct his instruments for us, and talk to us for the whole evening about the wonders of which a glimpse was vouchsafed us, we could hardly derive more pleasure from our visit than is to be gathered from Dr Nichol's delightful volume. It is written in a series of letters originally addressed to a lady, and constitutes no formal treatise on astronomy, but is a familiar exposition of the most recent additions that have been made to that science. The author tells us that he has been induced to publish these letters in consequence of a regret, which he believes to be very widely felt, that the discoveries made in recent years should continue comparatively unknown, and concealed amid the varied and massive collections of our learned societies, “ unfitted to fulfil the best purpose

of truth, which is to instruct and elevate the general mind.”

Dr Nichol possesses qualifications for a highly popular writer; he is enthusiastically interested in his subject, and warms into a strain of admiring wonder as he opens upon the most gorgeous objects in the scenes he brings before the reader. And yet, though thus warm, and even figurative in his language, it is never other than admirably clear and intelligible. The reader is never at a loss for a meaning; but the teacher and the taught go hand in hand to view the firmaments.

Some speculative allusions to the creation of the marvellous beauties of the Universe it would have been impossible to avoid in a work of the kind, and that part of the subject is treated in the most enlarged and elevated spirit. Dr Nichol writes with a hopefulness worthy of the knowledge which inspires it, and finds “ Good in everything.”

We would fain make many extracts, but our space is scarcely so wide as even a single firmament, and we must conclude with recommending the book most cordially to our readers, especially to such as have children; it is fit for all,

from the age of six or seven to any period of maturity. We have little doubt that the writer will realise his wish, and afford the means of bettering and delighting numbers of his kind. The volume is handsomely got up with numerous excellent and useful lithographic sketches. We have only two faults to find with it; first, that (in our copy at least) a good many of the tissue papers are loose, from careless stitching, and (as they are necessarily retained, to defend the type from the black grounds of the lithographs) prove very troublesome to the reader; and, second, that the work is too short.

A History of British Quadrupeds.—By Thomas Bell, F.R.S., F.L.S., Professor of Zoology in King's College, London. Illustrated by a woodcut of each species, and numerous vignettes, 8vo. Part X.

A History of British Birds.—By William Yarrell, F.L.S., Secretary to the Zoological Society. Illustrated by a woodcut of each species, and numerous vignettes. Part I. John Van Voorst.

WE have seen but few of the numbers of Mr Bell's "Quadrupeds;" but, from what we have seen, have learned to value the work highly. It is got up in a style worthy of the first work of the series, with admirable cuts. The present number includes the commencement of the history of those most interesting brutes of the ocean, the *cetacea*.

The first number of the "Birds" contains some of the *raptores*,—eagles, vultures, and falcons. The woodcuts are spirited and highly finished, but the present ones strike us as hardly so finely executed as some in the "Fishes," nor so soft

as some in the earlier numbers of the "Quadrupeds."

The same plan of throwing in collateral information by means of lively vignettes is pursued in the new work. The entire series will certainly form a most noble history of the native zoology.

Narrative of Captain James Fawckner's Travels on the Coast of Benin, West Africa. Edited by a Friend of the Captain. Published for the Proprietor, by A. Schloss.

CAPTAIN FAWCKNER, as we are informed by a prospectus accompanying his volume, suffered severely by a fire at Plymouth, in which he lost the whole of his property. He had been, in earlier days, shipwrecked on the coast of Benin, was seized, together with his crew, by the natives, and obliged to endure many hardships. The people among whom he fell, with all the capriciousness and ferocity of savage life, do not appear to have been destitute of kindlier feelings. To a flute, however, which the party happened to possess, they probably owed their safety on more than one occasion. The mate of the wrecked vessel perished, and was interred by the side of Belzoni.

The narrative of these mishaps of his robust days has been published by subscription, to avert some of the ills which have again visited the voyager in a less looked-for shape. It is very interesting, and we wish it every success.

A Philosophical and Practical View of the Social Bearings and Importance of Education, in a Series of Essays, &c. By J. Antrobus. Longman and Co.; Hatchard and Son.

THE title of Mr Antrobus's work is calculated to mislead the reader; it should have been called "The

Necessity of a Religious Education," or by some such title. The author, however, is unable to do justice to his subject, from the very narrow and imperfect view he takes of things. We cannot think his work calculated to advance either the improvement or happiness of mankind.

Mr Antrobus brings forward the French Revolution as an instance of popular depravity, produced by irreligion! Why, the popular depravity, as he terms it, was the madness produced by long submission under an oppression which was truly depraved; and the irreligion was the fantastic attempt of newly released superstition, conscious that its reverential feelings had been cruelly mocked, to shape a religion which should be consonant with worldly wisdom and the pseudo-classicism and rationality of a race of men impatient to assert their intellectual equality. This, we regret to say, is but one among many instances of the lagging of Mr Antrobus behind the "March of Intellect." He is probably a very good-hearted man, and we would recommend him to pluck up a little more moral courage, and believe there are numberless good hearts where he little suspects to find them.

The Doctrines and Practices of the Church of Rome, truly Represented: in answer to a book entitled, "A Papist Misrepresented and Represented." By Edward Stillingfleet, D.D., Bishop of Worcester. A new Edition, with *Introduction and Notes*, by William Cunningham, Minister of Trinity College Parish, Edinburgh. Fraser and Co.; Smith, Elder, and Co.; H. Washbourne; W. Curry, jun. and Co. 12mo. pp. xlii, 316. It is difficult to conceive the pre-

cise object for which Dr Stillingfleet's work is published at the present time, unless to serve (and it would do so but awkwardly) some party purpose. The editor claims the sympathy of the Radicals; but, (if he be sincere in his Radicalism) he goes to work in a most unhappy way to advance the Liberal cause. His work would have a considerable tendency, if read, to alienate a great body of Radicals, namely, the Irish Catholics, and many of the most intelligent of the English Catholics. This is "Tory-Radicalism" with a vengeance! Luckily the Catholics of both countries have profited too much by the advances in knowledge of a better kind to be provoked to political disunion by illiberally construed differences in religious forms. The Catholic Church is a portion, and not the smallest! of the great Christian family; and the dangers appertaining to some of its tenets have been neutralised in this country by political and intellectual changes; and are to be so neutralised in other countries hereafter,—even in supine Italy, and semi-barbarous Spain.

Such works as the *new Edition* of Dr Stillingfleet's "Doctrines and Practices," if they had any effect, would but add to the zest of persecution. The revival and continuance of the absurd and ridiculous stories, originating with a poor, half-witted and abused slanderer, respecting the Catholics of Montreal, treated as they are in the volume before us, compel us to believe either in considerable ignorance, or mischievous insincerity, on the part of the writer.

Dr Stillingfleet's work had a very laudable purpose in the reign of the miserable James; but Mr Cunningham must have been strangely bewildered to see any

resemblance between that reign and the reign of William IV, who was certainly not a man to send seven Bishops to the Tower. But there is a bad spirit of abusive intolerance throughout the "Notes" and "Introduction," quite unworthy of the Christianity professed by the writer.

Loudon's Magazine of Natural History. New Series, No. VII. Conducted by Edward Charlesworth, F. G. S., Assistant Secretary to the Zoological Society.

ALTHOUGH, for an obvious reason of delicacy, it is not our intention to notice monthly periodicals in general, we are disposed to make an exception with regard to such as are devoted to Natural History,—a subject not canvassed by the rest, and belonging to all time.

Most of the papers in the present number are interesting, particularly those "On the Structure of the Fossil Saurians," translated from the German of Von Meyer; "On the Phenomena termed Ignis Fatui," by Mr Chambers, in which the writer supposes those perverse individuals to be luminous insects, and, we think, makes out his case as to certain instances; and "On the Theory of Hybridity," a mysterious and highly interesting subject, as yet but little explored.

Rudiments of Modern Geography. By Alexander Reid.

Rudiments of English Grammar. By A. Reid. Oliver and Boyd; Simpkin and Marshall.

THE Geography is compendious, sensible, and tolerably free from even unimportant inaccuracies which are hardly to be entirely avoided in a work of so general a nature.

The Grammar is short. The shorter the better, even though it dwindled to nothing; for we ever

regard it as waste of time to teach children the intricacies of grammar, especially the most irregular and uncertain grammar of the English language. The habit of speaking grammatically is easily learned in childhood, by reading and hearing correct language, and attention on the part of the teacher; and it may be confirmed by a technical study in the later classes of a school. But it is utterly beyond the comprehension of a child, or any one who is not acquainted with language practically. The best language to learn its principles by, undoubtedly, is not the English, but the Latin (though the student proceed no further in that language) from its simplicity and regularity.

The Naturalist, Vol. II. No. X.
Edited by Neville Wood, Esq.

A GOOD number. Mr Dale's catalogue of the Zoology of Dorsetshire is valuable, and sets a good example; and we hope it may be continued. Mr Lees notices with much feeling the decrease of the oak in England. The paper on the family of Lemurs is interesting; and so is Mr Orpen's on the casual varieties among birds.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
With Illustrations by David Scott, Member of the Scottish Academy of Painting.

MR SCOTT has unfortunately chosen a large size for his etchings, which requires more simplicity and decision of line than characterize his style of drawing; and a greater boldness of attitude, and more symmetrical grouping. His designs are consequently rather confused and indistinct in the engravings.

Nevertheless there is fancy and invention in some of them beyond the common. The Mariner Praying, and in the next plate, Enjoying the long-withheld Rain, are well

conceived; the Avenging Spirit, thrusting in his head above the dreamer, dripping and icy, is very ghastly, and the Sleepers are well disposed; the Spirit holding back the Ship is well imagined, and so is the Off-shot Spectre Bark. The Pilot's Boat, with the Man in a Fit, the Hermit Praying, and the Boy, "who now doth crazy go," is one of the best; only the Mariner, in most unsailorly fashion, is "catching a crab."

The poem is printed along with the illustrations, in a very handsome large type, with the marginal notes in German text, to look like black letter.

[Carlyle's *French Revolution*, *The Letters of Charles Lamb*, *Sketches in the Pyrenees*, Forster's *Lives of Pym and Hampden*, Keightley's *History of England*, Richardson's *Literary Leaves*, Oakleigh's *Shooting Code*, &c. &c., and the Poems of Cowper, Campbell, and the King of Bavaria, are reserved for our next Number. Some of them we delay, in the hope of noticing them more at large. They will *keep*.]

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is very sensible of the honour and good done to the *Monthly Repository* by the notices of it in the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Atlas*, the *Boston Free Press*, and the *Sheffield Iris*. There has been other mention of it, he believes, in papers which he has not yet had the pleasure of seeing; and if he has omitted any other acknowledgment where it is due, it is not for want of a desire to have made it.

Aurelian is ingenious and pleasant; but writing suffers in general from being allegorical.

If we have not room for Frank's Saturday Night verses, addressed to his wife, it is not our heart that says so. But we suspect that he who feels so well can write better.

Constantia is re-welcomed with pride and pleasure. Had *she* forsaken an old Editorial friend, we should certainly have exclaimed with Mr Braham, in one of his characters; "*Constantia fled! amazement!*"

I. R. inquires after a MS. of which the Editor has no knowledge.

W. A. W. is right, but too abrupt and brief. And Oudais, who protests against the intolerance shown to the Roman Catholics by their Protestant opponents with much sense and spirit, is yet a little too vehement against vehemence for a right rebuke of it.

P. Y. in our next; with apologies for not having earlier noticed the communication.

B—— of Norwich, with his pretty verses on the "Wild Bee in the City," has a real feeling for poetry, but wants correctness of style, and a little maturer and more honied toleration of city evils.

We feel strongly, with the publisher of Dr Channing's Sermon, the painful anti-Christian illiberality of the comment in question; but are anxious to keep controversy out of our pages.

Certain paragraphs, with which we are favoured under the head of Literary Intelligence, might come to an advertising publication in a more welcome shape.

T. R. T. will be inserted.

We cannot avail ourselves of the communications of S.; M. A. J.; G. C.; nor of the "Gallant Pilgrims."

We find it impossible to undertake to return manuscripts.

Printed by C. and W. REXNELL, Little Pulteney street.



TO SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLERS.

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

As the MONTHLY REPOSITORY circulates among a class of readers whose taste inclines them to the more solid and enduring kinds of writing, the *Retrospective Review*, of which the first article appears in the present Number, is intended to occupy a permanent place in the Magazine. Its subjects will always be confined to such works as attract the lovers of good old Bookstalls and Cheap Shops, and which deserve a more popular reputation than they have yet obtained ; and the selection of such subjects will be made with a view to interest the *general reader*, as well as to gratify the special amateur of *Old English Literature*, and of *Curious Books* in all languages.

It is needless to say, that party questions can have little to do with such matters ; though, where any reference to the politics of the present day is unavoidable, the readers of the MONTHLY REPOSITORY will, of course, expect nothing but what is in accordance with the Liberal opinions entertained in that Magazine. A true lover of Books, accustomed to see all sorts of opinions on his shelves, is not the man to advocate exclusive dogmas of any kind.

It is obvious that, circulating among *Readers*, emphatically so called, and containing regularly a Review of this sort, written (we may add) by devoted members of the class, the MONTHLY REPOSITORY must afford an excellent medium for *advertising Old Books*.

The SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLERS, it is understood, have for some time felt the want of an advertising medium in which their interests and convenience should be more cordially consulted than is found to be the case at present. It is an object with the Proprietors of the MONTHLY REPOSITORY to supply that want in the completest manner ; and one advantage in particular, may be stated at once ; namely, the great moderation of the charges for inserting Stitched Catalogues, Prospectuses, Advertisements, &c. &c.

Further particulars respecting these points may be learned by applying to Mr C. Fox, Paternoster row ; or at the Printing Office, 16 Little Pulteney street, Golden square.

TO THE READER.

THE REPOSITORY has *another* additional half-sheet this month, so that it may really begin to consider itself as somewhat "enlarged."

If the reader will turn to the other side of this leaf, he will see a Prospectus in connexion with a series of articles which the Editor commences this month on the subject of Old Books. And if he is a brother book-worm, we hope he will do us what good he can accordingly, — by making us known among those whom it may concern,—readers or booksellers.

The writer of the remarks on the tragedy of 'Cosmo de' Medici' wishes to repair the omission of a notice of the passage in Act 5, Scene 5, where the Duchess is heard calling on Garcia, who has just died under his father's hand;—a point, the effect of which (as we agree in thinking) "would be thrilling on the stage." Heartily do we concur with the writer in the estimate made of the latter part of this tragedy, and the noble passages quoted from it. And it has been a great gratification to us, that our readers, and the critics, have acknowledged the power of the 'Death of Marlowe,'—a hearty effusion of the poetry of the blood and brain, with no irrelevancy in it,—a rare dramatic praise in these days.

The reader is requested to correct with his pen the following errata in the first number of 'High and Low Life in Italy,' p. 95 and 96. For "*my lad*," *my lady*; and for "*large nations*," *these nations*. We fear there are more, but have not the MS. by us at present; and must leave them to his sagacity.

The Editor has received a letter of friendly remonstrance, which supposes that he is writing in a weekly newspaper, and making heaps of objections to General Evans! He writes however in no periodical work but the present; and has the greatest respect, and no objection whatsoever, (how can he?) to the Gallant General, who deserves so well of two countries.

The present number has not the contributory variety of the last; and the Editor has written so much of it, that he is fairly ashamed to specify more than one of his articles, lest he should be thought willing to have the whole publication to himself,—a thing as far from his wishes, as acceptability from presumption. It is the result of accidental circumstances, and he trusts will not again occur.

L. H.