

Lee Hoops.
THE

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

JAMES L. FITZPATRICK, Esq.

VOL. I.

CAPE TOWN :

PRINTED BY B. J. VAN DE SANDT DE VILLIERS, CASTLE-STREET,

1847.

PREFACE TO VOL. I.

The completion of our first volume affords us an agreeable opportunity of expressing our gratitude, both to contributors and subscribers, for the assistance which has been so liberally bestowed upon us. The possibility of conducting a literary periodical, which shall meet the want, and suffice for the amusement of the general public in Cape Town, has now been proved, and we look forward with confidence and hope to the commencement of our second year.

It does not become us to speak of what we have done: our labors are before the public, and hitherto the public has decided in our favor. Without arrogating any credit to ourselves, we may at least allege that we have been enabled to introduce to our readers the productions of some authors of no mean talent, who, but for us, would probably never have enriched the literature of the Cape.

Not for our own sake alone, but for the sake of the public generally, we are anxious to proceed in the course we have commenced. The cultivation of literary tastes, from however small a beginning, cannot fail ultimately to raise the tone and character of society. As we proceed we may reasonably hope to improve, and to gather round us more able contributors. In once more thanking our generous supporters, let us express a hope, that those who are competent to afford us literary assistance, will not suffer us to proceed unaided on our way.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is only out of deference to an established custom, that we commence our first number with an "Introductory Address." At the commencement of the Session, the Queen addresses her Parliament: the manager of a theatre generally addresses his audience on the first night of the season: and in like manner, it has been customary for the Editor of a Magazine or Review, to commence his labors with an address to his "gentle readers," setting forth the claims which he has to their admiration and regard, and the means by which he proposes to engage their attention and extort their praise.

Although it would have been presumptuous in us to depart from a precedent, upon which the "wisdom of our ancestors" has placed the seal of approbation, we shall, nevertheless, abstain from promises, which we may prove unable to fulfil. Every work, of what sort soever, must be judged of by its own merits, and by them must stand or fall; but our fall, if we are doomed to experience one, shall not be rendered more disgraceful than need be, by any superfluous bragging at the commencement of our undertaking.

We have already stated in the Prospectus, which has now been for some time before the public, the objects which we have in view, and the means by which we hope that they may be carried out. It seems unreasonable to suppose, that there is not to be found a sufficient amount of talent to support creditably an undertaking like the present, out of the large population of English readers in this colony; and while, on the one hand, we readily declare, that our object will be

A

only very partially effected, should the whole management and conduct of this periodical be suffered to remain in the hands of the small party with whom it has originated; we still venture, on the other, to point to our present Number, as a proof, that we have not entered upon our task with insufficient means or defective preparation. We hope to see "THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE LITERARY MAGAZINE" become the medium, through which the literary public of the colony will be able to communicate their opinions on all subjects of interest in Literature, Science, and Art, for their mutual benefit and amusement; but, in the mean time, it will rest with us, to establish for the periodical such a reputation, as may prove to all, who may be disposed to become our correspondents, that they will not, in so doing,

————— Blush unseen,

Or waste their sweetness on the desert air.

Many of the very best literary periodicals now established have begun with prospects of success little better than our own. The "Edinburgh Review," which is now generally acknowledged as the highest literary authority in Great Britain, was first projected in 1803, by a few poor scholars in Edinburgh, one of whom proposed as its most appropriate motto: "*tenui musam meditamur avenâ*,"—"we cultivate literature on a little oat meal." We have no expectations of ever rising to the pinnacle of greatness, occupied by the Edinburgh Review. The nature of our undertaking would forbid such hopes, even if we could boast of the talents of a SIDNEY SMITH, a MACKINTOSH, a BROUGHAM, and a MACAULAY. We hardly hope to bear to the reading public of South Africa the same relation, which the work we have mentioned bears to that of the whole British Empire: still we trust that our exertions will not prove altogether useless in the narrow field to which our labors will be confined, and that we may be instrumental in evoking some hidden talent, in giving a voice to some hitherto "mute, inglorious, Milton," and at any rate, in contributing to the amusement, and in some sort, to the instruction, of a respectable body of readers.

Since our Prospectus was laid before the public, every one with whom we have spoken on the subject, has acknowledged the want of such a work as that with which we are now commencing. Recognizing, as we do most cheerfully, the highly creditable manner, in which the Political Press of Cape Town is conducted, and the equally respectable character of the professional Journals which are published here periodically, we take these facts as an additional proof of the necessity and practicability of a periodical, devoted to the interests of general literature; for we know no other part of the world, in which an ably conducted Political and Professional Press is not so accompanied,—nor can we easily believe, that the public who afford an adequate support to the former, will be wholly destitute of interest in the latter. It is, we trust, clearly understood, that we do not poach upon any preserves already occupied; we are able to pursue our course in perfect amity and good feeling with our brethren of the quill, inasmuch as our objects are distinct from their's.—We propose to take up a position not yet occupied,—to supply a deficiency not yet filled up,—*carmina non prius audita cautamus*.—The character to which we aspire is, to be the Champion of South African Literature.

But if, as we have said, the want of such a work as the present has been felt by the public of the colony, why, it may be asked, has no attempt been made to supply the deficiency? It may, however, be in the recollection of many of our readers, that such an attempt was made, several years ago, under the auspices of the late Mr. JARDINE, then Librarian of the Public Library in Cape Town. This work, “*The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette*,” was continued for three years, (1830—1833) and expired at the end of that period, if we are rightly informed, from a failure of interest rather on the part of the conductors, than of the subscribers. There were, however, we think, other circumstances, which may have contributed to its decline. It may appear invidious to speak disparagingly of a deceased predecessor,—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,—but as far as it may serve us, either as an example

or as a warning, we are right to study its history. It appears then to us, that the periodical in question was not sufficiently miscellaneous in its character,—that it partook too much of the nature of a newspaper, and that the limits to which it was confined did not admit of a satisfactory treatment of more than one or two subjects, if so many, in each number. We have endeavoured, by adopting a different form of publication, to avoid these defects; how far we may have succeeded, it rests with the public to decide.

The failure of the “*South African Journal*,” which, though not liable to the same objections which we have urged against the former work, fell almost still-born from the press, is still less difficult to account for. That work was of a character too purely scientific to be likely to engage in its support a sufficient number of contributors, whether literary or pecuniary, to maintain, for any length of time, so ponderous an undertaking. Our object has been to adopt a middle course between those pursued by the two works of which we have spoken, and without confining ourselves to limits too narrow to admit of the treatment of a considerable variety of subjects, to beware of employing the space thus secured, in discussions only likely to interest one small class of the community.

The mere circumstance, however, of these publications having been undertaken in former yeers, when the number of readers cannot have been presumed to be nearly so large as it now is, proves what we have already asserted—that the want of such a work has been extensively felt by the reading public in this part of the world; and the impression is now rapidly gaining ground, that the present moment, when civilization is making rapid strides in the colony, and when the attention of nearly all classes in the mother country is being turned daily more and more to the affairs of the Cape, is a more favorable time than any that has hitherto offered for the commencement of a literary work of the kind proposed.

The want of such a work, and the consciousness of that

want, which we have already rather strongly insisted on, is further proved by the great number of Pamphlets, on every variety of subjects, which have been at different times published in the colony, and which are collected in the Public Library under the title of the "*Cape Press*." There is not one of the seventeen volumes of pamphlets there collected, which does not contain some papers, which would have been more appropriately published in such a miscellany as the present, and more likely to reach the different classes of readers to which they were severally addressed.

When it is added to all these considerations, that there scarcely exists, in any part of that vast empire on which the sun never sets, a community of Englishmen, so large and so advanced in civilization as ourselves, among whom Literary Magazines have not been established, we trust that enough will have been said, to show, that we have not entered upon our task without consideration, or without calculating, as nearly as might be, the chances of success.

Hitherto we have spoken generally of the advantages which any community similarly situated to our own, might derive from the establishment of a literary periodical; of these there will be no question. It would be somewhat late in the day to dilate on the advantages of literary pursuits,—on the delightful relaxation which they afford to the mind harassed by daily cares,—or on their tendency to elevate the soul to higher thoughts and feelings than are suggested by the common intercourse of life and the constant pursuit of gain. The day when doubts were entertained on these points, and when the propriety of extending education to the people was denied, has passed away,—let us hope for ever. But there are certain points in which these considerations are peculiarly applicable to the Cape, which require a passing notice here.

Firstly, then, it is to be remembered that a great portion of the population of the colony consists of a class of men, who, though fitted in every respect by birth and education, to take an interest in the events of the literary world, are

debarred, by the laborious nature of their daily duties, from the perusal of ponderous tomes of history, biography, and learning. To this class—we allude to the mercantile community, and especially to the merchants' clerks—a literary miscellany which can be taken up at leisure for the amusement of an idle half-hour, and which, while it shall always contain something to amuse may occasionally present them with “the pith and marrow” of less accessible volumes, will, we trust, be peculiarly acceptable. To them, therefore, we dedicate this our first number, as a tribute of respect and good will, and a testimony of our sincere desire to lighten their labors and make one hour in the day pass more pleasantly than heretofore.

Nor is this the only class to which we look for support and to which we hope to offer something acceptable in return. As the capital of the colony, Cape Town must naturally be supposed to contain among its inhabitants a far greater number of men able and willing to support an undertaking of this nature than would be found in a town of the same size in England—gentlemen connected with the military and civil government of the colony, and members of the learned professions. To these latter an attempt, however humble, to promote the pursuits of literature in the colony, cannot be without some degree of interest, and if they should discover any defect in our mode of pursuing so desirable an object, they will, it is hoped, look rather to the spirit and design of the work, than to such blemishes as may appear upon its surface. We do not write this, as deprecating a just and fair criticism, to which all, who come before the bar of public opinion, must be prepared to submit; but rather as desirous of engaging the sympathy of those, who may be supposed more capable of appreciating the merits of our design, and of affording most valuable assistance in its execution.

If what has been said with regard to the number and the classes of readers in Cape Town, be allowed to be correct, a further argument in favor of the scheme will arise from a

consideration of our comparative isolation from the republic of letters. Every town in England may be supplied by the railway-train, with the last new publications in twenty-four hours after they issue from the press : whereas we have to depend upon the mercy of the winds and waves for our literary supplies. Many of our readers will recollect a recent occasion on which intelligence of considerable importance to some individuals in the colony was derived from a newspaper which had served during the voyage from England as an envelope for the captain's boots. Such a circumstance can hardly have failed to suggest to many minds the extent to which we must depend upon our own resources for subjects of reading and study. People will scarcely be found hardy enough to deny that this town can boast of sufficient talent to conduct a periodical of this description, should it appear that such a degree of interest is felt in the undertaking, as will adequately encourage its exertion. The state of society in the colony is such as to justify a hope, that the attempt now made to give a character of intellectuality to the popular recreations of the inhabitants will not fail to obtain a certain portion of success.

The number of pamphlets on scientific subjects, which have appeared from time to time in this colony, cannot have escaped observation. The Cape of Good Hope may indeed be looked upon as the scientific metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere ; and it is scarcely creditable to a country, which has been the abode of a *HERSCHEL*, to be destitute of an acknowledged scientific literature. The Magazine now established will afford an opening for communications connected with subjects of this nature ; and it is hoped, that those of our scientific men, who may wish not to keep the advantages to be derived from their high attainments and deep study for their own sole use and benefit, but rather to extend them to such of their fellow-colonists, as may be able to appreciate the results, though unversed in the analytical processes by which they were obtained, will not neglect the opportunity now offered, of pre-

senting them to the general reader, in the pages of a miscellany, which, seeking to interest all classes of society, may not improbably fall into some hands, which would be less likely to be reached by a purely scientific publication.

There is another circumstance connected with the geographical position of the colony, which is peculiarly worthy of notice, in connection with the present publication. The Cape has been long considered the most eligible starting point for expeditions for exploring the interior of the African continent. There is already a society established here for the purpose of promoting such undertakings: and there is little room for doubt, that any expedition which may hereafter be fitted out for that purpose, will make the attempt from this point. While the results of such attempts will be communicated at length to the English public, it is hardly possible to be blind to the advantage which would result from a publication, in which they could be briefly chronicled on the spot; and it should be further remembered, that there are many travellers, who penetrate to some distance into the interior, without making any discoveries of sufficient scientific importance to justify a separate publication, who might not be unwilling to communicate the interesting observations which they may have made in their wanderings through the less ambitious medium of a Magazine article.

The situation of the Cape of Good Hope half-way between England and India is also worthy of a passing observation, exercising as it does a considerable influence on the state of society in the colony. Unlike the British settlements in other parts of the globe, we do not look to the mother country as our only connecting link with the civilized world. "Our thoughts and wishes bend," no doubt, towards that great country, from which most of us came, and upon which the destinies of us all in a great measure depend. But there is still another great empire with which we are in constant communication; depending like ourselves upon the United Kingdom; sharing like ourselves the same privileges and blessings which that kingdom diffuses through the world;

but exhibiting to a far greater extent than natural circumstances have permitted us to do, a manifestation of the wonderful power and untiring energies of the great British people. Between the Cape colony and this great Eastern Empire—the most glorious monument of British mercantile enterprize,—the communication is incessant. The arrival of Indian news is looked forward to almost as eagerly as that from England; the merchants of the two countries are connected by the bonds of interest; and the Cape has been chosen by many military and civil servants of the East India Company. in consequence of its salubrious climate, as the fittest spot for recruiting their impaired strength and flagging energies, When we remember to what class of men the interests of India are wont to be confided, and the exercise of talent which is constantly demanded of them, in the discharge of the arduous duties required at their hands, we cannot doubt, that a constant intercourse with such men must have a continual tendency to elevate the tone of society in this colony; and if such a doubt had been ever entertained, experience would have long since removed it.

The pursuit of literature as a study and a recreation is one of the characteristics of a people far advanced in civilization; and we owe it to ourselves to afford the world that proof, that we have not failed to profit by the peculiarly advantageous circumstances in which we have been placed.

Allusion has already been made in another place to one other great advantage, with which, to its immortal honor, the government of this colony has done much to provide the inhabitants;—we allude to the splendid library which enriches our town. It would scarcely be possible to mention any topic, on which information may not be obtained, on the shortest notice, by any inhabitant of Cape Town, by means of the best books of reference, which have been written on the subject. The whole collection is not much short of forty thousand volumes and contains works of the highest authority upon Theology, Political Economy, Law, Science in all its branches, the Fine Arts, Belles Lettres, History,

B

Geography, and Foreign Languages; together with a large collection of works of fiction, which includes (mixed no doubt with a good deal of trash) many works of the highest literary merit. The number of subscribers to the library, though not as large as could be wished, is sufficient to enable the Committee to keep pace with the literature of the day, by the purchase of such works as are likely to obtain permanent celebrity in the history of English letters, and in this duty they are most ably seconded by the talented English bookseller Mr. RICHARDSON, of Cornhill, by whom the selections are principally made.* With such resources we should not be behind hand in the pursuits to which they naturally lead; and we confidently anticipate, that the literary portion of the community will extend to us the right hand of fellowship, and will not allow the opportunity which we have ventured to offer them, to pass by unimproved.

Influenced by these considerations, and in the hope that our motives will be appreciated by the public, to whom we appeal, we have been induced to offer to them this first

* Since the above was written, some letters have appeared in the South African Commercial Advertiser, containing propositions for certain alterations in the management of the Public Library, suggested by Mr. PORTER'S speech at the Annual Meeting of the subscribers. Among the alterations proposed is one to the effect that the books should be ordered by the Committee, instead of being chosen by Mr. RICHARDSON as at present. The consequence of this arrangement would be, that instead of receiving books from England in about two months after their publication as we now do, a period of six months at least would have to elapse before we could receive any new work: viz.: two months for the announcement of the work to arrive from England: two months for the order from the Committee to be sent to England; and two months for the passage of the work itself: a period which, allowing for delays, &c., would probably amount to 9 or 10 months: thus virtually removing the colony to a further distance of 5000 or 6000 miles from the literary metropolis. When it is remembered that the selections made by Mr. RICHARDSON are probably the very same as would be made by the Committee, (being the works which create most interest in England, and which are consequently most frequently mentioned in the literary newspapers and reviews, from which alone the members of the Committee would be able to form a judgment of the merits of the various works,) this objection may be considered as sufficiently answered. The proposal for lowering the terms of subscription seems equally unreasonable, as surely £2 a year can scarcely be considered too high a sum for the price of admission to so splendid a collection. The proposal that the Library should be opened occasionally on winter evenings appears more worthy of consideration by the Committee, as such an arrangement might probably induce many gentlemen whose business prevents their making any use of the Library between the hours of 10 and 5 to become subscribers.

number of the "Cape of Good Hope Literary Magazine," as a sample of the kind of entertainment we hope to supply in future,—due allowance being made for such imperfections as are almost inseparable from a commencement. A glance at our table of contents will sufficiently show the nature of the subjects to which our attention will be principally devoted, but a more particular statement with reference, not to the present only, but to future numbers, may not appear out of place in the present article.

We may remark then, in the first place, that each of the two concluding articles in the present number, will be the first of a series to be carried on in every future publication. As in the present instance, we shall always endeavour to select for our remarks on English politics, such subjects as have excited the greatest interest in the colony, during the interval between the publication of our several numbers. With mere party squabbles, scrambles for the leadership of factions, accusations and recriminations, we shall have nought to do. At the distance of some thousand miles from the scene of action, we can feel little interest in such subjects. But when any great question affecting the interests of mankind, the condition of the people, the education of the masses, the spread of useful practical knowledge among the poorer classes of society, is mooted at home,—in those questions we shall experience the same interest, as if the words of the speaker were sounding in our ears. Situated as we are, with respect to the mother country, "measures not men" should ever be our motto. Removed as we are from the turmoil of political contest, it can be a matter of little importance to us, who is the pilot, so the vessel of the state be steered aright; and for our own part, Sir ROBERT PEEL or Mr. DISRAELI, Lord JOHN RUSSELL or Mr. DUNCOMBE, Lord GEORGE BENTINCK or Mr. ROEBUCK, will be equally the objects of our admiration and respect, if we see them proposing measures tending to the amelioration of society in the United Kingdom, and by consequence, throughout her numerous dependencies. To such subjects, therefore, as

occupy the attention of the philanthropist, rather than the politician, we shall confine ourselves. The interest of such subjects is universal. It extends over the whole earth; it affects not any particular nation, but the whole human race; it is felt in the mind of every thinking man; and it is felt more in the present than in any former age. It is an acknowledged principle of the policy of our times that "in the hands of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword;" and it is acknowledged also that the pen is never more worthily employed than in removing abuses, exposing injustice, and promoting a feeling of brotherhood and goodwill among all nations and all classes of mankind.

One step towards so desirable consummation is attained whenever useful or entertaining knowledge is communicated to those who were not before in a position to attain it. A record of the progress that is made at home in literature, science and the arts, judiciously selected from the various sources of information which are open to us, and illustrated by a running commentary containing miscellaneous notices of such new works as may not require more lengthened examination, and a popular statement of the result which may have followed from the various scientific researches which are continually being carried on in Europe, cannot fail to possess an interest for most readers. In this department we aspire to nothing more than a judicious selection, by which all the information relating to these subjects, which is scattered through the newspapers and other periodical publications received from England may be brought together and placed at once before the eye of the reader. But it is unnecessary to follow up this subject further, as a reference to the concluding article of the present number will best explain our intentions. We may however mention here that the political article and the miscellaneous notices alluded to will occupy the last place in each number, by which means we shall be able to bring down our intelligence on these subjects to the latest period at which news may be received before our going to press.

Of the poetical contributions which will occasionally appear in our pages, it is unnecessary to say anything here : they must speak for themselves. We do not profess to have secured the service of a BYRON, or a SCOTT ; but we trust that the effusions which will be met with in our pages will be such as may afford at least a transient pleasure to the reader.

We should have deemed it equally unnecessary to write at any greater length on the subject of works of fiction were it not that the writers of this class of literature are now divided into two parties and that we feel bound from a sense not of generosity but of justice to side with the weaker. Critics have been found of late years who do not hesitate to assert that the delineation of great crime is the proper province of the dramatist, the novelist and the poet. From this proposition we venture to dissent *toto cælo*. It is not countenanced by the practice of the poets and other writers of fiction in former ages. HOMER and ÆSCHYLUS, TERENCE and VIRGIL, SHAKSPERE and SCOTT, did not gain their reputation by the delineation of gigantic crime. It is not difficult to pamper a vulgar appetite for the monstrous and horrible : but true genius is more nobly and more honorably employed in exalting virtues sneered at by the vulgar. It is as far from our interest as from our design to provoke a comparison between ourselves and any writer of established reputation : still we cannot close our eyes to the fact that in the majority of the works of fiction that have appeared during the last few years there is a constant tendency to sacrifice morality to effect. We have no wish to confine the writer of fiction to the simple incidents of common life ; but it is possible to treat of other subjects than these without portraying in attractive colors characters infamous in themselves.

..... To feel
 A deep and constant love for human kind ;—
 A sense of beauty's presence, not alone
 In lofty show, but in its latent haunts
 Which few investigate,—the humble hut.

And bosom meanly clad : worship of justice :
The warm emotions of an unchecked nature
Which rises as by instinct against wrong :—
These are the elements of poetry.

And these we may add, if we have judged rightly, are the elements of all literary fiction. It is scarcely necessary to add, that holding these opinions, we shall not endeavour to emulate the authors of the Harrison Ainsworth School, but that we shall on the contrary most scrupulously exclude all such communications as may appear to us to be michievous in their tendency or design.

It is of course obvious that in order to have any reasonable chances of success, much attention must be paid to those local circumstances in which a large portion of our readers will be principally interested : and a reference to our present number will suffice to show that these subjects will not be overlooked by us. We do not indeed conceive, that because it is our fortune to dwell in this colony, our thoughts, our feelings, and our symphathies should be confined to the particular spot in which we dwell. Though we inhabit a country not hitherto distinguished in the annals of mankind, we are not the less members of the great human family, and we ought not the less to feel ourselves bound by the ties of brotherhood to our fellow-men. We shall not act wisely if from a false idea of our own importance we are led to magnify our mole-hills into a comparison with the mountains of the elder world : a system of generous emulation and a constant endeavour to promote more frequent communication of thought and intelligence with other parts of the world, will be more likely to advance us to that position which we undoubtedly ought to occupy. We shall accordingly, in treating of colonial subjects, confine our attention principally to such topics as illustrate the history of our progress as a social community. Whether a particular site shall be devoted to a particular building ; whether a particular gentleman is going to “lead to the hymeneal altar” a particular lady ; are subjects which possess no doubt a certain degree of interest, but which do

not come within the scope of our undertaking : and we wish it to be distinctly understood that all subjects of passing interest which are discussed in the colonial newspapers whether relating to politics or scandal (of which there is a considerable superfluity,) will be excluded altogether from our pages, unless they should appear likely to occupy a permanent place in the history of the colony. On the latter subject—by far the most important one of local interest to which the attention of the Cape Public could possibly be directed—it is singular enough that no work even of the most unpretending character has hitherto appeared. It may therefore not be out of place to mention, that materials are being now collected for a chronicle of the principal events which have taken place in the history of the colony since its foundation : and that, although the immediate publication of these papers is not contemplated, in as much as a certain degree of preparation is obviously necessary for such a work, still this may be looked upon as one of the promises which, if fortune favor us, we undertake to fulfil.

We have already remarked, however, that we shall not consider ourselves confined to subjects of local interest ; and that we shall constantly keep in view the progress of literature, science, and art, in Great Britain and other parts of Europe.

In pursuing the latter object it may frequently happen that works of too great importance to be dismissed in a paragraph of our miscellaneous notices will come under review. Separate articles will be devoted, when necessary, to the consideration of such works ; and it is hardly necessary to add that our judgments, whatever they may be, can only be founded upon a consideration of the merits of the several works which may come before us. We are unversed in the systems of literary *slashing* and *plastering* as described by a popular novelist ; and at such a distance from the place of publication we shall scarcely be suspected of any motives for bestowing undue praise or blame upon any particular work.

Our critical notices will not, however, be confined to remarks on contemporary literature. We shall, on the contrary, occasionally introduce articles intended to illustrate the writings of the standard English authors. From the earliest to the latest period of the history of our national literature there are subjects constantly suggesting themselves of the highest literary interest and importance. To these we shall endeavour to turn the attention of our readers in the most attractive manner in our power. We are aware that many to whom such studies would otherwise have been most pleasing, have been deterred from attempting any acquaintance with our antiquarian literature by the pedantic manner in which it has been almost uniformly treated. We are aware also that this style of writing is in some degree inseparable from the productions of literary critics: but we shall attempt to divest our observations of it as much as possible. If we should be thus enabled, in however small a degree, to promote the study of ancient English literature, in those circles of our colonial society in which it is most likely to be understood and appreciated, we shall feel fully repaid for our exertions in this department. Strictly critical articles on disputed questions connected with our early literature will also be occasionally introduced. These will be addressed to those who are willing to examine the English Classics in a critical spirit, but we shall feel no hesitation in admitting them as we hope there will be many such amongst our readers.

Our remarks will not however be by any means confined to the earliest period of English Literature. Many authors who are constantly talked about, are very little read: many who are constantly read are very imperfectly understood; and we do not despair of placing in a new light, and so illustrating, many passages in our most popular writers which have hitherto been admired, less for their own intrinsic merit than for the high names with which they are associated: moreover, there are nooks and corners in literature as in every other subject of investigation, and in no literature more

than that of our own country. It is only by careful study that these are discovered and understood; the superficial reader will pass them by unnoticed; and the indolent critic will neglect, though he perceive them. We shall consider the fair treatment of these subjects no less a pleasure than a duty. On such points we shall be always glad to receive communications, whether original, or suggested by our own previous observations. Corrections of any errors which we may ourselves commit we shall be ever ready to insert; and sure we are, that unless such corrections be imbued with the same spirit in which we shall constantly be prepared to receive them, they are much more likely to be the chance discoveries of some *soi-disant* critic than the remarks of one who is accustomed to the discussions of such questions and is therefore well acquainted with the difficulty of the task.

We have mentioned in our prospectus that occasional letters from England and India will form one feature in this periodical. We are of course unable to say how often or at what intervals we may be able to lay these before our readers; but we may here mention that our pages will be open to *letters* from our correspondents within the colony as well as from those above alluded to. It must be understood, however, that such letters only will be admitted as are connected with the subjects to which we have confined ourselves. All communications relating to politics of an ephemeral nature will be considered more suited to the columns of a newspaper, and will consequently be declined by us: and we trust, that we have sufficiently explained ourselves elsewhere, as to our intention of rigorously excluding all papers of whatever character, which may appear to have any tendency to involve us in discussions on divinity or polemics. Our remarks on science and the fine arts will partake rather of the character of a chronicle of the progress made in various parts of the world in those departments, than of original articles: we should be well pleased to see the study of art increased, as much as may be, in the colony; but the difficulties in the way of such pursuits, with the exception perhaps of music, in

this part of the world, are so nearly insuperable that we are not sanguine as to any very favorable results.

Thus much we have thought it right to state at the commencement, with respect to the general nature of the contents of this magazine. For the rest we shall endeavour judiciously to employ the great privilege of writers of our class, and, by an intermixture of grave and gay, light and thoughtful, to render our miscellany agreeable to all parties. The form and manner of publication are already before our readers. We have determined after much consideration to depart from an intention, which we had originally entertained of publishing in monthly numbers, after the fashion of most periodicals of a singular character, because we are persuaded that the magazine will be more acceptable to the generality of readers, if we publish articles really worthy of their attention, at more lengthened intervals, than if we are perpetually disturbing them with the quantities of trash and rubbish which must be frequently intermixed with the more sensible papers, in a work hurriedly prepared for the sake of being brought out on a certain day. We shall endeavour to publish a number of the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE LITERARY MAGAZINE punctually on the first days of February, April, June, August, October, and December: and we shall take care that the work be clearly printed on good paper, and be provided with such other external advantages as may ensure its being read with comfort, and may be capable of pre-disposing our subscribers in our favor.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary for us to disclaim all interested motives in the publication of this periodical. We trust indeed that we shall eventually suffer no pecuniary loss from our attempt. Should we do so, we shall be forced, however reluctantly, to resign it. Those who are acquainted with the state of society at the Cape, will readily acquit us of any more ambitious hopes. We have undertaken this work partly for the sake of the pleasure which we shall ourselves derive from it: but mostly from the hope that we may be enabled to produce something which may contribute to the

advantage, and at the same time to the amusement, of the numerous readers which may fairly be expected by the writers of a periodical properly conducted on the principles which we have stated.

That there is ample room for such an undertaking as that which we have projected, we are fully persuaded: and we do trust, that we shall be found competent to the task of conducting it. And we will only add in conclusion, that, if our objects be properly appreciated by the reading public in the colony, and more particularly by those among them who are capable of affording us occasional literary assistance, we entertain no doubt of ultimate and complete success.



ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

“Punishments may be too small or *too great.*”

JEREMY BERTHAN.

Amongst the numerous theories which, after having apparently been firmly established by the sanction and experience of centuries, have in our days been questioned, shaken, or totally upset, the theory of punishment for crime has lately occupied much anxious attention, has undergone and is still undergoing many modifications.

The institution of laws is coeval with the formation of society; but to trace their progress from that distant period upon which history casts only a feeble and uncertain glimmer, down to the age which witnessed the creation of the Code Napoleon, is too gigantic an undertaking for a periodical, and would be a work of years. We therefore intend confining the present article to an examination of the system of Capital Punishment, to which we confess we entertain the strongest objection.

At an early period in the history of man; in the era when the great principle “*that it is better the community should*

redress an injury or wrong, rather than leave it to private revenge," was first recognized, the system of a retaliative or retributive punishment seemed just and reasonable. In this rude age while the progress of the human race was slow; while the human intellect was yet rough and unpolished, unmodified by experience, unimproved by civilization, it was natural that laws should accord with the sentiments of the times.—“What,” reasoned a simple-minded race, “can be more just than that he who deprives another of his life should forfeit his own? What more equitable than that he who wantonly plucks out an eye, should suffer the injury he has himself inflicted?”

Such are the ideas which would naturally suggest themselves to the first legislators of semi-barbarous nations, and accordingly, we find that the *lex talionis* formed the chief feature in all the more ancient criminal codes;—the only other recognized mode of punishment was by a pecuniary fine. As society, however, advanced in civilization and in experience, the principle of “an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth” was discovered to be both unsound and inexpedient, while juster and more suitable methods of punishment gradually suggested themselves. It was found that a retaliative punishment would in many instances be too severe, if not actually unjust. Thus, to the rich man the loss of a limb or an organ is merely an inconvenience; to the artisan or laborer it would, often, be absolute ruin, and thus the offender's punishment would immeasurably exceed the amount of injury he had caused.

Nor was it good policy always to mutilate the mutilator, for by depriving him of the means of earning his livelihood, he would be thrown upon the public for support. Finally, no benefit was conferred or compensation made to the injured party by retaliating the injury he had sustained, while many offences, defamation for example, admitted of no retaliation. It was therefore in time thought more expedient, in minor offences to mulct the offender, or sell him if unable to discharge the fine, to banish him, or to imprison him.

As men pressed forward in the road to civilization, the system of retaliative punishments sunk in public estimation as barbarous and unsuitable; the *lex talionis* and with it all savage punishments injuring or destroying the frame of man were expunged from every civilized code, except two instances, which are still retained in most countries,—in Britain among others. We allude to the system of *corporal* and *capital punishments*; for to these relics of an ignorant and sanguinary past, does the present polished and civilized age cling with as much tenacity as to any of its boasted privileges.

In the list of almost countless offences, which ignorance, caprice, jealous fear, or perverse ideas of equity, have visited with the punishment of *Death*, the crime of Murder is one which invariably appears in the fore-ground of the black catalogue. The ferocious maxim that "life alone can atone for life," is of ancient date; it is pre-eminently the offspring of the *lex talionis*; and we feel no hesitation in asserting, that this maxim or opinion, clearly originating from the principle "that *retributive* punishment is the *justest* punishment," is, at the present moment, dependent for support, not on a well-grounded conviction, that murder can only be checked by capital punishment, not on experience, but on a certain prejudice lurking in the mind of the multitude, in favor of a punishment, which, in their opinion, *because* it metes out to an offender the injury he has himself committed, *therefore* must be just. A strong vindictive feeling also prompts the "people, (i. e. every body and *any* body) to approve of capital punishment. Witness the "popular indignation" excited by any particularly atrocious murder. Is this "popular indignation" a profound moral conviction that, if the murderer be captured and hanged, his fate will assuredly deter others from committing a similar offence; or is it a strong spirit of *revenge*, which has possessed the multitude? We think the latter. It may be said that the *public* is incapable of entertaining a feeling of revenge against an *individual* for an offence. Every day's experience, how-

ever, proves, that a community is often as completely carried away by one all-absorbing feeling as any single individual. The Saviour of his country—the successful hero of her battles—is hailed with the enthusiastic encomiums of the unanimous many, while the traitor is as universally execrated. The reason is obvious:—the benefit conferred on the community, or the injury sustained by it, is felt by each person who is a member of that community, and his feelings and sympathies are roused accordingly. The heaviest injury to which all the members of a community are more equally subject, is murder; consequently, that offence causes a general feeling of terror and anger, only equalled by the strong desire to revenge the injury and to put it out of the offender's power to commit the offence a second time;* and to gratify this feeling of revenge, and assuage this cowardly terror, an offender is condemned to death, without an opportunity being afforded him of expiating his offence.

The system of capital punishment has many advocates, though we rejoice to say, that number is daily decreasing. Their most cogent reasons in favor of this system may be reduced to the three following propositions.

I. “*That capital punishment presents an example to those who would otherwise become offenders, and deters them from committing capital offences.*”

II. “*That it is popular ;*”—and,

III. “*That it takes away from the criminal all power of repeating the offence.*”

Are these propositions supported by proof, by facts, or by experience? We will sift each separately.

* In support of our assertion that the feelings entertained by the public towards a murderer, are of a vindictive nature, we appeal to the experience of such of our readers as have endeavoured to procure signatures to a memorial praying for the commutation of the sentence of death passed upon some miserable malefactor. How often are they repulsed with such an expression as, “I will never sign a memorial in favor of such a scoundrel;” “that fellow ought to have been hanged long ago, he is not fit to live; society will be well rid of the scoundrel,” or “I have no compassion on a murderer.” Has any one ever refused his signature on the ground that hanging was a great public good? At least, we never heard *that* reason assigned.

I. "That capital punishment presents an example to those who would otherwise become offenders, and deters them from committing capital offences."

This is mere assertion, is incapable of proof, and in our opinion directly contradicted by experience.

No logic, however sophistical or perverted, can *demonstrate* that capital punishment *has* had the effect of deterring men from committing capital offences;—and it would be absurd to argue, that *if* men were not hanged, murders would become more numerous, as the experiment has never been tried, and until it has, the two systems can hardly be compared together.

On the contrary, though the crime of murder is punished with death, by almost every criminal code, and though thousands have been executed for the offence, yet not a month, not a week,—we might almost say, not a day passes,—without a murder being committed in the British Empire alone.

If we analyze the crime of murder, we find that it is always committed from one of the following motives.

1st.—Under the influence of revenge; 2nd.—Under the influence of mental excitement. 3d.—For the sake of some advantage.

Let us see how far the system of capital punishment is likely to be attended with a beneficial result, if applied under any one of these circumstances.

First, with regard to a murder committed under the influence of revenge. That revenge, as a dangerous and unjustifiable principle, should be severely punished, is proper and expedient, for no man has a right to gratify any feeling at the expense of another. But we may inquire for the *cui bono* of hanging a man for a murder committed from a feeling of revenge. Does it amend *him*? No. Does it repair the injury done to the sufferer? Certainly not. Does it deter others? "That is the question," and we again answer, "certainly not." The very fact of a man committing murder with the knowledge that he renders himself liable to suffer the

extreme penalty of death, is *primâ facie* evidence that all previous executions for murder, *have been utterly thrown away upon him*; while, as we before remarked, it is impossible to *prove* that those previous executions have deterred others otherwise-would-be murderers. And until this can be demonstrated, we maintain that the proposition that capital punishment deters men from crime, is mere theory. Gracious God ! it seems then that thousands and thousands of human beings have been violently deprived of life,—have been hurried unprepared into the dark and uncertain future, to carry out a system based upon a *theory* ! It is indeed a vain waste of blood to execute a man for an offence committed under the influence of revenge, if it be for no other reason that that his fate will not deter the next offender of similar idiosyncrasy.

We constantly meet or hear of men so completely mastered by their vindictive passions, that they become reckless of life, provided they can indulge in the forbidden sweets of revenge, and when they have gratified their desire, surrender themselves to justice and certain death. To men of such a temperament, of what use are examples ? A determined man is not to be diverted from his fixed resolve by the spectacle of another dangling from a gallows, as kites are scared away by nailing one of the tribe to a barn door. Revenge will spur him on as glory spurs the ambitious man ; each has a stake or view, he scorns the difficulties in his way and he will reach the object of his desire or ambition, or perish in the attempt.

The second circumstance under which a murder is committed, is under the influence of mental excitement or passion. No one dreams of bringing a madman to capital punishment for any offence, however heinous, committed under the influence of his disease, because the unfortunate being is divested at the time of thought. Now a man, while under the overpowering influence of passion is undoubtedly in anything but a lucid or rational state of mind ; he is in fact for the time being mad. (Every schoolboy knows the adage

ira furor brevis est.) No man laboring under the influence of passion can think or reason calmly, for if he could, he would certainly think of the result of his act and check himself. It is therefore cruel to put him to death for an offence committed unpremeditatedly and under the influence of a disturbed intellect.

It is very true that we may be told, "ah, a man should learn to govern his temper, and if he does not, must abide the effects." We reply it is easier to be said than done. It is a hard task and many a bitter lesson must be acquired by the passionate man, ere he learns to check his natural irascibility, a fault perhaps inherent in him. *Humanum est irasci* said those close observers of human nature, the ancients. Let those then blessed by providence with an easy temper, or a calm reflective mind, view with compassion those to whom she has been less kind and remember that the passionate man never reflects at the moment of the result of his act, or of the consequences to himself. Examples then have no effect upon him.

The third and last motive under which murder is committed is for the sake of some advantage. To this list belong the greater portion of murders; in it we also include those who, while they murder for the sake of revenge, yet cherish life. They, as well as robbers, banditti, &c., with whom murder for gain is a profession, are encouraged in their crime by a *hope* amounting almost to a certainty of impunity.

Could these men be convinced, could they be made to *feel certain* that their crimes would lead them to the gallows, they would never commit them. The soldier who will volunteer to scale the breach is encouraged by the uncertainty of death and indulges in a hope of escape—but that same man if ordered to march upon a loaded mine or hold a lighted shell in his hand till it explodes, will mutiny, because his fate is certain: so with most murderers, and until they can be convinced of the certainty of detection and punishment, capital executions have no effect upon them.

They are well aware of their fate, but at the same time

they know that it is only running a doubtful risk for a certain gain, and they "hope for the best."

In their experience they doubtless meet with many "examples" of what they are hazarding; but each sufferer's fate is viewed with much the same feeling as that with which school boys view the punishment of an unfortunate school-fellow detected orchard-robbing,—they are certainly not *deterred* by the example, it merely serves as a sort of beacon to render them more cautious in their next exploit, which they flatter themselves they will achieve with impunity. The victim is viewed in the light of an "*unlucky* fellow," whose fate each hopes to avoid under the auspices of his luckier star. So long then as this feeling of hope, the most difficult to be expelled from the bosom of man, exists so long will the robber and the assassin murder their prey: and Capital Punishment will be futile, as long as revenge drives, or hope seduces a man to his fate. Where then under any of these circumstances are the boasted deterring effects of Capital Punishment? We repeat, and we cannot repeat it too often, that every murder committed deliberately and wilfully (the only circumstance under which Capital Punishment offers a shadow of excuse) is committed either under the influence of determined revenge, reckless of all example; or, under the influence of hope; and murders will continue to be committed as long as revenge rends the bosom of man, or hope cheers and sustains him through every risk and danger, and as long as he is subject to the influence of his own bad passions.

We now come to a favorite argument constantly in the mouths of the advocates of Capital Punishment, and one upon which they take their grand stand, viz.: "the moral effect" produced by public capital punishments. We have heard much arguments on this subject, we have also known of many executions in our time, still we must confess, we have hitherto not seen a vestige of this much vaunted "moral effect," but we have both seen and heard a great deal of the demoralizing effects of public executions. Nor is this

to be wondered at. The only individuals upon whom such an exhibition as a public execution is likely to have a profound moral effect, belong to the better educated, the more feeling, the *thinking* class. Unfortunately persons of this description rarely, if ever, attend an execution. His feelings must indeed be blunt, his heart callous, his breast hardened to all the natural tender emotions of the soul who can witness unmoved the sad spectacle of the judicial murder of a fellow-creature.

And what is the class that attends these horrible "moral" exhibitions? With what intention do they attend? What is the "effect" produced upon them? Ask any spectator. He will tell you what an unfortunate being is about to close his guilty career on the scaffold, the crowd that watches his exit, is composed of men, women and *children* of the lowest, most depraved and most abandoned description. The few respectables present, are actuated by an idle, cruel curiosity to "see a fellow hanged." The interval preceding the immolation of the victim of "*offended justice*," is whiled away in brutal jests and ribald talk, in betting, in eating, in dram-drinking, in stealing (for an execution is the pickpockets' harvest, and *these children* attend to learn the art!) in swearing and cursing. The multitude who have hastened to the spot as to a shew,* wait with a savage impatience for the fatal minute. If the criminal has been a bold, daring offender, an illustrious Jack Sheppard or renowned Dick Turpin; he is a "plucky fellow," he is greeted with mingled cheers and expressions of regret from his "sympathizing" compatriots, and his deeds, if unchro-

* "Weel Tam, whats' a' doin in Scarborough? Oh! there be voin vun; tha' play-actors be coom, an thar be two men to be hung, come along an see un man; it be as good as a vair."

The above was related to us as a fact by a friend who heard it. Every body has heard of Swift's servant maid, who returned all in tears from an execution. "Well Betty," said the Dean, "it must have been a sad sight." "Oh sir," cried the weeping Abigail "such a disappointment the man war'nt hanged after all and I had my walk for nothing."

We are strongly inclined to think, that even at the present day, a reprieve at the gallows would cause a grievous disappointment to the majority of the spectators around it.

nicked by some Harrison Ainsworth, are haply immortalized in a popular ballad. If however the sufferer happens to have outraged (!) the *feelings* of the sensitive mob around him, his last hours are insulted by yells and howls; his effigy and clothes are transferred to some madame Tussauds, where those who have had the misfortune of not beholding "the execrable Greenacre" *in propria personâ*, crowd to see the imitation at 6 pence per head extra.

Should the offender be a common malefactor, an every day sort of a character, the pitiless multitude watch his end with a gaping, cold-blooded indifference, and when all is over, each spectator returns to his daily avocation with as much composure as if he had merely seen a bullock knocked on the head, or a cat strangled. Terror or moral effect there is absolutely none. We challenge any man who has witnessed an execution to contradict this statement.

Assuming that one of the principal objects of capital punishment is to terrify and deter man from the perpetration of crime, the decree of death against an offender ought on no occasion or pretext to be commuted for a more lenient sentence, inasmuch as if there be any terror at all produced by the system of capital punishment, it must be derived from the knowledge of the *certainty* of the doom which awaits the criminal act. Yet this feeling of certainty is destroyed by the repeated reprieves, free pardons, commutations of sentence, which so frequently occur, often granted upon the most frivolous or partial motives.*

We have just said that a public execution, strikes no terror, which is alleged to be one of its objects.

If so, it follows, that the more dreadful the punishment, the more terrifying it must prove; *ergo*, breaking alive on

* Thus in old times, the birth of a Prince was signal for emptying the contents of all the jails upon the town, and letting thieves, robbers and assassins get off, scot-free to recommence their career. This was "Royal Clemency" with a vengeance! George IV. had some vile doggerel addressed to him by a malefactor named George King, beginning thus:

George King to King George his humble petition doth make,

That if King George will pardon George king, &c. &c.

we forget the rest,—but on the merit of having composed this beautiful stuff, the vagabond received a *free pardon*.

the wheel is a more efficacious (consequently a fitter) punishment, than a sudden death, and the sooner we give over simple hanging, and return to drawing, disembowelling and quartering the better.

II. "Capital punishment is popular," (and therefore proper.) We are unwilling to acquire the reputation of illiberality, but we most strenuously protest against the argument, that what is popular, must be proper. The "great unwashed" by whose imperious fiat any measure or law, however absurd in itself, immediately becomes popular, is led by the nose by the veriest mountebank who knows its foibles.

The idol of to-day is flung aside on the morrow with small scruple or hesitation and upon the turning of a straw. It is no unusual circumstance for public opinion, after running strongly one way for a length of time, suddenly to change its course, and run in the opposite direction with equal or greater vehemence.* (Witness the Reform Bill, Corn Laws, Catholic Emancipation, Free Trade, &c.)

After all, public opinion has been enlisted in favor of capital punishment for the crime of murder, because to the vulgar mind no punishment is so proper as one of a retributive tendency, or, as Bentham says, "because it is analogous to the offence." "But," he continues, "analogy is a very good recommendation, but not a good justification. If, in other respects, any particular mode of punishment be eligible, analogy is an additional advantage. If, in other respects, it be ineligible, analogy alone is not a sufficient recommendation. The value of this property amounts to very little; because, even in case of murder, other punishments may be devised, the analogy of which will be sufficiently striking." (Rationale of punishment, pp. 192, 193.)

* Yet we are gravely told that "*vox populi*," is "*vox Dei*!" "Bah!" said Napoleon to his minister, who congratulated him on his popularity, with the loyal mob shouting round his chariot. "I would have double the number running after me, to see me guillotined!" Popular opinion, seems some way or other only to have been used and valued by great men, as a foot-stool to power, after which it is little cared for.

One more remark on the *popularity* of the system. It might naturally be supposed, that if capital punishments be so very popular, and if it be a high moral duty to enforce the laws and condemn an offender to die, it must be an equally (if not more) high, more moral, and more meritorious duty, to carry those laws into execution, and that Jack Ketch ought to stand on a par with the learned Judge; but, with singular inconsistency, we find, that while the public voice loudly applauds the act, it as loudly execrates the actor. The stoutest champion of hanging will instinctively shrink from undertaking the duty himself, as *inhuman* and *unnatural*. The public executioner is often a criminal, reprieved to fill the situation; he is the lowest and most loathed of mankind, so much so, that in many countries his residence is the prison, whence he dares not stir without a guard, and is forced to conceal his detested features, when in public, behind a mask.*

III. "Capital Punishment takes away from a criminal all power of repeating his offence." This we admit to be the strongest argument in favor of the system of capital punishment; but it is not unassailable, for it is illogical. It begs the question, and takes for granted, that he who has committed one murder, will not scruple to commit another. That this may often be the case, we believe, is very possible; but we deny it to be generally the fact. It does not follow, that a man who has been once, while in a fit for revenge, or drunk with passion, murdered another, must necessarily commit murder a second time. This proposition also pre-supposes, that a criminal cannot be restrained by perpetual imprisonment from a repetition of his crime, which is manifestly absurd.

All punishments should have a two-fold object, viz: to chastise the offender so severely, as to make him a warning to others, (and a living example is surely a better warning than a dead one) and at the same time, to reform him, for as has been justly remarked, "the public gains equal security,

* At the execution of Thistlewood and his co-conspirators, the executioner wore a mask. The fellow is said to be a resident of the colony at the present moment.

whether the offender himself be amended, by wholesome correction, or whether he be disabled from doing any further harm."

The criminal, in the solitude of a prison, has time and opportunity to amend. His conduct might in many instances expiate his crime; he might again become a useful member of society and rejoin it, a wiser though a sadder man.

Men shall deal unadvisedly some times,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

Hang him, and there is an end to his life and to his amendment simultaneously. Yes, he can then "sin no more," but he also cannot repent.

Bentham makes a profound remark on an "evil resulting from the employment of death as a punishment," worthy of our attention:—

"There is an evil resulting from the employment of death as a punishment which may be properly noticed here.—*It destroys one source of testimonial proof.* The archives of crime are in a measure lodged in the bosoms of criminals. At their death, all the recollections which they possess relative to their own crimes and those of others perish. Their death is an act of impunity for all those who might have been detected by their testimony, whilst innocence must continue oppressed, and the right can never be established, because a necessary witness is subtracted.

"Whilst a criminal process is going forward, the accomplices of the accused flee and hide themselves. It is an interval of anxiety and tribulation. The sword of justice appears suspended over their heads. When his career is terminated, it is for them an act of jubilee and pardon. They have a new bond of security, and they can walk erect. The fidelity of the deceased is exalted among his companions as a virtue, and received among them for the instruction of their young disciples, with praises for his heroism.

"In the confines of a prison this heroism would be submitted to a more dangerous proof than the interrogatories of the tribunals. Left to himself, separated from his companions, a criminal ceases to possess this feeling of honour which unites him to them. It needs only a moment of repentance to snatch him from those discoveries which he only can make; and without his repentance, what is more natural than a feeling of vengeance against those who caused him to lose his liberty, and who, though equally culpable with himself, yet continue in the enjoyment of liberty! He need only listen to his in-

terest, and purchase by some useful information some relaxation of the rigour of his punishment.”

We would not wish to see *solitary* confinement substituted in the place of capital punishment; for it is, in our opinion, the more dreadful punishment of the two. It is well known, that the most hardened ruffians, who view death merely as a risk, consequent on the nature of their avocation, quail at the idea of being locked up *for ever* and *alone*. Oh! the dreadful state of mind of that man, who, without a resource within himself, is imprisoned for life! Immured in a silent, lonely cell, destined to drag out the last minute of his days within those four walls, in this state of life-in-death, without once seeing the human face, or hearing the human voice! Who can wonder, that where the experiment has been tried, it has in many instances ended in madness.

Imprisonment, with or without hard labor, if for life, is a sufficiently severe punishment for the heaviest crime, and, when common precautions are taken, will as effectually deprive the criminal of all power of again committing his offence, as though he had been executed.

The plan of imprisonment, with or without hard labor, possesses two recommendations. The first must plead strong to every merciful bosom,—viz: that in pursuing the system of capital punishment, innocent men must often suffer death.

In the great majority of convictions, in nine cases out of ten, the man put upon his trial, is convicted *solely upon circumstantial evidence*, and we well know, how circumstances innocent in themselves, may be misconstrued into proofs of guilt. It rarely happens, that he is convicted upon the testimony of an eye-witness to the deed. How many instances have occurred of a man being condemned and executed for a crime, of which, as it subsequently appeared, he was guiltless, or that his guilt was very problematical? In such a case, is public regret any reparation? Can any atonement be made to the bereaved family, proportionate to the misery they have undergone? It is indeed “better that ten guilty men should

escape, than one innocent suffer." But if an innocent man should be condemned to imprisonment, and subsequently his innocence appear evident, ample, or at least some reparation may be made ;—but none if he has been executed.

The second recommendation is of a more utilitarian character. Capital punishment is in itself profitless, because the injury done to society by a man depriving one of its members of life, is aggravated (especially in small communities) by depriving it also of the services of the offending member, which may be retained and rendered available to the community, while they administer, at the same time, proper correction. Thus if A., a useful laborer, kills B., another useful laborer, and A. be hanged, the community loses two useful men, without receiving a corresponding benefit in return, and like the Irish suitor, gain a loss. But if A. shall be sent to labor at the public works, either for life or a certain number of years, he will not only suffer a severe punishment and serve as an example, but by being made useful to the public, he makes some reparation for the mischief he has caused. The difference of expense between his maintenance as a prisoner, and the wages he might otherwise earn as a free laborer, is surely not sufficiently great, to justify the public for hanging him on the score of *economy*.

In conclusion, it is an unanswerable fact, in favor of the total abolition of capital punishment, *that crime has decreased in proportion as punishments have been changed from a destructive to a corrective nature*. We have less crime now than was committed fifty years ago.* What was the state of our criminal code then?

“ It is a melancholy fact, that among the variety of actions, which men are daily liable to commit, no less than 160 have been declared,

* Lord Kames in his sketches of the Natural History of Man, written in the early part of the reign of George III.; after quoting old Harrison to shew that “72,000 rogues and thieves” were executed in the reign of Henry VIII. “and that between three and four hundred were annually hanged in the reign of Elizabeth,” dwells with much complacency on the fact that in *his* time, “not more than thirty or forty were annually hung for theft.” A man was hanged in those golden times for stealing sixpence-worth of bobbin !

by Act of Parliament, to be Felonies without benefit of Clergy; or, in other words, to be worthy of instant death.—*Encyc. Britt. Ed. of 1810, Art. Crime.*

What is the state of our criminal code now? Instead of one hundred and six offences, there are not six punishable with death; yet many crimes (forgery is a remarkable instance) have considerably decreased, instead of increasing. In London there are now fewer crimes committed in proportion to its population, than were committed when a man was hanged for turning a key, or *breaking down a fish-pond.*

The more intelligent portion of the community have been long since awakened to this fact; they have discovered that public executions serve only to brutalize and degrade the minds of the multitude, without checking the commission of crimes; and they feel, that it is better to reform than to destroy an offender. The legislature has at last also turned its attention to the subject; many crimes are now no longer punishable with death, and the moral, as well as the physical discipline of the convict is now to be attended to.*

Notwithstanding the increase of population in every part of the world, crime has greatly diminished every where, and this diminution is owing, not to the gallows, not to the guillotine, not to the knout, but to the diffusion of knowledge and education among the people, and to the establishment of an active and efficient Police, which renders detection and capture almost inevitable.

A. M. A.



DEPARTED HOPES.

Yes, I grow old, as time speeds by,
 And with my youth my hopes decay,
 Each fleeting year destroys some tie,
 While dark and gloomier grows each day.

* The Cape Convict System has received the merited approbation of the home government, for its excellence,—especially in attending to the moral wants of the convicts, amending as well as correcting them.—For this admirable system the Cape Public is indebted, we believe, to the energetic labors of the present Secretary to Government and Superintendent General of Education.

I wander midst the graves which hold,
 The ashes of the friendly dead,
 Why do *I* live, when *they* are cold?
 Why am *I* left, when *they* have fled?

I seem the column of some fane,
 Which sadly rears its lonely crest,
 While, shattered by a hand profane,
 In ruins round it lie the rest—

Of those which once around it stood,
 Like mates;—but now it stands alone,
 To meet each gale, which like a flood,
 Bursts o'er the worn and crumbling stone.

I look behind me, and the past
 Glows bright with joys and hopes now gone,
 Why did it fly with pace so fast,
 And leave me thus, alone, forlorn?

Oft as I bend my aching head,
 And bury all my griefs in sleep,
 I dream of happy days now fled,
 Then wake—and waken but to weep.

To me the future is a waste,
 A barren plain I fear to tread,
 And from the dreamy scene I haste,
 To watch for that which others dread:

I watch for Death!—Oh! for that day,
 For which I with impatience burn,
 When I from life shall pass away,
 And hasten to my tranquil urn.

Soon will it come;—the sands of life,
 Slow though they run, at last must cease,
 Then shall I quit this world of strife,
 And in the silent grave find peace.

As I have lived, so shall I die,
 Alike in life and death my doom,
 No one for *me* shall breathe a sigh,
 Or bathe with tears my humble tomb.

And when my latest sun shall rise,
 And I must bow to Death's dread power,
 No child shall tend with tearful eyes,
 No friend shall soothe my dying hour.

No supplicating voice to God,
 On my behalf shall mount the sky;
 And vile, rank weeds will crown the sod,
 That marks were I forgotten lie.

Bereft of all the hopes that bind
 Man down to earth, why should I live?
 Then let me die—and, dying, find
 That peace which life can never give.

C.

MOONLIGHT.

PART I.

'Tis midnight, o'er the mountain brown
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down ;
 Blue roll the waters ;—blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light
 So wildly,—spiritually bright:
 Who ever gazed upon them shining
 And turn'd to earth without repining
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
 To mix with their external ray ?

BYRON'S *Siege of Corinth.*

Moonlight scenery has ever been a favorite theme with Poets and Novelists ; and though its frequent delineation by them, has, in a great measure, dissipated its descriptive novelty, yet the sympathetic effect which the contemplation of its reality produces on the feelings, will never cease to charm and to retain its fascination.

There is a softened tone given to terrestrial objects by the mellow radiance emanating from a clear full moon, floating in the blue expanse of a cloudless sky, which is peculiarly pleasing, and which I have often thought, resembles in a figurative sense, the holy light diffused by religion over the christian's worldly prospects, and whose chastened lustre, mildly gilding obstacles in the path of his pilgrimage, throws a palliative veil over their offensive harshness, which enables him to behold, and encounter them with a pleasurable satisfaction.

When we ramble forth to enjoy the bewitching loveliness of a moonlight night, we do so, frequently, with a pure and exalted mind ;—The baser passions of our nature are quelled and banished from the soul by the heavenly influence of the moment, and whilst we contemplate the tender repose of the landscape around, where all seems so still, so beautiful, and so happy, a prototype, as it were, of what we are thought to expect of heaven, we are constrained even, despite of re-

bellling thought, to feel at peace with the world and with ourselves. It is, in an hour like this, too,—that the fond endearments of love, the soothing charms of friendship, and other pure feelings, appeal to the heart, and as memory turns to some absent object of the soul's affection, some dear and much loved friend, with whom we have often gazed with kindred rapture at a scene like that around us, we are tempted in the overpowering impulse of tender recollection, to exclaim in the beautiful and impassioned language of MOORE,

Oh, such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if thou wert near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moonlight scenery here.

I seldom gaze on the lovely orb of night, slowly pursuing its course in silent majesty along the arch of heaven, without being led back in thought to the occurrences of former ages, and as a consequence, to the transiency of mortal man, and his specious vanities. I reflect that the bright planet above me, has shone with undiminished splendour from the hour of its creation, and has poured its calm refulgence on a world whose surface has been a continued shifting scene of person and event.—Nations have sprung up, and have grown into opulence and power;—kingdoms have been established and flourished for a time, and have alike declined and passed away,

And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Left not a wreck behind.

Century has succeeded century but to effect some mighty alteration in things, and circumstances;—generation has followed generation, but to improve or overthrow the system which preceded it,—and which is soon forgot in the darkness of oblivion;—all has changed, and will be still changing; but that splendid monument of divine wisdom and skill, like the almighty hand which formed it, will ever be the same.

I once heard a gentleman who had travelled much, and whose disposition was of an ardently romantic cast, observe, that the recollections of the days that were gone by, never affected him so forcibly, as on a distant moonlight view of

the ruins of Athens. He thought of the times when the moonbeams (which then glanced lightly over almost indefinable masses of broken columns and fallen porticoes, magnificent even in their decay,) tinged with a silvery splendour its costly domes, and stately temples, where, all that was illustrious on earth, for science, and philosophy, was concentrated,—and the instability of human grandeur,—

("Ancient of days,—august Athena,—where,—

Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?")

was feelingly brought home to the heart, by the appearance of a few sickly fires, kindled by barbarians in the rudest state of savage ignorance, amid the mouldering remains and probably on the site of some gorgeous edifice, beneath whose classic shade, a Solon developed the researches of human wisdom, or a Socrates inculcated his divine precepts of morality and virtue.

I was once, deeply impressed with the overpowering sensations of feeling which arose in my breast, in viewing the same moonlight scene at two different periods, separated by the lapse of many years;—but in order to elucidate my feelings thereon, it will be necessary to introduce the following tale, partly founded on fact, as illustrative of the tenor of the foregoing remarks.

I was quartered at Belem in the early part of the year 1809, during that interval of the cessation of active hostilities between the French and ourselves, which took place from the date of the battle of Corunna, to the re-landing of the armament in Mondego Bay under Sir Arthur Wellesly.—I was then a stripling of seventeen, and tho' I had shared in the honours of Roliça and Vimiero, my appearance was but that of a mere youth.—Amongst the number of British Officers, however, belonging to the small force left in Lisbon, under the command of Sir John Cradock, was my friend and brother officer, Charles Fitzormond.—Highly gifted by nature in personal looks, and by education in mental accomplishments, with an uncommonly handsome figure and prepossessing address, there was combined in him also a flow

of irresistible eloquence, natural to his countrymen, which, prompted by a fervency of disposition, amounted to enthusiasm, whenever its object excited either interest or admiration. Quick also in the attainment of all knowledge, a facility in acquiring languages, was not the least brilliant amongst his superior talents;—the consequence was, that a few months' residence in the country, had made him, almost, perfect master of the Portuguese tongue.

At the period, of which I write, Lisbon had been but recently evacuated by the French troops under Junot, so that added to the filthiness and gloom of its streets during the winter months, a certain party spirit in favour of that nation still existed, especially amongst a few of the higher classes, which it was unpleasant to the feelings of the British Officers to observe. It was evident that the natural gaiety and chivalrous bearing of the French, had worked their charms in the hearts of some, whilst the more taciturn and unbending gravity of the English, generally, had been construed by the Portuguese into coldness or pride.—The fact was, the two nations about to become so united in heart and cause, were as yet strangers to each other;—circumstances moreover at this period, appeared unfavorable.—The retreat of our army after the battle of Corunna following on the convention of Cintra, which allowed the French army to depart laden with spoil, and boasting of a speedy return, “when the Imperial legions would once more drive the English leopard into the sea,” occasioned many to surrender their nationality and foster secretly a friendly disposition towards those, who, they fancied, would be finally victorious and become the arbiters of their country's destinies.*

Such being the position of Lisbon at this epoch, glad to

* This is no exaggeration;—at this period the English General, aware of his precarious tenure of Lisbon, made those necessary arrangements for re-embarking his troops, should the necessity of this decisive step arise.—Exasperated at the sight, many of the Portuguese inveighed loudly against what they termed the dastard policy of Englishmen, and took every occasion of annoying and insulting the troops,—even so far as attacking them, secretly in the streets, as they passed along,—the result of which was quarrel and bloodshed.—*Vide Napier's History of the War.*

escape from dirty streets and gloomy aspects, and won to admiration by the romantic scenery and unrivalled charms of Cintra, Fitzzormond and myself would almost daily, when military duties permitted, visit this enchanting spot of earth, now pausing to inhale the fragrance of the balmy and spring-returning zephyr, now lingering to gaze on some burst of nature's loveliness. But these attractions which produced the excitement at first, to visit its scenes so frequently, were soon superseded in the breast of Fitzzormond by another, more captivating—more irresistible. It occurred thus. In one of our delightful rambles, having strayed farther, and loitered longer than usual, a sudden thunder-shower, the rapidity of whose approach had been unheeded, caused us to seek shelter under a group of trees, near to one of the romantic quintas of that terrestrial paradise, where the continuation of the deluge of rain longer than apprehended, made us cast several longing glances to the mansion itself, hoping that some pitying damsel would turn her sympathizing glance on two knights-errant, and offer us a more safe and suitable refuge. Hope, so often disappointed, was not destined to be so on this occasion; on the contrary, a polite message from the Donna Luisa de M—— invited us to the house, of which I was but too happy to avail myself, yet, strange to say, my companion hesitated. Was it, that the mysterious shadow of an untoward destiny came with its incomprehensible omen of the future, to warn sensitive nature of the result?

The Donna received us with all that sweetness of manner for which the sex is distinguished,—regretted the absence of her husband,—complimented us on our country, our national valour, and won our hearts so completely by her affability, that on the cessation of the heavy rain, and the necessity for our departure, my friend Fitzzormond, whose fluency in speaking the Portuguese language seemed greatly to have ingratiated him in her estimation; was at a loss to convey our warm acknowledgments for her and courtesy kindness. How often has one lost look led to momentous consequences;

even so, upon our turning to take a parting glance at the quinta, the momentary appearance of a fair young face, (yet as suddenly withdrawn) from one of the windows, created that further interest, and deeply so, as it proved, in Fitzzormond's mind, which any thing novel, mysterious, or attractive, always excites ;—for, being absent myself from our quarters some few days after, and engaged upon duty during the greater part of the forenoon, I found, on my return, that he had started early for Cintra, without previously naming his intention ; whereat I hastened in the evening to make him give an account of his ramble,—inquiring if he had re-visited Donna Luisa's quinta, and whether the fair face, which had passed like a flash of light over our eyes, had not influenced him to go forth alone?

After some little hesitation, Fitzzormond confessed that he had been induced, from the last circumstance, to approach the quinta again, under the plea of conveying our further thanks for the kind shelter afforded us, and in so doing, had heard sounds of music, evidently from a younger voice than the Donna's own ; and as the alley of beautifully clustering shrubs, through which he passed, occasioned his approach to be unobserved, until close to the mansion, that he had paused for some minutes to listen to one of the sweetest voices, singing one of its native airs, to the accompaniment of a guitar ;—that Donna Luisa had received him with her former courtesy, which had emboldened him to inquire, whose voice it was, which had so enchanted him with its sounds, when the mother, doubtlessly pleased with his praises, had named her daughter Inez ; whereupon he had been further induced to solicit the pleasure of becoming acquainted with one, who had so interested his feelings.

Fitzzormond continued to relate, that after a polite expression of regret on the part of the Donna, in saying, that the customs of Portugal did not admit of young persons being brought too early into society, her frankness of manner had led him gently to expostulate, and draw a comparison between the customs of the English and the Portuguese,

F

which, according to his recital, he must have done in such persuasive, yet refined language, that it ended in a compliance with his request, and her expressing with a smile. "It is contrary to our usages, and will occasion some remark from her father,—but you seem so interested in our country, and speak our languages so fluently,—independently of belonging to a nation, whose character I so much admire,—that I cannot refuse, what a British officer so urgently solicits;"—and absenting herself then for a few minutes, she returned shortly followed by the fair Inez.

In his usual, elegant language, my friend then gave me a brief description of one, whom I had an opportunity of seeing a few days after,—of one, alas,—who, along with him whose heart had been enamoured at first sight, was destined in the space of little more than three years after, to close her eventful history.

On the third day, subsequent to his recital, it being one of the loveliest mornings of the spring, Fitzzormond and myself, after an early breakfast, bent our steps again towards the lofty and lovely hills of Cintra. The balmy air, the beautiful landscape,—the glow of young feelings,—the excitement of novelty,—the romance of thought,—all combined in one or the other to exhilarate our spirits.—With myself, it was that love of novelty, or curiosity which prompts the human mind so often in its onward career :—I was little more than a boy, in whom the alternations of feeling, were sunshine and shade, like the April sky above us. With him, it was otherwise ;—five years my senior, I felt assured that a warm and deep spring of sentiment had opened a limpid current from his heart, for as we ascended the winding path on whose sides the flowering shrubs displayed their odorous blossoms, I could perceive his anxious gaze through them, to catch a peep at the well-known villa, and an occasional fit of musing, and abstractedness of thought from surrounding objects, an unusual occurrence with one, whose mind heretofore was all animation. We were not long however, in arriving at the quinta.

Donna Inez, was gifted with a person, that was moulded in all we can conceive of the perfection of feminine beauty. The brilliancy, yet dreamy languor of her dark eye as it glanced from beneath its beautifully arched brow and silken lash,—the clustering of her dark, glossy hair, contrasting with the transparency of the soft complexion it surrounded,—the sweet expression, scarcely amounting to a smile upon her cheek,—all this loveliness, beautifying a form, in the early spring of womanhood, graceful in shape and motion, and gifted with a voice, in whose tones there was that softness of accentuation as if each thought as it found utterance was awakened by the spirit of purity,—need I add, that such charms were more than sufficient to fascinate those not endued with the impassioned sensibility which was the very germ of Fitzormond's nature,—nor was it very difficult to perceive, ere many more visits, that a reciprocal feeling of admiration had sprung up in the hearts of these two beings.

I have not yet spoken of Don Manoël, who was rarely at home during the forenoon; and if by chance our prolonged stay towards evening, caused an occasional interview, although he displayed a ceremonious observance of the forms of soceity which led to a few subjects of a general nature, I remarked that the politics of the day, and the relative, and momentous position in which our two countries were then placed, never once formed a topic of his conversation.—The reason will be shown hereafter, for although an apparently cordial reception would have made any one believe that the feelings he manifested, were of a friendly nature, it was used but to veil the sentiments uppermost in his heart;—but if British officers visited his family, the eye of authority would be deceived thereby, and suspicion averted from his opinions and actions.—The landing too of another British force on the shores of Portugal, just at this period, stimulated anew, the ardour and patriotism of the Portuguese nation generally,—and occasioned remarks, wherever there was no display of enthusiasm or energy manifested in that great cause of liberty for which Europe was then struggling against

the ambition of one stern man. These circumstances becoming more and more visible to Don Manoël, he permitted our visits, without remark.—It was true that his more frequent absence from his home of late, for a day or two together, prevented his observing the growing attachment between Fitzormond and his daughter, which might have led to our exclusion, still no deportment or expression on his part showed such to be the case, whilst the affection of Donna Luisa for her child, whom she indulged seemingly, almost to a fault, made it evident that no apprehension or dislike arose in one who saw only perfection and purity in her offspring, and who did not imagine that love could become, in so short a time, a powerful talisman to some hearts.

There was evidently a difference of feeling in the husband and wife, as regarded their sentiments towards the two nations then combating, the one to have dominion over, the other to be the deliverer of Portugal.—Both had been silent on the subject, in any direct conversation, in our presence; still it was perceptible; and the Donna would occasionally boast of being descended from English blood on the maternal side, and ask if her daughter had not the features of our country-women?

Thus did time glide on awhile, until rumours reached us, that our corps would shortly be moved forward.—I had long looked forward to the anxious moment, and every hour hastened its certainty.—Under this impression, I determined if possible, to go to the quinta once more, to bid adieu, to those, who had evinced so much kindness towards me; and on the following day, both being free from duty, Fitzormond and myself, found ourselves galloping towards Cintra.

How swiftly does time fly when agreeably occupied. I was not in love myself, and yet, in wandering through the Elysian scene of mountain grandeur and sylvan beauty, now under a canopy of green leaves, and now amidst the perfumes of bright flowers, (mostly alone, for I loitered at a distance from the two, who found no thought for a third,) still it was not until the lengthened shadows of Nossa Senhora da Penha

came purpling over the nearer landscape, that I was reminded of the necessity of preparing to depart. There had been a prophetic feeling within me, that this visit would be our last. I had not named it to my friend; nevertheless, when I hinted at our return, he replied, that a bright full moon would replace the glare of the sun, with its softened lustre to light us homewards, and so earnestly entreated the respite of an hour or two, ere bidding "farewell," that I yielded to his wishes, feeling convinced, that he was under an impression, similar to mine.

The night was certainly one of those, which, when impressed on the memory, and accompanied by some startling event, can never be forgotten. The moon shone with a softened brilliancy, and the faint blue sky, illuminated by its mellow ray, seemed almost transparent from its clearness and purity, and strongly relieved the dark rugged line of the majestic mountain on one side,—whilst on the other, a lengthened gleam of silvery light, in the distance, denoted, where the lordly Tagus flowed along glittering in the dancing moon-beams. The air around was deliciously soft—no wonder then that the heart of Fitzormond, seated on that balcony by the side of one, possessing every female charm, in look and voice, became rivetted to the spot, amidst such overpowering allurements.

Gentle reader, if in perusing these events of many a by-gone year, thou art disposed to accuse me of possessing too fervid a temperament in describing them, bear in mind, that "truth is stranger than fiction,"—and that the spirit of romance weaves on the loom of destiny, the beautiful and the sad,—mirth, and melancholy,—tenderness and trials,—in feeble imitation of the Divine painter of the universe, who, irradiates the lovely Iris on the bosom of the cloud,—typifying to us, how near to each other are our pleasures and our griefs,—our present hours and eternity.—For, I have already stated I was a mere youth, in the scene I now record, and if the sentiment has stolen on me since, and these scintillations of the spirit have flashed forth, I trust, it has done so happily, to enable me to contrast the sensibilities of life's

changing tide, and mark its various impulses and affections.

I can well remember my boyish endeavours, on this evening, to aid my friend, by talking loudly to Donna Luisa in bad Portuguese, upon any subject which came uppermost, that I might engage her attention and drown the lovers' discourse; though at the least interval of silence which ensued, I could easily distinguish that one theme alone found utterance from Fitzormond's heart.

Having at length exhausted, all my subjects, I ventured to break in, on their dream of happiness, and, having prevailed on Donna Inez to sing one of her native airs, she had taken up her guitar, but had scarcely finished the first verse of that beautiful *modinha*, "*tuos lindos olhos, que mal me fesicron.*"* when the sound of approaching steps, and the message borne, suddenly changed the tranquillity of that happy scene from smiles to tears.

Don Manoël, who had been absent since the preceding day, informed his wife, prior to his departure, that he would not return for the two following; an unexpected arrival, therefore, at that late hour, caused her to hurry out,—and scarcely had a minute elapsed, when a loud shriek alarmed the whole party. Inez rushed into the room, followed by Fitzormond and myself, where we found Donna Luisa, plunged into violent grief, and having in her hand an open letter, whilst a dark looking personage, enveloped in a large cloak, with a huge slouched hat drawn over his brows, stood near her.

Amidst the loud sobs of the distracted mother and weeping daughter, and the half-uttered sentences of the former, we ascertained, that Don Manoël had been arrested in Lisbon, that morning, under an accusation of having held treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his country.

There are few situations more painful to sensitive men, than that of witnessing sorrows which they cannot alleviate;

* Translation—

“Those lovely eyes of thine what harm
Have they not caused my heart—
And yet whilst fearful of their charm
I woo the fatal dart.”

for, much as they may sympathize with others, their nature, differing from that of woman, cannot relieve the oppressive weight of emotion, by tears, in opening the flood-gates of grief. Whatever accumulated load of distress they feel, the heart must bear it all,—the convulsive sigh, or inward throb, alone, indicating the poignancy and extent of their sufferings.

I cannot pretend to say, that I entered much, at that moment, into the misery which Don Manoël had brought upon himself, individually. I felt deeply, however, that scene of lamentations, on seeing two tender female hearts suddenly thrown into a state of sorrow and despondency; but what could be done? Fitzormond, from speaking Portuguese fluently, endeavoured to sooth their bitter pangs, and mostly those of the beautiful but disconsolate girl, who could only say, “Oh, my father, my father, what have you brought upon us all!”

The individual, who had brought the letter, was an official, whose heart proved softer than his looks, for on being questioned by Fitzormond, he civilly replied, that his orders were to search the house, and seize on all papers or letters found therein, and moreover to guard the premises, permitting none of the occupants to quit them, for the present; that two police officers had accompanied him to the outer gate, but that his regard for the Donnas had induced him to leave them there, until he had apprized their family of the melancholy intelligence, of which he was the bearer.

Alas, both Fitzormond and myself, as British officers, were helpless in such an emergency as a political offence; time wore away, a speedy return to our cantonments was imperative, and after many imploring words on their part, praying us to aid Don Manoël by our personal interests, (for such futile hopes did despair raise as that the interference of two subalterns could be of any avail,) and many a deep sigh and glance of tenderness between the lovers, ere Fitzormond could tear himself away from the idol of his heart, (fearing, that it was fated he should never return, yet vowing to do so, in a day or two, at farthest,) we hastened to the Venta, where we had left our horses, and were soon on the road to Lisbon.

It is truly said, "how little do we know, what a few, short hours may bring forth." How few had elapsed since Fitzormond had traversed this same path, full of happy smiles and bright imaginings,—and yet there seemed to him, now, as he observed, "a melancholy expression, even in the very shrubs and flowers," which that morn had cheered with their bloom and brilliancy;—and as we approached that mighty aqueduct, the most colossal of its kind in Europe, whilst gazing *then*, on its stupendous mass, thrown into shade,—but with lessening gleams of light seen through each receding arch, and terminating in the dark hill-side, thrown into shadow too, I could not help picturing to myself the gradations of earthly hope, of which it seemed an emblem, now broadly shining through the mind's arch of expansive thought, to day, yet gradually diminishing each morrow, in the scale of mortal expectance, until its last faint glimpse dies away amidst the silent gloom of human vicissitudes.

At length we reached Belem towards morning, where, (as I had anticipated,) instead of the solitary sentry to hail us, we found all astir; sudden orders had been received on the previous afternoon for a move into the Alentejo, the boats had been speedily procured, and the regiment was to embark at four o'clock, and cross the river to Aldea Galega. Our absence was seriously reprehended at first by our commanding officer, but having once arrived and soon prepared to start, the gratification he felt at moving forward again to some field of honor, softened down all asperities of anger.

Beauteously did the god of day arise in his splendour, as gradually receding from beneath the white walls and stately edifices of Lisbon, the surrounding scene presented itself to my sight in all the gorgeousness of art, and luxuriance of nature's wonderful variety.—My friend Fitzormond had been ordered to embark in another boat, but in our occasional approach to each other, as we crossed that bright expanse of waters, I could perceive him, silent and thoughtful, with his face turned and his gaze fixed on the lovely hills of Cintra.

(END OF PART I.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.—Malta.—The Cathedral of St. John.—Citta Vecchia.—St. Paul's Shipwreck.—Valetta.—The Ionian Islands.—Corfu.—“The old Tree.”—Paleocastrizza.—The Tempest.—The Town.

It is only fair to the reader that I should explain in the outset that these papers will be nothing more than they profess, viz: *Recollections* of a Tour of which I have hitherto preserved no record save in my own memory.* The loss of the Great Liverpool Steamer, in which I was a passenger, involved to me the loss of my Journal of a Tour in the Levant, which had occupied me the greater part of a year. Passing across France from Dieppe to Marseilles, and touching at the principal western ports of Italy, I had proceeded by way of Malta and the Ionian Islands through the greater part of Greece and a small portion of Asia Minor to Constantinople, and after a short and hurried tour through part of Syria, had concluded my journey by a visit to Thebes and the Cataracts of the Nile. I am unwilling that the interest which I derived from my pilgrimage, and the agreeable impressions which it produced upon my mind, should be suffered gradually to fade away: and it is for this reason that I am endeavouring to preserve a record of the feelings with which the scenes which I have passed through have impressed me.

I shall begin with Malta; because I am afraid that awful gentleman the “Courteous Reader” would hardly excuse me if I were to drag him after me through the much-travelled and often-described scenes of France and Italy; though I confess I should like to tell him of my thoughts as I wandered through the solitary streets of Pompeii, and how that fair Jewess, Madlle. Rachel, nearly cheated me out of my Chris-

* These papers were however written immediately after my return to England, when the recollections of the scenes of which I have endeavoured to convey some idea to the reader's mind was fresh in my own. An account of the loss of the Grt. Liverpool, by the present Author, appeared in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for April 1846, and is consequently not repeated here.

tianity, and forced me to subscribe to the doctrines of Benjamin Disraeli.

It was on theno, I cannot give dates,—but it was on a burning day in July, that I quitted Malta in H. M. steamer *Acheron* for Corfu. I was alone. My two friends who had accompanied me as far as Malta, had been frightened at the heat, and declined proceeding eastward. I do not exactly know what my sensations were, and therefore I shall not attempt to describe them. But I know that I was looking forward with almost unmixed pleasure to setting my foot on that classic ground which we all hate when we are school-boys, and almost all love when we are men.

I was glad to get away from Malta, not only on account of these agreeable anticipations, but because, in addition to being one of the hottest places in all Christendom, it is, to a stranger, the dullest under the sun. The excessive heat at this period of the year, had prevented my seeing most of the lions of the island, the greater part of the week during which I stayed in Malta having been pretty equally divided between a cigar-shop and a billiard-room, situated near the hotel. Of the Maltese lions, the most interesting as well as the most accessible is the cathedral of St. John, the floor of which is composed entirely of the escutcheons of the Knights Hospitallers, executed in Mosaic,—probably a finer collection does not exist. Here also is a handsome marble monument raised by the King of the French, to the memory of his brother; and before one of the chapels are some solid silver railings which we looked on with peculiar pleasure, because they are said to have escaped the rapacity of the French invaders by the ingenious artifice of a priest, who painted them over wood-color.

Malta possesses, as I have already observed, other attractions to the sight-seer. I did not see them, but may as well present a catalogue. There is the deserted city of Citta Vecchia, whence you may enjoy a panorama of the island: there are some ruins, said to be Phœnician, at Gebel Kem; and there is St. Paul's Cave, where the apostle took refuge after

his shipwreck, and which possesses the miraculous property, that, though all visitors take away portions of the stone as relics, it never becomes less—very few caves would.

Whether St. Paul was ever shipwrecked at Malta at all, is a question among the learned, some of whom vehemently contend in favor of Meleda, a little island in the Adriatic. But Malta is the favorite. The question, to be sure, is about as important as others which have at different times puzzled the brains of theological commentators, such as, “how many spirits can stand on the point of a needle?” a question gravely discussed I believe by that holy man, Thomas Aquinas; or,

“Whether the serpent at the fall,
Had cloven feet or none at all?”

and other points, on which Sir Hudibras was an authority. Still, when the point is started, one naturally feels an inclination to “roll one’s tub among the rest,” and I shall therefore proceed to give my reasons for thinking that Malta has the best claim to the honor of St. Paul’s shipwreck.

It appears that the ship containing the apostle and his companions started from Cæsarea, and we can easily trace them, by the account contained in the Acts, to Sidon, Cyprus, and Myra, a city on the coast of Lycia, where they changed ships. Thence they passed under Crete, endeavouring to put into Phœnice or Phœnix, a town on the south coast of the island; but being carried away by “a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon,” they were forced to “run under a certain island, which is called Clauda,” by which, from its situation, Gaulos would seem to have been intended. At any rate, it is clear that it was some island to the south-west of Crete. The word “Euroclydon” does not afford us any assistance in judging of the direction of the “tempestuous wind,” which drove them under this island, its plain signification being “a heavy surge;” and perhaps it may have been by a mistake, likely enough to have been committed by landsmen in any age, that it was applied to the wind at all.

After leaving Clauda, they did not touch or see any land at all, until arriving at Melita, which latter could hardly have

been the case, had Meleda, in the Adriatic, been intended; because they must have passed very near the Greek and Italian coasts, and could hardly have missed seeing one or both of them. They were tossed about, however, in the sea, "for many days," and "when the fourteenth night was come, as they were driven up and down in Adria," they at length approached the island, where the shipwreck took place.

It is upon the passage just quoted, that those who argue in favor of Meleda chiefly rest. But is clear, that "Adria," in those days, was a word of much more extended signification than "the Adriatic" in our own. There are several passages in Horace's Odes, strongly bearing out this opinion; and the late Dr. Arnold, in his note on Thucydides, i. 24, has given reasons for supposing, that it should be understood as "the sea between Italy and Greece, as far southward as Rhegium." What we now call "the Adriatic," appears to have been known to the ancients as the *Sinus Ionicus*, or Ionian Gulf.

Taking Dr. Arnold's interpretation of Adria, the situation of Malta would present no difficulty whatever; and the theory, that this was the island where the shipwreck took place, receives considerable confirmation from the course taken by the travellers, after leaving Melita; for we read that on their way from Melita to Rhegium, they touched at Syracuse, which would have been considerably out of the way of a ship coming from the island in the Adriatic, and bound for Rome. When it is added, that Malta is spoken of as a Roman possession under the name of Melita, by Livy, xxi. 51, as well as by Diodorus Siculus, v. 2, and by Cicero, contra Verrem, iv. 46, I think that at least a *primá facie* case is made out in its favor.

I have thought it worth while to make these few observations on a question not very interesting in itself, because it has become a habit with modern tourists to observe flip-pantly that "this is not the Melita where St. Paul was shipwrecked."

It is time however to quit theology, and proceed on our journey: but I must not leave Malta without expressing my

agreeable recollections of the town of Valetta, which is one of the handsomest in Europe. The fine effect of the handsome buildings of which it is mostly composed, is not destroyed as is the case with most European towns by being brought into contact with the filthy hovels of a poor population.—For my part, I could never make out that the poor of Malta had any dwellings but the open streets. The white stone however of which all the houses are built, produces a glare which is very trying to the eyes. Those who wish for a more full account of Malta may consult Byron's description, which as far as my experience goes, is true in every particular.

The voyage from Malta to Corfu occupied about three days, the last of which was very pleasantly spent in floating among the Ionian Islands. First I believe we touched in a very pretty little bay, in the Island of Zante and delivered her Majesty's mails. It was just such a spot as Coñrad and Medora might have "lived and loved together" in before the invention of steam put an end to his line of business. Cephalonia did not appear so tempting; and I passed Ithaca the little rocky kingdom of Ulysses, which he loved *non quia larga sed quia sua*, without a sigh. I confess, that his ten year's voyage from Troy to Ithaca seemed to me very absurd considering that I contemplated the same journey in about as many weeks, and might do it if it were necessary in as many days. Really these old Greeks were very eccentric personages. Ulysses for no imaginable reason loses his way and wanders about the Mediterranean for ten years, meeting with all sorts of queer adventures; and Agamemnon performs the journey from Troy to Argos in considerably less time than the fastest steamer could do it in now, simply because Æschylus' Chorus can't go out and take a little refreshment. A precipitous cliff in the island of Santa Maura is pointed out as the identical spot from which "burning Sappho" threw herself into the sea. It is a very ugly jump for any young lady however deep in love, and if "Crownur's quest law" was in force in the days of Phaon, there can be no doubt that

the poetess might have obtained "Christian burial" on the ground of "temporary insanity." Paxo and Antipaxo succeed; but none of the islands appeared to me so pretty as Zante. And thus we arrived at Corfu.

As I was impatient to visit continental Greece, I stayed only a few days in Corfu: but I saw enough of it to make me believe that it is one of the most beautiful spots on earth. It takes only two or three days to get a birds-eye view of the island, and I believe I saw nearly the whole of it, for I was on horseback nearly all the time. I was there galloping about from place to place and enjoying myself thoroughly. (By the bye the fellow who lets the horses is the greatest cheat I ever had to do with.)

The island is nearly covered with olives with which a few larger trees are intermingled, and these afford a pleasant shade from the perpetual sun-shine: the coast is indented with innumerable little bays of the prettiest imaginable shapes; and the whole face of nature bears the appearance of exuberant happiness. It would not be worth while, even if my memory served me, to attempt a minute description of any particular road: it would be bad taste to dissect such beauty: yet there is one spot so lovely, that I cannot help calling it particularly to mind. It is known as "the old tree." A huge oak or plane tree (I forget which) extends "its leafy arms" over a number of its younger brethren which grow very thick around. A clear little fountain spouts out from beneath its feet, and a kind of round table has been placed beside it—such as King Arthur and his knights might have feasted at, only rather too small. This is a favorite place for pic-nics. As for me, I eat my sandwiches and drank my bottled beer, and enjoyed my sentiment alone. And as I was ruminating on the bodily and mental feast, a pretty little sun-burnt Greek girl (by the bye, she was about the only pretty Greek girl I ever saw,) came tripping up with her pitcher on her head, to fetch water from the fountain, reminding me of Rebecca at the well, until a horrid hiccup came, and dispelled the illusion.

Another spot I recall with pleasure, is Paleocastrizza: not only on account of the singular beauty of the place, but also because I there met an Irish serjeant named Rooney or Flanagan, or something of the kind, who was very civil: and I always enjoy a conversation with people of this class, especially the Irish, who are generally sharper and more communicative than their neighbours on this side of the water. Moreover he gave me some excellent grapes and very tolerable beer,—things by no means to be despised after a long ride on a hot day. He was very curious as to the state of affairs at home, and put my political knowledge severely to the test.

Of all the islands I have ever seen, Corfu is the one I should fix upon as the scene of Shakespere's *Tempest*. Of course I do not mean that Shakspere himself had any idea of Corfu when he wrote the play, because in the first place its geographical position would preclude that idea: and secondly, I do not give any countenance to the supposition that Shakspere had *any* particular island in contemplation. All I mean is, that I can conceive the action of the *Tempest* passing very well in *such an island* as Corfu: that the "qualities of the isle" are well suited to the drama: that "the air breathes upon us here most sweetly:" that there are banks by the sea-shore where Ferdinand might sit and hear the fairy dirge of his lost father: "deep nooks" where the ship and the drowsy mariners might lie concealed: "fresh springs" for the use of the banished duke and his daughter: "yellow sands" where the prince might "join hands" with his "admired Miranda:" caverns where they might sit together and hold loving conversation over the game at chess. In short, there is no scene in the play which may not be found on this truly enchanted and enchanting island. One has not time or inclination among such scenes as these to feel critical and talk about ancient history, otherwise I could write learnedly about King Alcinous, and the ancient importance of Coreyra, and the Peloponesian war, and so forth. And very likely if Corfu had been a barren rock like Malta, I should have done so:

but as it is, I must refer the reader, who is desirous of being informed on such subjects, to that very useful work—Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.

It is a pity that such an island as Corfu should have any blemish—but the town really is one: for, with the exception of the very handsome palace, it scarcely contains a decent house. I think it is Disraeli who says in one of his novels, (Henrietta Temple, I believe,) that if you could take Valetta and place it in Corfu, you would have a perfect island. Certainly you would: for Corfu is the most lovely isle, and Valetta one of the handsomest cities I have ever seen.

In leaving Corfu, I must not omit to mention my comfortable quarters at the "Club Hotel," and a jolly old German waiter, who was, I believe, servant of all work to the small establishment. I found very fair wine and provisions of all sorts at this house: and this was the impression made upon my mind before I was acquainted with the general character of Greek board and lodging.

I ought also to mention, that I found all the people of Corfu, whether Greek or English, (of whom there are of course a good many,) extremely civil and obliging, and disposed to offer any assistance in their power to any traveller who might require it.



SYMPATHY.



Lines, dedicated to the Hon'ble WILLIAM PORTER, and the kind contributors to the Irish and Scotch Relief Fund.



Oh, weep for the climes of the shamrock and heather;
 Oh, mourn for the young, and the ag'd, and the strong;
 Let pity and charity pleading together,
 Those sympathies wake, which to feeling belong.

Oh, weep for poor Erin, thro' sorrow, and peril;
 Were the woes she has number'd too few for her share,
 That misfortune's dire wand should have stricken as sterile
 A land form'd for mirth, but now dark with despair?

Round Munster's bright hills, and by Moyle's sparkling waters,
Content, sooth'd by hope, still gave smiles to her scenes,
And emeralds of earth, if not worn by her daughters,
Enriched with some blessing, "her brightest of greens."

Must the harp, then, of Tara, which sounded with gladness,
In the days of her freedom, unharass'd by wrong,
When touched by some master-spell, *now* amidst sadness,
But thrill with one wail more, to darken its song?

And thou, her twin-sister, alike in thy glory,
(Fair climes of the beautiful still, and the brave,
Whose spirits of fire live co-equal in story,
Whose hearts have beat quick at the name of "a slave.")

Alas, through these Highlands, where pibrochs were sounding,
Alike in thy woes now,—sad partner of grief,—
Must thy bosom, no longer with cheerfulness bounding,
Have to plead too, and ask a cold world for relief?

Should I say a cold world then? Oh no! the appealing
Has touch'd and still vibrates on pity's soft strings,
And the land of the desert,* alive to the feeling
Has sent forth its dove too, with hope on its wings.

Whilst the storm rolls around it, where warfare is raging,
Tho' its right hand is rais'd still, *its own* to defend,
Yet, true to fair nature, some deep pang assuaging,
In the hour of distress, gives *its left* to a friend.†

And thou,—mother earth, through whose kindness we cherish
Those gifts, for which gratitude soars up, above,
Who gav'st us not being, in sorrow to perish,
But still soothest our hearts with thy incense of love.

Alas! if thy offspring have wandered thro' error,
If that power which o'er-rules, in its justice has frown'd,
Do thou, with thy smiles chase the phantom of terror,
And show that his mercy once more beams around.

Shall we doubt it?—Ah no, in yon azure is shining
A star still to guide fainting hope to its goal,—
A bird in the desert to cheer its repining,
A spring in the waste, to give joy to the soul!

From the climes of the sun, with fair nature's gifts glowing,
From regions of snow, where kind providence smiles,
Oh, Erin and Scotia, hearts warm to o'erflowing,
Have borne ye a voice to give balm to your Isles.

L.

The Cape, 17th April 1847.

* A term applied to Africa generally, but is here meant for the Cape.

† It was only a few months ago that a large subscription was headed by, and raised in a great measure, through, the benevolent exertions of the individual to whom these verses are principally addressed, for the sufferers in the Kaffir war, around whose homes, hostilities still exist.

THE CONTRAST.

AN IRISH TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

The Wedding.

It was on a bright sunny morning, in the spring of 1845, as I walked out with gun in hand, the old Newfoundland dog at my heels, and a brace of short-haired, wiry, terriers as lesser satellites, to pick up a pair of rabbits in an old worked out quarry, where "brakes" of briars and long grass afforded cover after their nights "grazing,"—that I met in the avenue old Mrs. Mulloy, hobbling towards the house, leaning on her blackthorn stick.

She had married and settled down on the adjoining property of a relative of mine, long before I was born and had reared a goodly family of sons and daughters, most of whom had taken farms, or married, and left her eldest son, with her last born daughter, to watch over her declining years.

Mrs. Mulloy's husband had died some years previously, and, with the feeling of clanship which, in Ireland, though often, from party feeling, broken for a time, never is totally lost—she had always come, under circumstances of difficulty or distress to the "big house," for consolation or advice.

Those who are unacquainted with Ireland, have no idea of the strong feeling of attachment, mingled with respect, which is always shewn to the members of a family long settled in the same place.—It is customary in case a mother is delicate, to have her child nursed by the young wife of a tenant, and those who have experienced the fond care of a foster mother can testify to the untiring, watchful, gentleness with which they have been reared.—The children of that nurse become thus "foster" brothers and sisters of the young charge, and it would be a new and unwelcome trait, if ever they or the old nurse were treated with coldness, or refused

the hand of friendship by the family of that child, who had drawn from her bosom the grounds of health and strength!

I've seen "old nurse" more welcome to the hall, than titled guests, and I do not wish ever to forget the occasion on which, in early boyhood, I beheld the octogenarian and decrepit nurse of a father, (who had spent two years abroad and left in a foreign land, his eldest and fairest son, a victim to consumption,) as on his return to the emerald isle, she strained her glazed eyes to catch the first peep at his carriage, at the turn of the road, and meeting him at the entrance of his home, kissed with quivering lips his offered hand and murmured,

"God look down on you in mercy."

I met with willing smile the worthy old woman's "Good morning to your honor,—och! an' it's fine times the likes o' you have,—nothin' to do, but run away afther every sport—up and down, like a young deer."

"But my good friend, this won't last: I must soon leave home and work for my bread, perhaps thousands of miles away."

"Och, an' entroth it's not much throuble ye'll have—but bounce up to some fine lady rowlin' in goold, and bring her home wid ye."

"I assure you, Mrs. Mulloy, that is easier said than done. The ladies like one to have some money of his own, and a house to take them to. But what brings you out so early this morning—what can I do for you?"

"Bedad, yer honer, this young daughter o' mine has taken it into her head to get married,—an' sure she may as well have a house over her head before I "go to sleep" in the could ground. An' I kem to ask the mistress if she'd let yer honer and the young gintlemin pay me a compliment an' cum down to see the dance in the evenin', an' may be, ate a bit o' dinner wid us.

It would have been a mortal offence to my old friend to refuse her offer, which I promised her, I should accept; then whistling to my dogs, I returned with her to the house.

Having brought her into the drawing-room, with many civil speeches on her part, I called my mother from her boudoir, and there ensued the usual civilities and inquiries.

My readers are to recollect, that the lower class of Irish have great natural volubility, and are not particular, to a trifle, as to how thickly they "lay it on;" so, after many flattering sayings, and thanks for the favor, we found it settled, that two or three of us lads, were to go at six o'clock to the dinner, and see the wedding after.

The old woman retired in great glee, and on arriving at home, dispatched a messenger for the basket of apples which she was promised from our garden.

It was, then, an evening or two after, that we three lads sauntered down the lane, which led to Mrs. Mulloy's farm house. On each side were banks fragrant with the early primrose, and topped by hedges of thorn, with their snow-white blossoms of the richest perfume,—like that once lovely village,

" Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed."

On a sunny slope was built the farm house, fronting the south. It consisted of one long range of white-washed wall, with roof of "thatch,"—the kitchen and a bed-room for the "boys," at one side of the door,—the parlour and sleeping apartment of "the girls," on the other. Within the wide and ample chimney of the kitchen, well hung with fitches of bacon, and adorned with "hobs," whereon the chilly group might warm their hard-worked limbs in winter's bitter nights, burned freely a fire of peat, or "turf," and, suspended from a hook, hung a large pot, containing the leg of mutton and turnips, a barn-door turkey, and a steaming goose.

Many and various were the utensils in requisition, for the unusual dishes prepared for this joyous event. Though peacocks' trains, and pheasants' brains, and mullet of two-pound weight,—the glories of a Roman gourmand,—were wanting, yet the wholesome food prepared that day, would prove the

merriest meal that two or three dozen "HOLY ROMANS" had tasted for an era.

The inside room had, too, its share in the culinary employments, and many an humble pan, or gently bubbling skillet, sent forth fumes from tender fowl,—or pork,—or swelling dumplings. And certainly, had Domine Sampson got the glorious sniff at Derneleugh, that tickled our olfactories, well might his "*malefica*" become "thank you, Mrs. Merrilies"!

Pending the appearance of these viands, we chatted at the door with the now numerous guests, and watched the rippling rill, the never failing brook, that sparkled through its varying flashes under the sedgy banks, at the foot of the slope whereon we stood.

A grove of larch and spruce, gave shelter to the farm-yard; and lowing cows and squeaking pigs, shut out "for this night only," before their time, seemed to pray for one look at the unwonted festivities.

The priest's horse was now heard trotting down the lane, and quickly was the stirrup held, while "his Riverence" dismounted. He, with us, entered the sanctum, attended duly by the worthy hostess, when a bottle, to whose neck a label marked "Best Wine" was tied by a bit of ribbon, was placed upon the table. This, from the bins of the head grocer in the village, was tasted by all, while the worthy Padrè bore the infantine caresses of a curly-headed child,

"Who climbed his knees, the envied kiss to"—take.

Dinner was quickly announced, and towards a roomy barn the gathernig crowd were turned,—all stood back respectfully till "his Riverence" took his place.—On one side were the aged mother, and her blooming girl now about to leave her, flanked by each arrival in succession.

Opposite, the village apothecary, a considerable dandy, who was wont to sport military spurs and a hunting whip, when on his pharmaceutical or obstetrical duties bound, took up a leading position, next the bridegroom, an honest looking, rather sheepish fine-made fellow, who appeared to fear that

every eye was on him, and spoke in a low tone, on indifferent topics, lest he might himself give rise to the joking which must eventually arise.

The well filled board was laden with ribs of beef, hams, turkeys, many a fowl and tongue, and well piled dishes of "lumpers," "cups," and "red nosed kidneys," whilst the leg of mutton of which we had a view a short while ago, was immediately under the criticism of the priest, who diligently sought and transferred (like a judicious carver) to his own plate, the highly valued "pope's eye."

A cherry cheeked damsel, next to whom I was intelligent enough to get my chair,—whose glossy auburn bands and well pinned collar, shewed the care she had taken to catch the hearts of the unwary, gave me enough to do to reply to her wit, or turn the points of her humor, (whose "points were gleaming round me") from myself.

I never met any girls in the same class of life whose repartee is so ready and withal, so delicate.—If you rashly try a decided compliment, you are probably met by an unconscious look, and very quickly paid off by an encomium on your very weakest point.—In fact you feel yourself "found out."

I well remember the cleverness with which she beat off an admiring rustic, who had made two or three ineffectual attempts to catch her attention. She was giving me an account of a late scene at a fair, which ended in a faction fight, when her admirer again broke in.

"Bedad Miss Casey, it's yourself that 'ill soon be at your own weddin', av the boys can only plase you. There's not a purtier girl in the room than yourself."

"I think Misthur Brophy," said she, "your sight's not over good this evenin'."

"Arrah! why?"

"I b'leive you think you're coortin' Nancy Brady the whole night!"

This allusion to a girl whom he had been "talked of" with, and to whom he was believed to have proved incon-

stant, made him immediately fall back on his reflections, and pretty Biddy Casey remained victorious.

Dinner over, Father K. put on his robes, and, in the space between the table and the fire-place, the connubial knot was tied, while the village postmaster and my friend with the spurs edged in near the bride to obtain "the kiss."

Each plumed himself on his superior tact.

The postmaster had ensconced himself behind the bride's-maid, prepared to affix his stamp the moment the priest handed her in, marked double,—while the hero of the lanceet and the spurs more daringly determined to attack the citadel pestle in hand, and drawn up to his full height, as if prepared to throw his "mortar" among his enemies, he looked quarter-masters at the adventurous being who might dare to divide the spoil with him.

But as the closing benediction was uttered, and ere the blushing bride had raised her kneeling figure, she was encircled by the arms of a stalwart youth, who imprinted on her rosy lips a well deserved salute, and left the giver-out-of-letters sealed in amaze, while the doctor remained like Lord Ullin on the shore—"lamenting."

To him who crept up gently to obtain that prize,—to him now distant from me two thousand miles,—may prosperous breezes bear back health and strength, and when here ads this page may he call back in memory the happy days of youth we've spent together, when nought was dearer to us hoth, than brother's early love!

The mighty matter o'er, convivial feeling led the way to mirth and jollity.

Glasses were filled, and Mr. O'Toole raised his burly figure and addressed the guests—

"Yer Riv'rince—boys an' girls—we're Irishmin and friends,—let us all wish health an' prosperity to the young couple of fools, that's takin' their departure into house-keepin' and the nursin' o' childer!"—"Behave, Mr. O'Toole,"—from the end of the table."—"An' if they've done a foolish thing, may they never live to repent it."!!

A roar of laughter followed this sally.

“Your health, Mary! your’s, Mick! and here’s luck.”

The toast was drunk with rapturous applause, and after much patting on the back, and encouragement from his supporters, the bridegroom rose to reply.

He first bowed to the priest, and nodding round—commenced—

“I’m sure, ladies an’ gintlemin, that myself an’ my wife that’s to be—[“Arrah, sure she’s your wife this half hour,” interrupted some one near him,]—“never mind Mick, she’ll be your wife to-morrow, any how!” observed another.] that we’re proud and happy to see so many friends here. —We’re beginnin’ life an’ goin’ to lave you, but, (turning to the mother,) I’ll take care of her in sickness an’ in health. And boys and girls,” said he, assuming a momentary courage, “av yer wise you’ll do the same as fast as you can, and not let the grass grow under your feet!”

“Sweet fellow Mick!”

“Bedad, you’re not the worst spaker in the house.”

“Well done! ma Boughil!”

“Faith Mick, you mistuk your purfession.—It’s a counsellor you should have been!” echoed from all sides of the room.

Old Mrs. Mulloy here added an affecting incident to the scene, by leaning forward, with tear filled eyes, and grasping Mick’s offered hand, while she said,—“you’re welcome to her allannah! she’s the last of all I reared,—she’s a good girl,—take care of her an’ God bless you!”

An occurrence now took place, which, tho’ a part of the ceremony, I had never been a witness to before.

A large cake was cut into about five and twenty pieces, equalling the number of the male guests, and handed round, the bridegroom taking the first picce, and depositing in its stead a thirty shilling note,—each in turn did the same, as regards the cake, and made their deposit,—the relations and immediate friends of the couple, placing pound notes, half sovereigns, or less, down to the twelve penny miniature of Her Most Gracious Majesty our Sovereign.

When each had done his duty, the plate was returned to the minister, who quickly counted out his money,—and, first taking a stiff tumbler of whiskey punch,—quietly *bolted*.

I recollect that the collection amounted to more than seventeen pounds.

Steaming punch was now the order of the night, and fast and furious waxed the fun and laughter.

“Come, Phil Rooney! give us a song!”—

“Lave me alone, boys! Entroth I’m as hoarse as a crow.”

“Don’t b’leive him,” said a fair-haired girl, “the devil a ha’po’rth, he did but sing “Cruiskeen Lawn” and the “Groves o’ Blarney,” as we came along, and his voice is aigual to a black-bird this evening!”

“Entroth, ma colleen!” said he, “there’s not one in the room, knows as well as yourself, that I spent half the time on the road at a pleasanter amusement nor singing Cruiskeen Lawn!” and he passed his rough hand across his lips, with a knowing wink at his opposite neighbour.

“Bedad, thin, it was only *between the bars!*” was all the blushing girl could reply.

“Between the bars, acushla! Faith, I think it was a *duet*.”

“No matter, Phil,” said she good-humoredly, “it’s the last time you’ll play to the same tune!”

“Nabochlish! I’d engage to give it an anchore, this blessed hour, wid all the veins in my heart!”

SONG BY PHIL ROONEY.

Close by Ballan’s shady wood
 Lived gentle Margaret Casey,
 Her bright eyes’ gleam beneath her hood,
 First made my breast unaisy.

Indeed, I often left the cows,
 To coort old Casey’s daughter;
 Beside the well I breathed my vows,
 While she filled her pail with water.

The plough might run,—the cart might roll,—
 If the horses were'nt lazy,—
 For I left them all alone, to stroll
 To the hut of Margaret Casey.

But fortune now may do her worst,
 If she'll but let me die asy,—
 For a sergeant in the Ninety-first
 Ran off wid Margaret Casey.

“ Bedad ! an he doesn't look bad for a dyin' man.”

“ Will you dance a jig wid me *asy* ? ” said a little girl who was standing near.

The table was soon cleared away, and I was startled by my pretty companion at dinner, standing before me, as the first squeel of the bag-pipes was heard, and dropping a curtsy.

“ What's all this about ? ” said I.

Some one whispered by my side, “ Yer honer must dance a heat wid her.”

I, of course, tho' not well up to the dodge, took her by the hand and led her out on the floor, looking as pleasant as the general average of young débütants, and to the tune of “ Tatther Jack Welsh,” we performed a jig, perpetrating more promiscuous and miscellaneous manœuvres than I ever had supposed any “ junior sophister ” capable of.

The jig consists of a series of quick movements, beating time with the feet at each bar ; so rapid is the varying step and so quick are the changes, that one with ever so good an ear, (a gift my ancestors omitted, in the allotment of our virtues) must practise well before he can “ handle his feet.”

A hornpipe came off next. The steps are beautiful: a circle is formed, and the dancer, (the celebrated “ Tom the dancer ” who attempted lately the different character of a miner, and after shewing extraordinary perseverance in the pursuit of coals, in cold and wet, and without proper apparatus, moreover in defiance of the opinion of an engineer, only failed to find the vein *because it was not there*,) setting his hands on his hips, occasionally snapping his fingers, or slapping the

sole of his shoe with his open hand as he jerked up his foot behind, went forward a few yards "cutting" pretty steps and returned; then the same advance, substituting each time a different step and always marking time,—his limbs meanwhile in flexible and varied motion.

I fell into a fit of laughter at the set down which a young farmer got from a pretty little girl, in whose unwilling ear, he poured the praises of an opposition beauty.

Is'n't she a "daisy cutter"! she's as hansom as if *she wor bespoke*."

His hearer paid no attention, till at length he asked "Don't you think her a fine girl"?

"Fine! fine! try, would she *go through a seive*"? was the energetic reply of the injured fair.

Taking a turn in the yard, between the dances, I came in for a funny scene behind a hay rick, where a jovial blade had coaxed his partner for a bit of love.

"Bedad, Biddy, it's yourself footed it well."

"Ah thin, Tim, you know I can't dance no more nor a cow!

"A cow, aneagh," said he, "faith it's the neatest little heifer, in the fair you'd be"—

"You'd be wise, Tim, if you'd lave off your blarny, and take care o' yer sowl."

"Ah, you coaxer. Well, you may say that. I never look at you but I think of takin' you before his Riv'rince wid me. I'd be *in the right way* thin, any how!"

Tim here gave audible proof of his devotion, when an answer issued from the shrine—"Behave! arrah behave now, there's Patsy Brophy laughin' at you."

Tim was caught in the trap—and loosed his hold while she with a merry laugh bounded back to the barn, muttering—"the bosthoon! to be done so asy as that."

"Ah, thin, where wor you this half-hour," said her mother, as she with demure face returned and set down.

"I was with Mary Mullins an' a lot o' the girls seein' the hens in the roost,—there was such a skreechin', we thought the fox had got among'em."

Just then two of the elders had got into close and deep political conversation at the door, and I had the luck to come in for a closing sentence—

“Pether! I can tell you, them parsons is ’mortal theives,—to think of their taking a whole tinth of our little means from us!”

“A tinth!—said his companion,—a tinth! Begorra Jim, I b’leve they’d take a *twentieth av they could!*”

So much for arithmetic!—I wish “the schoolmaster” would come back by an early train.—He must be making a very extended tour “abroad.”

On returning to the dance I found my brother had pulled out old Amby Murphy, weighing sixteen good stone for any handicap, to dance with the fat widow Dooley, a woman who would in Persia have been a match for royalty itself,—that civilized land, where beauty is *measured* by girth.

The joke was approved by all, and the jolly old couple “set to” whilst the fiddlers played Mrs. MacCloud and “the roof rung with raptures.”

“Hurrah, Amby!—bedad the widdy has you bet,”* “now yer sowls!” “bravo Mrs. Dooley”—“doesn’t she rise it lively!”—“sweet fellow,”—“cover the buckle” “that’s yer sort,”—“welt the flure,”—“the widdy has him,”—“murder the clocks.”

“Och, be the mortal, he’s down?”

As Amby took the jolly old widow by the waist, and giving in as vanquished, led her to a seat!

Our steward now came to take us home, and I should on calm reflection say, that he must have spent an hour at the whiskey punch, before he came, to say,—that “the mistress would not wait any longer, but wanted us *home in all haste.*”

So we *took him home*, having first wished the young couple years of happiness.—And a refreshing sleep and a bathe before breakfast in the “silvery Barrow,”—made us all right for the sports of the following day.

* i. e. Beaten.

EDUCATION.

“Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.”

HOR.

A sound mind in a sound body, is a short but full description of a happy state in this world, and he who unites the two, has but little to wish for. Some are thus endowed from their birth, and by force of natural genius, and a strong constitution, reach, without much assistance from others, the summit of excellence or power : but nine-tenths of mankind are good or evil, useful or otherwise, by education.

Upon the mind of every man God has stamped a certain character, which, though it never can be *wholly* changed, nor the original disposition and temper *entirely* eradicated, yet the evil inclined may by *early* attention and continual trials be amended ; and the good strengthened, or confirmed ; for, during childhood and youth they often become fixed past human recovery, or as easily prevented ; as the course of some mighty stream is altered from its original direction by the simple application of a hand at the fountain head.

It is evident therefore that the first and most important step in education ought to be the study of the peculiar nature and aptitude of each mind, and next, the best mode of directing it accordingly.

No one denies the existence of a soul or spirit : the result of the invisible operations of that spirit some how and *some where*, but within us, is mind or will ; the freedom of which cannot be refuted.—It is asserted that “every thing which can be denominated *knowledge* has its commencement in sensation, that truths concerning substances, as they are in themselves, can have no other origin ; while all knowledge of relations arises from acts of the mind, necessary or voluntary, which are not capable of taking place, until sensation afford them occasion or commencement.”—Every man is sensible of the existence of a number of different passions, feelings, or faculties ; also, that each faculty in its own degree of intensity urges the will to a certain doing or action, the quality of the

action being influenced and determined by the peculiar faculties, which happen to be predominant in the disposition. Must not therefore, that education be short-sighted, and fraught with danger, which commences its task, without a theoretical, much less a practical knowledge of the human faculties, their causes of excitement, and the best means of influencing them as required? That such a moral system is not sufficiently considered and adopted,—witness, the unfortunate mistakes, in the choice made of professions,—the antiquated, artificial classification of minds, according to age; without any compunction of conscience as to flogging what are invariably termed the “lazy ones” up to the “fast ones,”—the futile attempt of civilizing the savage by addressing his intellectual faculties, in the expectation of the renewal of miracles, when the panther’s brutality can be the only result of a will like his.

That mind or will greatly depends upon health, is quite evident,—that the state of the physical frame and system influences what every one *involuntarily* terms “his head” ay! and truly, “the head”—the brain,—the acknowledged seat of the faculties, is equally certain. May not then the *somewhere* of the operations of the spirit, be on the brain? The *how* perhaps never to be revealed, and best not inquired into? When such is the case, and we are free, but responsible beings, accountable for our thoughts as well as actions, how far is not our future happiness in a world to come (without losing sight of a Saviour) dependent upon the attention and care bestowed, even upon our physical nature? However; be that as it may, the fatal effects arising from such ignorance, of the intimate connection between the brain and the other members of the human frame,—sound or weak reason, according to its healthy, or unhealthy tone,—are daily to be observed in the starving, or overambitious worn out author: the Cantab in a confined room before a charcoal fire, racking his tortured intellect and perception, during hours of unceasing toil, impelled by the powerful selfish love of approbation or the hope of the acquisition of a prize,

and thus, by an unnatural strain, is in after life visited with weakness of intellect, or a premature old age.

How many a helpless parent, mourns over the pale, lanky boy, glorying in his unceasing application at the desk, and little deems he, that his boast is but the canker at his child's heart,—to be removed only, by the unrestrained enjoyment of air and exercise, for the development of those animal faculties, which afford strength, energy, and a counter-check to the otherwise useless and over-excited "reasoning faculties" of manhood. Again and again has this been pointed out by the physician, but all turn a deaf ear; and though Gall and Combe have held forth the water of life, a bigotted generation flee their doctrines as of Materialists, Deists, Atheists, (as Galileo of old was served.) But truth, in all her simple splendour, must eventually flash forth, with redoubled brilliancy; though her rays be smothered awhile, and succeeding generations will hail them as saviours of mankind.

Education in public seminaries, usually consists in reading holy writ, adopted by many well meaning persons as a common class book,—literature,—classics,—and abstract formula. Thus the Bible instead of being resorted to for comfort and salvation, is oftener looked upon by youths as containing dry, unmeaning matter, because it is associated in their memories, with the generally odious tasks of school; which said tasks can by the inductive process of learning, be rendered pleasant and attractive; and due attention, at the same time, can be paid to the wants of the physical constitution. The acquirement of the classics and mathematics, though always laborious, is thus made quicker, and more effectual, than by the old fashioned parrot work of the Eton Grammar, and Cyphering Book.

Thousands of volumes are published for giving directions to pedagogues, but such works are futile, unless they inculcate the absolute necessity of a *prior* theoretical and somewhat practical study of the moral system; for often it is seen, that when the tutor has made his pupil a scholar, he finds too late, that he has overlooked and forgotten to make him at

the same time a Christian, inasmuch as he discerned not the latent symptoms of crime; and there can only be the haphazard chance of a favorable result, to the bigot who attempts the task without such knowledge.

“Try all things, hold fast that which is good,” is a divine rule,—and every man carries about with him a touch-stone, if he will but use it, to distinguish substantial gold from superficial glittering, truth from appearances,—it is his own natural reason; and when not spoiled by assumed prejudices and overweening presumption, the persevering exercise thereof will finally bring him to truth; and, although he even only attains it approximately, yet the healthy exercise of the organs of observation, comparison, and causality, upon the different merits of public institutions, cannot but be of some benefit; and such ought to be allowed, and the opinions and comments thereon published, without incurring the reproach of personality, or presumption.

Public opinion is but the voice of the majority, and that majority consists of individuals; so that, if individuals are silent, then the old wheels of the machinery revolve to all eternity, right or wrong, in the deep ruts of their ancestors. Criticism and discussion form a pestle and mortar, which sooner or later must expose, and pulverize some of the errors, always perceptible in any thing constructed by human ingenuity.

In this colony there are numerous seminaries for education and for the sake of distinction, let them be classified under the several heads of “Clerical,” “Government,” and “Collegiate.”

I. The epithet “Clerical” is applied to that class of numerous schools, open to children of all colors and sexes, from three to thirteen years old, managed and patronized by ladies and the clergy of the different Christian sects in the towns and villages. Besides keeping the little animals out of idleness and the streets, these institutions are of paramount importance in inculcating obedience to their superiors, and the laws of their country, without force and violence. Females are

taught sewing—and all, the use of the crooked symbols of print, and arithmetic; and though it is not to be expected, that there should be the same strict individual examination and training, according to the aptitude of the faculties, as in domestic, and private tuition, yet the peculiar qualifications necessary to the household servant and mechanic might, certainly, be somewhat more an object of general attention; and even though the numbers be great, still, an experienced teacher, by constant use of his observation and comparison, might easily adopt a classification quite adequate to all practical purposes: but it is highly expedient that all artificial modes of classification should be abolished.

The efforts of these worthy and disinterested men would certainly be more frequently crowned with permanent benefit, were works on Natural History, &c. substituted for the Bible as the *means* of learning to read; so that the perusal of the latter might be looked upon as the blessing of such an acquirement. The gospel truths could as easily be impressed upon the infant memory, by example, discourses, occasional readings, and frequent reference. Lectures illustrated in a popular way, with experiments, models, or, in fact, anything visible to the listeners, could be introduced with great advantage; also, lessons on objects, according to the Pestalozzian system. The principles of christianity could be blended therewith in such a manner, that a Malay child, attracted by the show, might involuntarily become so impressed, that in after life he could not easily forget them, though bound and constrained by the trammels of a carnal superstition. Voluntary attendance is a great object to be obtained, without that parental enforcement, which is now required, in very many instances, even up to the very doors of the building.

II. The present government system of education has been established about four or five years, and was originally recommended by Sir J. W. HERSCHEL, in his letter of Feb. 1838, to the then Colonial Secretary. The principal conditions on which aid is granted by the government are:—

“That on His Excellency the Governor’s approval of a

K

station, and consenting to attach a fixed allowance of £30 per annum to the office of the teacher, the Residents of the District in which the School is to be opened, engage to erect, or provide, and to keep in repair, the requisite buildings, viz: a residence for the teacher, and a school room."

Those residents, who have so aided, elect from among themselves a School Committee, who are also Trustees of the buildings; and the schools, though subject to the inspection of the Superintendent General of Education, who requires yearly returns of attendance and progress, are solely under the management and control of the Committee. They are open to all, who may avail themselves of the privilege, upon payment of a quarterly fee of not less than five shillings, the amount being fixed by the Committee. English is made the colloquial language, and the scriptures are alone used in imparting religious instruction, by which arrangement Sir J. HERSCHEL considers that the danger is avoided "of perpetuating civil and religious distinctions, and of fostering a spirit of domination on the part of any religious sect."

The secular and elementary instruction is certainly a great improvement upon the old style, and chiefly adopted in conformity with the rules and principles laid down in Chambers' popular works, which are very conducive to the general enlightenment of the scholars and the excitement of the faculty of observation. The progress is ascertained by written answers to *printed* questions, without reference to books or any other sources of information. These answers which are afterwards sent in to the general superintendent, may or may not, be the pupils' own, and the questions being *printed*, and of *long standing* may, or may not, have been seen by the juniors, when sent, the year before, to their seniors. In fact there is nothing like a *vivâ voce* examination, by the general superintendent himself, in which case there could be no impositions of any kind.

The result of this "scientific system," as to be found in this country, which is chiefly agricultural, and principally inhabited by wine and wool growing farmers, is very ques-

tionable ; because their children are by it rendered more conversant with the principles of abstract science and mathematics, than with what will be far more immediately useful to them in their future station in life, viz : a facility for commercial business and a thorough acquaintance with subjects appertaining to agriculture. The construction of outline maps,—natural philosophy,—and the economy of the animal and vegetable kingdom,—are all very excellent ; but are not to occupy more than a small part of the time of the boer's son, because in this colony, in the agricultural districts especially, parents cannot spare their sons after they are 14 or 16 years old,—their personal attendance and manual services on a farm being absolutely necessary, when laborers are really as scarce as gold. As to the moral system, there does not appear to be any particular one in force, and adopted on fixed principles, save the giving “ a lazy boy ” a whipping, and the “ fast boy ” a prize. It is a lamentable thing that youths cannot stay longer at school than they do : but the law of inheritance prevailing here, prevents the accumulation of capital, inasmuch as landed and personal estates, upon the death of the possessor, are so cut up, and distributed in fractional portions, that colonial youths, with but few exceptions, seldom obtain a European and professional education. To the desk, or the sheep-fold they must go at an early age, to work for their daily bread : therefore, only a short time can be allowed them to prepare against the struggles and vicissitudes of actual life. This said law of inheritance, though it keeps beggars from the streets, is a terrible “ old Rut,” and prevents the colony's advancing so rapidly as it otherwise would in commercial importance. The evils arising from it, however, are certainly surpassed by those of the opposite extreme, the law of primo-geniture, which have reached their height in the mother country, and are now beyond the control of legislative enactment. They are “ a Scylla and a Charybdis,” and the “ Law-making Brougham ” who discovers a passage between the two, will be a “ clever fellow.”

III. “ The collegiate system ” is carried on, in a handsome

though, small building of Egyptian architecture, erected from funds, borrowed from the government, according to a plan of Colonel Lewis, R. E., about the year 1839, in the public gardens, upon the site of the old den of the roaring lions under the Dutch government, which has thus been changed into a forum for the "thunder of Demosthenes, and the eloquence of Cicero."—There are but *two* professors, the one Dutch and the other English,—a Senate,—a Council,—40 boys averaging 14 years, and a Janitor to keep them in order, and ring the "big bell."

Here in this little temple dwells truth, upon a firm and solid foundation, and a system conducted with "principles in advance of the world, but which will soon be universally adopted, because they lie on the way over which it is obvious the mind is proceeding;"—and the invariable rule of the talented gentleman at the head of the establishment, is "to substitute the easy and *inductive* mode of analysis for the cumbrous and empirical,"—not only in the study of the physical sciences, and mathematics, but in the construction of the languages. A visitor, even from England's Universities, if present at one of the annual public examinations, before the council, would stand amazed, to witness the extensive knowledge, the power of mind in the analysis of philosophical principles, and their application in the explaining of natural phenomena; and their facility and readiness in translating the most difficult classic authors, (Sophocles and Livy, for example.) Some of the scholars are reading algebraical geometry, and differential calculus,—and the senior physical class is conversant with every subject that can be mentioned almost, which may be considered worthy of scientific enquiry.

One or two matters however are omitted in the course which ought to be universally considered of great importance; for instance original composition in English, than which nothing is more conducive to cultivate the faculty of imagination and strengthen the intellect. Also the translation of English into Latin prose or verse, &c., and elocution.

These are the means by which the thoughts of the mind,

are delivered with elegance of expression and precision, either in the shape of writing, or in the thrilling tones of the orator. They are the levers by which PEEL and COBDEN move the political world, and a genius who can neither "write nor speak," putteth his candle under a bushel. In fact they are of paramount utility, to the enlightened man of business, as they are necessary to the final completion of the education of the gentleman, the scholar, and the philosopher.

This estimate of the above systems, is an opinion, and to be canvassed as an opinion.—Every man has a right to judge of the result of literary research by his own standard, as he also expects to be judged. And though the mind be but as Bacon has it,—"*instar speculi inæqualis ad radios rerum,*" an uneven mirror which, in reflecting, mixes the influence of its own crookedness with the images it forms:—still the very striving amongst the brambles and precipices on the ascent to "the high and solitary stronghold of truth," yields energy, and strength to the bold climber, himself; however trifling and valueless may the discoveries he makes on behalf of his fellow men.

A.C.W.



THE PINE-TREES' DIRGE.

—

To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do.

Henry VIII—Act 3—Scene 2.

—

'T was a glorious day, and the sun shone bright,
 On the stern old mountain's crest,
 And the silver trees waved lustrous white,
 Like hair on a giant's breast :
 And there was life, and warmth, and hope,
 In every living thing,
 From the herds that browsed on the mountain slope,
 To the insects' joyous wing.

The merchant relaxed his brow of thought,
 And a smile unbidden stole
 To his lips, for the spirits of air had wrought
 Their spell on his fettered soul.
 He felt, but he knew not, those spirits that shed
 That impulse of peace and of love,
 But they breathed it forth as they downward sped,
 From their wonted homes above :
 And hand met hand with a tightened grasp,
 And eyes with a kindly glow,
 While the ledger-book strained on its brazen clasp,
 For the ink had ceased to flow.
 Oh ! soft was the zephyr that kissed the cheek ;
 And in the clear blue sky,
 Like an airy isle stood each mountain peak,
 Like an altar of homage high.

A down the Heerengracht I strolled,
 And strange sounds caught my ear,
 They were knells from the woodman's axe which told,
 That the pine-trees' death was near.
 Aghast at the dreary sight I stood—
 Four stately pines grew there,
 They had come as guests from their native wood,
 In the haunts of men to share.
 They had come afar from a foreign land,
 They had thrown their cooling shade,
 O'er many a form of the pilgrim band,
 Whose bones in dust are laid.

Like a circle of fire, that *nigger's* axe
 It gleams with a baleful light,
 Each stout trunk cracks to his mighty thwacks,
 And the chips fly far and white.
 And a giddy crowd had gathered round
 That doleful scene to view,
 And cagerly gazed as each yawning wound
 In their stems more deadly grew.
 But still that ruthless *nigger* whirled
 The polished axe on high,
 And a smile of pride his thick lips curled,
 For deftly the knave could ply
 His wasting trade ; and his ebon face,
 Like his keen-edged blade it shone,
 Or a well-cleaned boot, such as tradesmen place
 Their window-fronts upon.
 And ever he 'd stop, with a fiendish glee,
 To peep where the heart-strings lay,
 Then bury his steel in the quivering tree,
 Till the cords of life gave way.

A crash,—a dust,—the four pines fell,
 At once, and side by side ;—

Like heroes in fight, whom the bursting shell
 Mows down,—those old trees died.
 A crash—a dust—a rush—a screech—
 Avoid the pine-tree's wrath!
 And lo! in the crowd there was formed a breach,
 There was left an open path.
 And portly forms were seen to speed
 With strange gait up the street;
 And yelping dogs bade men take head
 Whereon they set their feet.
 'T was a barbarous act, and I felt my breast
 With indignation glow,
 As I had seen a trusting guest
 By his host's own hand laid low.

At night, when all was calm and still,
 I sought that lonely spot;
 At night, when the air had a fearful chill,
 And the stir of life was not.
 I mused awhile o'er the mangled slain,
 On death, and on time's decay,
 But the visions that came, they were visions of pain,
 And I tore myself away.
 In the sombre shade of the lone parade,
 Beneath it's skirt of trees,
 In pensive mood, I sauntering strayed,
 And heard a rustling breeze.
 And first a soothing whisper stole
 Through the leafy shroud on high,
 Then a gath'ring murmur swept the whole,
 And their tops waved gloomily.
 Like the grumbling voice of the distant surge
 That floats on the inland gale,
 Muttering o'er wrecks its dismal dirge,
 Was the pine-tree's boding wail.
 There was not a breath the dust to move,
 And the circling crags frowned black,
 While a few thin clouds they swept above,
 On the broad old mountain's back.
 Yet well might I the cause divine,
 Which made those trees to moan,
 For a kindred grief was their's to mine,
 'T was for their friends o'erthrown.
 They had seen them o'erthrown in their pride and their prime,
 And they wistfully gazed down the vale of time.

VIATOR.

GOOD COMING OUT OF EVIL.

THE two subjects which had principally occupied the attention of Parliament, and of English politicians, up to the period at which the latest news we have received, left England, were the foreign relations of the Empire, and the condition of the people of Ireland.

It is easy to know which of these topics is most interesting to our readers. Nothing less than a general European war, of which there is at present little danger, would probably attract much attention, from this quarter, to the general politics of Europe. On the other hand the people of Cape Town, and of the colony generally, have shown most unequivocally that their sympathies are not confined to the small spot of earth, on which they dwell, but extend to their suffering brethren in other lands, whose miseries they have not witnessed, but whose woes they yet can feel. And knowing this feeling, as we do, and having witnessed its effects, the temptation is doubtless strong, to devote the few pages, we are able to give up to political remarks, to a statement of the woes of Ireland, and our own suggestions for a remedy. It is necessary however, to the view which we propose to take of English politics, that we should state (and we will do it as briefly as may be) the questions which have arisen between England and one of the foreign European courts: inasmuch as those differences, and their adjustment, may suggest some important considerations as to the progress which European society has made, during the last ten or twenty years.

About the commencement of the month of September last, the whole diplomatic world was thrown into a state of ferment, by the announcement that a marriage was arranged between the Queen of Spain and her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assis; and another between the Duc de Montpensier, son of the King of the French, and the Infanta Donna Luisa, the sister of the Queen, and heir apparent to the Spanish crown. Lord Normanby and Mr. Bulwer, the British

Ministers at Paris and Madrid respectively, protested vehemently against this arrangement. Protocol followed protocol; negotiations were heaped on negotiations; the *entente cordiale* was broken through; the English journals abused Louis Philippe, and the French journals talked of *perfidie Albion*; there was much abuse, and much ill feeling, and big words were bandied from mouth to mouth, and the funds rose and fell, and *soi disant* diplomatists lifted up their hands, and red-tapists openly prophesied war, and soldiers inwardly prayed for peace—and the two marriages were celebrated in Madrid,—and nothing came of it. This is the great fact to which we would invite the reader's attention. Be it, or be it not, humiliating to his feelings as a subject of Great Britain, that the matter out of which British Ministers have thought it necessary to raise all this needless disturbance, has resulted in little more than a nine day's wonder, the fact is before us, undenied, and undeniable, that the representatives of the British people in Parliament, with all the facts of the case before them, and representing the general feeling of the country, have deliberately decided that no *casus belli* has been established, and that the peace of the world is not to be broken—is not, in future, to be endangered, by the matrimonial alliances of princes.

And, truth to tell, it is not easy to see why a son of the King of the French, should not marry the Infanta of Spain, without causing "each particular hair" of the British lion's mane to stand on end. A simple statement of the question will perhaps reduce our readers to a similar state of perplexity. When first the Montpensier marriage was announced, the British Ambassador at Madrid was instructed to deliver a protest against it, "on the ground that it would be injurious to the political independence of Spain, and detrimental to the balance of power in Europe, and that it would therefore most seriously affect, the future relations between Spain and Great Britain;" and further on the ground "that the issue of such marriage would be held by Great Britain, to be disabled, by the stipulations of treaties, and by

L

the public law of Europe, from succeeding, in any, case to the Spanish throne.”*

Here are three distinct objections to the marriage, stated by the Foreign Secretary :—firstly, that it would be prejudicial to the political independence of Spain ; secondly, it would disturb the balance of power in Europe ; and thirdly, that it was contrary to the treaty of Utrecht. We will examine very briefly the value of these objections.

With the first, it appears to us that the British government have nothing whatever to do. The government, and people, of Spain are the only parties with whom it rests to decide what course may most conduce to their own honor, and independence, and to follow that course. If we only consider for a moment the indignation which would be felt in England, if the minister of any foreign power should presume to dictate the course which might, in his view, tend most to maintain Great Britain in her present high position, we shall at once see, we will not say the injustice, but the absurdity, of the attempt to impose upon other countries, restrictions which we would not ourselves suffer. Such dictatorial interferences cannot tend to the independence of any country ; and we consider that the reply of M. Isturiz was the most dignified that could be made on the part of the Spanish nation, when he wrote—“ The British government, which shews itself so jealous for the independence of Spain, will not take ill Spain’s acting within the limit allotted to her by international law, that is to say, without injuring the interests of other governments, as is the case with the matter in question, respecting which England cannot bring forward a single injury, or contravention of treaties ; she will not take ill, I repeat, Spain’s energetically rejecting a protest, the tendency of which is to restrict her independence, and in her turn protesting against this supposed right,†

Lord Palmerston’s second objection is answered by the third. If, in consequence of a contravention of the treaty of

* Lord Palmerston’s note, Sept. 28, 1846.

† M. Isturiz to Mr Bulwer, Sept 29, 1846.

Utrecht, the issue of the marriage could not succeed to the Spanish throne, it is obvious, that no disturbance of the balance of power was to be apprehended. But we waive this, as a technical argument, and ask seriously, why the marriage of the Infanta of Spain with a French prince should cause any uneasiness in England. Are we to be told that in the nineteenth century, the infusion of a little healthy French blood into the royal stock of Spain ought to create ill-feeling between us and France. It may be, perhaps it is, the case, that our negociators have been overreached: it may be, too, that the arrangement of the affair has not been altogether creditable to the royal personage who was the principal promoter of the match: it may be that the French premier has not dealt very uprightly in this matter; but, as regards the people of two great nations, what is all this? Where is the danger threatening that greatness, which, founded by the energies of the noble, hard working, and industrious British people, and cemented by the commercial wealth of a community, unrivalled by the merchant-princes of Genoa, and Venice in their palmyest days, has made the name of Britain illustrious among the nations, and cannot be weakened by the arrangements of princes, or the paltry policy of courts? Spain, it is true, is much behind us in civilization: seeing their country the battle-field of nations, her excitable sons have not yet cooled down to those peaceful occupations, in which the world has at length acknowledged true greatness to consist. But our own hope is, that, if it should please Providence to deny the present Sovereign of Spain the blessing of children, who may continue the succession in the direct line of her family, we may yet see the day when a prince, only so far French as to be able to impart French enterprize, and French civilization, to the Spanish people, shall transfer to the country of his adoption the seeds of future opulence, contentment, and repose. Politicians may fume and fluster as they will, but the day is gone by when questions such as the present could go far to excite a nation; the *entente cordiale* may be disturbed between the Court of St. James', and the Orleans fa-

mily, but between the people of France and England, who know that union is strength, and that an honest competition in mercantile enterprize is the noblest warfare in which they can engage, the *entente cordiale* is as firm as ever.

As to that part of the question which rests upon the treaty of Utrecht, we do not care to involvè ourselves in its intricacies. Only this we would observe, that even on the part of England, it is not pretended that there has been any *literal* infraction of that treaty. For the rest, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the law of nations, (though, we trust, we are, with the rules of common sense,) to decide whether a treaty, which has been followed by a general war, and a subsequent general settlement of the affairs of Europe, can now be held binding. But, if it be, it will be time enough to raise the question, when—the ten or twelve lives which intervene between the succession of the Duc de Montpensier to the throne of France having been removed—there is an immediate danger of the union of the two crowns. Such has been the deliberate decision of the British People: and in that decision we most heartily concur.

It is not our object, in this place, to comment, at any greater length, upon the difference, which has arisen between England and France, because we desire to place before the reader, in the shortest compass, all the principal features of home politics, with a view to shewing, that, however dark the political horizon may appear, a light is struggling through the clouds, and promising speedy and resplendent sunshine.

We must now, therefore, turn to the more absorbing question of the condition of Ireland. It would be only inflicting unnecessary pain on our readers, and on ourselves, if we were to repeat here the melancholy statements, which have appeared in the public papers. It is not easy to conceive a state of things, more utterly disheartening than the state of Ireland as it is now described. Landlords ruined, laborers ill-paid, a bankrupt tenantry, an agitator possessed of the highest intellect and every disposition to employ that intellect, rather for his own selfish ends, than for his country's benefit, a de-

graded priesthood, and an ignorant population,—these are some of the social evils under which Ireland is laboring. When a country so circumstanced is visited by the fearful scourge of famine and pestilence combined, it is not difficult to imagine the results. In the present case they have rendered Ireland a spectacle to the world: and in exciting the pity of all classes of people for her misfortune, have directed attention also to her faults. Still it has been felt that this is not a season for accusation, and recrimination. The people of England could not find a voice to blame their starving brethren: daily they read accounts of mortality, so frightful, that in many parts of Ireland the living scarcely retained strength to bury their dead. From one end of the country to the other, the usual sustenance of life was wanting. The starving people could do no work, the tenants could pay no rents, the ruined landlords could render no assistance, and thus Ireland was for the time converted into one vast almshouse, and her people were reduced to depend for their subsistence on the eleemosynary contributions of the English Government, and People. Every exertion was made to supply the deficiency of food, but despite of every exertion, multitudes perished daily: and the efforts of man proved inadequate to avert the awful calamity which had fallen on the land.

Such a state of things it was, which the newly appointed Premier had to meet, and for which he was called on to provide a remedy. Few even of his most energetic supporters gave Lord John Russell credit, for being able to surmount this “great difficulty;” and there was a very general impression that the new minister would have to give way to the force of opposing circumstance, and that another state physician would be “regularly called in.” Scarcely was Parliament convened when the new ministry gave fresh proof of their weakness, by re-establishing the system of “open questions” in the House of Commons, which had, when our last accounts left England, been adopted to such an extent, that the Premier and the Home Secretary were seen voting on

opposite sides of a question, which had been considered of such vital importance, by their predecessors, that Sir Robert Peel threatened to resign his office, if the House did not support him on that question.* Thus it was that a ministry, not itself united, and not commanding a majority in either House of Parliament, was left to grapple with a combination of difficulties almost unparalleled in the political history of the country.

Notwithstanding all this the anticipation of Lord John Russell's fall proved unfounded: "out of the nettle danger he plucked the flower safety." All parties rallied round his standard: there was a general feeling that it was no time to throw unnecessary difficulties in the way of a minister, whose responsibilities were already so overwhelming. And, for once, Ireland formed the subject of parliamentary debate, without being made the battle-ground of party. The different leaders of the House vied with one another in suggesting remedies for the immediate evil. And measures for the salvation of the sister island from her temporary calamity, were the only subjects which could obtain the attention of the House.

The measures proposed by Lord John Russell partook of the feverish liberality of the time. During the recess large sums of money had been expended in Ireland under an act passed in the last session of parliament. These sums had been advanced by way of loan, and one of Lord John Russell's first measures was to remit half of the sum, (the whole of which exceeded £2,000,000,) and to extend the time for the payment of the remainder. Further sums of money were voted to be expended in the promotion of agriculture, the reclaiming of waste lands, the purchase of potato seed from the continent, and the draining and otherwise improving of estates. Not content with thus providing the people with work, and the landlords with the means of paying for it, the minister next came forward with measures for estab-

*The Factory Bill.

lishing relief stations throughout the country, and thus checking the progress of the famine in those parts in which work could not be obtained, and it was announced that these measures would be followed by others having for their object the improvement of the law of tenure, and the extension of the laws for the management of the poor.

Not less remarkable than the matter of these measures was the manner in which they were proposed by the Premier, and received by the House. It was noticed that Lord John Russell was never known to speak in a more decided and straight-forward tone. There was none of the hesitation and uncertainty which generally characterise his Lordship's harangues: He came forward as a man who had a great duty to perform, and who was prepared to go through with it. Calmly and clearly he stated to the House the difficulty under which he labored; nothing was concealed, nothing misstated; the condition of the country was simply described and the measures which had been already taken, were recapitulated. The Premier then proceeded to state the measures already noticed, by which the Government proposed to meet the difficulty.

Some of these measures had received the assent of Parliament before our last accounts left London:* others were in a fair way of doing so: they had been most favorably received; and when Mr. Roebuck raised his solitary voice in favor of the people of *England*, declaring, that if such ruinous liberality were encouraged and allowed, *they* would be starved to feed the people of the sister kingdoms, the theme generally so interesting to the House of Commons, was found to have lost its charm, and for once, economy was coughed down, and charity carried the day.

Now, when it is considered that at the period of which we are now writing, upwards of £2,000,000 had already been expended upon the promotion of public works and other

* The references throughout this article, are to the papers received by the *Pottinger* steamer: nearly the whole of the article having been in type before the arrival of the *Essex*.

methods of providing employment in Ireland; that Lord John Russell himself stated, that if the same system were pursued till the end of July, the additional expense could not be less than £7,000,000; that there is not in reality any reasonable prospect of better times in July, agriculture having been wholly neglected, during the past season, and very little healthy seed having been obtained; and that consequently there is little probability that this system of wholesale relief will be less necessary than it was last January: when we consider further the following ominous passage, in Lord John Russell's speech:—

“I trust always, that these sums are not to be granted by government or parliament, without most serious consideration; that these are sums derived from payments by the people of this country. *It is what they pay on their soap, their sugar, their tea, their coffee.* It is that which forms the surplus by which we are able to come to the assistance of Ireland; and whilst I believe, there is every disposition to do all that is liberal, I do think that we must, in justice to the people of this country, consider their difficulties and their privations and how, by hard labor, they are earning their daily bread:”—

From which the only conclusion to be drawn is, that the free-trade policy now, whether right or wrong, undoubtedly the most popular in England, will receive a temporary check, in consequence of the large outlay required: when it is added to all this, that practical men have already expressed their opinion that an extension of the income and property tax,—incomparably the most unpopular measure which has been proposed for the last ten years,—will be the only means, by which this great increase of expenditure can be adequately met: and when it is still further remembered, that in the face of all these facts, Lord George Bentinck, the leader of a party in the House of Commons, not despicable for ability or numbers, proposed a loan of £16,000,000, or thereabouts, to be devoted exclusively to the formation of Irish railways:—shall be able to form some idea of the feeling, which had been produced in England, by the destitution and famine in Ireland.

This feeling is still further illustrated by the manner in which the above propositions were received by Parliament.

There was wondrous unanimity in the House, as will appear by the following extracts from the speeches of leading men of the most opposite political opinions.

Sir R. H. INGLIS.—“The noble lord had been sustained by his own sense of duty; he had conciliated as he (Sir R. H. Inglis) believed, the confidence of both sides of the house, and had succeeded in evading any apparent opposition from any quarter.”

Mr. HUME.—“hoped the noble lord would persevere in the course he had now taken; for, by acting with confidence upon sound principles, he might confer the most important benefits upon Ireland.”

Lord GEORGE BENTINCK.—“He would not now enter at any length into the discussion of the proposed measures, and if he had any fault to find with them, it would be, because they fell short of the occasion.”

Sir ROBERT PEEL.—“I, for one, while I should not be willing to deprive gentlemen of the opportunity of taking part in the discussion, do feel, that it is of so much importance, that we should proceed at once to enact those measures, which are intended to meet the difficulties of the time, that I am unwilling to interpose any difficulty in the way of passing those measures. I am prepared to grant,—and I think Her Majesty’s Ministers are fully entitled to ask—full and complete indemnity to the government, for the responsibilities they assumed in the crisis through which we have passed.”

Now, we might multiply these extracts to any extent: but we believe, such complete unanimity between such men as Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord George Bentinck, Sir Robert Inglis, and Mr. Hume, to be sufficiently remarkable, to draw the reader’s attention to the particular point which we wish to illustrate; especially, when it is remembered, that the subject of this striking agreement, is a series of measures, the immediate effect of which will be, to draw a very large sum from the Public Exchequer, and, by consequence, to stay the progress of a system of policy, which has gained a degree of popularity, almost unprecedented in the country.

Nor is it irrelevant to our present subject to observe, that the ministerial statement contains a promise of measures for the permanent improvement of Ireland. In the heavy calamity which has recently fallen upon that miserable country, we must humbly recognize the immediate hand of a power, against which it is vain for man to strive. When all is done which the power of man avails to do, in the way of providing food for the starving millions, a fearful amount of mortality

M

and suffering will remain to warn us of the necessity of taking thought for the future, and guarding against the recurrence of such a state of things. It may be, that such a visitation was necessary, in order to impress upon the people of England and their rulers the great duty as yet unfulfilled, of introducing a new system into Ireland. Of this, at least, we are sure, that, their attention having been once directed so strongly to this subject, that people who voted their millions so freely for the suppression of slavery,—an act which redounds to their immortal honor, and which will shed over the fall of the British dominion, should it ever fall, a truer glory than any that rests upon the ruins of the empires of antiquity,—will not suffer to continue the worse than slavery that exists at present so close under their eyes.

Famine is not the only evil with which the poor of Ireland have been afflicted. Suppose, for instance, that a similar failure of food had occurred in England, no one supposes that the result would have been the same. The English peasant, almost throughout the country, has ever some friend to whom he may look for assistance and support in hard times. Generally, his landlord will lend a helping hand: then there is the “squire” of the village—“the fine old English gentleman” who *resides* upon his estate, knows every poor man in the parish, is looked up to as a friend by all, and has always some odd piece of work for a labourer whom any ill chance may suddenly deprive of employment. We have known many such, and notwithstanding the flippant sneers with which some persons, wise in their own esteem, are accustomed to speak of country gentlemen, we believe them to be, as a body, highly estimable in themselves, and of the greatest value to the country. Lastly, there is the clergyman: often neglected perhaps in more prosperous times, sometimes impatiently shaken off when instant, out of season, but ever ready in the hour of adversity, to support the failing by speaking words of comfort, and drawing upon his slender means for the care of their bodily wants. Who, that has dwelt in happy England, and knows English society, cannot

call to mind some village scene, the sight of which has filled his mind with better thoughts of human nature than perhaps were wont to harbour there? Who has not seen the wife and daughters of the "squire," and the "parson" going their rounds, and leaving comfort and happiness, where there had been misery and want, like some spirits from above, ministering to man's distresses? Who cannot call to mind some instance of a poor family rescued from destruction by the prompt attention of a resident landlord; or some example of an old labourer subsisting in his age upon the charity of the master for whom he has spent his life in labor?

If it be said that all this may be true of many parts of the country, but not of all; if our attention be directed to the English manufacturing districts and to the distress too often to be found among the factory laborers; we answer that in *every* part of England, the poor man has a refuge from starvation. It is a miserable alternative, no doubt—"death or the work-house"—but it is at least better than death with no alternative at all. The provision for worn-out laborers and poor men suffering temporary distress might, no doubt, be better than it is; but, at any rate, there is some provision. Imagine any degree of famine you please, short of that absolute absence of food, which would affect rich and poor alike, and leave both to die together; and you cannot imagine in England such a state of things as we read of as existing in Ireland;—the people starving by hundreds, and the living not retaining strength to remove the loathsome corpses of the dead from the sight of men.

Therefore we say that famine is not the only evil which afflicts Ireland; that it is only an aggravation of that evil which an unsound state of society is constantly working in that country; and that it is not enough for the legislature to grant sums of money for the promotion of works, in which the people may be employed, or for the purchase of food; they must lay the axe to the root of the tree, not content themselves with lopping off its branches.

Now, one of the principal evils, under which Ireland is

suffering, is, that a very great portion of the landed property of the country is so deeply mortgaged, that the nominal landlords can not, with any truth, be said, to be the real proprietors. This is a notorious fact: and it matters not to our present argument, what may be its cause; its effect is obvious, the poor tenants of the estates, so circumstanced, have no landlord to whom they can look for assistance; the nominal owner must have his rent to pay the interest on the mortgage: and the mortgagee draws his interest as he would from the funds, without regard to the manner in which it is obtained. The consequence is, that the tenant can obtain no help from his landlord; whether the year be a good or a bad one, he must pay up his rent to the day, or make way for those who can; and instead of the picture which we have presented of English society, we have to contemplate the very reverse in the case of Ireland. Instead of seeing the squire, and his family, going about among the tenants, and encouraging them with kind words and more substantial assistance, we behold the agent of an absentee landlord, turning out the tenant who happens to be in arrear, to starve upon the high-road, and make way for a successor, who, in the next year of scarcity, will suffer the same treatment.

We rejoice to find, that Lord John Russell is determined to grapple with this difficulty. In the speech to which we have already alluded, the Premier announced his intention of bringing in a Bill, to enable the holders of entailed estates to sell a portion of such estates, for the purpose of paying off incumbrances. The details of that measure had not been stated, when our latest accounts left England: the attention of Parliament having at first been very properly devoted to those measures only, which were intended to alleviate, as far as possible, the immediate sufferings of the starving poor. We sincerely hope, however, that the Bill will be comprehensive in its character. No half-measure will meet the evil complained of; and we say deliberately, that it would be better that the whole property of Ireland should change hands, if by such means alone estates could be provided with

bonâ fide land-lords, capable of performing the duties of their station, than that the present state of things should continue. The disposition of ministers to treat with so delicate a subject at all, is highly creditable to them, and is a matter of happy augury for the future.

There remains however, another evil of almost equal magnitude to be dealt with—the system of absenteeism: for that system is by no means confined to those landlords, whose pecuniary embarrassments prevent their residing on their estates. Now the condition of a country in which the members of different classes of society are not pretty evenly mingled, so that the members of each class may depend upon the assistance to be derived from the others, must be radically bad; and the condition of Ireland, deserted by her landlords, is almost as unsound as would be that of a country deserted to an equal extent by her manual laborers, who would thus leave the rich unable to obtain food, clothing, and other comforts in exchange for their money. It is the duty of the government, therefore, to take measures calculated to check the system of absenteeism.

The question next arises—in what manner can the legislature interfere in this matter?—for it is obvious that the landlords cannot be compelled by a distinct enactment to reside on their estates. Mr. Smith O’Brein proposes an absentee tax: but this is an obvious fallacy: for it is clear that the only rational hopes of removing this evil, will be found in the attempt to remove the *inducements* to absenteeism; not in endeavouring to force the inclinations of the landlords.

Now, no man can reasonably be asked to fix his permanent abode, in a country in which his life is in continual danger if he have the means of living out of it; and it is a fact so notorious, that the best and most exemplary landlords have been the objects of murderous attacks, by the hired assassins of secret associations, that it is only wonderful that there are to be found in Ireland even so many resident landlords as there now are.

Let us then pursue this subject: whence arises this danger?

Evidently not from misconduct on the part of the landlords, because, as we have said, the best landlords are not exempted from the danger: it must be then from the discontented disposition of the people.

And whence this discontent? Undoubtedly it arises in a great measure from a sense of wrongs suffered, and grievances unredressed. Nor can we ever be surprized at finding a remnant of this ill-will among the people of Ireland, until the only effectual means are taken for cementing a union of feeling between the people of the two countries, by assimilating, in every possible particular, the laws by which they are governed. Meantime discontent is fostered by agitation.

Here we have two evils, producing and reproducing one another; agitation is founded upon discontent, and in return discontent is strenghted by agitation. We shall not trust ourselves here, because it is not necessary to express our opinion of the man who thrives by agitating for a visionary object, and makes a trade of the misfortunes of his country. One thing, however, is certain,—that Mr. O'Connell makes a very good business of it, and that, while he lives, he is very likely to do his utmost to keep it going. And, inasmuch as his talents have never been denied, though his motives have been more than questioned, it is quite clear, that it is not by sitting idly by, that the government will defeat his measures.

Now the ground on which the crowds, who attend Mr. O'Connell's meetings, join that gentleman in shouting: "Hurrah for Repale!" is, that if they had a national parliament, the hardships, of which they complain, would be removed. And, inasmuch as the payment of TITHES is one of the greatest and most palpable of these hardships, it has always been one of the subjects dwelt on most strongly by the arch-agitator and his agents. The Irish people do not see—how should they?—on what grounds they ought to pay for the support of a church, to which they do not belong; and accordingly, the mention of the Irish Church establishment, the "monster grievance," is always sufficient to produce the greatest excitement in an Irish Roman Catholic

audience. The reasoning is obvious to the capacity of the most uneducated Paddy:—"You are paying your money to support the Saxon church, forced upon you by a Saxon legislature. Get a parliament of your own, and it will soon remove these grievances. Hurrah for Repale! A shilling a year! a penny a month! a farthing a week!" And up goes Paddy's hat into the air, and his hatred for the Sassenach is stronger than ever.

This lets us into another secret connected with the agitation: one of its most remarkable features is its perfect organization throughout the country. There is not a considerable town, scarcely a large village, in Ireland, which has not its repeal reading room, and its miniature repeal association. Such an organization would be wholly unintelligible, were it not, that ready agents are to be found all over the country in the Roman Catholic Priests, who are naturally willing enough to lend their assistance to an agitation which starts with an attack on the protestant establishment. The Roman Catholic Priests in Ireland belong generally to the lower orders of Society: they are wholly dependent on their congregations for support: and if they do not "prophesy smooth things," to the people, if they do not preach such doctrines as are likely to please their flock, they stand an excellent chance of starvation. We sincerely trust that we shall not be misunderstood. We believe the Roman Catholic Clergy, taken as a body, to be as highly estimable a set of men as the clergy of the church of England, or of any other section of christianity: but the Roman Catholic Priests in Ireland are not of a high class: and while they derive their subsistence from skilfully confirming the people's prejudices, they in turn exercise no little influence in keeping up the fever of agitation among the people.

Ten or fifteen years ago, the most popular remedy for this state of things would have been to suppress Romanism and drive the people to church: and this system, no doubt, has its advocates, even in our own day. But supposing religious persecution to be politic, which it never can be, it

is in this case impossible. The Roman Catholics of Ireland are too strong to be coerced: and there remains but one other remedy:—to elevate the character of the priests, by affording greater facilities of education: and to render these independent of the people, by giving them a government stipend. If this proposal appears fraught with danger to any of our readers, we would have him consider for a moment the example of this colony. What would be the feelings of our mixed population, of members of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, Lutherans, members of the Dutch Reformed Church, &c. if they were all taxed for the support of the Church of England establishment here, and left without government assistance to maintain their own churches and ministers? Now, the case is infinitely stronger in Ireland, because there the Roman Catholics, as compared with the Protestants, are in the proportion of about seven to two: and we confess that we cannot consider an agitation wholly unreasonable, which has for its object the removal of a grievance, which is not only very oppressive in itself, but is also distinctly opposed to the practise in both England and Scotland, in each of which countries the established church is the church of the majority.

Our space does not permit us to enter at any length upon this question: nor ought a subject so momentous, to be thus incidentally treated, in an article not expressly devoted to its consideration. This only therefore we will add, that, however unpopular the opinions which we have expressed may be among a certain class, they are rapidly gaining ground at home. The increased grant to Maynooth proposed and carried by Sir Robert Peel, was one great step in the right direction: and it is a circumstance somewhat significant of an approaching change, that Mr. Ward, the constant advocate of the extreme measure of appropriating the revenues of the established church to the use of the Roman Catholic community, and Mr. Macaulay his more moderate supporter, are both members of the present administration—and that the church establishment in Ireland is an open question.

Let us then consider very briefly the results which might be expected to follow from the measures at which we have hinted. A highly educated Roman Catholic Priesthood would certainly not lend its sanction to political agitation: its members rendered by government independent of the caprices of their congregations, would be enabled without fear of injury, to preach honestly and conscientiously to the people, the discharge of the duties of their respective stations. Under the influence of such pastors, the people, no longer smarting under the monster grievance of which they now complain, would settle down quietly, to their proper employments. Such influence could scarcely fail to be felt: the people becoming tranquil, the landlords would be encouraged to return to their estates, and the blessing of a resident proprietary would thus be secured to Ireland.

The picture of Ireland, tranquil and happy, is so contrary to all experience, that many may be inclined to believe it impossible. It should be remembered, however, that the life of the Irish people has been one continual battle for rights, which they have not yet wholly obtained. Catholic Emancipation was one step; the establishment of Maynooth was another; the extension of that institution was a third; let us hope that the last has been reserved for the present generation, and that it will be willingly granted as a boon, not forcibly extorted as a spoil.

If the present melancholy condition of Ireland should lead to the adoption of measures, having for their object the establishment of the Roman Catholic Church in that country, upon a higher and more respectable footing than that which it now occupies; and if these measures should lead to anything like the results which we have sanguinely anticipated, we shall have perhaps a more striking instance of GOOD COMING OUT OF EVIL, than the world has ever hitherto witnessed; and the next generation of the Irish people, in recounting the history of the past, will date the commencement of their country's prosperity from the disastrous famine of 1846-7.

N

If the opinions and the hopes which we have expressed, be considered of a visionary character, we can only regret that, at the present day, views, which point so distinctly to the amelioration of the condition of the people of a large portion of the empire, should be so considered. We cannot but hope, however, that if the reader will pause here for a moment, and reflect, he will become convinced that the spirit of modern policy is *liberality*, (not using the word in its vulgar sense of low radicalism,) and that that spirit must eventually lead to the results which we have endeavoured to foreshadow.

Thus it is, that we would have our readers draw consolation from the threatening aspect of affairs at home. Those who will consent to look below the surface, will see much to rejoice in, if they see much to lament. How many years is it since an apparent breach of treaty, such as that complained of in the case of the Montpensier marriage, and made the subject of diplomatic bickerings, would have been sufficient to cause a war between France and England? Is it a slight thing, then, that in the midst of distress and misery at home, we can yet find a proof that the love of PEACE is spreading among mankind? Is it a matter of small import, that the world is at length learning to acknowledge the folly of war, and, in very deed, to turn their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks? With the blessing of God, the famine which has temporarily afflicted Ireland, will yield to the noble exertions of government, and private charity; and that hitherto unhappy land may yet present a picture of smiling happiness; thus shall the evil which we now deplore, only render more glorious the good which is to come: we shall find that the evil has been but temporary: but one step towards the promotion of universal peace, is a permanent benefit to the whole family of man.

Again, at what period of our history is there to be found an instance of such remarkable unanimity, as prevails, at present, in England? What other instance can be named, in which the mere mention of Ireland, in the House of Commons, has not been sufficient to excite a degree of political

rancour and opposition, as remarkable as the present concord? Shall we then look with feelings of pain only, upon a calamity, however great, which has afforded a proof that, in the progress of society, men are beginning to think more of humanity, and less of party? Let us rather look forward to the day when the results of this unanimity shall appear more clearly, and instead of agitating for the repeal of the legislative union between England and Ireland, the people of both countries, shall work together, for the object of strenghtening, and cementing, the union of feeling and brotherhood, which must eventually spring up between them.

The most cheering feature in the aspect of the political world at home, and the one which has induced us to take a more favorable view of our prospects for the future, than many may think fully warranted by the data on which we have proceeded—is the evident disposition of men, of all parties, to devote their attention to questions relating to the condition of the people, rather than to subjects of purely political or party interest. We have already noticed the most remarkable instances in which this disposition has been evinced, but it will not be difficult to shew that it has displayed itself, as might have been expected, in connexion with many other subjects.

For example,—the great new system of commercial policy recently established in England, under the name of “Free Trade,” (upon the actual merits of which we are not here required to pronounce any opinion) was established mainly upon the ground that the poorer members of society would be, by it, enabled to purchase, bread and the other necessaries of life, at a cheaper rate than heretofore. That measure, or series of measures, is fraught with consequences, whether for good or evil, of the last importance to England. It is the most momentous enactment, which has received the assent of Parliament, since the Reform Bill: and that the argument above stated, was considered of sufficient strength to serve as the ground for a measure so important, is a circumstance not slightly significant of the times in which we live.

It is further announced, that, in consequence of the report of the select Committee of the House of Commons for enquiring into certain malpractices of the master, and other officials, of the Andover Union Workhouse, the Poor Law Commission is to be given up, and the law in many respects altered. In other words, the oppression which a few paupers have suffered in an obscure parish in England (taken together with similar cases which were elicited in the course of the inquiry,) has led to the alteration of a law most complicated in its details, the abolition of a machinery which was the result of much care and inquiry, on the part of our most able statesmen, and the dismissal from office of individuals appointed by a government, composed of the same materials as the present, which was consequently interested in the support of its *protégés*.

Another great measure which has recently attracted considerable attention at home, is that which is popularly known as the Ten Hours Bill,—that is to say, a bill to limit the hours of labor in factories, for children, and young persons under the age of eighteen, and for women of all ages, to twelve hours out of the twenty four, including two for meals, and thus having ten hours for labor—the limit at present being fourteen hours, including meals, or twelve hours of labor. It has been found, as might have been expected, that the lengthened confinement of women and young persons in a close room is prejudicial to the health, and that mothers, in order to go through their factory labors, are unable to pay any attention to their children, and have frequently resorted to the use of opiates for the purpose of keeping them quiet during the hours of work: thus undermining their constitutions, and consigning them in many cases to an early death. The Bill which has been proposed as a remedy for this state of things has met with much opposition, as being opposed to the interest of the master manufacturers, who form a strong party in the House of Commons. With the present Government it is an open question: but with the support of the Premier, and of a large party,

many of whom voted against it last year, in consequence of it's being made a question of confidence in Ministers, it has now every prospect of success. The interests of the master manufacturers, will thus be made to yield to those of their laborers—an event of the year 1847, which could not have occurred in the year 1840.

In like manner the interests of the agricultural laborers, seem likely to triumph over those of the landed proprietors, in the matter of the Game Laws—an event to which the above remark is equally applicable.

The attention which is now paid to such subjects as the health, and ventilation of towns, the establishment of mechanics' institutes, and of larger societies, such as the Athenæum at Manchester, the foundation of baths and wash-houses for the poor,—above all the interest which is felt in the spread of education among the lower orders—are further proofs that progress, and liberality are the leading principles of modern politics.

Of the same class are the measures which have been already taken for the abolition of flogging in the army: an agitation has commenced, and will, no doubt, meet with equal success, for doing away with corporal punishments in the navy.

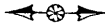
Lastly it is rumored that a royal commission is about to be issued, for the purpose of inquiring into the system of education which is pursued in the English Universities, with a view to rendering them more accessible to the humbler orders of society. Such an attack upon the strong-holds of bigotry, and prejudice, augurs well for the strength of the popular party, and their disposition to use it for worthy objects.

Even in foreign countries there are not wanting symptoms of a similar disposition. One of the absolute monarchs of Europe, the king of Prussia, has already granted a constitution to his subjects: and the election of a popular Pope is indeed an epoch, in the history of Modern Rome.

All these facts taken together have a meaning, not to be misunderstood. The aspect of affairs may be dark and dis-

encouraging at present; but as surely as the sun shall rise to-morrow, is there a light about to shine in the political world. That the duty of a good government is to provide the greatest possible amount of happiness, for the greatest possible number of its subjects, is an axiom which has never been denied in theory, but which is now, for the first time, about to be worked out in practice: and the day is coming when a government shall be supported or rejected, not because it is whig or tory, conservative or radical: but because it does or does not employ all its energies, and all the opportunities belonging to its high station, in the service of the people from whom it derives its power.

We believe that that day is not so far distant, but that many, now alive, may live to see it: we hope, we may ourselves be spared to reach the time, when the wide spreading benevolence of the British people, shall be gratified by the spectacle of an Empire united, and a world at peace.



LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

—
De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.
—

We cannot better commence our remarks under this head, than by a few observations on two rather remarkable addresses, which we have recently heard in Cape Town,—we allude to the Honorable Mr. Porter's address at the Annual General Meeting of the Subscribers to the Public Library, and the Rev. Dr. Adamson's lecture on the progress of discovery in the year 1846. The latter composition will more properly come under our notice in that part of the present article, which will be devoted to scientific subjects, but we are induced to notice them together here, on account of the somewhat striking circumstance of Mr. Porter's having characterized as "nonsense, or something worse," that very study, which Dr. Adamson, at the conclusion of his lecture, recom-

mended to his hearers, as the most useful and elevating to the mind.*

The scope, and object of Mr. Porter's very able and eloquent speech was, as most of our readers will remember, to contrast the advantages of Literature and Science, considered as studies for the general reader, and (so considered) to elevate the former, at the expense of the latter. Perhaps he went further than this, when he declared his conviction, that "if England were driven to choose between her great men, she would be worse off, without her Shaksperes and her Scotts, than without her Newtons, and her Davys." Taking even this extreme view of the case, we are inclined to agree with him: but it is a happy circumstance for us, that we are driven to no such disastrous election. But the question is here, as regards general readers: who, if they study science at all, study it, not with any view to practical results, but merely as a relaxation, and an exercise for the mind. Let there be chemists, and astronomers, and geologists, and botanists, and so on; men "led to the pursuit by accidental circumstances, or, perhaps, by a strong propensity of nature;" men, in short, who pursue science, with scientific views, and for scientific objects; men who deduce practical advantage from the study: but to those men, whose business lies in a different direction, and who only read, if they read at all, for the employment of their leisure hours, is Science, or Literature, the more useful study? This was the question which Mr. Porter proposed to answer; and he answered it, (rightly, as we think) in favor of Literature.

In the discussion of this question, Mr. Porter was led to take a view of the increasing disposition of modern readers, to adopt a desultory style of scientific reading and speculation, in preference to the study of our noble literature; in the course of which occurred the following remark on a work, which, at the time of its publication, excited a very remarkable sensation in England:

"An anonymous work, 'The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' which ran through five or six editions in about as many months, proceeds not merely to show, how easily suns and systems may make themselves, out of nebulous matter, and how, what old

* We much regret that the authorised report of Mr. Porter's address which, it is understood, will be published by the Library, has not yet appeared, and that we are obliged to trust to the report which appeared in the Cape Town Mail of the 1st May, which, however, as far as our recollection serves, is generally accurate. We are not aware that any report of Dr. Adamson's lecture has been published; we are therefore forced to quote from memory.

fashioned folk call Deity, is properly developement,—but maintains (if I rightly understood and recollect the theory) that the substance of thought is probably electricity, and, that in its velocity, outstripping light, it travels at the rate of many thousand miles a second. All this is nonsense, if not worse.”

The general justice of the criticism, implied in this quotation we venture to doubt; because, having read the book alluded to, before we heard Mr. Porter's speech, and having since re-read it carefully, we have failed to discover any traces of that irreligious feeling, with which he, by implication, charges the author. The supposition that matter has, so to speak, *arranged itself* into all the forms, in which we now behold it, from the shapeless flint, to the full-formed human frame, in accordance with certain fixed laws, imposed upon it, at its creation, by its Creator, and since continually working through all space, does not appear to us to convey a less sublime idea of the omnipotent will of God, than the more generally received opinion, that each separate form in which matter is now found, was called into being by a separate exertion of the divine will. The former is the doctrine of the author of the “*Vestiges*;” and throughout his argument, Developement is not substituted for Deity, but constantly represented as a law, imposed upon all material substances, by the will of their almighty Creator.

But we are treading upon forbidden ground: and indeed if we were to make the above passage in Mr. Porter's speech the text for a general review of that very remarkable work, the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, we should perhaps be presuming too far upon the licence which we have assumed in the motto of this paper. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that we think the work in question, was somewhat cavalierly expelled from the ranks of Literature, in which from the accurate, and elegant style of its language, it appears to us entitled to a place. The substance of the book is no doubt scientific: but it is a very able and agreeable development of a very beautiful theory, which, though greatly weakened by the resolution of the only nebular appearance* in the heavens, which had successfully resisted the scrutiny of less powerful instruments, into a group of stars, by Lord's Rosse's gigantic telescope, is still worthy of consideration as a conceivable, and not improbable solution of the great problem of cosmogony.

With regard to Mr. Porter's observation on the rapidity

* *Theta* in the sword of Orion.

of thought, we have not met with any such preposterous statement as that to which he alludes, in the *Vestiges*: if it be there, we have overlooked it. It is indeed contended that thought is the action of the brain; that peculiar feelings and dispositions are discoverable in men, according to the greater or less development of peculiar organs of the brain, and that, to this extent, mind is not distinguishable from matter: if this be error, it is shared by many of the most distinguished philosophers: but we do not recollect to have met with any attempt to gauge the rapidity of thought. Such an attempt was, however, made by Dr. Adamson, in the course of the lecture, to which we have already alluded, and he not only recommended this point, in mental philosophy, as the most interesting and elevating pursuit, but went so far as to fix upon the number of ideas, which could pass through a man's mind in a given space of time, which he decided (upon what *data* we did not gather) to be ten in a second, or six hundred in a minute. Now this, we agree with Mr. Porter, is nonsense; we do not, indeed, apprehend, that it is any thing worse, for it appears to us to be most harmless nonsense, except in so far as it may have distracted the minds of the Reverend Doctor's hearers from more profitable subjects of reflection. But, in our opinion, the indulgence of these preposterous, and unfounded fancies, does no credit to a man of such sound learning, and deep erudition, as Dr. Adamson is acknowledged to possess.

On the general question of the comparative advantages of science and literature as mental studies, forming a part of "adult education," Mr. Porter has left little to be said. It was a bold thought, to undertake the logical defence of light literature, as opposed to science, and to prove that what many have pursued without any definite object, but the entertainment of an hour, was really the noblest and most advantageous kind of reading, which man, harassed by daily labors in uncongenial occupations, could adopt. And this bold conception was, as we have said, so ably carried out, as to leave little for any follower in the same path: we may, however, without laying ourselves open to the charge of presumption, endeavour to amplify some of the arguments, which were necessarily compressed and confined, in the brief limits of a verbal address.

The pleasures and advantages of the study of poetry, oratory, history, and the drama, are so generally admitted, that it is needless to dwell upon them here; but the advan-

tages to be derived from reading works of fiction, are more questionable, or rather have been more questioned, and consequently require a fuller statement. It is not denied that out of the vast mass of works of this class which is constantly appearing, there is much that must be rejected as unsound, much that is trashy and uninteresting, and not a little that is mischievous. Works, which, by drawing attention to the few redeeming qualities of great criminals, and studiously drawing a veil over their darker hues, have a tendency however remote, to produce a sympathy with such characters: works, which, by constantly representing extraordinary changes of fortune, rarely met with in real life, have a tendency to unsettle the minds of their readers, from the steady pursuit of their worldly duties: works, which, by dealing too exclusively with the *romantic*, and too little with the *natural*, have a tendency to promote views, not consistent with the practical state of society: works, which, by representing love as the one great ruling principle of life, have a tendency to weaken the bonds of kindred, and to represent all parents as tyrants, and all children as martyrs: all such may be pronounced at least unprofitable. But when all these have been laid aside, there will still remain a vast number of works of fiction, well worthy of attention: and these will probably be found all to belong to one class: that, namely, which represents, in its true colors, any state of society, whether in the present, or in former times; whether in the highest, or in the lowest grades.

In this view, the *true* representation even of crime, becomes defensible. We have instances in the characters of Angelo, and Iago, which not being invested with any fictitious interest, but portrayed in true, and natural colors, tend not to attract to, but to deter from, crime. Later examples are to be found in the characters of Glossin in Guy Mannering, and of Varney in Kenilworth: and it is hardly to be supposed that the advocates of scientific study, will undertake to point out, in a course of chemical lectures, such advantages as may be derived, by those who read, and think over the works, that we have mentioned, for their guidance in life, and the regulation of their minds. And it may here be observed, that the punishment of the criminal is by no means necessary to produce this result. Though we rejoice, no doubt, at the poetic justice, which consigns Goneril and Regan to death, our detestation of their crime is not thereby either heightened, or diminished: nor, on the other hand, is

our sympathy for Bulwer's Eugene Aram, in any degree altered, by his conviction as a murderer. All that is required is truth to nature : Goneril and Regan are true to nature : Eugene Aram is not : no one can read King Lear without advantage : few can derive much profit from the perusal of Bulwer's Novel.

The same rule will appear equally applicable to all other works of the same class. The "Last days of Pompeii," for instance, as a picture of the life and manners of a past age, is more interesting than many novels, professing to give a representation of the manners of the present day. The same may be said of Sir Walter Scott's Historical Novels : and if it be urged that the subjects of these works may be studied to more advantage in the pages of history, we answer that we by no means propose to *substitute* historical novels for history. But we certainly are of opinion, that a better idea of the morals, and manners of past ages, and of the causes, from which great events have sprung, may be obtained from novels and history together, than from history alone. Further than this it is not necessary to go. No one will argue that the study of ideas, morals, and manners of former ages is unprofitable. Such a study bears to the mind much the same relation as comparative anatomy does to the body ; and unless it be argued that the structure of the mind is a subject less worthy of contemplation, than that of the bodily frame, the study to which we have alluded, seems at least equally worthy of attention ; the only condition being that the works read shall present correct pictures of men as they lived in the times treated of : and that in departing from the *vrai*, there shall be preserved a proper adherence to the *vraisemblable*.

Many of James's novels are of the class just spoken of ; but there are some among this author's works, the object of which is, to present pictures of the present state of society, or that of a period immediately preceding. Among these we may mention "Morley Ernstein," as especially worthy of attention, and one which can scarcely be read by a thinking man, without instruction or improvement. Not to be too diffuse on this subject, we may class together the works of Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, and some of Disraeli's novels, particularly "Coningsby." Many of Mrs. Gore's novels may be placed in the same class ; together with several articles in "Punch," particularly the caustic satires of Mr. Thackeray. No study can well be more improving than contemporary

society. In the class of works alluded to, we see, at every step, examples to be followed, or faults to be avoided. To the works of such writers as Jerrold, we may trace much of the *liberality*, (using the word in its best sense) of the present age; and if the profitableness of such works as "The Snobs of England," be questioned, we will only ask the reader, for a moment to consider, what would be the results, if we had a Thackeray at the Cape. In that case, perhaps, a gentleman might be able to dance with a lady, without being considered to be engaged to be married to her; there would not perhaps be found some mysterious cause for every trifling circumstance; if a gentleman walked down a particular street to his office, the neighbours would not shrug their shoulders, and remark that in that street dwelt a particular lady: a gentleman might wear what dress he pleased at a ball, without being made the subject of remark; or receive a letter from England with a black seal, without having had a large fortune left him by a deceased uncle; or receive an oblong official-looking packet, without having had a chancery suit decided in his favor; or arrive for the first time in the colony, without having his name, character, history, and appearance canvassed on the stoep of the Commercial Exchange, by all the idlers of the town, who meet there for no other apparent object, than to

Pronounce some doubtful phrase,
 As *well, well, we know*: or, *we could an if we would*,
 Or, *if we list to speak*: or, *there be an if they might*,
 Or such ambiguous giving out, denote,
 That they know aught of him.

A writer who could, by pungent satire, expel the demon of gossip from the town, would do us a better service, than any chemical lecturer that ever breathed.

It would be easy to run on to any length on this subject, and not difficult, we think, to show, that no work of fiction, which contains faithful representations of society of any grade or age, can be read without improvement. But as we shall have many opportunities of recurring to the subject, in noticing particular novels, we have, perhaps, said more than enough at present. We will only, therefore, once more express our admiration for the noble speech, which has given rise to these observations, and our sincere regret that the funds of the Public Library are in such a condition, as to render necessary the appeal with which the address was closed.

Turn we now, then, to the literary news received from England, as to the doings in the book-market, since the commencement of the present year,* and we shall find, in the activity of the literary world at home, a startling contrast to our own dulness. There are one or two miscellaneous matters, which we have picked out of the newspapers, and which may be brought together here as conveniently as elsewhere.

M. Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated French Novelist, has recently been much involved in law, in consequence of two actions, which have been brought against him. In the first of these the plaintiff was the Marquis d'Espinaÿ St. Luc, who charged Dumas with defaming one of his ancestors in a novel: carrying the law of libel to a rather preposterous extent: the case was not decided. The other action which was more calculated to damage M. Dumas's reputation as an author, was commenced by the editors of several French newspapers, for each of whom he had promised to write exclusively. M. Dumas's defence was, that if he was able to write half a dozen romances at the same time, he saw no reason why he should not furnish the *feuilletons* of half a dozen newspapers. M. Dumas's great glory appears to be, like that of the gentleman mentioned by Horace,

In horâ sæpe ducentos
Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno.

and in his vain-glorious recapitulation of the number of books he had written, we can almost hear him challenging some rival author,

Accipe, si vis,
Accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Custodes: videamus uter *plus* scribere possit.

Another well-known French writer of the present day has had the rare fortune, to hear the opinion which critics would have expressed of his works, in case of his decease. The death of M. Michelet, the author of a history of France, and several other works, one of which, (*Du Prêtre, de la Femme, de la Famille*—Priests, Women, and Families,) may be remembered, as having caused some sensation about a year ago, was reported in all the newspapers: the literary periodicals expressed their usual regrets, and pronounced judgment on the works of the departed author: when lo! it appeared, that the deceased M. Michelet, was the author's

* We may also notice several works published near the close of 1846.

father, and that the historian of France was still among the living.

We have here to record one or two real deaths, which claim a notice in the pages of a literary periodical. The first is that of Mr. Clowes, the proprietor of the largest printing establishment in the world: a very interesting account of which will be found in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 129. The death of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, claims our notice, the late nobleman having held the office of Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Mr. George Robins, the celebrated auctioneer, and the presumed author of the notorious puffing advertisements, is also among the departed.

The Athenæum mentions a curious fact, connected with the statistics of reading, viz: that there are no less than six counties, and twenty-four towns in Ireland, which do not contain a single bookseller.

It may be mentioned as a sign of the times, that a series of papers, which appeared in "Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper," under the title of "the Whittington Club," have resulted in the formation of a society under that name, among the apprentices and junior clerks of London, with Douglas Jerrold at its head, and R. H. Horn, (the author of *Orion*) W. Howitt, Charles Knight, (the eminent publisher, and editor of the *Pictorial Shakspeare*) and Dr. Southwood Smith, in the committee. This is a pleasant exemplification of the principle of progress which is the leading characteristic of our age. Another rather whimsical fact, pointing in the same direction, is that the illustrious Soyer, "the gastronomic regenerator," known to the vulgar as the head-cook at the Reform Club, has addressed a long letter to the *Times*, on the best principle of conducting penny soup-shops for the poor of the metropolis and other large towns.

The principal feature in the publishing department, at the end of last year, was the enormous influx of Christmas books in imitation of Dickens. "The Yule Log," "The Queen Bee," "Partners for Life," "Sequel to old Joliffe," "New Year's Eve," and so on, are a few of the titles of those which we have *not* read. Among those which we *have* seen or heard of, the work of the originator of the *genus* is, of course, the first to be noticed

In *the Battle of Life*, Dickens has sought to illustrate the moral, which has been poetically expressed in the following lines:

Ay! there are homesteads which have witnessed deeds,
 That Battlefields with all their bannered pomp,
 Have little to compare with : life's great play,
 May, so it have an actor great enough,
 Be well performed, upon a humble stage.

But in treating this subject, he has, as it appears to us, rather over-shot the mark. Self denial is, no doubt, a very beautiful trait of character : nor is there anything much more amiable than the the sacrifice of one's own happiness in favor of another. Thus if Marion, the heroine of the tale, had merely given up her own prospects, to promote her sister's, if she had released her affianced husband from an engagement to the fulfilment of which he was impelled by an imperious sense of honor, but not by love, and thus made him, and her sister happy, the work would have conveyed a great moral lesson. But when Marion is represented as sacrificing not merely her own happiness, but that of her lover also ; the moral effect is at once destroyed. This is a mere " borrowing from Peter, to pay Paul : " we have no right to trifle with another's peace of mind, however we may sacrifice our own. The idea of the tale was good : but this one error in the execution seems to us, to have spoiled the effect. For the rest we cannot but regret that increasing tendency to caricature, in this author's works, which all his readers must have noticed. Throughout *the Battle of Life* we are perpetually reminded of such preposterous ideas, as that of Mark Tapley, for instance, going about the world to look for creditable circumstances under which to be " jolly." The following sketch is an example :

" Dr. Jeddler was, as I have said, a great philosopher ; and the heart and mystery of his philosophy was to look upon the world as a gigantic practical joke : as something too absurd, to be considered seriously by any rational man : His system of belief had been in the beginning part and parcel of this battle-ground, on which he lived, as you shall presently understand.

The book is full of such outrageous, yet laughable absurdities :—Clemency Newcome with two left legs, and somebody else's arms ;—Mr. Craggs dressed in grey and white, like a flint ; and Mr. Snitchey, the lawyer, to whom a smiling landscape suggests a contemplation of the law of real property ; are instances in point. These things are amusing enough, no doubt ; but one regrets to see a writer so well able to depict *character*, giving himself up so completely to *caricature*.

One of the most amusing of the Christmas books, we judge,

from the extracts and reviews which we have seen, (for we have not been fortunate enough, to obtain a copy,) to have been *Mrs. Perkins' Ball*, by Thackeray, Michael Angelo Titmarsh, *The Snob of England*, *aut quocunq̄ue alio nomine gaudet*. All our letters speak of it, in terms of rapture: and one or two sketches which we have seen in the papers are exquisite; but we are not sufficiently provided, with the brazen-facedness of our trade, to review a book which we have not seen.

The Snow-storm, by Mrs. Gore, is another favorable specimen of the Christmas Tales: and although the authoress has been unable, to resist the temptation of introducing her favorite character, an enriched upstart from the lower ranks, who spends in courting lords and dukes, the money amassed in mercantile speculations, the book displays in general more genial opinions of human nature, than Mrs. Gore's rather jaundiced views of society, generally admit into her works. It is, on the whole, a pleasant little story, suited to the season, for which it was intended.

Vanity Fair: Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society; by W. M. Thackeray, is a very suggestive title. Only the first number has reached us, but it promises many more, and all welcome. Every sentence is full of the racy humor, and good-natured satire, for which this most agreeable writer has become famous. At the risk of doing great injustice to the author, by presenting any of his "Sketches," apart from the context, we may extract one or two, for the amusement of our readers. We wish we could transfer to our pages the "pencil-sketch," which accompanies the following:

"All these details, I have no doubt, JONES, who reads this book, at his club, will pronounce to be excessively foolish, trivial, twaddling, and ultra-sentimental. Yes; I can see Jones at this minute, (rather flushed with his joint of mutton, and half-pint of wine,) taking out his pencil, and scoring under the words "foolish, twaddling," &c., and adding to them his own remark of '*quite true*.'" Well he is a lofty man of genius, and admires the great and heroic in life and novels; and so had better take warning and go elsewhere."

The picture of Jones's contemptuous face, as he sits in his easy chair at the club, is inimitable. The following remarks on female education, are as worthy of ten minutes' reflection, as any book of history, or philosophy, which has lately fallen into our hands:—

"What causes young people to 'come out,' but the noble ambition of matrimony? What sends them trooping to watering places? What

keeps them dancing till five o'clock in the morning, through a whole mortal season? What causes them to labor at piano-forte sonatas, and to learn four songs from a fashionable master, at a guinea a lesson, and to play the harp, if they have handsome arms and neat elbows, and to wear Lincoln green toxophilite hats and feathers, but that they may bring down some 'desirable' young man, with those killing bows and arrows of theirs? What causes respectable parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy-turvy, and spend a fifth of their year's income in ball-suppers and iced champagne? Is it sheer love of their species, and an unadulterated wish to see young people happy and dancing? Psha! they want to marry their daughters."

"I recollect sir," says Mr. Joseph Sedley, an Indian civilian of about fourteen stone, ten,—“I recollect, sir, there was a girl at Dumdum, a daughter of Cutler, of the Artillery, and afterwards married to Lance, the surgeon, who made a dead set at me in the year '4,—at me and Mulligatawney—he's a magistrate at Budgebudge, and sure to be in council in five years. Well, sir, the Artillery gave a ball, and Quintin, of the King's 14th, said to me, 'Sedley,' said he, 'I bet you thirteen to ten, that Sophy Cutler hooks either you or Mulligatawney, before the rains.' 'Done,' says I; and egad, sir—this claret is very good—Adamson's, or Carbonell's?"

The delightful way in which Miss Rebecca Sharp hooks the aforesaid Joseph, can only be learned from the book itself: and indeed we feel that we are failing most signally in our endeavour to convey to the reader an idea of Mr. Thackeray's most laughter-provoking and thought-compelling style. One more extract, therefore, and we have done.

Miss Sharp's farther was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion: a careless student; had a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk, he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a head-ache, he used to rail at the world, for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, as he owed money for a mile round Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman, of the French nation, who was by profession an opera girl. The humble calling of her female parent, Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the *Entrechats* were of a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is, that as she advanced in life, this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor."

We will only add, with regard to "Vanity Fair," that the illustrations are numerous and from the pencil of our friend, Michael Angelo Titmarsh himself: and we are sure that we have said enough to make all our readers, who can obtain a copy, devour the mental feast forthwith.

We may dismiss Dickens' "*Dealings with the firm of Dombey and Son,*" with a shorter notice, as the work is probably better known. Five numbers have, at present, reached us: and the last ending with the death of young Dombey, leaves us in a pleasant state of perplexity, as to what is to come next. Interesting as the book undoubtedly is, it does not at present promise to rival either *Nickleby*, or *Chuzzlewit*: it is however, quite agreeable enough, to induce us most cordially to welcome back our old favorite, to his original form of composition, in which, chiefly, he seems fated to succeed.

The old periodicals go on "much the same." The new number of the *Edinburgh* is rather below the average: The *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly*, prove the truth of the adage, that "union is strength." *Blackwood and Fraser* are respectable and dull as usual: and the *New Monthly* retains the superiority, which it has acquired, under the management of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, whose merits as an editor and as an author, seem to be in inverse proportion; the names of Mrs. Gore, Marryat, Horace Smith, and James, are among those of the contributors to the January number.

The following advertisement is copied *verbatim*, from the columns of the *Athenæum*, No. 1,003. Perhaps it would be more correctly placed, in the pages, to be devoted to the fine arts, as a specimen, of the progress of the art of humbug, in the mother-country.

"TO LITERARY GENTLEMEN. A REVIEWER and CLASSICAL SCHOLAR, of considerable experience, the Author of well-reputed and successful works, on the parentage of which the seal of secrecy is imposed, but whose acknowledged productions, will furnish incontestible evidence of his competence, undertakes the CRITICAL REVISAL and CORRECTION of MSS., or will make the reputation of a literary aspirant, in any Branch of the Belles Lettres, by wholly executing the contemplated work. Strictly confidential. Address, X.Y.Z., Mr. Philp, 3, Hay-market."

We believe that a cooler piece of impertinence does not occur in the annals of literature.

With regard to the periodicals, we will only further observe, that Leigh Hunt has commenced a delightful series of papers in the *Atlas* on "*The Streets of London*;" and now invite the reader to take a gallop with us over the field of Fiction.

There have, however, been but few recent novels worthy of much notice. Among these few are, Sir Bulwer Lytton's *Lucretia*; *Cæsar Borgia*, by the author of *Whitefriars*; and *Father Eustace*, by Mrs. Trollope. We certainly regret, that

our space does not permit us, to administer the castigation which each of these works has most richly merited,—though for very different reasons.

It would be, however, scarcely necessary, to dwell at any great length upon the first, because its merits and demerits have been so fully canvassed at home, in all the periodicals, that we could scarcely avoid repeating much that has been said already. We shall therefore content ourselves with expressing a hope, that this will be the last occasion, on which the accomplished author of the work before us, will employ his great talents in describing the adventures of interesting highway-men, and philosophical murderers; and that, when next he comes before the public, he will produce something more worthy of the author of “*The Last Days of Pompeii*.”

To the author of the second work mentioned, we may now look almost with certainty, as to the writer, who will occupy the highest place, among English novelists, after James and Bulwer Lytton, shall have retired from the stage. The extraordinary vigor of this author's style, and the great power displayed in his descriptions, both of scenery, and character, alike point him out, as the legitimate successor of these distinguished writers. It is therefore with the greatest regret, that we find him choosing subjects so excessively repulsive, as the history of the Borgia family: and without dwelling further, on the merits or demerits of this particular work, we do sincerely trust, that he will not suffer himself to be led into the peculiar sin of modern novelists, of which we have already said more than enough. But for this most serious blemish, we might recommend *Cæsar Borgia*, to our readers, as one of the most perfect novels, which has appeared since the days of Scott: and having shown us, how great the powers are, of which he is possessed, it will be the author's next task, to prove, that he is able to employ them more creditably than he has done on this occasion.

Mrs. Trollope's last work is principally to be condemned as the latest specimen of a class of novels, which has lasted too long already, and which critics ought at once to “put down.” The Jesuits may be a very infamous race of men, or they may not; but the pages of a novel are not the proper medium for the discussion of the question: and a system which has led to such monstrosities as *M. Eugene Sue's “Wandering Jew,”* cannot be too soon put an end to. For the rest, this book is principally characterized by the vulgarity, bad taste, and disregard of grammar, which are usually found

in Mrs. Trollope's works. The following passage may suffice to show, that we do not speak without sufficient grounds:—

"It may easily be imagined, therefore, that after Mr. De Morley's death, his widow and orphan had not been accustomed to see him after the hour of dinner; and now, as usual, the bow he made, as he opened the dining-room door for them to pass through it, was accompanied by the words 'good night.'"

The word *him* refers to a Jesuit confessor, mentioned in the preceding page; grammar, however, will clearly refer the pronoun to Mr. De Morley's ghost.—Such expressions as "my dear good woman," or "my dear woman," &c. addressed by a dowager-countess, to a lady neighbour, with whom she is not on very good terms, are probably borrowed from Mrs. Trollope's cook-maid, who also, no doubt, supplied the phrase, "the *blowsy* relict of a cotton-spinner." As a further specimen of grammar, take the following:—

"Whatever it be that *lays* upon your mind, disclose it freely."

And again—

"Those who, under any circumstances, presume to suspect them, [the Jesuits] of doing less for the advancement of their power, than they can do, are altogether blunderers and *ignorami*."

Our literary reading supplies us with only one parallel to the above, in the case of a disciple of Lindley Murray, who is represented in a popular farce, as refusing the situation of Secretary to an Omnibus Company, because one of the Society's rules was, that the *Omnibi* should start at such and such hours.

It is impossible not to notice with regret the total absence of all new poetical works. Are we to conclude that the age of poetry, as well as of chivalry, is past? We trust not: but certain it is, that within the last few years there have been very few poems which can challenge a place in the Literature of the country. We can remember only three:—Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*; the *New Timon*, an anonymous work, generally attributed to Sir Bulwer Lytton; and the *Tragedy of the Patrician's Daughter*, by Marston. We cannot but think, that in a poetic age these works would have obtained more notice than they have done; but, (if the conjecture with regard to the second be correct,) the authors of all three of them are living, and we hope to hear more from them in this strain.

We much regret that we have not been able to obtain a copy of Sir B. Lytton's pamphlet, entitled "*A word to the Public*." The subject of his defence, however, may be learn-

ed from the Reviews. It appears to consist chiefly of four clauses, to the effect, firstly, that the practice of the greatest writers of all times affords sufficient precedent for the delineation of crime; secondly, that the writer of fiction would be too much restricted if he were not allowed to show the dark, as well as the bright side of things; thirdly, that in the particular novel of *Lucretia*, his object was to illustrate a particular moral, in which he thinks, that he has succeeded: and fourthly, that the poetical justice dealt out to *Gabriel* and *Lucretia*, in the transportation of the one, and the madness of the other, supply the necessary moral.

This defence appears to us to admit of a very brief reply. Firstly, then, and secondly, it is not the delineation, but the exaltation of crime that is objected to. Can *Sir Bulwer Lytton*, point out in *Shakspeare*, or in any other of the great writers, to whose example he has referred, an instance in which our sympathies are excited, in favor of great criminals, to that extent, that we do not rejoice at their fall? *Sir Bulwer Lytton*, if he would justify himself by example, must be content to do so, by referring, not to the author of *Macbeth*, but to the author of *George Barnwell*. Thirdly, we contend that the tenor of the novel of *Lucretia*, is directly opposed to the moral enunciated in the preface, viz: that impatience is the great characteristic of crime; for *Dalibard*, *Gabriel*, and *Lucretia*, are all represented, as displaying an extraordinary degree of patience, in the execution of their murderous designs. Lastly, it cannot be denied, that the catastrophe of the novel, is an exemplification of the popular moral, that

Him as prigs what isn't his'n
When he's nab'd, must go to pris'n:

but this is the moral of the *Newgate Calendar*. From the *Novelist*, we require other incentives to virtue, other dissuasives from crime. We require that he should condemn murder, not because it may lead to the gallows, but because it is a crime in the sight of God, and man: we require, that he should commend virtue, not because it may lead to wealth, but because it *must* lead to happiness. "Honesty," they say "is the best policy." But it is not as a matter of policy alone, that honesty is to be recommended.

We now turn to one or two books of miscellaneous character, on which it seems advisable to make more than a passing observation, in consequence of their interest, or the attention they have excited here or elsewhere. The first which we would notice, as being of local interest, is *Mr. Methuen's*

Life in the Wilderness, or Wanderings in South Africa. This is a most unpretending, and at the same time a very interesting work, professing to be nothing more than "a simple and faithful record of the various incidents which befell himself, and his party during an eight month's journey in the wilds of South Africa, where the traveller must mainly depend on his rifle and horse for subsistence."

The above extract from the preface, is a fair account of the book, which commences with a description of the voyage out, and after some general remarks on Cape Town, Wynberg, the Constantias, Port Elizabeth, and Graham's Town, contains a diary of all the little incidents of wanderings in the wilds, about as far north as the twenty-fourth degree of south latitude: though this is partly matter of conjecture, as it does not appear that Mr. Methuen was able to take an observation, which is much to be regretted, as the necessary knowledge of the instruments might be picked up with very little trouble.

Mr. Methuen and his companions, however, set out upon their journey solely for their own amusement, and we are not to blame them, if we do not derive much new information from the records of their tour, but rather to thank Mr. Methuen for affording us some pleasure. Premising, therefore, that it is nothing more than a pleasant book to read, written evidently, by a gentleman and a scholar, we cordially recommend it to our readers, and by way of enforcing our recommendation, shall extract one or two of those vivid pictures with which its pages abound. The following is a pleasant picture of life in the wilderness:

"On our road back I wounded a gemsbok, and, regardless of the pieces of meat, which dangled, like John Gilpin's bottles, at my side, rode it to a stand-still; it was very vicious, but a lucky shot rendered, it helpless, and then I looked for my companions. The sun was low, the country woody and intricate, without water; I had, in the circuitous chase, lost all my bearings, and not a sign nor sound of man could be discerned. A few hartebeests scampered past me, whilst gazing reluctantly on the dead antelope, which it was necessary to abandon for the night. Taking the sun as my only guide, I rode back, shouted, and repeatedly fired my gun, till, when my mind was nearly made up to stop, and collect wood, to make fire to lie by during the night, I heard an answering gun a long way off: riding in the line which it indicated, I rejoined Pearson and Piet, and after disturbing an ostrich seated on the eggs, three of which, all we could carry, were appropriated, we returned to the wagons."

The following is a favorable specimen of the hunting adventures:

"A herd of at least two hundred buffalos slowly grazing along a hillside towards the water was soon descried, and, securing our horses, we dismounted and approached them.

“Buffalos are very regular in their evening visits to the streams with which they are familiar; they are most hideous ungainly creatures, with very low shoulders, very heavy, round bodies, and thick short legs. Their horns are immense, especially in the bull, meeting together on the forehead, and forming an impenetrable shield to the brain, of nearly a foot in depth. They always run with their noses protruded, and horns thrown back, carrying the head low, and presenting the most malicious, ruffian-like aspect. We crept within shot of the herd and fired; all the balls struck, but Piet alone succeeded in killing a huge bull which ran at least 150 yards before it fell, though as we afterwards found out, the bullet had perforated the heart. The enormous beasts, scared by the report, charged crashing through the bush, but stopped again within 500 yards of the spot whence they started. In this manner we followed them up on foot, and killed four, besides wounding others, till the whole of hem broke cover and fled. We had not at this time gained any experience of the buffalo’s revengeful disposition or we should not have pursued them so hotly without securing a tree to climb in case of being attacked. Large limbs of the mimosas were shivered and broken off by the rocky brows of the flying squadron and a calf was caught by the dogs in passing the waggons. Pearson happening to come near it when thus arrested in its progress, it bellowed, broke loose from its persecutors, and made a rush at him which, stout as he was, would have felled him in an instant: but to save his ribs he broke the stock of his gun over the buffalo’s head and so checked his fury, when the dogs again seized it;—halters were then brought and it was fastened to a waggon-wheel, where it strangled itself in the night. It was nearly dark before we had ceased shooting; so leaving the dead buffalos untouched, we retreated to our homes.”

We are obliged, by want of space, to omit several passages, which we had marked for extracts; but the following description of a storm in the wilderness, with all its attendant circumstances, of ridicule and terror, is so characteristic, that we cannot refuse it a place.

“After dusk last night, the sky suddenly became overcast, and lightening glittered amid the darkness, with a momentary and painful glare. Before retiring to bed, we were all seated about the fire, when a trap-gun exploded, and, on our inspecting the spot, with a lantern, a tiger-wolf was found in its last agonies; he had seized the tempting bait, and met his desert. We had hardly got into bed, when our miseries began. The event which followed had been foreseen, but, though resolved to do so at the first opportunity, we had not sufficient fat to grease the tent cover. Peals of thunder of startling loudness, bellowed incessantly, reverberating for several minutes among the distant mountains, in solemn and sinking cadence: there was something unutterably grand in this tempest, raging in the solitude of the wilderness.

Oh night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue!

So far might Byron's magnificent picture of a storm apply, to the one that prevailed at this time, and still more strictly, when in speaking of the night, he says, "thou wert not made for slumber:" for unless a man could sleep in a shower-bath, he could not do so in our tent. The most vivid flashes continually traced their zig-zag path, in the gloomy shroud, around us, the rain fell in torrents, literally floating our bedding: yet, despite the annoyance, it was impossible to avoid laughing, as each one uttered an involuntary shriek, when a cold stream descended on him. The table stood in the tent, and every thing, clothes, bread, sugar, was soaked,—the shoes and boots, were full to overflowing. All the tedious hours of night, we lay like hydrophobic patients, in wet blankets. What the Bawangketsi did, lying under a tree, with no covering, but a skin caross, and no possibility of lighting a fire, I cannot conceive; but all the natives are inured to such hardships. In the midst of all this tumult the satanic laugh of an hyena, broke with a chilling effort upon the ear. The wretch actually ham-stringed an ox, close to our wagons, and ate a part of him while alive; we were forced to shoot the poor creature, in the morning. On nights of this kind, all beasts of prey are unusually active, and daring. We just discerned the growling of the ox, amid the uproar of the elements, and scared the hyena from his bloody banquet."

We have allowed these quotations, to run to such a length, that we must deny ourselves the pleasure of laying before the reader some passages which we had marked for that purpose in another very interesting work, recently published, *Travels in Lycia, &c.*, by Lieut. Spratt, R. N., and Professor Forbes. By a singular chance Lycia, though abounding in splendid ruins, and magnificent traces of antiquity, had been greatly neglected by classical travellers, until Sir Charles Fellows visited the country in 1838. Sir Charles, it may be remembered, not only succeeded in fixing the sites of several of the ancient cities, mentioned by Herodotus and other Greek historians, but discovered some remarkable inscriptions and other valuable relics at Xanthus, which have since been placed in the British Museum, and are known as the Xanthian Marbles. After the necessary negotiations with the Turkish government, H. M. S. Beacon, was dispatched to Lycia, to transport the marbles to England, and during some necessary delay, Lieut. Spratt, and Professor Forbes, who were attached to the Beacon, (a surveying ship) in the respective characters of assistant surveyor, and naturalist, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Daniell, (since deceased) determined to take a tour in Lycia, and examine the ruined cities. The result of this examination was the fixing with tolerable certainty the sites of no less than fifteen of the ancient Lycian cities; and the account of these discoveries, given in the volumes before us, is a most charming mixture of classical and antiquarian learning, with true gentlemanly feeling, and

honest openness of expression. One passage we must give as a specimen of the author's very agreeable style; and we have accordingly selected the following from the account of the exhumation of the Xanthian Marbles, under the superintendence of Sir Charles Fellows, in the year 1842.

“ Whilst we were there, these sculptures were daily dug out of the earth, and brought once more to view. The search for them was intensely exciting: and in the enthusiasm of the moment, our admiration of their art was, perhaps, a little beyond their merits. As each block of marble was uncovered, and the earth carefully brushed away from its surface, the form of some fair Amazon, or stricken warrior, of some eastern king, or besieged castle, became revealed, and gave rise to many a pleasant discussion, as to the sculptor's art therein displayed, or the story in the history of the ancient Xanthians therein represented,—conversations which all who took part in, will ever look back upon, as the most delightful in their lives. Often, after the work for the day was over, and the night had closed in, when we had gathered round the log fire, in the comfortable Turkish cottage, which formed the head-quarters of the party, we were accustomed to sally forth, torch in hand, Charles Fellows as cicerone, to cast a midnight look of admiration on some spirited battle-scene, or headless Venus, which had been the great prize of the morning's work.”

Every man, of course, has his own ideas on the subject of human enjoyment. According to ours, such a life as is here described, would form the *summum bonum* of human felicity.

We now invite the reader to exchange the sober pleasure, with which he has doubtless perused the above extracts, for a good hearty laugh with us, over the life of one, now alas! no more. We allude to the memoir of the Rev. R. H. Barham, (better known as Thomas Ingoldsby,) prefixed to the third series of the Ingoldsby Legends. From the Legends themselves, we shall make no extracts, as they are mostly old friends, but if any criticism be desired, the following, though from the pen of the author's son, is not a whit too partial.

“ As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced, for the wit and humor which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches almost from every language, are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every variety of stanza, however complicated, or exacting; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced: syllables the most intractable, find the only partners fitted to them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits, which poets tell, were created pairs, and dispersed in space, to seek out their particular mates.”

The manner of the memoir is so agreeable that we are

R

induced to hope that Thomas Ingoldsby has left a legitimate successor. Its pages are crammed with anecdotes of which Hook and Sydney Smith, the wits of the day, and the intimate friends of Mr. Barham, are frequently the heroes. Mr. Barham's life appears to have been very even and unadventurous; yet he seems at one period to have shared in the proverbial poverty of authors for we find him thus writing:—

“My wife goes to bed at 10 to rise at 8 and look after the children, and other matrimonial duties: I sit up till 3 in the morning working at rubbish for Blackwood—She is the slave of the ring, and I of the lamp.”

From such a rich mine it is difficult to select what may most amuse the reader, the better plan therefore is to make extracts at haphazard: take the following.

“Cannon told a story of a manager of a country Theatre who, having given out the play of Douglas, found the whole entertainment nearly put to a stop by the arrest of young Norval as he was entering the theatre. In this dilemma, no other performer of the company being able to take the part, he dressed up a tall, gawky lad, who snuffed the candles, in a plaid and philabeg, and pushing him on the stage, advanced himself to the foot-lights, with the book in his hand, and addressed the audience with,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

[Hills,

This young gentleman's name is Norval; on the Granpian
His father feeds his flock; a frugal swain
Whose constant care was to increase his store
And keep his only son (this young gentleman) at home:
For this young gentleman had heard &c.

And so on through the whole of the play, much to the delectation of the audience.”

There is an excellent anecdote of Theodore Hook, which is too long to insert entire: thus the story runs,—Hook being in the House of Lords during Lord Melville's trial happened to stand next a very inquisitive old lady who kept asking him questions, and passing on his answers to her two daughters, with a charge to remember them when they got home. Hook could not resist the temptation of *selling* the old lady, and when she pointed to the bishops and asked who those gentlemen were, he gravely assured her that they were not gentlemen but “Dowager Peresses in their own right.” The old lady was with difficulty persuaded to credit this assertion; and shortly afterwards pointing to the speaker of the House of Commons asked who that gentlemen was. Hook with equal gravity assured her that it was Cardinal Wolsey.

“No Sir,” cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, ‘we knows a little better than that: Cardinal Wolsey, has been dead many a good year.’

‘No such thing, my dear madam, I assure you,’ replied Hook, with a gravity, that must have been almost preternatural, ‘It has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation; in fact, those rascally newspapers will say any thing.’

The good old gentlewomen appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes, to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; *vox faucibus hæsit*, seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot.”

The following poetical description of a nightmare after supping off pig’s head is from the pen of Mr. Barham himself; and with it we shall conclude our quotations from this most delightful volume.

Methought I was seated at church
 With Wellington, acting as clerk,
 And there in the pew
 Was Rothschild the jew,
 Dancing a jig with Judge Park:
 Lady Morgan sat playing the organ,
 While behind the vestry door
 Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
 From the lips of Hannah More.

If Mr. Maskew do not report to us, on our next visit to the Library, that there has been an immense demand for the book from which these extracts are taken we shall not form a very high opinion of the taste of the subscribers.

One anecdote contained in the memoir we must venture to correct. It relates to a meeting of the Archæological Association at Canterbury at which we happened to be present. At this meeting Dr. Buckland called the attention of the Corporation of Canterbury, to the great number of pigeons constantly flocking on the roof of the cathedral, and remarked, that the action of the sun upon guano, was frequently known to produce fire; and that the cathedral of Pisa had once been in imminent danger from the same cause. To this the answer given, if we remember rightly by an alderman of Canterbury, was, according to Mr. Barham’s statement, that the danger was not so imminent, as he doubted whether a pint of the “perilous stuff” could be collected from the roof. We distinctly recollect, however, that the worthy alderman, in thanking Dr. Buckland for his care of the cathedral, recommended him to transfer his anxiety to the river Thames, which was, he said, in immediate danger of being set on fire, in consequence of the swans and other aquatic birds constantly seen upon its waters.

We had wished to conclude our literary notices with a few extracts from Sir Francis Head’s *Emigrant*: but though the work is extremely interesting we have found it impossible to convey a correct idea of its style and matter by any

shorter process than an analysis of the whole volume. We must therefore recommend the book itself to the attention of the reader; forewarning him that although he will derive much pleasure from a general perusal of its pages, he will be occasionally disgusted by the dictatorial tone assumed by its author when politics come upon the *tapis*.

Dr. Adamson's Lecture on the progress of discovery in the year 1846, renders it the less necessary for us to dwell at any great length on this subject as little remains to be said after the able and lucid statement to which we listened with so much pleasure. The three principal subjects treated of by the Reverend Lecturer were

1. The discovery of the New Planet.
2. Gun Cotton.
3. The insensibility to pain produced by inhaling the frumes of heated Ether.

1. The Discovery of the new Planet by Leverrier may be at once pronounced to be the greatest triumph of theoretical astronomy which has ever hitherto been reached. Without once directing a telescope to the heavens, the French astronomer, calculating from the known disturbances in the motion of Uranus as his only data was enabled by analytical calculation to fix upon the exact spot in the heavens in which the new planet might be looked for at a certain moment: and at that moment, and in that precise spot it was first beheld by man from the observatory at Berlin. It is not a little remarkable that two astronomers were simultaneously employed in similar calculations tending to the same result: and although nothing can deprive M. Leverrier of the honor of this discovery; and although the foolish discussions on the subject which have since taken place, are much to be regretted; still this simultaneous and successful calculation stands as a gratifying fact in the history of astronomical science.

While on the subject of astronomy we may mention that Professor Madler of Dorpat has recently announced to the world the presumed discovery of the *central sun*, round which our sun, together with all the *fixed stars* in the astral system bounded by the *milky way*, is supposed to be revolving in the same manner as the earth, and other planets do round the sun; and the moon round the earth. The following, if we rightly understood it, is a correct abridgment of the learned Professor's theory.

There is every reason to suppose that the law of gravitation obtains universally throughout space: and it is a part of this law that the *times* of revolution are nearly equal in all the different bodies revolving round a common centre, so long as the mass in the centre does not greatly preponderate over all the other masses. It follows from this that the *speed* of revolution is increased according to the distance of the revolving body from the common centre. Now it is found by observation that the motion of the so-called *fixed stars* increases in proportion to their distance from the Pleiades, and that, as far as can be ascertained the motion of the Pleiades themselves is round the star Alcyone which is consequently presumed to be the *central sun*. It is calculated that the sun with its attendant planets occupies 18,300,000 years in performing a single revolution round Alcyone, and that its rate of motion is 26·8 English miles in a second. The view of the

universe thus presented is truly sublime. Jupiter and his satellites may be taken as presenting the simplest example of the universal law: these revolve round the sun: which again, with its planets, is performing circuit round *the central sun* which is probably in turn revolving with the whole firmament of stars bounded by the *Milky Way*, round some other revolving centre. The human mind fails to comprehend a system at once so tremendous and so perfect.

2. On the subject of Gun Cotton we have nothing to add to Dr. Adamson's remarks. We may here observe that Captain Warner's Long Range has been tried in England before commissioners appointed for the purpose, by Her Majesty's Government, and that the result has been a complete failure.

3. The discovery of the hitherto unknown effects of inhaling the vapor of ether, made by Drs. Morton and Jackson of Boston, U. S. is the most practically important scientific fact which has been established for many years. We had originally intended to present the reader with a few cases from the English Newspapers; but so many of these have been already reprinted in the Cape Journals that this would be only an unnecessary waste of space, and time. We will therefore only mention that operations, generally of the most painful nature have been performed by Messrs. Liston, Key, Lawrence, and other most eminent surgeons with complete success. Up to the present time no important operation has been performed in the colony since the news of this discovery reached us. It will probably prove "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to the mesmerizers, who however still maintain their ground steadily, as appears from a report of some operations performed by Dr. Esdaile at Bombay on patients under mesmeric influence, which has been placed in our hands and to which we shall probably revert on some future occasion.

Our fine-art news from London, is not very extensive, as "the season" had not commenced, when our last accounts left England. One of the principal events was, the removal of the Wellington Statue, from the summit of the arch in Piccadilly, notwithstanding the decision of "competent persons." Public opinion carries the day in art, as in all else: and in this case there appears to be little doubt, that public opinion was in the right: the statue having been so placed, as not to present a full-face view in any direction, in which it could possibly have been seen.

Attention has been lately called, to the system of picture-cleaning, pursued in the National Gallery, by which it is asserted that some of the finest paintings have been materially injured. Mr. Eastlake has prepared a report on the subject; but the managers do not appear to come off quite scatheless.

A correspondent of "The Times" further asserts, that a copy of a picture, by Velasquez, of "Philip IV, Hunting the Wild Boar," has been purchased as the original, for the Gallery, for £2,200. How this may be, we know not; but the above statements taken together, with the known fact of the purchase of a pseudo-Holbein, two years ago, seem to demand a full investigation into the management of the National Gallery. We are happy to see that Mr. Hume has taken up the subject in the House of Commons.

Very little has been doing in the theatrical world, since the commencement of the present year. Among the events is the *debut* of a

young lady, named Addison, who is spoken of in terms of extraordinary and unanimous praise, by all the critics, as the most promising tragic actress on the stage. Miss Addison made her first appearance at Sadlers Wells Theatre, in the character of lady Mabel Lynterne in Marston's tragedy, of the *Patrician's Daughter*, and has since performed several Shakesperian characters with considerable success.

A Miss Reynolds has also made her first appearance, at the Haymarket Theatre, and was well received; and another lady, hitherto unknown to the London Boards, (Miss Bassano,) has taken up the position of *prima donna*, at the Princess' Theatre.

The only new plays produced, have been, 'The Shool for Scheming,' by Mr. Bourcigault, at the Haymarket; and 'Feudal Times,' by Mr. White, (the author of 'the King of the Commons,') at Sadlers Wells. The former narrowly escaped damnation; the latter appears to have been enthusiastically received. Mr. Webster, promises new plays at the Haymarket, by Messrs. Marston, and Douglas Jerrold. Beaumont and Fletcher's play of 'A King, and No King,' has been revived at Sadler's Wells Theatre, with great success, Mr. Phelps taking the part of Arbaces, and Miss Addison, that of Panthea. On the whole there seems to be considerable disposition, to encourage these revivals of the old poetical drama. Madame Vestris has taken leave of her friends in the provinces, and has announced, that her performances will in future be confined to London. A negotiation has been in progress between Mr. Bunn, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and Mrs. Butler, (Fanny Kemble.) Mrs. Butler however declined, acting for less than £100 a night, and Mr. Bunn, was unable to offer more than £50. It is now announced, that Mrs. Butler will appear, at the Manchester Theatre, in a new tragedy, written by herself. The decline of the drama, is more to be attributed to the rapacity of its professors, than to any other cause. When one actor requires the preposterous salary of £100 a night, it is impossible that the manager can engage respectable performers, to support him in the minor parts.

The musicians are at daggers drawn, as usual: Mr. Lumley and Mr. Bunn, the respective managers of Her Majesty's, and Drury Lane Theatres, claim the services of "the Swedish Nightingale;" each alledging an engagement to that effect, and threatening legal proceedings. Meantime a formidable rival to Her Majesty's Theatre, is about to be established in Covent Garden, in the form of a new Italian opera: Grisi, Persiani, Tamburini, and Mario, are among the seceders; and the orchestra, is to be conducted, by Signor Costa, who lately wielded the baton at Her Majesty's Theatre, and is acknowledged, to be beyond comparison, the first conductor in England. It is evident therefore, that the originators of the new speculation, do not intend to take any half measures; and for ourselves, we wish them all success, as perhaps a little wholesome competition, and *free-trade* in music, may tend to reduce the enormous prices, now paid to the performers, and consequently required from the subscribers.

Meantime the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, has issued a splendid programme for the season. The principal feature is, the production of a new opera, by Mendelsohn, (the libretto by Scribe,) founded upon Shakspeare's *Tempest*,—in which the parts of Prospero, and Caliban, will be sustained, respectively by Lablache and Staudigl; and that of *Miranda*, by Jenny Lind. The effect can scarcely be otherwise than magnificent, but we wish some other subject had been chosen, as we venture to think that Shakspeare's *Tempest*, is not capable of improvement.

We will conclude with a very few words on the amusements which have been offered to the notice of the Cape Town public, during the last two months.

On Thursday, April 29, Mr. Carl Schultze gave a Concert in the Commercial Exchange Rooms, which were crowded with a large audience on the occasion. In the entertainments, which were chiefly instrumental, Mr. Schultze was ably assisted by the Cape Town Amateur Society, and other performers, who gave some popular overtures in very creditable style. The total absence of wind-instruments was, however, a defect, which it was impossible to avoid noticing with regret. The principal features of the performance were, Mr. Schultze's solos on the flute and violin, on both of which, particularly the latter, he showed considerable powers of execution. One of Mr. Schultze's performances on the violin was a composition of his own, calculated to display the peculiar powers of the school of music, of which he is a disciple. In our humble opinion, the artists of this school have succeeded in developing the mechanical, rather than the musical capabilities of their instruments, and have studied variety, rather than sweetness of tone. Setting aside, however, such objections as apply rather to the class than to the individual, and in which, we are aware, that the majority of the musical world will not sympathize with us, we have much pleasure, in bearing our testimony to Mr. Schultze's powers as a musician, and in heartily wishing him a prosperous career in our metropolis.

Among the various amusements of the race week, was an amateur theatrical performance, by the non-commissioned officers and privates of H. M.'s 90th Regiment. On such an occasion the severe criticism properly applicable to professional performances, would be out of place; it may be sufficient, therefore, to remark, that the acting in general, was creditable, all circumstances considered; the performers being perfect in their parts, and the voice of the prompter unheard. The performances consisted of Dibdin's melodrama of "the Smuggler's Daughter," two songs, one sentimental, the other comic, of the old theatrical school; a sailor's hornpipe, and the farce of "John of Paris." Strange to say, the dance was the best part of the performance, though in other respects it may be regretted, that the subjects selected were so exclusively naval. The ladies' characters were quietly represented; and, on the whole, the performances were much to the credit of the company. The audience was fashionable and crowded, and afforded room to hope, that a higher class of dramatic entertainments might not be unwelcome to the Cape Town Public.

Certainly

There's none so rare,
As can compare,
With the sons of harmony

for marring the "concord of sweet sounds" by the discord which they carry on behind the scenes. It is really a matter of regret that we should be forced to record any unpleasantness arising from an entertainment so generally creditable as the concert given in aid of the Distressed Irish and Scotch, on Wednesday the twelfth of May. We learn that Mr. Newton's persistieg in singing a song which had been expressly prohibited by the committee has led to anything but harmony among the performers. The introduction of the song under the peculiar circumstances of the case was decidedly injudicious

and cannot be too strongly condemned. With this single exception the concert was everything that could have been desired.

The entertainments commenced with the lively overture to "Guy Mannering" which was played in very excellent style, by the musicians of the amateur society, who were on this occasion assisted by some of the performers, from the Band of H. M. 90th Regiment: the objection of the absence of wind instruments, which we adverted to, on a former occasion, being thus removed. The overtures to "Guillaume Tell," and "Semiramide," were also given, during the evening, by the same performers, led by Mr. Schultze and Mr. Robert Byrne, respectively, Mr. Carpenter having officiated as leader, in "Guy Mannering." The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Medhurst, with his usual tact, and not the slightest *contre-temps* occurred to detract from the credit of the performance. We only regret in speaking of the overtures, we are obliged to bestow our praise *en masse* being unable to distribute it among the different performers: too much credit cannot be given them, for the admirable manner in which they played together, and combined to produce an effect, which was evidently highly appreciated by the audience.

It may appear invidious, to select any particular performance, for commendation, where all was excellent, and we shall therefore compress our remarks on the instrumental and vocal efforts, of the company into the smallest possible compass. We may however mention that in the former department Messrs. Schultze and Suffert appeared to command the most attention: while in the latter the first place is on every ground due to Mrs. Joseph. A duet with orchestral accompaniment, between this lady and Mr. Spittal, was decidedly the best vocal piece of the evening, and was very agreeably sung by both. Miss Beck, also sang two simple songs, very prettily and in a manner that made all her hearers regret that she does not place her really sweet voice under better cultivation. The vocal talents of Messrs. Duprat, Spittal, and Newton, are too well known, to require further mention here.

The audience was large and fashionable, and appeared to be highly gratified with the entertainments, which indeed were highly creditable to all concerned, especially to the originators to whom the praise, which they have deserved, would have been more cheerfully accorded if they had not taken such unnecessary pains to challenge it for themselves. The weather was not propitious, but charity and entertainment combined were stronger than the rain, and the room was crowded. We understand that the sum netted was £150 15: two-thirds, of which have been handed over to the Irish, and one-third to the Scotch Relief Committee.

We have to apologise for the unconscionable length to which the present article has been allowed to extend: this arose principally from our having to remark on the events of more than two months in the opening number. Fortunately the arrival of the "Essex" was too late for us to notice the news contained in the last batch of papers: otherwise the patience of the reader would probably have been altogether exhausted.

ON FRONTIER POLICY AND DEFENCE.*

“ Protection, your Lordships are aware,—protection affording security of person and property, is the first law of the State.—The legislature has no right to claim obedience from its subjects, if the legislature and the crown do not afford, in return for both, protection of person and property.—Without protection, the legislature would abdicate its functions, if it demanded obedience ;—without protection, the crown would be an usurper of its rights to enforce allegiance.”

*Lord BROUGHAM's Speech on the Irish Coercion Bill,
introduced by Earl GREY on the 15th of February 1833.*

The history of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope for many years past, presents an important record of the effects of the different systems of policy, which have been attempted, or carried out towards the aboriginal tribes of South Africa, and is, at the same time, an interesting, yet serious lesson to statesmen, in general, as to how the respective conditions and positions of the civilized man and the savage should be regarded and regulated, when thrown into collision.

The growth of human reason, amongst the former, although it can boast of all the advantages of superior acquirement and advancement in science and in manufactures, is, nevertheless, still clouded with much of the original taint of man's inborn nature, in which deceit, cupidity, and the love of power, manifest themselves on the one hand, whilst on the other, ignorance and cunning are to be coped with and counteracted, thereby rendering it frequently necessary, to use force, and impose at times, subjection, in order to wrestle successfully against barbarism, and remove superstition.—

* These remarks were written in the month of December last ;—the writer begs therefore to disavow any intention of giving them publicity as a *critique* on passing events, but simply as the opinions of one individual, interested in the settlement of a momentous question, and who, (instead of following the course of the Public Press generally by vituperating men and measures, without proposing any specific or reasonable remedy,) ventures to express his ideas upon a system, having security for its object, and clemency in its operations.

In the extent to which British colonization has arrived, undertaken by the parent state to provide for a portion of a super-abundant pauper population, (one of the safety-valves of absolute necessity in her present position,)—countries heretofore only known by name have been eagerly visited and taken possession of, whilst towards those territories already colonized, and to which the tide of emigration has been largely directed of late years, a consequent overflow across old established boundaries has taken place, until in some instances, the civilized and the savage have been fated to struggle for the mastery of the soil.

The white man, proud of the colour of his skin and of his superiority in artificial advantages, deals with or disdains the wild man, as his dependent or dupe, whilst on the other side, again, the natural instinct and impetuosity of the latter, brooks not the trammels which would be forced on his roving predatory habits, until a spark of passion ignites the flame, and blood and revenge consummate the work of destruction.

To find the true solution of this human problem, we have only to cast our eyes on passing events in New Zealand and South Africa,—where, such is the exigency of each case, and the excited state to which affairs have arrived, that one only of two results can ensue,—either abandonment of the soil, or the enforcement of British law.—Now, this is a question upon which the wise men of the world largely differ; but it is one, which the present state of hostilities, especially in South Africa, demands *to have speedily* determined, and the serious point bearing upon its decision, is, “whether British power ought to recede?”—Civilization now stands armed on one bank of the Fish River, whilst barbarism glares in wild array on the other, and if the attempts of far more than a quarter of a century have failed, in producing any thing like permanent peace, and checking theft and devastation, the period has now arrived when the statesman, with a moral courage worthy of a wise legislator, in conducting the affairs of that portion of the great human family, over which he is sent to dominate, must step forward and decide the question.

The Deity doubtless intended, that man should be born into the world, free to exercise those physical and mental powers, with which His wisdom has endowed the whole human race; but as the history of mankind also proves us to be dark and sinful beings, even in our self-sufficiency of good, and that our advancement to purer ways and divine intelligence should be regulated under some form of law and guidance, it is thereby made evident, that a certain coercive, as well as moral restraint, should be enforced on our actions, and the course of time shows, that the world at large, is destined to undergo this ordeal, or digest of subjection, even if some temporary evil be caused, that good may ultimately ensue.—When, therefore, all laudable attempts and persuasions have failed, and the light of the gospel, offered in peace and charity, has been almost entirely disregarded, it is clear, that *power* has then a paramount right to exercise, and an indispensable duty to perform, in undertaking the part of a ruler, and controlling the passions of those, whom the offers of mercy and good faith could not tranquillize or redeem.

The day has gone by, when nations could be ruled by theories or parties; and statesmen must now be practical men, as the world becomes more enlightened.—Half a century ago, legislation was but a dim orb, compared with its present lustre:—for, as human ingenuity has now constructed telescopes to discover luminaries never before contemplated, so has the power of intellect expanded and widened the *well* of knowledge, to that extent, that if the perfect truth cannot be grasped entirely, it has been enabled to shine, out of the darkness, with rays of more prismatic and diverging scope and intensity.

It is not presumption now, to say, that one of these mistaken doctrines of theory, as regards South Africa, was that of treaties, which, it was supposed, would alone remedy all former grievances, quiet all differences, and settle down the savage into a peaceable, comprehensive creature.—Now it is well known, that even between civilized nations, *treaties* are

the subjects of constant misconstruction, which terminate, not unfrequently, in wars;—what, then, was likely to be the result with barbarians, unless the treaties were carried out under constant threats of coercion, and some apparent means of putting it in practice? If it suited their purpose, they remained quiescent; but if not, they had always the ready excuse of a misconception of the terms to bring forward;—and thus, whilst such agreements were strictly binding on the framers of the treaties, (who could start no such objections) the opposite party could advance the plea of ignorance on its side, or make a charge of duplicity or deceit on the other, to evade recrimination, or excite sympathy.

Voltaire has truly said, “*gardons nous de ces systèmes,*” by which he meant to advance, that all theories in legislation not founded on experience, are bad. The results likely to ensue in the present instance were evident; when ignorance and superstition were the only given properties, to operate with, and effect a product.—The proposed system also, of establishing intermediate townships of Hottentots and Fingoes along the border, unless supported by a strong military force, was not likely to come to a more favorable issue; although it is on record, as the opinion of high authority, that the frontier might be protected by a few companies of regular troops, if certain locations of this nature were formed, and an effectual barrier thereby made, to check aggression. The fallacy of such a proposition, is evident.—The Kafir may be induced to listen to, or feel a certain awe at the demonstrations of an European, but none certainly for men whom he considers his inferiors; so that such settlements would only prove so many points for attack on cattle and property, whenever he became instigated to the attempt.—The supposition too of any cordial amalgamation between such heterogeneous bodies, could only be argued upon, as the work of time; under any other circumstances, the sudden and constrained proximity of men, in whom there is dissonance of character, dislike of origin, difference of habits, and amongst whom, old tares of dispute would still be

existing, would be sure to end unhappily.—The less man is civilized, the stronger are his predilections for old observances, and his antipathies against new; the latter would be a restraint upon his feelings, as disagreeable as clothing him suddenly in a tight suit of fustian, after he had enjoyed the free use of his limbs from his birth; and of which he would divest himself at every opportunity, unless under the control of power, and fear of punishment;—no community could thrive amidst such incongruities.—Whenever a fixed line of boundary is decided on, the Kafir, of his own free-will alone, must remain within the pale of it.

In treating then on a reasonable course of policy towards the border tribes, it is very evident that to extend our encroachments on territory, for every act of dishonesty or aggravation on their part, would be unjust to the many, and could lead to no friendly termination; yet to recede from what has been already occupied, would be unsafe, if not inglorious, and serve as a stimulus to increased aggression; whilst, to allow the present state of things to continue, is impossible. It will, then, necessarily be asked, what ought to be the system adopted; and the question resolves itself at once into *one of defence*, for to war on the *offensive* with savages, because they are predatory from habit, and irascible by nature, is beneath the character of a nation like Great Britain.

In speaking now of a system of defence for the frontier, it cannot be doubted, that the best would be the maintenance of a succession of fortified posts, along the Buffalo range, supported by those, already in existence along the Keiskamma, Chumie, and Fish Rivers, the Great Kye being the ultimate limits of colonial boundary, within which, no Kafir should be allowed to remain, unless a registered British subject, and none allowed to enter for trading purposes, unless with a pass obtained from the nearest civil or military authority, upon crossing the boundary. Each of these forts, to be constructed to contain a garrison of 200 men with all the necessary munitions of war, and situated at a distance of not more than 15 miles from each other, so as to be able speedily to

combine a large force, if necessary, and to be near enough to keep up a system of patrolling between the two adjacent, on either side. This line of posts, to consist of ten in number, would cover an extent of about 170 miles, in rear of which all villages, and even isolated farms, would be comparatively secure, as, in case of any Kafir depredation, upon speedy information being given at the nearest fort, the apprehension of the offenders would be almost certain; whilst frequent patrols, on uncertain days, might intercept marauders returning with booty, and cause them to be more wary of exposure to detection.

Within such limits the Kafir should be permitted, and even invited, to remain, but solely as a British subject, under the dominion of British laws and authorities (as just stated,) and uncontrolled by anything like chieftainship amongst his own race, which should not be recognized, even in name; all the barbarous practices of witchcraft and sorceries should be utterly prohibited, and polygamy extirpated as far as possible.

The construction also of military roads, broad and open, with easy passage across the drifts, and connecting the communications between each post, ought to form a part of this plan of defence. This could be effected by employing soldiers on the work, or even the natives, at a small daily rate of pay, instead of allowing them to lounge away much of their time in canteens and idleness.

The remains which are extant to this day, both in Gaul and Britain, prove, that on their colonization of any territory, the Romans, the most powerful military nation on record, established permanent roads of communication between their strongholds and fortresses, to the extent at times of having them paved,—so much importance did they attach to the circumstance;—whilst Napoleon, the great military legislator of modern times, showed himself equally alive to this necessity, by lowering the sides of the gigantic Alps, and making nature yield to the genius of his mighty mind; so that, any irruption in the Italian States might be speedily combated,

by having a sure path open, for the pouring down of his legions on the plains of Lombardy. Yet, to all advantages of this sort, military authorities on the Frontier, appear to have been unawakened,—so much so, that in the unfortunate affair at Trompetter's Drift, the road from Graham's Town to Fort Peddie was described as being so bad, tortuous, and narrow, that the abandonment of the large convoy of wagons was mainly attributed to this circumstance; thus, a line of communication to the second military post of importance on the Frontier was found, at a momentous crisis, to be almost impracticable for the only store-conveyance of the country; whilst, during a long previous period, drunkenness was complained of, arising in great measure from the want of employment,—idleness being the root of all evil.

In advancing any plan for a system of defence, and recommending *the mode*, it is equally necessary to enter into a detail of the requisite *means*, that is, the description and extent of force, with which it is intended to occupy and maintain those defences. The plan hitherto adopted, upon any outbreak of the Kafir Tribes, has been the assembling of a large Burgher force to repel their invasion. Now, recent events have shown that the cost of this measure is great, whilst a sufficient muster has been precarious, and its inefficiency fully demonstrated. When the immediate Frontier, prior to the emigration of the Boers, contained a body of men born and bred on the spot, whose knowledge of the Kafir and the country, whose mode of life, and habits of endurance made them equal to encountering the hardships of the field, and that particular description of warfare, best suited to cope with and repel their foe, the case was different:—but the mere assembling of raw levies, however numerous, when inexperienced, and unaccustomed to traverse a wild country with gun in hand and confidence at heart, must be hazardous to success. Besides which, in active warfare, it must always be a matter of the greatest difficulty to keep men contentedly together, who have the

interests of their farms, or other business, probably going to ruin in their absence. The feelings of enthusiasm may carry them through a sudden effort with gallantry and success, but, for a continuous struggle, as our present hostilities have been, they are less valuable than one fourth of the number of regular troops. Now, Great Britain has never begrudged the maintenance of a body of 2000 soldiers for the protection of Mauritius, in her insulated position, with a military establishment in other respects nearly equal to that of the Cape of Good Hope: when I add, then, that 4000 men ought to be the permanent amount of force allotted for the latter, with its long line of boundary, and warlike neighbours,—I do not estimate too large a number to carry out the system of defence proposed;—whilst this number is proportionately small for this colony, when compared with Mauritius in point of extent of territory, population, and property claiming protection. Had such a line of defence been adopted formerly, and military roads constructed, the expences attending the same, would scarcely have exceeded one half of the sum, incurred during the present Kafir war. If the Frontier is worth protecting or preserving at all, *One Million Sterling*, ought not to be demurred at, in effecting the important object of establishing good order and security amongst half a million of human beings;—for, as our fellow creatures, an estimable feeling of philanthropy ought equally to consider the cessation of bloodshed, aim at tranquility, and hopes of civilization, towards the aboriginal tribes, whom I include in this number. This would be like the purchasing of a new and solid garment, instead of continuing to patch up the rents in an old one, ill-suited to its purposes, and now unadapted to cover the body which it was meant to protect.*

* If I may presume to append a note, to these remarks, (written prior to the present administrator of frontier affairs having assumed office),—the annulling of all treaties,—the appointment of Resident Magistrates and Civil Commissioners, beyond the old boundary, and the re-constructing of the abandoned posts along the Buffalo,—testify, that a new and wise organization of all matters connected with Frontier prosperity and protection, has happily commenced, and will doubtless be as wisely completed.

THE CONTRAST.

AN IRISH TALE.—IN TWO PARTS.

Continued from Page 68.

PART II.

The Wake.

The winter of 1845 had set in with unusual severity ;—the hoar frost lay thickly on the ground, and the dry leaves—crackling, flew against the windows, as the wind carried them to and fro in eddying gusts, and left some in dull colored heaps at sheltered corners, or bore others far away in sportive whirls, catching them up for a moment, to flit as butterflies,—then lowering them to the hard smooth lawn, where they ran races as if endowed with life ;—and finally, shattered and deprived of their filmy edges, fell at the back of hawthorn fences, or banks of clay,—or, mingled in the frothy current of the brook, lost all their playful flittings and sailing down the stream, left for ever the pleasant groves, where, but a few months since, their cheerful shade had given shelter to the early cuckoo, or the softly cooing pigeon.

I had just returned from an university examination, and sitting over a cheerful fire, read an account of a brilliant run with the K—— hounds.—That well kept pack had drawn B—— grove and “found :”—The fox broke away for G—— castle, but finding the “earth” stopped, then tried for T—— steeple, and within four fields of the “earth” had been run into, after a brilliant run of 45 minutes, at a racing pace,—their sporting owner Sir J. P.— well up as usual ; H. R. the ornament of a neighboring county coolly patting the neck of his muscular and well trained bay ; Lord D——

T

upon a showy thorough-bred; and that stout fresh-colored man, whose famous black mare had cleared the ugliest fences, with fourteen stone on her back, with others mentioned as their deeds deserved,—when a servant came in to say that I was wanted at the door.

A peasant touched his hat as I walked out, saying, “poor Mrs. Mulloy, yer honer, is dead—and the family’s in great disthress about her.”

“When did she die?”

“Yestherday, Sir,—she’s been ailing this long time, and never riz her head this week—she was ould and couldn’t fight agin the sickness.”

I replied, that I should walk down to the farm-house, in case I might be of any use to the family in their disthress: I also wished to see the aged corpse laid out in the usual manner, before its last journey to the final resting place. As I walked along, the day appeared to gather gloom; it was a day to die; the world looked bare and cold, like a stubborn and gloomy child, who wants no love, and will not be carressed; the cattle stood in mute and gloomy mood, holding their heads low to the chilling blast—a picture of despair.

The leafless trees and hard cold ground appeared as tho’ they too had lived too long, and would “go out” with the expiring spark of the old woman’s lamp.

How difficult to think, that in a few revolving months, fresh flowers would bloom and merry insects flit in holiday attire on this bare spot—and bright green leaves bud on those naked boughs, where now no merry birds sought shelter—no chirping songsters held their holiday!

Yet all this scene would change;—the bright primrose, and the daisy—“wee modest, crimson-tippit flower”—the sweet and honied cowslip, would here again peep thro’ the waving grass, and busy bees and gaudy butterflies would work, or sport, again; and the blithe lark soar with hymn of joy, while warbling thrushes would lead with native harmony the woody choir!

No cheerful band now waited round the farm-house door, but men in silent groups, in rough coats with hands encased within the opposite cuffs, or women hooded in their long blue cloaks wandered around in mournful parade.

Opposite the door, two women, relatives of the deceased, knelt on the cold ground, enveloped in their cloaks, with heads bowed low, uttering the Irish wail.

The wail, or "kreen," is seldom now heard in the eastern parts of Ireland. In Cork and Kerry, however, it still continues in almost its early solemnity; in those districts, it follows the body to the grave, and is taken up by all the crowd around.

I had never witnessed it before, and was deeply struck by the harrowing picture of woe before me. Across the flinty road they went on bended knees, at times breaking forth in shrill accents—"Biddy! Biddy! aroon, Biddy acushla are you gone? Oh, this is the hard day, an' the dreary day on them that's left behind. Oeh! this is the could, sad day on us.—Mavourneen! you wor always good and kind, and now you're gone from all you loved."

I turned away, for I thought, that in such a case, the offer of kindness or assistance would for a few days be intrusive.

Sorrow is to me a holy thing, and not to be lightly interrupted. The heart bursting with a recent woe, must be given time to calm, for even when the strongest mental powers try to conquer grief, they but smother it, till time, with healing hand, sears over, with its gentle cautery, the bleeding scar.

I knew that in the dusk of evening the body would be laid on a fair white cloth, upon a table, in the centre of the room, the stiff joints smoothed for the last long sleep, and the crossed hands carefully folded on the now cold bosom. That those eyes which "weep not, win not, fire not, now," would be closed with studious care. That when the night set in, lighted candles placed on the tables whereon the body lay, would shew a group of young people gathered round, some from motives of curiosity, others talking quietly in under-tones. That presently, in accordance with the practice on such occasions, handed down thro' centuries, the relatives

of the deceased would bring in pipes, whiskey, and tobacco, for the guests, and then the party who had sat, mute, around the walls, would turn in the adjoining room to jigs and reels;—and while one room contained the clay laid out for its long rest, merry troops of rosy girls would, in the next, laugh a suppressed laugh, and “boys” make love, while the circling glass would give them eloquence and add more sparkling pearls to the joyous eyes of the buxom fair.

I knew that, in another day, the motley crowd would follow the bier to the old church-yard, and while relieving parties took, in turns, on their strong shoulders, the “barrow” whereon the coffin lay, the crowd would swell in numbers, as each by-lane added its group, and, in respectful attitude, attend the solemn rites that “teach the rustic moralist to die.”

And, sometimes, in the stilly calm of eve, a female figure, covering close over the simple mound, would tell her beads, and offer up the prayers appointed by her church for the departed soul!

The Famine.

A very short space of time has elapsed, and what a fearful picture of woe presents itself—a picture now gazed upon with lengthened faces by the inhabitants of the whole world. An island, about 300 miles long and 150 broad, inhabited by a very small portion of the immense total of the dwellers upon earth, has called forth the unanimous sympathy and pity of the globe! A blight, new and hitherto unheard of, has fallen on a simple, and in many countries a disregarded article of food; and thousands of the dwellers in a land where “the men are brave and the women virtuous;” where unbounded hospitality is the inborn character of its people; and native wit and merry humor are the birthright of its sons, mutely bow the head before inevitable death, or wildly clasp to chilly breasts their starving babes. From the rock-bound western coast, to where the British Channel separates

her emerald plains from her sister, the empress of the seas, a famished crowd of miserable objects implore an avenging Providence to stay his mighty hand and spare the diminished remnant of his people.

The cry is heard; and charity, with open hand, from every clime,

“ From India’s coral strand,
 “ And where Afric’s gushing fountains
 “ Roll down their yellow sand”

has poured forth its thousands, for relief.

Here, where a disastrous intestine war is draining the purses of the colony, and want is nigh the doors of many, whose cattle, their sole means of wealth, have been stolen by an unsparing and treacherous enemy; even here, the generous feeling which led the mother country to strike the chains from off her swarthy brethren, and proclaim them free, has met its due reward, and those who can ill draw on their tightened resources, have liberally filled a momentarily increasing purse to rescue from the pangs of hunger the distant sufferers.

Where those who could, gave twenties, tens,—I witnessed one spark of feeling, which tho’ offering a mite may well take its place among them.

A Malay Priest, on whose shaven crown a tuft of hair was left—that Mahomet might by it lift him to the abode of Houris,—in giving his five shillings to a people unknown to him, and in a latitude he knows not of—said, “ I wish ’twas more; perhaps we may want it yet, and they’ll send double back.”

Such feeling does honor to the man, and well may we call such a brother!

In the autumn of 1845, a blight appeared in the potato crop, on which the peasantry chiefly subsist, and great distress was the result. A speck, or sore, appeared on the skin of the potato, which shortly spread and made a rotten mass, not only of the root itself, but of all those it touched. The practice in Ireland has been,—having “ dug out” the crop to pile the potatoes in “ pits” sloping to the top, and to cover them

with stalks and straw, over which a coat of clay, which soon becomes baked, is laid; thus they remain for the winter, or till taken into lofts or houses. You may imagine of what consequence the crop is, on recollecting, that the food of some millions of the Irish consists of a pot of potatoes, boiled and spread on a table, (with milk and salt) for breakfast; the same for dinner with, if work is plenty, and the means can be obtained, a few herrings, a bit of salted beef, or bacon, and cabbage, or some eggs, for dinner; and potatoes and milk again at night;—not that all have the beef, bacon, or milk, for some have not these, while others can add a bit of fresh meat occasionally, and obtain the grand desideratum, viz: a cup of tea at night.

The seed for the ensuing year was now issued, and tho' every mode was tried,—tho' learned professors sought for remedies,—tho' some potatoes were pitted with layers of clay, chalk, dry sand, or lime, between the roots,—tho' some were spread out and picked from day to day,—some left in the ground, not dug,—trenches dug round the pits in other places,—burned peat made the roof of other pits,—tho' ingenuity was on the stretch, and science was at fault,—the crop of '46 proved a greater, a more wide-spread failure. Like wild-fire the disease appeared, till no county, no parish was free,—and then, when hunger, sure attendant upon want, pinched the poor dependants on nature's bounty, and starving masses sought for work, whereby to gain the means of purchasing some other food;—when authenticated accounts proved that the unburied bodies lay for days, a hideous spectacle! that famished wretches, in their wild despair, called vengeance on the heads of landlords, whom they themselves had banished from their homes; and the wild cry of starving babes added a bitter pang to the broken hearts of mothers,—England,—which had for years borne with the untamed spirit of a rebellious people, whose cry was ever, "give, give," and whose return for generosity and advice was "England's weakness is Ireland's opportunity,"—came forward to the rescue; and while mighty affairs were left for settlement in

better times, gave up her undivided care to find the means of assuaging Erin's sufferings.

Millions of her gold were voted for the wretched people, corn was freely poured into the Irish ports, and every land responded to the call; liberal subscriptions were sent from distant shores, yet ere they came, the hand of death had played a fearful part;—rents, were unpaid, tenantry paupers, and a fertile land was like a barren soil.

And yet, my countrymen! while all that charity could do for you was being done,—while a people whom you have spurned and abused, were doing all they could, to lighten your adversity—why glisten those bright weapons in your hands?—Why are those fire-arms slung upon your shoulders? Why is that money, granted to save your families from a lingering death, wasted on the means of war and slaughter? Why is there in your pale faces that expression of revenge? and why are gloomy meetings held to plan treachery against “the Saxon”—your brother and your friend?—Do you suppose the shades of night have covered from an eternal eye those meetings, where lawless men, with contracted brows, sterily grouped in secret clubs,—reckless, desperate men,—vow deep destruction on the heads of those, whom they had long estranged by an unwelcome reception of their kind advice, and on whom they dared, in person, to revenge the wrongs they felt they had borne unrepiningly for years, only when those imaginary wrongs were first shewn to them by men, who, for their own selfish ends, had made an ardent people enthusiasts, and clanked before their eyes the chains they had never worn!

This is madness! See now the sad result of wanton outrage! See those friends you once have driven from their land, by midnight murders, spending their days abroad in dread of a return to their native country!

Look at the reflection of the magic lantern, which offers to your sight the lurid glare of burning cottages, whose inmates run naked in wild despair, with agonizing shriek, upon your weapon's point,—pressed by a more fearful foe.—See that

mangled corpse by the wayside, whose starting eye-balls proclaim the pressure of the bloodstained feet which crushed his fallen body,—see those grey locks clotted with his heart's red blood.

Who are these? Your neighbours and your landlord ;—the kind old man whose ear was ever open to the tale of woe—his purse-strings readily withdrawn to minister to your misfortunes. Can you then wonder, that when your hour of need came, those who would still have helped you well, were far away, seeking in distant lands the safety they dared not hope for at their homes?

Is it strange that thousands want employment when those who would have given it were banished,—when those who would have willingly embarked their capital in the improvement of your land, dared not venture their lives or wealth amongst you,—that now you are obliged to beg a sustenance from friends you once spurned, kind masters you have abused, and governors whose ears you have insulted with undeserved contumely, and whose offers of kindness you have received, unthankful, and returned by faithlessness and treachery!

See now the picture I hold before your eyes of those once green fields you have wandered in,—of faces you have seen to smile in contented happiness,—of young hearts broken by the chill of penury, and famished, dying infants, and helpless parents,—where once I too, as well as you, saw wealth, contentment, and delight!

Come with me once again to the farm and the friends I sketched before, and see the bright eye dimmed, and hear those hollow tones.

I was about to leave my native land,—perhaps for ever,—yet ere I left, I was ordained to see a picture, which will remain engraved on memory's tablet, while reason holds her seat.

I had hurried over a journey of 400 miles to shake my father's hand, before I turned my back on his and other well loved faces I should never meet again in cheerful group around the fireside of home!

I scarcely was prepared for the events of the morrow. A haggard figure, in whose skinny arms was held a sleeping infant, on the cold steps implored some warm food ; farther off, the tall figure of a man, with gloomy brow, too proud to beg, waited for assistance, or for *work*,—his weakened frame could not endure. At the foot of an old leafless ash sat cowering a female form ;—her strength had failed ere she had reached the door,—and children barely clothed, holding by each other's tiny hands, wept piteously for bread, to support them through another wretched day.

Shocked at the sight, I mused, with slackened pace, and turned into the high road.

Where I had once heard the merry laugh of youth and gaiety returning from the fair, or market, a chilling silence usurped its place.—I walked towards the village to see a friend, and from him I learned, that subscriptions had been raised to provide food for the poor, to as large an extent as possible, and every resident had entered willingly into the good work, of serving daily out, a quantity of soup, or bread, to those who had fled before the famine, in the wild hope that change of place would bring them food and health !

A crowd had gathered round some object of interest by the way side, as I returned, and with a natural curiosity, I joined them, and beheld the cause of this excitement, in an old man who leaned half sitting, against the wall. The kind peasants had unstrapped a bundle from his back, which lay beside him ; his scattered locks were matted, and his pallid countenance shewed with a sad fidelity the privations he had endured.

To the enquiries of those around, he only muttered, “thank you—thank you—it's too late now.”

He was evidently suffering from long travel and hunger, which might in an hour or two become starvation.

Some one proposed placing him on a cart, belonging to one of the gentry, and the question arose, where they should then take him.

It happened that the lane, which in the first part of this

account I mentioned, as having sauntered down, with light heart and merry friends, (now in two distant quarters of the globe) was within a few yards of us.

All but the driver of the cart, and one young girl, now continued their course homeward ; whilst I went, with the cart and its burden, to the farm-house, which I had not visited since the body of old Mrs. Mulloy had gone to its last resting place.

Before we turned down the lane, a boy, with pleasure, for a small reward, ran to the village, for some bread and meal, which I desired him to bring.

On our entering the farm-house, a poor old woman rose from the fire, where she had been endeavouring to ignite, by means of her own breath, a humid mass of small switches cut probably from a neighbouring hedge. Her eyes were tearful from the smoke, and her husky voice struck doubly harsh upon my ear, as we supported the famished traveller into the room.

“ Ah thin ! aint we bad enough, but ye must bring strangers in upon us ; there’s sorra’ enough on the house this blessed hour, wid death and sickness ; and ye want us now to give the bit from our mouths, to thim that’s not our own ! ”

Even while she spoke, the inborn feeling of humanity induced her to make way, and drawing over a wooden chair, she placed it near the smouldering embers for the reception of the feeble traveller. “ The Lord look down on us,” said she ; “ but the times is very bad—entroth, aroon, you’re near a better world ! ”—and she made rapidly the sign of the cross upon her forehead.—“ An we’ve nothin in the house to offer you ; myself did’nt eat a bit to day, but some cold potatoes, and the gruel for the child’s not done, with this fire, bad win to it.”

As she spoke, the door of the inner room opened gently, and a young woman, on whose pale features were stamped, want and care, approached gently, with weeping eyes—

“ Never mind the gruel now, Biddy,” said she, “ he’s in heaven,”—she sobbed convulsively.

The poor old servant raised her head, and at a moment’s glance, perceived the woe that choked the utterance of the bereaved mother.

“ The Lord ha’ mercy on his sowl ! ” said she.

Then clasping both her hands together, she added—

“ Don’t fret Mrs. Collins ! don’t fret Alannah ! God is good—an’ may be better times ’ill come.

With the tact which makes a woman the only companion we can bear, when crushed beneath a load of sorrow—the old woman perceived that Mrs. Collins was giving way, and ere the shriek of misery should burst forth, she led her, passive, to another room, in silence. A heavy fall was heard, and well we knew that the childless mother had thrown herself upon the bed, to toss her arms wildly, in the first burst of despair !

A mother’s love is of that nature, that man cannot appreciate it ; and all we know of it is this, that such an all-absorbing passion is its result, that for that new born babe she will, without a thought, abandon home or friend, or health, or wealth ! While it is spared, her step is light, her joy is full ; its infantine caresses,—its very helplessness are her purest pleasures. Take it from her,—see it wither under sickness, close its eyes, and die :—and she is then alone, with pallid brow, leaning upon her wasted hand, she bodes in silence—fixing her vacant eye upon the smouldering fire—or gazing in absent mood on the cradle, wherein she had rocked its little form !

I scarcely recognized in that altered face, the once merry girl, at whose wedding, revelry and mirth had filled each heart with joy ; where toast and song, in quick succession, had filled with merry peal of laughter, the echoing roof,—when jig, and hornpipe, and reel, had chased the hours away, till morning had wellnigh broke upon the festive scene.

A small quantity of the gruel, which had been simmering on the wretched fire, for the child, which now lay cold, in

the adjoining room, was given to the old and feeble traveller, whose limbs, refreshed by the warmth of the fire, again resumed their office; and with grateful looks and stifled words, he showed the gratitude he felt.

I left the scene of sadness,—having first given the old woman a trifle to purchase food. From her I learned, that during my absence, the distemper which swept away the cattle from the neighbouring district, in the close of '45, and spring of '46, had taken from Mulloy, (the last remaining son of the old widow, with whose visit I commenced this sketch,) the last of his milch cattle; his green pastures were lying on his hands, unstocked; and a heavy arrear of rent was accruing daily, while the means of paying it were gone,—added to this, the autumn brought the total blight of daily food, which now appeared a rotten heap. Bred up in habits of indolence,—accustomed to find the day sufficient for the evil thereof,—he had not courage to meet the strict agent, who came in November, to collect the last half year's rent, for a landlord endeavouring to support a large family, and to meet liabilities, incurred by an unprovident ancestry, and now entailed on him.

Mulloy had fled before the foe he should have faced; and instead of applying himself boldly to meet the emergency, had given himself up to the fatal remedy of a cowardly mind, the use of intoxicating liquors;—he soon became a sot, and drivelled at the public house those hours that he should have spent in manly endeavours to meet his difficulties.

His sister, Mrs. Collins, had gone with her husband, to a small farm in the grant of Knockagany, about eighteen miles distant, and their affairs became in a short time, a total wreck. Collins had sunk a victim to consumption, the result of a cold, caught in the daily duties of his farm, draining wet land, and standing in the dews of chilly evenings, overseeing the sowing of his crops,—unable to provide himself with proper change of warm clothing, from having borrowed money, to set up his stock on the farm, from those who now pressed for re-payment, or threatened him with a gaol.

Without money, or furniture, his broken hearted widow had returned, with a dying child, to the now wretched home of her unsteady brother, and soon the scene occurred, of which I became, by chance, a witness.

The ground lay bare and untilled;—the few remaining cattle had been sold, and impending ruin stared them in the face, aggravated by the knowledge, that a whole year's rent was due, and shortly, even a home would be doubtful. Want drove, in bands, enfeebled wretches by the door;—the newspapers brought accounts of frightful destitution. In Dungarvan, in Skibbereen,—in many other places,—unburied bodies lay for days, waiting the rites of sepulture, and a bitter and inclement season palsied their shivering limbs;—despair was written on each face, and a lingering death, each day, stalked nearer with slow but certain strides.

Two days had now passed over, and when the morrow's sun would rise, I should leave for a distant land, the home of my family, and turn my back upon the aged faces I had loved from infancy, and the playmates I had caressed, to seek new acquaintances and friends among strangers. But, it happened, that, before I said farewell, I beheld the curtain drawn over the woës of the poor friends, whose history I have recounted. I saw the last branch lopped from off the tree I had once seen green and flourishing. My friend Dr. R.— had called about mid-day, to say good-bye, and as I walked by his side, to part with him at the termination of the avenue, he said he had a sick-call to make; it proved to be, as I at once guessed, at Mulloy's house. I went with him, but scarcely was prepared for the scene which awaited us.

Stretched on a bare four-posted bed, lay the dying form of the girl, who had in three short years seen life brightly open with happy prospect, endured the care of watch, sickness, and death; and last scene of all, now lay before us, waiting for a friend to close her eyes in death.

What sudden turns !
 What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history ! To-day most happy !
 And e'er to-morrow's sun has set, most abject ;
 How scant the space between these vast extremes !

Poor Mary !—a ragged cloak covers your wasted form,—your eyes are glassy in the wistful gaze that pictures, in vacuity, the figure of the little cherub, you seem to see, winging its way to immortality, soon to gain the heavenly choir !—Your closed lips murmur—“ *Father I'm ready—receive my soul !* ”

Poor girl !—your story is but one of many. In this eventful year, how many a heart, that once beat happily, has gone down to the cold grave, the winter of whose life set in, where a short spring had smiled, but summer never shone !

How many have, amidst the groans of dying friends,—the cries of starving babes, unheard of and unknown, in misery, gone to their long account, far from the fond breast, “ on whom the parting soul relies ”—wanting those “ precious drops the closing eye requires.”

Soft be your sleep under the grassy sod, whereon no stone infixes, tells of your simple virtues,—a daughter's filial duty,—a wife's endearing love and faith,—a mother's watchful care ! Softly sleep on your pillow of clay, and lightly tread the traveller's foot above your mouldering form, and cheek once beauty's couch, where now “ the high-fed worm, in lazy volumes rolled, riots unscared ! ”

P. V.

THE TWO SHIPS.

(Suggested by the sailing of the "*Glentanner*" and the "*Isabella*" from London, in February 1847;—one bound to New South Wales and the other to Singapore.)

They go, to battle with the ocean's foam,
 To ride in triumph o'er his stormy breast,
 No more for them, the light of hearth and home,
 And gentle household rest.

Proud ships upon the waters—hearts are thine
 That love to hear the dashing billows roar:
 Take them in gladness o'er the stormy brine
 With blessings from the shore.

Bear on your pathless ways!—to each of ye
 A distant course along the deep is given,
 Ye shall not meet upon the lone mid sea,
 Beneath the stars of heaven!

One, for the radiant East her prow shall guide,
 As swells her snow-white canvass to the breeze:
 Where many a palm-clad island gems the tide
 Of the blue Indian seas.

And one shall follow on her path of foam,
 A lonely track for that proud ship to keep!
 Where but the giant Albatross hath home
 Along the southern deep.

God speed them o'er the waters!—night and day,
 By moonlight calms, or tempest's angry blast,
 Each shall hold on her solitary way,
 Yet reach her home at last!

Oft, shall they sleep beneath the spangled sky;
 Darkly their sails against the moon shall rock,
 Their tall masts tremble, as the gale sweeps by,
 Before the storm-winds' shock!

Mysterious are the ocean paths they trace!
 Though suns may glitter on the mummering wave,
 They oft shall pass, yet reck not, o'er the place
 Of many a lone sea-grave!

Dark things are hid beneath the dashing tide,—
 The many-peopled chambers of the deep
 Have won from Earth her spoils of wealth and pride
 For the salt sea to keep!

God speed them o'er the waters!—hopes and prayers,
 By soft, sweet voices, breathed at many a shrine,
 With gentle blessings from the shore, are theirs,
 God speed them o'er the brine!

G. F. A.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Upon the domestication of certain species of Wild Animals in the Cape Colony, and on the introduction of others, &c.

BY HENRY H. METHUEN,
Author of "Life in the Wilderness."

ALTHOUGH experience has shown, contrary, perhaps, to general expectation, that the indigenous species of animals and plants, in each country, are not invariably those best suited to the climate, soil, and local circumstances,—yet there are undoubtedly many exceptions to this principle, both in the animal and vegetable world; and it has often occurred to me, that men are too easily satisfied with the labours and investigations of their predecessors on these matters, and thus permit many fertile sources of wealth and happiness to remain unheeded.

The capability of the various members of the vegetable kingdom, applied by man to domestic purposes, to naturalise themselves over remote and extensive ranges, seems to be somewhat more circumscribed than that of the domesticated animals. Lyell has justly remarked on this subject:—"It seems, also, reasonable to conclude, that the power bestowed on the horse, the dog, the ox, the sheep, the cat, and many species of domestic fowls, of supporting almost every climate, was given expressly to enable them to follow man throughout all parts of the globe, in order that we might obtain their services, and they our protection."*

The tendency of increasing civilization and colonization must be, to render extinct numerous species of animals and plants, and greatly to multiply others which can be made subservient to the use of man.—Witness the unparalleled spread of the sheep within the last century,—the increase and

* Principles of Geology.—Vol. 3.

naturalization of cattle and horses in North and South America, which having run wild, and reverted to their original wild type, roam the plains of those vast continents in countless herds, far outnumbering any troops of indigenous quadrupeds, even of the Bison. Humboldt says there are in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres twelve million cows, and three million horses, without reckoning those that have no acknowledged proprietor. "In the nothern plains, from the Orinoco to the lake of Maracaybo, M. Depons reckoned that 200,000 oxen, 180,000 horses, and 90,000 mules wandered at large."*

It is not, however, to useful animals and plants alone, that this extreme hardihood, and power of adapting themselves to climate, has been given, since many noxious plants and animals appear regularly to follow in the track of colonization, amongst which, I shall content myself by specifying the Norwegian rat, which may now be said to range from Norway to New Zealand, through the greater portion of the intervening countries, and has apparently quite exterminated and supplanted the original black rat of Great Britain.

South Africa, above all other regions of the globe, may be said to abound in the magnificience of her indigenous quadrupeds, yet they are rapidly diminishing in number, and retreating from the presence of civilized man into the deserts, and unexplored wilds of the interior. Scarcely a single effort has been made to subjugate, or reclaim any of these noble creatures, excepting in a few cases, where the sole object has been, to sell them to a collector, who instantly ships them away to a distant land, where stunted in growth, and cooped up in a kind of premature grave, they linger out a miserable existence.

By the adoption of judicious measures, there is not an animal in Africa, which could not be caught and tamed; but of the many different species, there are not, probably,

* Lyell's Principles of Geology.—Vol. 3.

more than five, or six, whose services could be rendered available to man. Amongst which I would enumerate the elephant, the two kinds of Quagga—*Equus Burchellii*, and *Equus Quagga*,—and the Eland. Of the facility of multiplying the three latter species, and of domesticating the whole, no reasonable doubt can be entertained. It is lamentable to a reflecting mind, to see fine animals gradually extirpated, or to see them rescued from annihilation, only by the spirit and enterprise of a nobleman, in a remote quarter of the world, amid a variety of difficulties which would not here accompany the experiment.

Probably there are few who are not aware that the Indian and African elephants are distinct species. Beside anatomical differences, they diverge widely in their external features; the African elephant is a larger and more powerful creature than its Asiatic congener; it is distinguished by the formation of its skull, and its huge fan-shaped ears, overlapping great part of its shoulders: in the African species, also, the female possesses tusks, which is not the case with the Indian elephant. Of the prodigious size of the elephant of this country, some estimate may be formed by the weight of the tusks brought into the market. Instances of teeth of 1 cwt. each, are by no means rare. I have seen the wharfage bill of some ivory brought from Zanzibar, on the east coast, where one lot of three tusks averaged 143 lbs. per tooth; and a very respectable merchant, of Cape Town, lately informed me, that he had, himself, weighed a tusk, recently brought down from Delagoa Bay, of the monstrous weight of 150 lbs. English. Reports of teeth, considerably heavier than these have reached my ear, but, since the circumstantial evidence, relating to them, was deficient, I thought it best to be silent on the subject.

“An animal, in its domestic state,” says Mr. F. Cuvier, “is not essentially in a different situation, in regard to the feeling of restraint, from one left to itself. It lives in society without constraint, because, without doubt, it was a social animal, and it conforms itself to the will of man, because it

had a chief, to which, in a wild state, it would have yielded obedience. There is nothing in its new situation that is not conformable to its propensities ; it is satisfying its wants by submission to a master, and makes no sacrifice of its natural inclinations. All the social animals, when left to themselves, form herds more or less numerous ; and all the individuals of the same herd know each other, are mutually attached, and will not allow a strange individual to join them. In a wild state, moreover, they obey some individual, which, by its superiority, has become chief of the herd. Our domestic species had, originally, this sociability of disposition ; and no solitary species, however easy it may be to tame it, has yet afforded true domestic races. We merely, therefore, develop to our own advantage, propensities which propel the individuals of certain species to draw near to their fellows." * In this important passage, there is embodied a correct principle, and a sure test of the domesticity of animals, worthy of the sagacious mind from which it emanated.

Now the African elephant, it is well known, is a highly social creature, differing in no respect, as regards his docility, and mental capabilities, (if I may use the term) from his Indian namesake. Although there is not a case on record, in modern history, of an African elephant being exported alive from his native country, still the young have frequently been captured, and, in the instance of one caught and domesticated by a Mr. Rex, a farmer in the Knysna, the animal grew perfectly tame and submissive, and seemed to evince, I believe, that regard for his human associates, which is so pleasing a trait in the elephantine character. The elephants accompanying the armies of Pyrrhus and Hannibal were probably African, but this is uncertain. The giraffe and hippopotamus were exhibited alive in the contests of beasts in the Roman arena, of which animals no specimen of the latter, and, till comparatively speaking, of late years, none of the former ever reached the shores of Europe.

* See Lyell's Principles of Geology.—Vol. 3.

There certainly was more enterprize on these matters among some ancient nations, than has existed, up to a recent date, in modern history.

It is not to be expected that so huge and ponderous an animal as the elephant should be generally serviceable, though it has of late been employed, in the East, in ploughing. It is in peculiar cases, that his vast strength is of such essential use, as in attendance on a march, drawing heavy guns, or carrying baggage (for his form fits him more for supporting burthens than for drawing,) and in other situations which it is needless to enumerate. There is, however, one service, *sui generis*, which, it seems to me, the elephant might render to the Cape colonists, and which, indeed, even in its wild state it may, to a certain extent, be said to have rendered,—I allude to the clearance and destruction of bush. Several of the now well-beaten roads through the frontier bushes have originated in elephant tracks. In this part of the colony there would never be any lack of food for the elephant; he would subsist upon the very bushes which he was eradicating, and be following his usual pastime in a somewhat more methodical style, eating while he worked. Of the extent of ground which a few well-trained, domesticated elephants might clear of bush and trees, those only can form an adequate notion, who have witnessed the operations of these pioneers of nature in their sylvan haunts, or the havoc which they have left behind them. I have frequently beheld large forked trees split down their centres, large thorny bushes turned topsy-turvy, with their roots partially nibbled; and one tree thrown down by them, which I measured, but which was by no means the largest I ever saw prostrated, was four feet and five inches in girth. The greatest height of the African elephant has been generally estimated by Indian travellers, calculating by the circumference of the foot-prints, and other data, at somewhat above twelve feet; but from the weight of the ivory brought from the coasts, and the known longevity of this animal, I am disposed to think its stature underrated, besides which it may increase in size,

where the climate is warmer, and vegetable food more exuberant in its growth.

Judging by the range of this species throughout nearly the whole of Africa, despite the annual thinning of its ranks by the hunter, from which cause alone, McCulloch, in his dictionary, calculates, that 5000 elephants, per annum, perish throughout the world, of which a great proportion must be African,—judging by its wide range, the period of its extinction must as yet be very remote.

The next animal, of which I would speak, though by no means of secondary importance, because of its greater adaptation for general usefulness, is the Eland,—*Boselaphus Oreas*. This creature was formerly of not uncommon occurrence in the colony, as numerous local appellations might testify, but, if it does exist at all within the colonial boundaries, at the present time, it has become exceedingly scarce. It would be superfluous to enter into a detailed description of the Eland;—suffice it to say, that it is strictly a gregarious quadruped, the bulls attaining to the height of nineteen hands at the shoulder, and the cows being of somewhat smaller and slighter dimensions; it has a dewlap, and very ponderous carcass, with short, stout legs, and evidently possesses great strength, which, I doubt not, might be made available for draught;* it fattens readily on the most meagre herbage of the desert, and to the delicious, tender, juicy, and wholesome nature of its flesh, every hunter will bear witness, who has regaled himself on the steaks broiled in the homely style of South African cookery, with none of the usual condiments or spices to give them an unnatural relish; it can support drought better than almost any creature, except the camel, and is found in large herds, roaming over the wide yielding sands of the Kalagare Desert, the South African Sahara, where it subsists for many weeks without water, obtaining a sufficiency of liquid from the succulent shrubs and wild water-melons, which abound in that region. Fortunately this

* Prior to experience, what animal could seem less fitted for a beast of burthen than the South American Lama?

desert promises to be an impregnable fastness to this mild and stately animal; for the soft nature of the sand, and the entire absence of water, prevent the Griqua, or other horse-men, from entering its sanctuary.

The Eland, when in good condition, has no chance of escaping from its mounted pursuer, but, if pressed hard, runs up the wind, foams at the mouth and nostrils, soon breaks from a trot into a canter, and then almost immediately knocks up. Many an obstreperous ox would make a much better run of it.

It is now some few years since Lord Derby, with a zeal and enterprize which cannot be too much commended, despatched a party into the interior of South Africa, with directions to attend especially to the capture of the Eland. This object was effected, and three or four young animals arrived safely at his lordship's estate of Knowsley Park. They have thriven well, have become as docile, even in the first generation, as any domestic cattle, and the cows have annually produced and reared their calves. A cross with a common cow has been attempted, but proved to be unprolific.

There can hardly be the shadow of a doubt, that, had this subject been attended to in the youthful days of the colony, sleek and portly droves of elands might now be seen grazing over the different farms, or seeking the nightly kraal, in company with sheep, oxen and horses, or even drawing the lumbering wain.

Of the genus *Equus* there are three varieties which exist in a wild state in South Africa. The common Zebra, found principally in mountainous districts, would seem by all accounts to be irreclaimably vicious; but the other two species, the common and Burchell's Quagga, have both been broken to the saddle and to harness. The Rev. T. Arbousset, in his book, entitled a Tour exploratory of the North East of the Cape colony, remarks, "our own experience has convinced us that quaggas are docile and easily tamed; the zebras are said to be much more untractable,"* and he goes on to relate

* Page 86.

a case, which occurred during Sir Lowry Cole's governorship, of an Englishman driving a team of eight or ten quaggas into Cape Town, and selling them to the highest bidder. The quaggas sent from hence to Lord Derby, have, I understand, been broken in to the saddle.

Large sums of money have been expended on the introduction of the ass into the colony, while a creature already here, stronger, of more pleasing aspect, and equally hardy, has been nearly overlooked. The Quagga, though it might improve under domestication, would probably never equal the horse in speed, or strength, but it would soon rival the mule, and, in all likelihood, would propagate itself far more abundantly than either the horse or ass.

Another important circumstance, connected with the domestication of the Quagga, is, that it does not appear to be at all subject to that destructive epidemic, the horse sickness. Indeed were it otherwise, the countless herds of Burchell's Quagga, which frequent the plains far in the interior of this country, near the tropics, could not exist, since, during the summer months of the year, horses placed in similar situations invariably perish. The common and Burchell's Quagga are still to be met with in enormous troops;—the former is yet a habitant of the colony,—the latter is only found beyond the Orange River. The foals of both sorts may easily be captured, and become tame in a couple of days, and the older ones might be readily taken with the lasso. All that would be necessary to ensure the prosperity of Quagga foals, or Eland calves, would be careful attendants, who would not overdrive them, and the presence of a few mares and cows to suckle them.

These are the animals which most readily suggest themselves to the mind, as capable of being domesticated, and becoming highly serviceable to man. There are others, doubtless, which might be tamed, as the Buffalo, the Giraffe, and the Ostrich; but the character of the *Bos Caffer* is of so indifferently a kind,—he is so fierce and moody,—that he would, probably, be always a dangerous brute, and never acquire

the docility of the ox. The Giraffe is of so ungainly shape, and is mounted on such stilt-like legs, that, though it becomes tame very quickly, and breeds well in captivity, (as has been proved in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens,) the uses to which it could be applied cannot be well imagined. The Ostrich would require an extensive enclosure, to keep it from wandering, and to preserve the purity of its feathers, so that the hope of this gigantic bird being ever domesticated, and rendered a source of profit, must be very faint.

There is one animal, which, though not of general utility, I should rejoice to see introduced into South Africa, viz: the camel. With what speed and facility would it stride over "the pathless wilds of the parched Karoo," where neither the horse nor ox can venture, and how materially would it aid the explorer of this country in his wanderings. The herbage of South Africa is, I believe, peculiarly well suited for its maintenance.

There are also in this country many edible bulbs and herbs, which might amply repay any experiments made with them. Few attempts seem to have been made to raise any winter food for cattle, or rather, summer food, grown in winter, for it is during the summer months that it would be required for the milch cows.

The oaks in the Cape colony bear acorns, in singular abundance, and treble the size of the English, and it is much to be regretted, that such vast quantities of this food, so generally eaten by swine, cattle, and poultry, should be allowed to fall and decay amongst the oak plantations about Wynberg and Rondebosch. That beautiful bird, the English pheasant, thrives amazingly on such food, and, if turned loose in these woods, must soon multiply to an indefinite extent, since every circumstance of wood, water, and food is in its favour. To ensure success, however, in this experiment, not less than 40 or 50 brace ought to be released at once.

Collectors might, at no very great outlay, be posted at the various missionary stations, and, by means of a few presents,

the native chiefs would easily be induced to lend the assistance of their subjects, in procuring young animals, or plants. For securing the mature elephant, it would be necessary to introduce tame ones, and practised hunters; so that this might be considered too expensive a process, though, after a few animals of this species had been subjugated, their services might be commanded to capture others to an unlimited extent.

It is very improbable, that any private individuals will ever give these experiments a fair trial; since, apart from other obstacles, they would rarely refuse the golden bait, if a good offer for any animal in their possession, were made them by a foreign collector. The establishment of either a government or subscription farm, with branch establishments, and collectors, would seem the only system on which ultimate success may be expected to attend. Upon such a farm an infinite variety of useful experiments might be made, all of them, with reference to the interest and welfare of the Capé colony. It is, moreover, very likely that such an institution would, after the first three or four years, return a very good interest upon the capital expended in its formation.

If, in these few propositions, there be found anything crude or quixotic, the author can only allege in his excuse, that his thoughts were hastily put together, and committed to writing, upon a very brief notice.*



* This article was intended for insertion in our first number, but was postponed, in consequence of the late period at which it was received. Mr. Methuen left the colony before the publication of our first number.—Ed.

MOONLIGHT.

PART II.

(Continued from Page 48.)

“ And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 “ All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 “ Which soften'd down the hoar reality
 “ Of rugged desolation.”

BYRON'S *Manfred*, 3d Act, 4th Scene.

WHEN the power of Napoleon extended itself over the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, although placing a Sovereign nominally over the former, as a part of that policy which he had designed for all those states of Europe, which his arms had subjugated, and with a pretended display of granting them their institutions unaltered; he took care, nevertheless, to make that portion of the male population, which was capable of bearing arms, subservient to his appetite for war and dominion;—hence, in Portugal, during the early part of the vicegerency of Junot, a numerous corps was raised and placed, for the sake of appearance, under the command of the Marquis d'Alorna, one of those renegades, who are always to be found, in political convulsions, amongst the mass of mankind, ready to sacrifice their principles to self-interest, whenever circumstances present a reasonable hope of success.

During that eventful and disheartening epoch, although the Portuguese showed little abandonment of national feelings, and love of country,—still the plausibility of French overtures and schemes, succeeded in raising this corps, which was no sooner partially organized, than it was marched off to recruit the usurper's armies elsewhere. Amongst the number, who had been so induced to serve, was a nephew

of Don Manoèl, who had obtained a lieutenancy, and had, moreover, been appointed one of Junot's aides-de-camp; but, immediately on the convention of Cintra, had been sent by that officer to join the corps d'armée, under Marshal Victor, thinking, that from his knowledge of the country, and having numerous connexions in the capital, he might be able to obtain secret intelligence of what was passing in Portugal, useful to Victor on his re-approach to the frontier.

With this deluded young officer,* Don Manoèl had contrived to arrange a plan, by which this intelligence could be conveyed, and which was to be effected by means of an emissary, who was to quit Lisbon in the disguise of a peasant, and—ascending the Tagus as far as Nisa, to which place the French patrols had advanced from Alcantara, (which was occupied by the enemy in force,)—there hold communication with Don Julian de M.,—these two being personally known to each other. Success at first, frequently makes the heart too daring; for after three or four months of fortunate accomplishment, the emissary, on his return, ventured to become the bearer of a letter to one of Don Julian's female friends. This letter he had secreted in the folds of a sash, usually worn by the peasantry of the country; but having incautiously laid himself down to rest, overfatigued with the distance he had travelled, and the excessive heat of the day, he had fallen soundly asleep, not far from the road-side, when some passing muleteers, on their way to Villa Franca, stumbled upon him accidentally; and with the dishonest intention of appropriating to themselves whatever money he had about his person, had commenced, by searching the sash, (frequently made use of as a purse also,) in the folds of which the unlucky love-letter was discovered; and vexed at not having found any *pesettas*, † as they had hoped, in addition to the suspicion attached to the former circumstances, their rognish

* The history of this unfortunate young officer may be learnt, by referring to the duke's despatches, volume 6th, dated Pero Negro, 8th and 10th of November, 1810, and to whose lamentable fate, some allusion will be hereafter made in the course of this tale.

† *Pesetta*, a coin of the value of 11d. English.

adroitness conceived the design of taking him before the Juiz da Fora of that place, which might lead to their pecuniary benefit; they roused him, therefore, staring and trembling, from his deep slumber, and despite remonstrance and resistance, carried him before the village authority.

The Juiz da Fora, a bustling little man, big with the event, reported the circumstance, immediately, to the corregidor of Lisbon,—to which place the unfortunate emissary was sent, strongly guarded, where the threats of torture, to end in strangulation, if he did not confess, and the offer of pardon, if he would divulge the names of his associates, had the effect of making him choose the latter alternative, and disclose that of Don Manoèl.

Such is a short detail of the facts, which led to the arrest of, and subsequent proceedings against Don Manoèl, and his unhappy wife and daughter. It was true, that her husband's marked attentions to the invaders of his country, had frequently struck Donna Luisa, as something strange, but, attributing it to a desire of being more securely protected in person and property, where so many others had been insulted and plundered, she never contemplated the idea that dishonour was coupled with the motive; and so recent had been the release of the Portuguese capital from the yoke of its hostile foe, and Don Manoèl's silence on all political subjects, so quieting to suspicion, that the only circumstances which had caused her any surmise latterly, were his repeated visits to Lisbon, under no other plea but that of curiosity, as to passing events; and yet, when the blow came, and the truth stood before her in all its stern reality, she blamed her own short-sightedness, in not having seen through the dark cloud of destiny. Alas! shallow mortals that we are! how often has it not happened to many, to be unawakened to the future, even amid the career of their own follies? And do we not often purposely blind reason, which would guide us on our path—ay—at times when we are rushing along the brink of some fearful precipice? Or rather, may we not find excuse in the present instance, for that affection which saw

not blemishes in the object of its love, but offered up its devotion, as the Persian worships the sun, unmindful of the dark spots that shadow the disk of its refulgence ?

The castle of St. Julian stands boldly out from the shore, amidst the waves of the broad Tagus, and seems as a huge warder, placed to guard the golden treasures of that watery keep. Lighted up with the rays of a glowing sun, it presents an imposing object to the eye, as the bright river sparkles around it, upon whose tide the shining sails of the tiny latine-rigged boat, and those of the towering three-decker, are seen alike to glide; whilst the luxuriant hills of Almeida beyond sprinkled with white-walled quintas, peering from amongst vines and orange bowers, form one scene of splendour, rich, and beautiful as sight can wander over, and admire;—and yet, when the mind is arrested, to contemplate that strong, stern tower, apart from the surrounding glittering prospect, a question arises:—Wherefore were those walls erected ? And attractive as the bright sun-beams make its outward appearance, do not sorrow, and crime, and despair inhabit its gloomy chambers ? Yes, such was the case at the period of which I write, this castle being made a prison for state criminals, amongst whom the unfortunate Don Manoël was now numbered: his condemnation had taken place ; but, whether the interest of powerful friends had effected a delay, or that the existing government were averse to his being executed on the simple testimony of the emissary alone,—certain it was, that upwards of twelve months had elapsed since his incarceration ; and one of St. Julian's gloomy cells still retained him as its occupant.

Amidst the many privations from former enjoyments, which he had to endure, and mental suffering consequent upon that doubtful position between life and death, one solace had, notwithstanding, been granted him, and that was great indeed,—an occasional visit from his wife and daughter. Often, during those many weary months, (tedious as regarded his captivity, yet cherished by affection with avidity so long as life was spared,—and fearful in suspense,

yet dear to their bosoms, so long as hope held out a ray that all was not lost,) would these two sorrowing ones be observed, closely shrouded in sable mantle and veil, wending their silent way to that stern fortress; the child supporting her mother, yet, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," even, as when the vapoury moon-beams, prophetic of the strife of elements, cast their waning light upon this world of care.

For the sake of proximity to the prison, Donna Luisa occupied two small apartments in the house of a distant but kind relative, situated on the height above Belem, which commanded a view of the river and the castle of St. Julian on the one side, whilst, on the other, a partial prospect presented itself, of the mighty aqueduct, and the barren slopes which rise beyond, on first quitting Lisbon, towards the luxuriant bowers of Cintra; and although the affectionate Inez seated herself almost constantly at a window, which spread the former prospect before her eyes, still would she pause not unfrequently, when passing, to gaze on the latter scene, which lay in the direction of her past happiness, and breathing a deep sigh on turning away, appear as if wishing to rally her bosom's thought from some vision of unutterable tenderness. Need I say, that, in that dream, the form of Fitzormond was the guiding star of memory?

It also chanced at times, that her mother,—when aroused by the distant sounds of martial music from the cantonments of the British troops at Belem, or attracted by some vessel standing into port, on the deck of which the scarlet uniform formed a conspicuous object,—would remark on the conduct of that generous ally, whose enthusiasm and energies were devoted to the liberty of Portugal. Such conversations generally turned at last upon the handsome young officer, who had visited them at Cintra, but of whom they had heard nothing since the eve of his departure; then it was, that a pallidness came across that youthful cheek, and a tear-drop might be discerned under the lash of that dark eye, expressive of the emotion of a heart, which told not its love, but

like the urn, from which the flowers have been snatched away, still retained around it the incense of their odorous breath.

The autumn of the year 1810, had now nearly fled away, and mighty indeed, up to this period, had been the struggles which freedom had made to re-assert its fallen rights. The hard-fought field of Talavera, in the previous year, had been the first trial of strength on a larger scale, in the important issue of that war between France and England, which was to restore or destroy the liberties of Europe. In that memorable year, Austria once more threw down her gauntlet in the eventful cause, which had the effect of obliging Napoleon, to draw off a portion of those legions from Spain, with which he had, himself, advanced to the mountains of Galicia ; but noble, as the effort at Essling, and bloody and obstinate as the fight at Wagram had been, the star of his destiny was still in the ascendent, and his espousal of the grand-daughter of Maria Theresa, was the ransom accepted by the French emperor, for restoring Austria her independence. But if Spain, when united in the field, *en masse*, had given way to the superior tactics of the Gallic bands, under their brave and experienced generals, a species of warfare had sprung up towards her enemies, the countersign of which was "war to the knife," and harrassing them on all sides, was a terror to all security, and an ultimate means on her part of aiding to final success.

Still towards the close of 1810, there was much to dishearten. Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, had both been lost, and unoccupied for awhile with other ambitious schemes, Napoleon had sent another powerful armament under Massena, flushed with the blaze of continental victory ; which host was now advancing with haughty strides towards the frontier of Portugal, boasting that it would crush the lion of England under its feet ; yet, when the heights of Busaco were stormed, and the Titan war again "shook his blood-red tresses in the sun," its evening beams still shone on British bayonets, crowning the summits of those towering

hills, whilst the discomfited masses of the foe lay resting from their worsted efforts in the vallies beneath.

Now it was, that the genius, unerring judgment, and firmness of that great man, who was to be the deliverer of the Peninsula, became truly-conspicuous. Disdaining the outcry and force of public opinion, which commenced to attack him in England, and boldly speaking out his mind in reply to the insinuations of the provisional government of Portugal,* he decided on retiring to those fortified defences, which he had wisely prepared for the emergency, and which posterity, so long as it exists, will know, as the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras. For, although this first encounter of the re-modelled Portuguese army with the foe, at Busaco, had proved their valour and justified a reliance on their steadiness in the field, still as the vast superiority, in numbers, of the enemy, with whom he would have to contend, was much against him, and winter was fast approaching, with the certainty added thereunto, that the French commander could not maintain his numerous host, for any length of time, in so poor a country, and that famine would do more to conquer them than the sword, whilst the lives of his own soldiers would be spared for the ensuing campaign, he determined on this retrograde movement upon his supplies and fortified position, and on the 30th of September, the several columns were on their march towards Lisbon.

It was at this momentous crisis, that a second ebullition of clamorous feeling took place in the Portuguese capital;—the report of the English General's movement was magnified by the disaffected into a disgraceful retreat;—vengeance was shouted by the populace towards every traitor to the public cause, and in its fury (as a mob will generally cry out for blood,) the immediate execution of all those who were then imprisoned for political offences, was loudly called for. It was with feelings, therefore, of no ordinary dismay and grief

* The remark of the historian Napier, on the malignant spirit of party, at this period, is finely conceived, when he says: "Thus beset on all sides, the English general rose like a giant."—Vide vol. 3, page 365.

that the Padrè Rosario, the worthy confessor of the family, who had been allowed also to visit, and had comforted Don Manoèl during his long imprisonment, informed Donna Luisa and her daughter of these painful circumstances. The effect of the intelligence upon the former was nearly fatal, whilst the mind of the latter, (though equally alive to the sorrow and idea of losing her father by an ignominious death,) still seemed to rise in strength after a while, in proportion to the emergency, and to meditate on the best means of endeavouring to save him.

In this fearful position she conceived the possibility of an appeal to the British Commander himself, who was a member of the Regency, as being the only chance to her despairing hopes, knowing that Portuguese influence would not dare to act in the present excited state of things. To write would be useless;—delays might take place in many ways; and under this impression, she took an opportunity, as soon as her plan was decided on, of disclosing it to Father Rosario when alone, and beseeching him to be her guide, and protector in the painful undertaking. It was true, the threats of the populace might die away, yet on the other hand, if clamour should lead to more fearful extremities, difficult as the attempt was, still,—how overpowering the thought of having been instrumental in saving the life of a father.

Let not the reader judge of the design of Inez, as one of strange conception. Does not the record of human actions contain many sublime examples of woman's tenderness and devotion, in every tie of life and affection?

The contemplated plan of the beautiful but unhappy Inez, was to the effect of hastening herself with the worthy Padrè, to the British head-quarters, as speedily as possible, and there imploring the momentous boon. This scheme was resisted by Rosario, who endeavoured to make it out as useless as it was dangerous, and even impracticable of execution; but Inez knew the power she had possessed from childhood, over the affection of the old man, and by a determination of purpose gained her point at last, by his consenting to accom-

Y

pany her, and his setting out immediately to procure two serviceable mules, and a trusty attendant, in order to start on the following day. Nevertheless, after his return from making the necessary preparations, upon a consideration of the plan, it was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to adhere to his first promise, as ~~it~~ meditated, her mother's being left in ignorance of their intentions until after their departure. This appeared to be most objectionable to the Padrè, as likely to involve him in a serious dilemma in several ways; especially, as the sudden knowledge of it, when added to her other distresses, might be fatal to the donna; but Inez, though fondly attached to her mother, was inspired with a feeling of filial duty towards her father, and fearing any interruption of her project, again quieted Rosario's apprehensions against any ill consequences, and so far outweighed all obstacles that on the morrow, under the plea of visiting Don Manoël at an early hour, these two quitted the house, sending back, when on the point of starting, a letter to Donna Luisa, to explain every circumstance, and the momentous cause of their journey.

History has been most profuse in its praise of the sacrifice made by the Russians, in burning Moscow, to drive away a deadly foe; yet, after all that has been said, the truth of it, as an act of devoted patriotism, stands upon very doubtful grounds; some writers asserting that the city's destruction by fire originated in accident. Far otherwise, and without a shadow of surmise as to cause or motive, was the abandonment of their homes by the Portuguese peasantry, from Coimbra to Lisbon, upon the advance of the invader at this appalling epoch, and yet, record has scarcely extolled, in a sufficient degree, this noble trait of self devotion for country in so large a portion of the nation,* for whilst most of the historians of the Peninsular war, enter into a detail

* It is true, that a Proclamation issued by Lord Wellington, in the name of the Prince Regent of Portugal, called on the peasantry to abandon their homes, but we know how little this would have availed, if the spirit of the nation had not responded to the summons.

of the facts, they do not enlarge enough in praise of the voluntary surrender to such losses and sufferings. It was not the sacrifice of one city, but the self-immolation of several provinces at the shrine of patriotism.

Cheerless indeed was the morn, which first saw that mass of houseless fugitives at Condeixa, wending their way from the homesteads of their birth, with what little property they could contrive to carry; some few with a solitary mule or *bourro*, above whose load an aged parent, or a sick or helpless child was seated, tended with all the solicitude; aye, in many instances with more anxiety than others bestow, when surrounded with the blessings of wealth and comfort. But, such are the poor and unfortunate; their very distresses create a bond of sympathy between them. Full often does the warmest heart lie under the most tattered garment.

But were there none besides, who turned a sympathizing glance and a ready hand to aid the forlorn and destitute? Yes, on that dreary, yet necessitous retreat, the British soldier was often seen sharing his scanty day's ration, or offering his only blanket to succour or shield some hopeless wanderer; and history will ever be at a loss to decide in which of these beings the noblest feeling drew breath,—in the one, who sacrificed every thing for country, or in the other, who perilled so much for their fellow-creatures.

Little did poor Inez imagine, when she left Lisbon, what miseries, in addition to her own, she was about to witness and encounter. But it is only midst stormy skies and troubled waters, that the vessel proves the firmness of its structure. The heart, whose nature bears not the stamp of resolution, cannot realize beyond the mere inspiration of romance, those warmer feelings, which may actuate a nobler breast.

For two successive days, as the travellers approached nearer to the scene of war, this stream of human beings increased, whilst miserable indeed was the appearance of each abode, where they had to rest. But cheerless and comfortless as every thing seemed around, to support or protect

life, all this was disregarded by Inez, as to personal consideration, her mind being engrossed with one sole object, which encouraged her heart and upheld it through all the trying scenes presented to her sight. Not that misery was depicted on every face. On several occasions, the rude jest, followed by loud laughter, met her ear, raised against herself and the Padrè, expressing surprise and ridicule, at seeing two individuals journeying in a different direction, to that in which the tide of war was driving the multitude,—the man bordering on fifty years, the female of young and lovely feature, which curiosity readily detected under the closely-enveloping hood and mantle, whilst the good taste of the former was jocosely commented upon, in his having chosen so fair and youthful a companion.

But the evening of the third day is approaching, and with it, the distant booming of cannon sounds sternly along the sky, and as it becomes louder, tells distinctly, that some encounter of foes is not afar. The village of Alcoentré had been left that morning by our fair heroine and Rosario, but ere half the distance was gained to Rio Mayor, their enquiries let them to the knowledge, that the illustrious individual whom they sought, had gone towards the left retiring column, whilst the approach of the British rear-guard, before whom that living stream of fugitives of both sexes had been swept along, necessarily obliged them to retrace their way also, and mingle with the multitude. It was now, that the scene which presented itself, was not more imposing than strange. “It was not, that troops of all arms, attended with all their encumbrances, which formed a continuous line along the road, nor peasants with their families, nor some of the higher order, with more numerous retinue, nor cars, nor furniture, nor cattle alone, but it was all these combined, pressing forward in one varied, confused, and interminable mass.”

Day-light was now on the wane, and anxious to regain their abode of the previous night at Alcoentré, their guide proposed, when within a league of that village, to take a

bye-path, with which he was well acquainted, and by which they would be enabled, when disengaged from the crowd, to move along more speedily, and arrive, so as to secure shelter, if possible, before the mass of fugitives crowded the place. Relying on this assurance, Inez with the Padrè, and one or two more followed on,—but what was distinctly visible at first, as a path, became at each turn more intricate, and difficult even for their mules, until after proceeding for more than half a league, they were brought up by a deep and impassable ravine; their guide being obliged to admit, that he must have mistaken some turn, and that they must retrace their steps for some distance, to get into the right path again. But twilight had come on, and it was only by the tender light of the clouded moon, that they were enabled to do so. They had scarcely regained, however, the brow of the hill, from which they had lately descended, when a dark mass was observed, not very far off, moving towards them from the direction of the enemy's advance.

The heart of Inez now throbbed quickly, under the impulse of fear and the apprehension of falling into the hands of the enemy; still, her firmness did not quite forsake her, as she called to the guide to urge her mule on at a brisker pace, and endeavoured even to inspirit the poor padrè, who commenced now to deplore the folly and uselessness of an undertaking which was likely to end so disastrously. At this moment, the sound of a trumpet in the contrary direction, revived her drooping hopes, when, upon reaching some more open and level ground, the fires of the English bivouac around the village met her sight, and a second body of cavalry drawn up, though at some distance, re-assured her that friends were not far off. Urgently did she now hurry on, as any advance of the latter simultaneously with the French, would bring the conflict immediately around her, ere she could gain the rear of the British line, her small party being now mid-way between the combatants.

But her anxiety became doubled, when she beheld the French squadrons advancing at a rapid pace, and passing

within a short distance, rush to the onset.* A loud word of command in English, heard far above the clatter of the horses' hoofs, now struck on her ear, and then the shout,—the charge, the clash of swords,—the pistols' blast,—the rally of startled steeds,—the return to the onslaught,—found Inez close to the conflict. The guide had fled; all save the old priest, who groaned out prayers of lamentation, imploring, at the same time, safety and mercy, when suddenly, a single horseman, on galloping past, as if arrested by some strange impulse, reined up his steed, and overthrowing the unfortunate Rosario, in so doing, pulled the hood from Inez's face, revealing her soft features in the moonlight, whereon, seizing the bridle of her mule, he commenced urging the animal along to the side of the enemy: but almost instantaneously, a loud, wild halloo rent the air, followed by a rush of the retreating French squadrons, when, as her sight began to fail, and she felt as if borne on in the whirl of the flying foe, the last sensation which thrilled through her brain, ere she fell to the ground, was the sight of a glittering sabre near her, gleaming in the clear moonlight and descending on the head of the French dragoon, strike him heavily to the earth.

About an hour after these events, in a small room in the village of Alcoentré, lighted by an iron lamp, which hung on the wall, just above her, lay Inez, carefully wrapped round in a military cloak, who, on opening her eyes for the first time to perfect consciousness, since the fearful circumstances just narrated, looked up, and beheld the well remembered features of Fitzormond watching over her, in tender and anxious solicitude.

END OF PART II.

* A more detailed account of the cavalry affair at Alcoentré, may be seen by referring to Maxwell's Recollections of the Peninsula.—vol. 1, page 174, 175.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from Page 56.)

CHAPTER II.

Theodore—Patras—Mr. Crowe—Danger of Greek travelling—Vostizza—Greek scenery—Megaspelion—Siege of the Monastery—The Monks—The Panagia—The Pack-saddle—Cagri—Delphi—The Castalian Spring—An English Traveller—The Corycian Cave—The Persians at Delphi—A good night's rest—The ascent of Parnassus—The view—The Modern Greeks—Acro-Corinthus—Corinth—The Doric Columns—Scenery—Eleusis—Signs of civilization—Daphne—First view of Athens.

AMONG my exports from Corfu, was one, which is of the greatest value to a traveller in Greece,—a most excellent servant; mine was named Theodore, (or to adopt the Greek pronunciation, Todoree.) His surname I have forgotten, but it was something like Papadino, which I mention in case these pages should meet the eye of any one who is about to travel in Greece. If by my praises he should be induced to engage "Todoree of Corfu," (I believe he is as well known by that as by any other name,) I should be doing an equal kindness to the employer and employed.

I suppose it is almost unnecessary to say, that I also had with me a Murray's Handbook; no Englishman travels without one. Honesty compels me to add, that I found it of very little service. In France, Germany, and Switzerland, I have always found them admirable, but there are few books more imperfect than "the Handbook for the East."

I landed at Patras about noon, and as this is one of the few towns in Greece which boasts of an hotel, I determined to remain there for the rest of the day. I, therefore, took up my abode in a small room, about eight feet square, with a small bed, ominously covered by a ragged musquitocurtain, in one corner, and a sofa in another, in the *Ξεινοδοχειον της μεγαλης Βριτανιας*, or, as the sign-board obligingly translates it for the benefit of unlearned travellers,

“The Hotel of Great Britain,” and proceeded to study “my Murray.” My plan was to cross the gulf of Lepanto to Missolonghi on a Byronian pilgrimage, and then to make my way to Athens by Lepanto, Delphi, and Thebes. The guide-book, however, recommended me to consult the consul touching the safety of the roads, and being tired of looking out of my window, and observing a number of very dirty Greeks, standing all day idle in a very dirty market-place, smoking cigarettes, (which they call *cigars de la liberté*, because the chibouque was banished with the Turks) and drinking a villainous decoction of resin, which they call wine, I proceeded to pay my respects to Mr. Crowe.

I was indebted to my visit for a very pleasant evening, but also for a very great disappointment; for on my announcing the object of my call, Mr. Crowe inquired whether I had insured my throat, and proceeded to give such an alarming account of the state of the country, as effectually put a stop to my pilgrimage to Missolonghi. I had not then discovered the real value of the advice of Her Majesty’s consuls on these matters, but it was not long before I found out, that it may be laid down as a general rule, that, in the consular opinion, it is not safe to go anywhere. And on a little consideration, this will appear by no means unreasonable, because, if you go to a consul, and inquire about the safety of a road, and he tell you, that you may go on without fear, and you go on and get robbed, you naturally lay all your misfortunes to the consular account; whereas, if he dissuade you from going, and you are fool-hardy enough not to follow his advice, you have no one but yourself to thank for your misfortunes, and if you do follow it, no one can say that you would not have been robbed and murdered if you had neglected it. Certain it is, however, that I subsequently learned to pay very little attention to this kind of advice, and I never experienced the least inconvenience in consequence.

Mr. Crowe’s advice to me was, to proceed by steamer to Athens, only crossing the Isthmus from one steamer to another, and having seen Athens, to get out of Greece as

quickly as possible. But finding that I was determined to see Delphi and Parnassus at least, he recommended as a *less dangerous* plan than that which I had fixed upon, that I should proceed from Patras to Vostizza by land, and after paying a visit to Megaspelion, if I thought fit, should cross the gulf to Scala di Salona, whence the visit to Delphi and Parnassus could be made without danger or difficulty. And this course I determined to pursue.

Patras was never one of the towns most celebrated in Greek history, and it now possesses so few remnants of antiquity, that the making it the first point of one's visit to Greece is rather a damper to all classical feeling; so I was not sorry to take my departure early the following morning, after a night which afforded not the most agreeable anticipations of nights in Greece generally.

The dawn of the morning was misty and gray,
When I mounted my steed and set out on my way,

for Vostizza. Between the two towns I scarcely passed a single individual, and as I crossed some large uncultivated tracts of ground, I could not help thinking of the lazy vagabonds, whom I had seen in the market-place at Patras, and who might, by a little exertion, turn this into the most profitable land in Europe. Immediately about Patras, indeed, the land is carefully cultivated, and devoted to the production of currants, which are said to be superior to those produced in the Ionian Islands; but this is only the case in the immediate neighbourhood of the town.

And now, oh reader! imagine me, rather a stout man, clothed in a large flapping straw-hat and a whitey-brown blouse, seated on the back of a strong bony Rozinante, and accompanied by my faithful squire Todoree and a "little foot-page," (who ran along untiringly the whole day singing, with a most odious nasal twang, a melancholy Greek ditty,) riding forth in search of adventure. My effects were swung in saddle-bags behind me, (my heavy luggage having been sent on to Athens,) and Todoree's horse carried, in addition

z

to its human weight, a canteen well supplied with fowls, eggs, and brandy.

Thus did sir knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

We rested for about an hour in the course of the day at a miserable shed, which they called a khan, and reached Vostizza about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

This is a fair specimen of a modern Greek town; it contains about half a dozen respectable houses, a great number of miserable hovels, and two or three streets covered with matting, and called bazaars. The people appear to be almost entirely destitute of employment, and spend their time in smoking, drinking, playing cards in the *cafés*, and brawling in the streets. The men, as is almost universally the case in Greece, are a fine well-formed race; the women, (and this remark is also of general application,) are wretchedly ugly.

There are no remains of the ancient Ægium which formerly stood on the site now occupied by Vostizza, and which was at one period a very considerable city. The only remarkable object in the town is an enormous plane-tree, which over-shadows six or seven houses, and beneath which springs out a fountain of deliciously clear water, which is remarkably good when qualified with brandy.

I was lucky enough to get a room in a house, which had been lately built, and was accordingly tolerably clean, and wrapped in my capote (for I had no bed,) I courted the drowsy god with considerable success.

The road from Vostizza to Megaspelion has been minutely described by Colonel Leake, in his travels in the Morea. The scenery in some parts is very beautiful, though marred by a curious practice of setting fire to the trees as they stand, and thus giving a whole hill-side the appearance of a charcoal forest. (*Mos unde deducta . . . quærere distuli.*)* The ro-

* This was written before I was acquainted with the Cape. I perceive that the same practice is adopted here for the purpose, I am told, of causing the trees to sprout at the roots. It may be useful, but the effects are not ornamental.

mance of the day's journey was also heightened by the presence of two guards with enormously long guns, the road being asserted to be dangerous for travellers. For my part, throughout my tour, I never carried pistols, being a man of peaceful disposition, who "would rather walk with sir priest than sir knight," though I have no great predilection for the company of either; and of all the English travellers whom I have met, with pistols stuck in their girdles, I never yet heard of one who had made use of them.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we came in sight of the convent of Megaspelion, which from a distance, presents rather a curious appearance; that, viz. of a huge house-front with no back to it. The fact is, that the convent consists of a huge cavity in the rock, (as is indeed implied by the name *μεγα σπηλαιον*) which is defended in front by the face-work mentioned. It is approached by a precipitous zig-zag road, which does not afford room for more than one horseman abreast, and it is considered nearly impregnable; at any rate it was found so by the Turks, who made several unsuccessful attacks on it during the late war, and were repeatedly repulsed with considerable loss. Baffled in their attempts to take the convent in front, they ascended the hills, and endeavoured to destroy it, by rolling down huge masses of stone. But the overhanging rocks proved its protection, and the dangerous missiles fell harmlessly before the convent windows into the garden beneath, where they are still shown by the reverend fathers with considerable pride. The cause of liberty was rightly considered so sacred, that the inmates of the convent, consecrated though they were to the service of religion, thought it no shame to cast off their priestly robes, and fight boldly in defence of the sacred building. The Turks, disappointed in every attempt, were forced to withdraw their troops, considerably diminished in number by the fire which had been poured upon them from the convent windows, and Megaspelion became, and continued throughout the war, one of the most valued strong-holds of the revolted Greeks.

This monastery is the oldest and richest in Greece, and even under the Turks possessed considerable privileges, which have been further extended by King Otho : but as far as a traveller can observe, the course of life pursued within its walls is extremely simple. When I rode through the gateway, the venerable priests (and venerable indeed they looked with their loose robes and flowing beards) were sitting together on the terrace, in front of the convent, and out of respect to a letter of introduction, the abbot (a fine old man with snow-white hair and beard) came forward, and conducted me to his own private apartments, where I was regaled with a cup of coffee, so thick that it might almost have been turned out like a jelly, and eaten with a knife and fork, which was followed by sweetmeats and water ; in return for which, I offered the abbot a cigar, which he seemed to enjoy amazingly. Shortly afterwards, I went with one of the monks to look over the convent, and on my return, I found that my cigar-case, which I had left behind me in the abbot's room, had been carefully emptied of its contents ; and I afterwards heard that the reverend fathers are rather celebrated for these pilfering propensities.

The interior arrangements of the convent are very curious, owing to the form of the cave of which it consists. In addition to the cells of the different inmates, the most remarkable parts are the refectory, the cellar, the church, and the library. The two former are very extensive, and the cellar contains, I believe, two year's supply of wine, which is, however, not drinkable by one who is unaccustomed to the resinous taste common to all Greek wine. The library is not very extensive, consisting almost entirely of the works of Greek theologians, which do not look as if they were much used. The great glory, however, of the building, is in the church, in the shape of a black wooden picture, or rather, image of the virgin. It is profusely ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones, and is asserted to have been painted by the hand of St. Luke. The priests declare, that it spoke and wept several times during the late war, all

which I am told is implicitly believed by the lower order of Greeks. Todoree, who, notwithstanding a great reverence for the priestly character, was rather sceptical on these matters, appeared to doubt the truth of the story.

When I had seen all these wonders, I returned to the abbot's room, and after dinner and a desert of the most delicious mulberries, the produce of Arcadia, (think of that reader!) I proceeded to the terrace, to observe the beautiful landscape, now lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. It is one of the finest views in all Greece, and well repays the trouble of a visit.

The old abbot insisted on my sleeping in his own bed, while he occupied a small cell adjoining, and the next morning, after answering the parting salutation of the good fathers *ώρα καλή* I mounted my Pegasus, and without any further adventure, reached the spot where, by Todoree's arrangement, a boat was already waiting to take us to the other side of the gulf. It was rather a miserable affair, being only a small boat employed in the currant trade, and the crew consisting of three men and a boy. However, I slept on board that night, and awoke next morning at the Scala di Salona.

I breakfasted and disembarked, and here I met with my first annoyance. There were horses enough, but nothing could I obtain for love or money, but a wooden pack-saddle, to put upon their backs, and on this horrible contrivance had I to sit for four or five mortal hours toiling up hill at a foot's pace, over the most horrible road, (so to call it by courtesy,) that the mind of man can possibly conceive, until at last we arrived, and to my great relief dismounted, at the door of a house in the little village of Castri, the modern representative of ancient Delphi.

Candor compels me to say, (though it is rather a humiliating confession,) that I could make neither head nor tail of Delphi. I had not then the advantage of Colonel Leake's valuable works, which I have since obtained, and even if I had possessed them, my plans would probably not have allowed me to devote my

time to such a careful examination of the spot, as could alone lead to any satisfactory result. So I took a long, hot, dusty walk in the vicinity, saw a great many broken columns and capitals, which I tried to think might once have belonged to the great temple of Apollo, and was pestered by a number of small ragged urchins, who wanted to sell me some ancient Greek coins, with the Venetian lion distinctly marked upon them. The spot which is pointed out (I know not with what truth) as the site of the great Delphic temple, whither all the nations of the old world used to flock together, to consult the oracle of Apollo, is now partly occupied by a small Greek church,—the superstitions of ancient times having thus been swept away only to be replaced by others scarcely less degrading.

There was no place in ancient Greece so completely identified with the Greek religion as Delphi—the *omphalos* of the earth. From the time when the goatherds of Parnassus inhaled the divine afflatus, and gave utterance to the inspired prophecies of Apollo, the place grew in importance and commanded the superstitious respect even of those wise men, who were too sensible to subscribe to the general doctrines of ancient polytheism. The laurel-covered cottage of the god was soon replaced by a marble temple, enriched with the offerings of all the nations of the earth. Hostile armies retired in dismay from the sacred building, awed by the prodigies which the offended deity worked in defence of his desecrated temple, and even the Roman Emperor, who ventured to despoil the sanctuary, was not safe from the wrath of the guardian of the sacred spot.

But Apollo was not the only deity who dwelt in this favored city. “Bacchus ever fair and young” was another of the tutelary gods, and the deities of music and of wine were associated with the goddesses of song. The muses had their dwelling place hard by, upon the height of Parnassus, and the Castalian spring, from which the poets of old Greece drank their inspiration, burst forth from beneath the feet of the mountain. This, at least, is easily recognizable. Colonel

Leake's description of it conveys more of beauty and freshness than is generally to be found in the works of an antiquary.

“The Castalia itself is a copious pool of very pure and cool water, at the foot of a perpendicular excavation, overhung with ivy, saxifrage, and rock plants, around which grow some larger shrubs; in front a large fig-tree, and near the road a spreading plane.”

Alas! that he should add, “the Kastrites chiefly use the basin for washing clothes.” *

Tired with my unsatisfactory walk about the site of Delphi, I turned towards Castri and the Castalian spring. When I approached the fountain, a donkey was drinking its waters. Was that emblematical of anything? At any rate I drank too, and following Pope's advice to the letter, drank deep.

Having re-mounted my instrument of torture, I pursued my way up the mountain. Words cannot convey the slightest idea of the atrocious road by which the ascent is made; I really think, after effecting it, I should hardly refuse to ride a horse up the big pyramid.

Not long after I left Castri, I perceived on the zig-zag road above me, a gentleman, in most unmistakeable English costume, and, as he was descending, we soon met and exchanged compliments. This was the only English traveller whom I met in any part of Greece, except Athens. On his representation I determined to give up my projected visit to Thebes, and after ascending the mountain, to return to the Scala, and make the best of my way to Athens.

After ascending for several hours, (at the rate of about two miles an hour) we arrived at an extensive plain, surrounded on all sides by hills, in the face of one of which is the celebrated Corycian Cave. It is reached by a difficult ascent on foot, on the annoyances of which, travellers, from Pausanias downwards, have not failed to remark. A small opening in the rock leads into an extensive natural cavern, consisting of several chambers, the first and largest of which is upwards

* Travels in Northern Greece, vol. 2, p. 556, 557.

of 200 feet in length. It is only remarkable for its extent, and for the numerous stalactites, the fantastic forms of which present a very curious appearance, especially when a fire is lighted in the cavern. It was sacred to Pan and the Nymphs, and is mentioned by many ancient writers; among others, by Æschylus, in the *Eumenides*, the scene of the earlier part of which play is laid at Delphi. It is there spoken of as the "abode of the gods," the nymphs being particularly mentioned,* and several inscriptions confirm its sacred character. It was in this cavern, that the inhabitants of Delphi took refuge, when frightened from their homes by the invasion of Xerxes. Terrified at the approach of the barbarian army, the inhabitants of the sacred town consulted the oracle, as to what measures they ought to take for the preservation of the treasures of the temple. But the god replied, that they should not remove them, for that "he was himself able to defend his own." Upon this the Delphians began to think of their own safety, and most of them took refuge with their property in the *Corycium*. The city, left with a garrison of only 60 men, and the servants of the temple, was approached by the Persian army. It was impossible to offer any resistance, and the barbarians were already about to profane the shrine of Minerva, when suddenly a cry was heard from the sanctuary; the arms of Apollo appeared miraculously in front of the temple; awful thunder broke out over the devoted heads of the invaders, and enormous masses of stone rolled upon them from the summits of Parnassus; and straightway the barbarians turned, and fled precipitately, to the great honor and glory of Apollo and his priests.†

Descending from the *Corycium* to the plain, let us descend to more worldly topics. In the midst of the plain, which is carefully cultivated, stands a small village, which appears to be in the condition of the "old brown mare," in the song; "It hasn't got no name." It is the most melancholy-looking

* Æsch. *Eum.* 22, 23.

† Herod. viii. 35, 36, 37.

place I ever saw. The houses or hovels are all built of grey stone, and covered with red tiles, which are preserved in their places by pieces of stone placed upon them, as in Switzerland. They have no windows, and, to complete the picture, they are mostly built on piles, as the plain is frequently under water in the spring, when the snow melts on the summits of Parnassus. It is customary for travellers ascending Parnassus, to sleep the first night at Arachova, but, being thoroughly tired with my long walk, and my ride on the wooden pack-saddle, I determined to take up my abode for the night in one of these cottages. I would not advise any future traveller to follow my example, for scarcely even in Egypt have I been so unmercifully flea-bitten as I was that night.

The next day was devoted to the ascent of the mountain, and leaving Todoree behind to get the dinner ready by my return, I started with a guide at five o'clock in the morning, and after a ride of three, and a walk of four hours, (the higher parts of the mountain not being accessible for horses,) I reached the summit about noon. The part of the mountain which is passed immediately after leaving the village, is thickly clothed with fir-trees, of various kinds, but long before the top is reached, the sides present nothing but bare and rugged rock. To tell the truth, though there is a great deal of rude sublimity, there is very little of beauty in the mountain of the Muses; not that I am by any means disposed to assert that the nine ladies made an ill choice of their habitation, for those were days when they did not delight in lake scenery and daisy-chain poetry, and I am far from thinking, that the sides and summits of Parnassus would not be an eligible spot to read the strains of Homer or Æschylus, Shakspeare or Byron, though I may entertain a different opinion with regard to those of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Southey.

I was now standing on the summit of that Parnassus, where the arc of Deucaleon rested after the Thessalian deluge—

*Mons ubi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus,
Nomine Parnassus, superatque cacumine nubes;*

A 1

and from the stones which lay scattered about, were born, according to Ovid's story, the race of men who now betray by their actions their stony origin. The view from the summit is very extensive, and I was favored with a beautifully clear day ; but shall I at once confess the truth, that I scarcely thought myself repaid for the trouble of the ascent? The view, though extensive, is not interesting ; it includes little, except the summits of lower mountains, and almost the only very pleasing object in the scene is the blue gulf of Lepanto, nearly the whole of which is distinctly visible. After regaling myself on a lump of ice, which had not yet altogether disappeared from the highest points of the mountain, I commenced the descent and arrived at the village about five in the afternoon, and was obliged again to sleep there. Fortunately, however, I was so tired, that even the fleas were not able to keep me awake.

Another morning on the wooden saddle brought me back to the Scala. If any reader think that I dwell too strongly on such trivial annoyances, I only wish that he may ever have the pleasure of spending the greater part of three days on such an abominable contrivance, and he shall have my hearty forgiveness. At the Scala I had a sufficient opportunity of observing the principal characteristics of the modern Greeks, for the master of the boat in which I proposed to proceed to Corinth, declared that the wind would not be favorable before night, and the coffee-shed, in which I passed the day, was full of idlers, quarrelling over their cards, and half-drawing their daggers, and brawling and keeping up, throughout the day, the most inconceivable din. During the two months I spent in Greece, I never saw a man at any kind of work (the soldiers excepted): how they gain their living, I cannot tell, but they do appear to me the most despicable race with which I ever was acquainted. Good soldiers I believe they are ; brave they have proved themselves to be ; but for any honest employment they are at present totally unfitted, and for my part, I believe that the revolution which freed them from the Turkish yoke, is rather

to be attributed to their hatred of work, than to any genuine feeling of patriotism or religion.

I slept on deck that night, and the next morning when I opened my eyes, they rested on Acrocorinthus. Every one will remember Byron's lines; and indeed the fortress does present the appearance of another Gibraltar, a huge, almost perpendicular rock, crowned with fortifications. It commands, I am told, a magnificent view, but the day was very hot and I had had enough of climbing on Parnassus for one week: in short I declined the expedition. On arriving at the town I found that it would be impossible to proceed further that day, as the Duc de Montpensier had been there a few days before and monopolized all the horses: and as Corinth boasts of an inn, which, like that at Patras, rejoices in the name of Great Britain, I was not particularly sorry to stay there, for I had been now four nights without a bed. The hotel is kept by a Greek, who was formerly a servant of Mr. Crowe, the consul at Patras, and speaks English tolerably well.

Though Corinth was formerly one of the most important of the Greek states, it now possesses scarcely any relics of its former grandeur. Ruins there are in plenty; but they are the ruins of the Turkish town, destroyed in the late war of independence. Mummius himself did not produce a more utter desolation. Out of a huge field of broken stone, bricks, tiles, and mortar, rise seven Doric columns, the sole memorials of the ancient Greek city, for the amphitheatre in the neighbourhood of the town is Roman. They are supposed to be of the most remote antiquity, and to have belonged to the temple of Minerva Chalinitis, referred by Colonel Leake (and there is no better authority on such points) to the middle of the seventh century before the Christian era. I am not competent to express an opinion on such subjects, and if I were so, the space which I have assigned myself, would not allow it: but even to a casual observer these columns present an appearance of the most venerable antiquity. They have nothing of that beauty which is observable in the Athe-

nian temples; the shaft is short and formed of a single piece of stone, and the whole temple must have had a very heavy appearance. But standing as they do among the most ancient monuments of Greece, and the only remnants of the former magnificence of one of her greatest cities, which, notwithstanding its admirable situation for military or commercial purposes, is now reduced to the insignificance of a small country town, it is impossible for any traveller to look upon them entirely unmoved.*

These things, however, were soon seen, and the rest of the day had to be passed in a state of the most insufferable *ennui* in the solitude of the Corinthian inn. I could not help calling to mind the old adage—*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*—and half thinking that the man is lucky to whose lot it has *not* fallen. Fancy a whole day, in a small room, the prospect from the windows such as I have described, the thermometer between 80° and 90° in the shade, with no books, and (thanks to the Megaspelion monks) no cigars.

The road from Corinth to Megara (which latter town, though once of sufficient importance to carry on war with Athens, now retains no vestiges of antiquity, except its name) is very romantic, sometimes lying along the coast under the rocks, so narrow that the horses' feet were often in the sea, sometimes ascending the mountain, appearing to overhang the water, and affording a view of the numerous islands in the "glorious gulf" of Salamis, and occasionally retreating into the thick woods, which here so greatly increase the beauty of the scenery. A less interesting road conducts the traveller to Eleusis.

Innumerable fragments of the most beautiful white marble, broken columns, and prostrate capitals, lie all around, betraying the ancient glory of the habitation of Ceres. But there are no standing remains of any of the sacred edifices. Colonel

* Those who feel an interest in the subject, will find a long and very learned note on the date of the temple to which these columns belonged, in Colonel Leake's *Travels in the Morca*.—Vol. 1, p. 268—284.

Leake, to whom travellers in Greece are so much indebted, has with incredible perseverance and ingenuity endeavoured to trace out the place of the great cluster of temples that adorned the spot, but such attempts, when founded upon such very slight premises, must always be more ingenious than satisfactory. The day of Eleusis is gone by; the Eleusian mysteries are replaced by those of Paris, and the worship of Ceres, or of the divine bounty of which she was the personification, is almost forgotten in bickerings about sliding scales, fixed duties, and free trade.

We were now getting very near Athens, and my impatience proportionately increased. We were soon journeying onward, in the very direction which was followed by the sacred procession between Athens and Eleusis. Now there is a good carriage road (nearly the only one in Greece) on which are stones, marking the distances in stadia and hours; as we proceeded, the increasing marks of civilization, which have collected themselves in the neighbourhood of the capital city, became apparent, and a neatly dressed Greek with a bushy moustache, standing behind a road-side stall, well furnished with coffee, cakes, and lemonade, addressed me in the words, "*Voulez vous prendre quelque chose, monsieur ?*"

Greek horses being accustomed to walk over the abominable roads, which render any faster pace impossible, my Bucephalus seemed rather astonished at the rate at which he was required to proceed over the Eleusinian road, or, as it is still called the *ίερα όδος* and the distance between Eleusis and the monastery of Daphne, which is situated in a very pretty little valley, about half-way between Eleusis and Athens, was accomplished in a very short space of time; and here we rested to take a little refreshment, the place being celebrated for the excellence of its water.

The name Daphne appears to have been derived from the laurels by which the temples of Apollo were generally surrounded, as there appears to be no doubt that a temple of Apollo, mentioned by Pausanias in his account of the sacred way, stood in this spot; several remains of ancient architec-

ture having been found in the convent, and some Ionic columns, now in the British Museum, having been removed by Lord Elgin in 1801.

After resting for about half an hour, I gave the word to mount, and from a hill a little beyond Daphne I soon obtained the first view of Athens. The principal and indeed the only object distinctly visible at that distance, is the Acropolis, crowned with the Parthenon and the Eretheum. I drew in my rein and gazed on an object which had occupied so many of my thoughts, both when reading Thucydides at school, and when more lately, anticipating the pleasure which I now enjoyed. Fortunately I stopped just in time to avoid seeing King Otho's odious palace. How even a Bavarian could have erected such an object with such models before his eyes is to me an inexplicable problem. It is the very *beau ideal* of an union workhouse.

However, I soon hastened onwards and entered Athens through the groves of the Academy. Leaving the Acropolis and the temple of Theseus on my right—subjects for future examination—I rode up the principal street of the modern town and dismounted, nothing loth, at the hospitable gate of the *hotel d'Orient*. Here I met my Parnassian friend and some other English gentlemen, and after a very pleasant evening in which the most agreeable incidents were a very good dinner, (not consisting entirely of poultry and eggs,) a real Havannah, and a visit to the Acropolis (of which more hereafter,) I retired to the only comfortable bed I had lain on since leaving Corfu: and thus in long and dreamless slumbers spent my first night in the city of Cecrops.



PARAPHRASE OF HORACE.

BOOK I.—ODE I.

Oh great Mæcenas! sprung from ancient kings,
 Who o'er Etruria spread their royal wings—
 My safeguard! Some there are whose chief delight
 Is, at the Olympic games, in swiftest flight,
 To urge their reeking horses to the goal,
 And share their triumphs o'er the foaming bowl.—
 This man, to lofty honors raised, by those
 Who once themselves to highest stations rose,
 And he who from the Lybian threshing floors
 Collects the heaps of grain in shining stores;
 And he who ploughs, content, paternal soil,
 With ceaseless labor and unwearied toil,
 Not all the wealth of Attalus shall tempt,
 To brave the sea, from tempests though exempt.—
 The merchant, fearing boisterous storms, commends
 The ease and comfort of his house and lands;
 But soon re-fits his shattered bark again,
 As yet untaught his wishes to restrain.—
 There is, whose pleasure is the cup divine,
 Well filled with generous, sparkling, Massic wine,
 At one time 'neath the myrtle's verdant shade,
 Then by some sacred murmuring fountain laid.—
 Many delight in camps; the tented field,
 The clarion, trumpet, or loud clashing shield,
 And War, in all its numerous horrors clad,
 Are their delight,—while tearfully and sad
 The fond and tender mother trembling hears
 The fatal truth which moved her prescient fears.
 The huntsman, careless of his gentle wife,
 Under the open sky spends half his life,
 Whether a noble stag his hounds have spied,
 He chases down the rugged mountain's side,
 Or fiercely presses on the bristling boar,
 Foaming with rage and all besmeared with gore.—
 An ivy wreath, the learned forehead's prize,
 Shews that the men I follow are the wise;
 The cooling groves, where dwell the nymphs divine,
 The choirs of woodland Satyrs, all combine
 To charm my soul and draw me far away
 Immortal muse! to hear thy gentle lay.
 Mark that bright list, and there insert my name;
 The poet's track to never-dying fame.
 When there, gigantic height for man to climb!
 'Twill strike the stars down from their seats sublime.

POMARA, THE NEW ZEALAND BOY.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS, ESQ.

Author of "Savage Life and Scenes in New Zealand," &c.

TEN years ago, the East coast of the Northern Island of New Zealand was little known to Europeans, excepting, through the intercourse of whalers and trading vessels, which occasionally touched in some of the wild and romantic bays that look out upon the broad Pacific; and whenever the distant horizon of that blue and boundless expanse was broken by a white speck, the islanders anxiously greeted the approaching sail, bringing their flax and potatoes, to barter with the strangers for fire-arms and ammunition. The harbour of Tauranga was a place of general rendezvous for these traders, and the inhabitants thus became possessors of numerous muskets, which they used with unequal success during their wars with more inland tribes. At that period, the museums of the curious in Europe were not unfrequently adorned with tattooed heads of New Zealanders, dried by a native process, which were highly prized as grotesque specimens of savage barbarity. These very heads, however, were but memorials of as many murders instigated by the traders; who, finding that they could realize a high price from their sale in Sydney, offered a musket for every tattooed head furnished them by the Tauranga chiefs. The result was, that the chiefs put to death as many of their slaves as there were heads required, which after being tattooed and preserved, became objects of this inhuman traffic. Not a few instances have occurred, in which an European captain has accompanied the chief to his "pah,"* and deliberately selected from amongst the victims, those heads which best

* "Pah," a fortified village.

appeared to suit his diabolical purpose. Happily our own government has since put a stop to this barbarity, by making any one liable to a penalty of fifty pounds, who arrives in the country with one of these heads in his possession.

But the muskets of the coast inhabitants, though superior to the green-stone battle-axes and wooden *meris* of their inland enemies, were unable to withstand the warlike hosts that poured down upon them from the mountains and lakes of Roturna, belonging to the most belligerent tribe of New Zealand. On one occasion, they attacked Tauranga pah, when many of its people fell in mortal conflict. As was customary after battle, the victorious party held cannibal feasts upon the bodies of the slain, after offering every possible insult and indignity to their remains. Amongst those who lay on the battle field, was the father of Pomara, then a child of six years old; he had struggled hard in fight, and being a chief of note, was an object of more than ordinary rejoicing to his conquerors, who devoured his mangled corpse midst the yells of the war-dance. His wife, who was the daughter of Pomara, the chief of the Chatham Islands, did not long survive the fate of her husband, and young Pomara was left an orphan at Tauranga. An European, who had lived with the tribe, and to whose care the boy was confided by the parents, kindly took charge of him after their death, and subsequently sent him by a vessel to Sydney, as a present to a family residing near Parramatta.

Whilst in New South Wales, Pomara received a tolerable education, learned to read and write, and to speak the English language fluently. It was there I first met with him, and being pleased with his manners and appearance, and not a little interested in his history, I proposed that he should accompany me on a visit to England; an offer which he joyfully accepted, and which was acceded to by his guardians. He was then a gay, merry boy of thirteen, with dark, bright eyes, and gipsy countenance; his hair was straight and of raven blackness; and there was, withal,

that vermilion tinge showing itself through the cheek, so charming in a brunette complexion.

He had but little recollection of the land of his fathers; and the stormy ocean, and the scenes of ship-board were alike strange to him. There was not a flower in the Australian forest that was unknown to Pomara,—not a butterfly or a beetle in the scrub, but it was familiar to him;—he knew every denizen of the woods, from the brilliant parroquets to the blue and shining wrens that chirped in the low sedge by the river's side; and he could tell of their nests and the color of their eggs. A child of nature, and an acute observer of every thing around him, his mind was stowed with ideas; and his natural quickness of perception was so strong, that before we arrived in England he became acquainted with the name of every rope in the vessel; and there was scarcely an article in the ship the use of which he did not understand. In rounding Cape Horn, the decks were occasionally covered with snow, and I never shall forget the delight he experienced in making his first snow-ball, and running into the cabin with his hands full of hail-stones. One of his favorite amusements was catching the Albatrosses and Cape Pigeons; and after tying canvas labels round their necks, on which he would inscribe his own remarks, he gloried in watching them sail away through the clear, cold air, skimming over the blue waves to rejoin their feathered companions.

Weeks rolled on, and we at length arrived in the Brazils: the magnificence of tropical scenery, the gorgeous butterflies, and the brilliant humming-birds darting in and out of the bells of the campanula, or hovering round the blossoms of the jessamine and the tamarind, were glad sights after the dreary and monotonous ocean. During my rambles in the woods and along the mountains, Pomara usually accompanied me; and when in any of the narrow paths leading through the forest, he would invariably cause me to walk before him, for fear of the snakes, of which he entertained a great horror. Some Brazilians once made him very angry, by mistaking him for a Portuguese, and ever after-

wards he was afraid of being on shore alone, imagining he might be taken by them as a slave.

But a new life awaited Pomara on his arrival in England. The broad Thames, crowded with shipping from every port of the globe, and the vast city, thronged with inhabitants, and teeming with life and motion,—the rows of glittering lamps that illumined the busy streets,—the palaces, the churches, and the theatres,—the brilliant equipages,—in short, the blaze and pomp of the first city in the world, appeared to him like some sudden dream, rendered more imposing by the contrast to the desolate ocean, whose horizon had so long been his only prospect. Amidst thus much that was new and strange, Pomara daily acquired fresh ideas, and his natural observation led him rapidly to learn and comprehend the meaning and purpose of every thing, by which he was surrounded. His manners were easy and graceful, I may say, *aristocratic*; and the mingled naiveté and dignity of carriage, which he displayed in society, shortly rendered him an universal favorite amongst the higher circles.

It was a brilliant night at the Marquis of Northampton's, when his Lordship, as President of the Royal Society, gave his opening *soirée* of the season. Pomara was then present, clad in his New Zealand costume, where amidst the lighted halls and corridors, thronged with all the *savans* of the day, he was the universal object of attraction amongst princes and nobles, and men whose high genius and attainments had won for them wreaths of imperishable fame. Young Pomara stood replying to their thousand questions, conscious that every eye was observing him, and yet conducting himself with a natural ease and grace of manner, so totally free from embarrassment, that it astonished all present. Poets and painters, men of science and profound learning, the phrenologist and the ethnographer, welcomed the New Zealand boy amongst them,—in fact, he was their lion. Landseer, Mulready, and Pickersgill, each desired to paint him for the next academy exhibition; the phrenologists, disregarding his picturesque costume and sparkling eyes, spoke in learned

terms of bumps and developments; whilst Dr. Mantell and Professor Owen kindly explained to him the wonders of a new microscope, which was upon one of the tables. Night after night Pomara mingled in the blaze of wealth and splendour, that is to be found amidst the entertainments of the rich and great, and the universally kind reception he met with whilst in England, will ever be vividly impressed upon his memory.

On the 4th of April 1846, he was honored by being presented to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, at Buckingham Palace. The Queen received him very graciously, and asked him many questions respecting his country, and his own personal history. Her Majesty greatly admired the singular workmanship of his native dress, and the rich embroidery with which it was adorned, shewing the skill of his people in the manufacture of the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax. After replying to the various inquiries of the Queen and the Prince, in a manner which did credit to his natural ease and politeness, he retired from the royal presence, highly gratified with the condescension and benignity displayed by our beloved Sovereign. Pomara expected to have beheld the Queen of Great Britain surrounded with all the glittering panoply, which in his own mind had always been associated with his ideas of royalty; he looked in vain for the crown and sceptre which he imagined belonged to queens, but in their place he saw England's monarch, simply but tastefully attired, in the midst of her domestic circle, a pattern to her court, and justly the pride of her loyal and devoted empire.

With a roving and ardent disposition, the artificial gaiety and tinsel of London life, soon wearied our young hero, and he gained permission to take a voyage, in a vessel belonging to a relation of my own, which was bound to Honduras. Imagine him now upon the deck of a West Indiaman, in all the boyish pride of a young sailor, as the ship passed down the channel, beneath the bright sun-shine of a July afternoon.

Nothing was heard of our voyagers for some months, until one dark and stormy night, in the early part of November, when a letter reached me, stating, that the vessel in which Pomara had sailed, had been cast away in a hurricane at Barbadoes, along with five other ships; but that her crew were saved, and several of them had been taken up by an American bark. I lost no time in writing immediately to the authorities at Barbadoes; but ere a sufficient period had elapsed for my letter to have reached the West Indies, I was one morning astonished by seeing a bare-footed sailor-lad at my gate. It required but a glance to recognize the ship-wrecked boy, though six months hardships and exposure to the weather had greatly altered his appearance;—the gipsy-brown of his skin had assumed a darker tint, and his long black hair was falling in tangled masses on his shoulders;—notwithstanding his tattered shirt, his tarred trowsers, (the same in which he had been shipwrecked) and his bare and blistered feet he stood proudly beautiful on the threshold, and then, unable any longer to restrain his mingled emotions, the big tears rolled down his sunburnt cheeks; there was something so unexpected, so peculiarly touching, in seeing this poor New Zealand boy return alone and unbefriended to the comforts of the home he had left in thoughtlessness and glee, when all appeared to him bright as the summer sun which shone on his departure, that the coldest heart could not have looked on unmoved. There was no murmuring, nor complaint of the cruelties and hardships he had undergone; only a radiant smile of gratitude and joy to think that his troubles were at an end. It was winter, and snow lay upon the ground, and as he passed through the busy streets and squares, seeking his way to my residence, many persons had looked on him with pity, and mothers who had sons at sea, said they were sure the poor lad had been wrecked and was returning home to his friends, and these gave him a wan smile as he went by.

Seated by the blazing fireside, Pomara told his tale in his own simple and artless manner, commencing from the

morning of the 12th September, when the hurricane during which the vessel was lost, broke fearfully over the windward group of the West Indian Islands. * * * * The day of the wreck was ushered in by the sudden burst of the tempest, which succeeded to the awful and breathless calm of the preceding night. The ships in the bay, unable to withstand the violence of the hurricane, which caused every living thing to crouch and tremble before its mighty blast, were driven from their moorings, and amidst the howling wind and pelting hailstones, were borne fearfully onward towards the shore by the rage of the boiling surf; the black and scowling heavens above, now lit up with broad flashes of lightning, and now dark as the pitchy night, poured down torrents of rain, that swept the sea like a waterspout, and the crashes of thunder pealed louder than the roaring of the mighty ocean as it howled in its angry wrath around them. The fated ship drove on, and in a few moments she was a wreck upon Pelican Reef, a dangerous ledge of rocks, about a hundred yards from the shore. The waves soon made a clean breach over her, and her hold rapidly filled with water. It was evident she could not hold together for many hours, as every instant she dashed with greater violence upon the rocks. Poor Pomara! he had ventured into the cabins, at the risk of his life, to save the captain's chronometer and papers at the moment when the vessel was breaking up; and it was impossible to launch the boats. No hope of escape appeared for the crew, but to trust to the mercy of the waves, hoping that a portion, at least, of the wreck might be driven over the reef upon the shore. At this crisis, a negro, with noble courage, hazarding his life, dashed boldly into the surf, and making a line fast to his body, thus formed a communication between the vessel and the shore, where a vast concourse of spectators were anxiously watching the ships as they broke away from their moorings. By these simple means, every individual on board the "Caleb Angas" was saved. Cold and bruised, and drenched in the waves, the half clad seamen stood upon the shore, watching the last

fragments of their ship, cast up by the fury of the waters ; one solitary mast, stuck fast between the rocks, was all that remained of her at noon. Pomara wandered anxiously along the shore, now strewn with portions of the wreck, in vain search for some of his clothes ; having saved nothing but the shirt and trowsers which he wore, bareheaded and barefooted, and without a friend to aid him, he sat down upon the sand, for a moment in despair. At length, he saw one of his little ships, which he had amused himself by making, when on board the vessel, washed upon the sand by the receding tide, and setting the tiny bark afloat once more, he watched it engulfed in the giant waves. Conscious of his forlorn situation, he made an effort to rally his spirits, and then set heartily to work in assisting to rescue such of the cargo as floated on shore, from the hands of a gang of wreckers, who were busy at plunder in the very face of the authorities of Bridgetown. Although unable to regain any of his clothes, and without the means of obtaining more, he had the mortification to see one of the negroes who was stealing from the wreck, in possession of his favourite jacket, which the rascal refused to give up to him under five dollars. After remaining for three weeks at Barbadoes, the captain and those of the crew who had not obtained situations in other vessels, were sent as deck passengers by a government steamer to St. Vincent, where the captain obtained a passage for himself to England, but left Pomara upon the island, under the pretended care of an individual who was acting as harbour-master. This person represented to the captain that he wished a lad to pull his boat, and requested to take Pomara into his service, although the poor boy, with tears in his eyes, begged and implored to be permitted to return to his friends in England. Being told that it was an excellent offer which was made him,—that he would have plenty of money and clothes,—and that the harbour-master wished to make him one of his family, he submitted to the captain's orders with a heavy heart, and accompanied this person to the shore, who was then in a state of intoxication, and indeed,

continually remained so during the week that Pomara had the misfortune to sojourn at St. Vincent. Instead of the promises which were made to entice him on shore being fulfilled, he was placed in an out-house, where he had no bed but the bare stones, and no food but some broken victuals, which he shared with a negro boy. The captain had given him a dollar on leaving, and with this he purchased a loaf of bread daily, on which he subsisted. Happening one day to be noticed by a gentleman connected with the press, who was residing in the vicinity, and who observed his destitute condition, he was kindly promised some clothes, and also an endeavour to set on foot a subscription for obtaining him a passage to England. This humane offer coming to the ears of his tyrant master, was strongly opposed, and Pomara was forbidden to leave the yard of the house, on the ground that he was the harbour-master's servant, and no one else had any right to interfere with him. After enduring all manner of cruelty and abuse, Pomara remonstrated as to treatment he was receiving, and begged to be put on board of some ship for England. This was refused, but the boy became determined and contrived to get on board the "Eliza," a vessel bound for London, the captain agreeing that he should work his passage home. Having received neither food, money, or clothing from the man by whom he had been so cruelly deceived, he commenced a voyage across the Atlantic, in the month of November, with no clothing but the shirt and trowsers in which he had been wrecked. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," and the captain of the "Eliza," in permitting him to work his passage home, gave him neither clothing nor blanket to cover him; and he nearly perished with cold during the nightly watch, after the vessel had passed the Azores; as it was, he suffered so severely rheumatism and pains in his limbs from exposure of the weather, that he was often unable to move, and was then cruelly beaten by the mate of the vessel, because unable to work. Had it not been for the kind and generous conduct of one of the seamen on board, Pomara would in all pro-

bability never have reached England. This man, a poor Scotch sailor, whose humanity bespoke a nobility of soul that might shame those under whom he served, was in the constant habit of sharing his clothes with Pomara, wrapping him in his great coat at night, and lending him his boots, whilst he was below. Being in separate watches, the sailor gave up his hammock to him during his watch on deck, and did all that lay in his power to protect him from the cruelty of the mate, who appeared to delight in ill-treating him, as he supposed him a poor and friendless boy, who had it not in his power to bring him to account. Happily this man was mistaken, and though only on the previous voyage he had been punished for cruelty to one of the crew, he thought he might now exercise his passions with impunity, and in presence of the men, beat Pomara very severely with the bight of a thick rope, and after knocking him under some spars on deck, kicked him so barbarously, as to cause the blood to flow from his nose and mouth. After this outrage, the poor lad was laid up for some days, unable to move, but his kind protector watched over him and did what he could to alleviate his sufferings.

Never did a wanderer greet the white cliffs of Great Britain with more eager joy than did our young New Zealander, when the "Eliza" arrived in the channel; and no sooner did the ship reach the docks, than he hastened through London, in order to regain his home and friends; and his faithful protector, the poor sailor, fearing the boy might lose his way, accompanied him on the road, and would not leave him till he had seen him safely at his destination.

* * * * *

Five days after the arrival of Pomara, the Thames Police Court was more crowded than usual, for the mate of the "Eliza" appeared, to answer the several charges brought against him, for cruelty to Pomara during the voyage. It was to me both a duty and a pleasure to avenge as far as I was able, the wrongs of my young protégé; determined that such flagrant acts of violence and oppression should not pass

c 1

unpunished, I at once put the case into the hands of an able counsel; and the various witnesses having been summoned, the case came on before the sitting magistrate. I had not seen the mate until he appeared at the bar, but a worse countenance I have seldom beheld. No sooner did young Pomara enter the witness-box, than a murmur of admiration went through the court, which at once showed the feeling of all present. Nothing could be imagined more striking than the contrast: it was a glorious thing to see the tables turned between the oppressor and the oppressed. Pomara now attired as a midshipman, was scarcely recognizable to his old shipmates, many of whom appeared as witnesses on his behalf; and his open and pleasing countenance and gentle manners, won for him the interest of the whole court. He stated his complaints, though in a low voice, with straightforwardness and simplicity; and the exhibition in court of a piece of the rope with which he had been so cruelly beaten, caused cries of shame from the beholders. The mate declined saying anything in his defence, and as he had no witnesses, the magistrate sentenced him to the full penalty of two months' imprisonment, adding, that such conduct on the part of masters and mates of vessels, was too frequently the cause of insubordination, and even mutiny, amongst the crews;—and especially did the worthy magistrate comment upon the cowardly conduct manifested by the prisoner, in taking advantage of the destitute condition of an unprotected boy—a native of a distant land,—and one unaccustomed to the regions of a northern climate, or the hardships of a sea-faring life. His worship expressed his satisfaction that the case had been made public, as the cruelties practised upon poor lads at sea were too often prevented from coming under the notice of the law; and this system of cruelty, he regretted to say, was of too frequent occurrence in our merchant vessels. Whilst the mate was being locked up as he well deserved, Pomara drove off with his friends, amidst the cheers of the many tars that thronged the entrance of the court.

After remaining in England, and visiting Devonshire during the winter, Pomara again sailed for his native country, with my friend the Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, under whose excellent guardianship he will remain, when he arrives at his destination. The event of my again leaving England for several years of travel, induced me to place him under my friend's care, the severity of the English climate not suiting his constitution; and although many offers have been made by influential friends to provide for him at home, it was deemed better, and also coincided with his own wishes, that he should return to New Zealand. He sailed in the "Glentanner" packet ship, with His Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Eyre, only a week previously to my own departure for Africa.

* * * *

Our different courses of life now separate us for a time; yet, if these pages should happen to reach Pomara's eye, let him be assured, that his early and faithful friend will not cease to preserve a lively interest in his success; and hopes the day is not far distant when he may again press within his own, the hand of "*the New Zealand Boy.*"

POMARA'S RETURN.

I go! I go! back to my land once more!
 The proud ship swells her canvas from the shore,
 And I am free!
 Like a young, joyous bird, with untamed wing,
 I go, the gladness of my soul to fling
 On the wide sea.

I go where I have wandered when a child;
 Where my first footsteps trod the flowery wild,
 Or chased the bee
 That sings in hollow bells of violet light,
 Laden with nectar on his murmuring flight
 From tree to tree.

Often, at sun-set's golden hour, I came,
 Mocking the echo of my shouted name,
 By rocks and floods;
 Decked with the *warratah's** gay blossoming,
 Birds'-nests and flowers home to my rest I'd bring
 Back from the woods.

No father's care was mine,—no sister's smile,—
 No playmate-brother's laughter to beguile
 The sunny hours!
 No mother's kisses on my cheek to rest!—
 'Twas thus I loved the woods in beauty drest,—
 The birds, the flowers!

To these, to these, I would return once more!
 Dreams murmur to me of that distant shore,
 And I must go
 Back to my hills and streams, and wood-paths free,
 The red rock-lily, and the whispering bee
 Midst blossoms low.

Farewell! my English friends,—the loved, the true!
 Your memory shall go with me, even as dew
 Nursing sweet flowers!
 In my fond heart the treasure-caves of thought,
 Are deep and full, with gentle memories fraught
 For distant hours.

I go, I go, with blessings o'er my head;
 And household prayers, by soft, sweet voices shed,
 Are breathed for me.
 Alas! that thus the sun-shine of the heart
 On earth, o'er-clouded by the words "we part,"
 Must ever be!



* *Warratah*, or native Tulip: a brilliant crimson flower, somewhat resembling a peony, which occurs, during spring, in the forests of New South Wales.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.—No. 1.

Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

The origin of Art is, in most instances, to be traced to a religious and sympathizing feeling for the good, sublime, or beautiful. The general desire of men to worship and pay homage to beings of a higher nature, gave rise, it may be said, to Architecture; as no pains were spared to render the buildings as worthy as possible of the purpose for which they were destined. The admiration with which a person, who has exercised a powerful influence,—effected deeds of greatness,—or who lived with uncommon usefulness to society,—is looked upon, may have been the cause of his being eternalized in sculpture, or of some of his great deeds being preserved in the living colors of Painting.—That inert longing in us to elevate the thought above the temporal,—to penetrate and lift the veil which covers the future; that feeling which delights in the creations of fancy, has found in Poetry ample satisfaction. And Music, so intimately connected with Poetry,* has sprung from the sympathizing spirit of love and religion. And if we may venture to speculate on our future state as spirits, is not the only and nearest material thing, which we can possibly imagine to remain—Music, much refined, “a Music of the Spheres?” With some such notion Shakspeare tells us, that the reason, why Music has so great an influence, is, “because your *spirits* are attentive.”

* Music and Poetry were in fact, only one, in ancient times, and only became separated by degrees, to the great advantage of both. Then also vocal and instrumental Music were separated.

He continues in the same place :

“ For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of Music ; therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But Music for the time doth change his nature :
 The man that has no Music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus,
 Let no such man be trusted.”

Although insensibility to Music, may not be a proof of depravity in man ; thus much is certain, that the man who is incapable of being affected by its sweet power, is a being less perfectly organized than he, who is sensible of it. Ignoble it would be to look upon such with contempt, as it would be unjust to contemn those unhappy persons, who deprived of the organ of vision, are not able to perceive the beauties of nature. But while I pity these, I can not but contemn and mistrust those miserable creatures, who in the meanness of their souls, if they have souls indeed, believe *reason* synonymous with fashion ; and who, inaccessible to all sympathy and feeling, attend to Music, and exhibit a mock-delight in its beautiful strains, only because it is fashionable. They admire the skill of a violin-player just as much as they would applaud the dexterity of a rope-dancer.

But as every other art, so music has a power of its own, and is not, without blame, to be made an object merely of fashion to its professed admirers ; neither must it be debased to a mere mechanical contrivance to get money ; and the false friends and pretending lovers of music, are, in most instances, subject to well merited ridicule, while those avaricious professors, (if not, in point of ability, such phenomena as Paganini,) degrading themselves to the position of menial

servants to that mocking and tyrannical body "the fashionable world," to which they are not admitted as members,—are shunned by their fellow musicians.

In speaking of music, I must remind the reader, that the term is here used in a more extended application, and in a sense, more worthy of its name, than its common acceptation, as signifying, some polka, quadrille, &c., which, in fact, belong only to the poorest class of musical productions. No! I here speak of "music in the chiming fall of early rain,"—in the roaring of the ocean,—in the majestic voice of the thunder!

There is no people, however wild or savage, that has not music of some kind or other: and it seems to be so indispensable,—so closely connected with the feelings of men, that it has incorporated itself into the manners and customs of all nations, and is used by them on all occasions,—as, at church, in the theatre, at funerals, at dancing parties, or on the field of battle. It elevates our devotion, increases our joy, softens our sorrows, and rouses our courage. If the many wondrous tales of the fabulous power of music be not literally true, it would be foolish to deny the art a power, which involuntarily touches every sensible being; and if we were to part with the fine arts, music of them all, perhaps, would be most missed and regretted.

It is told of the bards of the old Britons, (and there is some probability of its being true,) that their songs and music were so extremely affecting, that, sometimes, when two armies were standing in order of battle, on the point of engaging, their poets would step in between them, and by their tender, fascinating songs, calm the fury of the warriors, and so prevent bloodshed.

That music *now* has not *such* power, is, because it is in more general practise and in almost daily use among us, and, in fact, each army having its own musical band, it can not be expected of any music, (of a *terrestrial* kind at least,) to exercise such a sway on the passions of civilised nations; moreover, the going to battle being not a matter of passion

now, but of cool consideration and discipline, must be taken into account.

All civilised and polished nations are delighted with music, in proportion to the progress they have made in the cultivation of the mind. The Greeks, the wisest, and the most philosophical race of men, delighted in music of all kinds; and in our times the Italians, Germans, French, and already even the Russians,* cultivate music, at least, as much out of feeling as fashion. Only in England its station is not secure; being on the one hand excluded by foolish prejudices, and on the other, only fostered by fashion, it does not appeal to the sympathy and sensibility, and fails to awaken that devotional interest, so observable in other musical countries. Some of her best writers and poets, even went so far, as to ridicule it, and to denounce it as an irrational or mean source of pleasure! A natural consequence was, that music was entirely neglected, until the time, when the great Händel visited England, then, falling into the other extreme, music "grew fashion" to such a degree, that the nobility themselves established operas, to be performed at their own expense, and under their directorship or patronage, in opposition to poor Händel, who loving music and his independence better than a committee of noble lords and dukes, went to Ireland. Of what good *such* patronising the fine arts is, we have the proof before us,—England can till this day not boast of a single musician, with only the tenth part of the genius and fame of a Mozart or Rossini.

Patronage to any art will only be productive of good, when its professors are encouraged and assisted; otherwise it is only an encumbrance.

But music, this noble and divine art, as Aristotle regarded it, merits a more honourable place. Considered as a pleasure, it is the most innocent one; or, as Montesquieu says, "it is the only one of the arts, which does not corrupt the mind." Regarded as a science,—is harmony not a part of nature as well as light, and musical sound as well as color? Certainly!

* They can boast of several original composers and of a national opera.

and "that, which constitutes the poetry of sweet sounds, is fixed by immutable laws." Why admire a beautiful painting of Raphael, and not perceive the beautiful harmonies of a composition of Beethoven? It must be, because the ear is less perfectly organized than the eye. If touched by both, it is in both a feeling for the beautiful. If there is a design in painting, there is as certain a design in musical compositions,—at least in those of a higher order. George Sand says, in a letter to Meyerbeer (the composer of "Robert le Diable," "les Huguenots," &c.):—"For myself, I remain convinced, that it is in the power of the fairest of the arts, to paint every shade of sentiment, every phase of passion. Waving metaphysical dissertations, there is nothing music cannot express. For the description of the scenes of nature, she has ideal lines and colors, which are neither minute nor precise, but are all the more vaguely and deliciously poetical." And whoever has seen and heard the operas of Weber, Meyerbeer, or Rossini, and does not confess, that, "a master of harmonies and combinations, availing himself of the vagueness of the impressions produced by sound, as compared with those produced by words, can venture comparatively farther than the poets, and clothe the meagre skeleton of ejaculations and broken sighs (as the libretti of most operas are) with a fullness and poetry not to be attained in rhyme;" or he, who does not hear a tale told in the simplest sonatas or rëndos of Weber, Beethoven, &c. either his ears or his mental faculties must be imperfect. If we look upon a drawing, be it ever so badly executed, consisting only of a few lines of different shape and length, we at once make out its meaning. If, in a landscape, among a variety of colors, we see a small yellow spot prominent, we know at once, that this is to represent the sun, though there be a wide difference between it and the original. Our eyes perceive the drawing, but our imagination beholds nature. But are the beauties of nature be observed only by the eye? Shall not our ears contribute their part, and catching beauty by their means, shall we not try to imitate it, and, as it were,

give an outline of circumstances or action, to be completed by the imagination? It is only our imagination, which leads us to perceive scenes of nature in a drawing or painting, because we were initiated into the mystery of lines, lights and shadows, and so learned by practise to distinguish bad from good.

In this manner also, the language of music must first be learnt,—the method of communicating its fancies first be understood,—before we can fully appreciate the value of a composition or derive the pleasure otherwise insured. The ear must be practised to comprehend instantly the worth of a phrase, and to discover its purity or insipidity.

Music should therefore be very early attended to in education, or at least, should be taught, not merely mechanically, but in a manner and way more scientific, if I may so express myself. That a person, ignorant of music, prefers a waltz to a sonata, or a trumpeting and piping overture to a symphony, is for the same reason that a savage does not value a Raphael or Van Dyk higher than a common sign-board. The skilful execution on any single instrument should no more be regarded as the *end*, but only as the means of expressing the discoveries, made in the rich and inexhaustible domain of harmony, than the most perfect orchestral performance.

As music is something great and noble, it is also something divine. Horace called it “a friend to the temple.” It did, and still does constitute a considerable part of religious ceremonies in almost every part of the world. A modern writer says: “Music is religious, not merely by being linked to words expressive of supplication or praise, but when its strains are felt as an agency acting upon the soul through the sense; when it makes the nerves thrill, when it touches, purifies, and elevates the mind; when it becomes over us a power and an influence, in which God seems to communicate with man, as he does through the Harmonies of Nature.”

NN.

HOLYROOD.

The ancient Palace of Holyrood is deeply interesting as regards many facts attached to Scottish history, and it is to be regretted that for years past, it has presented a neglected and forlorn appearance. With the exception of one suite of apartments furnished for the occasional use of the Lord Keeper, the rest are left bare and gloomy, the grounds made a thoroughfare, and the chapel crumbling in ruinous desolation; upwards of sixty years having elapsed since it was honored as the abode of royalty, in short, it may be said, not since "bonnie Prince Charlie" was driven from the home and palace of his fore-fathers.

When some vast pile, the pride of former days,
Whose halls were honored once by mighty kings,
Arrests our mournful meditative gaze,
Left as a desert, o'er which sorrow flings,
Those darker shadows, retrospection brings,
Teeming with saddened images, that wake
The mind to the vain-glory of the things
Of earth;—alas! what feelings do not break,
To think how time can change, and brightest fate forsake.

Oh! mark yon palace, that in solitude
And poverty of state, neglected stands,
Such is thy lot, thou lonely Holyrood,
From whose vast portals issued the commands
Of royalty and power, where sceptred hands
And splendour marshalled once their proud array,—
When Scotia's sons alone o'er-ruled her lands;
Pomp, wealth, dominion, grandeur's pageants, say,
Is this now all your boast, these relics of your sway?

Enter the lordly dwelling of the past,
What loneliness the silent halls maintain,
Save when thy footsteps their dull echoes cast
Back on the heart; though here did pleasure's reign
With its bright spells illumine power's domain,
Here beauty blushed at admiration's gaze,
And love encircled with his amorous train,
Sported midst smile and whisperings of praise,
Lavished through all the wiles of art's voluptuous maze.

Yet reason, doubtlessly, held here a place,
 When honor claimed it for a nation's weal,
 Whilst all the valour of the Gaelic race,
 Breathed in those martial forms, which, clad in steel,
 With fiery hearts, knew but one way to heal
 A country's wrong, as through her Highlands stern,
 The pibroch's war-notes sounded the appeal,
 To gathering clans, unused more lore to learn
 Than Caledonia's rights, which made their bosoms burn.

Such are the memories of thy feudal day ;
 But there are two, to whom remembrance clings,
 With thoughts more sad ; the one in whom the sway
 Of beauty's charm, although the child of kings,
 Gave still more empire to excite the springs
 Of homage with wild admiration shown ;
 Yet did misfortune with its cruel strings
 O'ertake her 'ere her summer-hour had flown,
 As if to prove its darts will reach the loftiest throne.

Envy and malice, ye are wondrous strong,
 Ay, stronger than the heart which bears ye not,
 Though e'er so mighty, for to ye belong
 The paths where reptiles creep and demons plot,
 But where fair honor's form would droop and rot.
 Think of that lovely queen and all her charms,
 Mary of Scotland ! and yet 'twas her lot
 To feel your arrows aimed with deadliest harms—
 Behold, her shade appears, and censure's voice disarms.

'Twere true, a beldame points unto the stains
 Which dim tradition's breath records as such,
 Where the blood started from the Minstrel's veins ; *
 He, who by music's fascinating touch,
 Roused deadly jealousy's insatiate clutch.
 Oh love ! thou tyrant o'er the human frame,
 Subtlest of master-passions, say, how much,
 How often has thy wild devouring flame,
 The noblest heart consumed, and crushed the fairest name ?

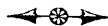
* An old woman who acted the part of a Cicerone, pointed out a few spots on the floor, as the stains of the Minstrel's blood, when he fell a victim to Darnley's jealousy.

But who is he, that other, on whose brow
 Of youth and hope, a crown appears to gleam,
 Whose fate awakes a silent pang ev'n now,
 Whose name will long be dear in Scottish theme,
 And memory beloved not all a dream ?
 'Tis royal Charlie's plaid-encircled form ;
 How from his brilliant eyes and features beam
 The beauteous d'Estè's,* she, who 'midst the storm
 Of faction, did each part of woman's truth perform.

With all the valor of each luckless sire,
 And all the expression of that parent's grace ;
 With auld Clan-Albyn's pride-exulting fire,
 And more than frankness of the Stuart race ;
 A mystic arm lifts its bright wand to trace
 Fair Scotland's chivalry assembled here,
 And flowers of loveliness in form and face
 To hail a prince to feeling made more dear,
 Born as he was, 'midst woe,—baptized with many a tear.

Vain is the mystic spell,—the dream is flown,
 And all that cold reality discerns
 Is in that widow'd form of dark grey stone,
 Which seems to mourn its lord, who ne'er returns,
 And wearied hearts must be like silent urns
 Filled with the dust of hopes departed long,
 Save when some magic strain like that of Burns,
 Some patriot-minstrel bids fond memories throng,
 And the past lives again,† roused by the soul of song.

L.



* Mary Beatrice d'Estè, the consort of James the 2nd, and the grand-mother of Prince Charles, the most beautiful woman of her day, and whom, he is said, greatly to have resembled. She adorned her high station, not only with all the dignity of a queen, but with all the affectionate duties of a wife and mother, and by her unflinching devotedness, supported and alleviated that unfortunate monarch in all his adversities.

† The whole range of Scottish minstrelsy produces nothing more inspiring or pathetic than most of the beautiful Jacobite songs, to which must be added many of those of the immortal Burns.

COLONIZATION.

The aspect of political affairs at home is principally characterized by the same gloomy monotony which we formerly had occasion to remark. Some few subjects of importance have come under the consideration of parliament, amongst which, we are happy to record, the progressive success of the new Factory Bill; there has been some talk, but no action, about Cracow; Lord Normanby and M. Guizot have been squabbling at Paris; a valuable measure on education has been proposed by government; but with these, and some other unimportant exceptions, Ireland and the Irish have engrossed the attention of the Peers of Parliament, and the Representatives of the People.

It has also become evident, as might have been anticipated, that there is an immense amount of distress in both England and Scotland, which would have appeared absolutely appalling at any other time, and has been only kept in the back-ground now, by the still more grievous calamity of Ireland. With misery and starvation around them, and threatening prospects for the present year, politicians are beginning to cast about for desperate remedies to remove a desperate disease.

Among the various means which have been proposed for affording relief to a starving population, that of a systematic emigration, under the sanction of government, has been considerably canvassed at home; and it has appeared to us, that in the absence of any other subject of more urgent political interest, we cannot do better than invite the reader's attention to a topic, which must be equally interesting to the British and colonial public.

The evil under which the United Kingdom (and Ireland in particular) is suffering, is a too large population; or, to adopt the language of political economists, an excess in the

demand for food over the supply. This is not the case now only in a time of absolute famine; but Ireland is always on the verge of starvation; she has a larger population than her resources enable her to support, and, accordingly, the slightest failure in the potato-crop leads to results of the most frightful character. This part of the question seems to be fairly enough stated by Mr. DISRAELI, in his eloquent speech on Lord G. BENTINCK'S Irish Railway Bill.

“The Irish question now before them, was not,” he said, “the Irish question of the last ten years. Then the Irish question was, how Ireland was to be governed; now the Irish question was, how Ireland was to be fed. It would be well for them, at that moment, when so much interest was excited about Ireland,—when for the first time all the attention of the House was called to the subject,—when there were more of the passions and less of the prejudices generally nursing themselves up with its consideration, and before they discussed exactly the merits of the project of his noble friend, to keep clearly in sight the situation of the country to which the remedy is sought to be applied. They were not to consider in their studies the state of Ireland as of some island which they might read of in books of antiquity; but possessing that ample knowledge, which the blue-books surrounding them could afford, he was not quite convinced if it would be so difficult to form an accurate opinion, as hitherto, upon the condition of the country. Hitherto they have been discussing, whether political franchises should be increased or diminished; hitherto they have been debating, whether municipal privileges should be sustained or abolished. But if they found, that all this time they had been considering the state of a country where the population was the densest of any country in the world,—where the population as regards the arable area was denser even than in China—where this population was sustained only by the land; if they found also that with this population so dense, there was *the most intense poverty*:—that, if it were not the poorest country in the world, it was certainly the poorest country, relatively, in Europe;—that if they had, for example, a circulating medium in Ireland, averaging £1 and 30s. a head, they had in sterile Scotland a circulating medium averaging £16 a head;—if they had known that they had to deal with the densest population and the most intense poverty, and that, for the third characteristic, this people were fed on the last resource for human subsistence;—they would long ere this have been induced to consider, whether an increased number of members of parliament,—whether an increased number of the electors of members of parliament,—or whether an increased number of mayors and aldermen, could be cures for evils strictly social and economical.”

The case of a poor country with a dense population must be always wretched: and this is the case of Ireland: to a minor extent it is the case of England and of Scotland also; and to prove that it is so, it may be sufficient to refer to Mr. GODOLPHIN OSBORNE'S letters in the TIMES, and to Mr. ELLICE'S speech in the House of Commons on the 22nd February. The former gentleman, in a letter which appeared in the TIMES of March 5th, gives instances of English laborers struggling to support their families on seven and eight

shillings a week,—a cow that died of fever, cut up for meat, and devoured, at the very time when the carcass was being buried as a nuisance—and the carrion hung up on the trees for dogs' meat, stolen in the night by starving laborers. So much for England. As for Scotland, the speech of Mr. ELLICE above referred to, gives a frightful confirmation of the distressing reports which have already reached the colony. Out of a population of five hundred and fifty in the single parish of Moidart, four hundred and eighty-three persons are represented to have been found in a state of utter destitution; and one landlord—MACLEOD OF MACLEOD—whose name should be remembered while Scotland is a nation, had sold the whole of his unentailed property, and was supporting, at his own expense, a population of eight thousand souls.

Reverting then to our original proposition, which may now be looked upon as proved, that the whole of the United Kingdom is suffering from an excess of the demand for food over the supply, and that the evil is annually increasing, the question is,—what is to be done? The obvious remedy for such a state of things is, first, if possible, to increase the supply of food; and secondly, if this can not be done, to diminish the demand.

The former course appears to be impossible. The idea of maintaining a pauper population for any length of time at the expense of government, or of private individuals, has never been entertained. In seasons of great distress, such as the present, the assistance of government and of individuals, has very properly been called in to support a starving population: but the most short-sighted philanthropist never indulged in the idea that a people could be permanently provided for, in any other way than by labor; and where labor is not to be found, the people must move or starve. Moreover the policy lately pursued in England, however well-adapted to the general circumstances of the country, is powerless now. While we have discouraged our own corn-growers, by depriving them of the protection which they enjoyed in more prosperous times, our foreign supplies

have suddenly failed us: in France the famine is raging with little less severity than in England; and the Emperor of Russia, has prohibited the exportation of grain by a royal edict.

Even, supposing that this were not so, the promoters of free-trade have a great deal to answer for, in discouraging the home producers at such a moment as the present, and they are, therefore, imperatively called upon to exert themselves to obviate the evil they have had some hand in causing, and to show that their policy will not be permanently productive of such evil. Moreover, in assisting a suffering people, they will be benefiting themselves, for their argument has ever been, that, should the supply of corn produced at home, be diminished by free competition with foreign producers, the deficiency will be met by supplies from abroad, which will be obtained in exchange for English manufactures. Now the English may be "a nation of shop-keepers," and England may be at present "the work-shop of the world." But already the chimneys of Lowell and Aix-la-Chapelle are rising in rivalry with those of Birmingham and Manchester, and while the English are giving up the struggle in which they acknowledge themselves unable to compete with foreigners, foreigners are learning to compete with them in those commodities in which the English have ever boasted their superiority; if we go on in our present system much longer, a century will not have passed before we find France and America our equals as manufacturing nations, and in every way superior to us as agricultural producers. We shall have to pay for their corn in hard cash, and our cottons and our iron manufactures will go begging for a market.

But should they find foreign markets failing them, our English manufacturers can make markets for themselves, where they will enjoy that protection, which, in the midst of all their clamor against *agricultural* monopoly, they have taken good care to retain, and will obtain corn in exchange for their wares at a cheaper rate than from France or America. Such markets are to be found in the British Colonies:

and they are capable of almost indefinite extension by the adoption, at the present moment, of an organized system of government colonization. Thus, by relieving distress at home, the government might afford assistance to our colonies, and at the same time establish in distant quarters of the globe depots of grain, to which they might look with confidence in seasons of future scarcity.

For, if it be impossible, as it clearly is, so to increase the supply of food in England, as to enable the present population to subsist there, we are at once driven to the other expedient of diminishing the demand. How is this to be done? We cannot decimate the people; neither can we sit idly by and look on, while the "surplus population" is perishing of starvation. It is a libel on the justice of the Almighty to represent, as some have done, that the present famine is an interposition of Providence, for reducing the population of the United Kingdom within its proper limits: the famine is not an instance of the providence of God, but a consequence of the improvidence of man; and similar consequences will periodically occur, if similar improvidence be obstinately persisted in. It rests with the British government, to turn what is now a curse into a blessing, and unless they use the means which are ready for their hands, they must thank themselves, and themselves only, for the recurrence in future years, of the present calamity.

The demand for food in England can only be diminished by diminishing the population; and the population can only be diminished by systematic colonization. Immense tracts of unoccupied land, already in the possession of the British government, are ready to receive the starving people of Ireland and Great Britain; the wealthier classes are pouring in their subscriptions; Her Majesty's ships are lying idly in harbour, or floating about in absurd experimental squadrons, and ministers are sitting paralyzed on the Treasury Bench, and demanding "what is to be done?"

If the present ministers desire to leave behind them a name, which shall be honorably recorded in their country's

history ; if they would live hereafter in the remembrance of good men ; if they would

Do justice
For truth's sake and their conscience ; that their bones,
When they have run their course and sleep in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them ;

we do believe, that they have all this now in their power ; and that it is to be effected by removing to countries where they may be useful, happy, and contented, a poor population, which at home can only be a burden to their country and themselves.

The day has been, when such a proposition as the present would have been received with cries of indignation at the idea of "making poverty a crime," and "punishing want with transportation." The disease is too desperate for such mawkish philanthropy now. The surplus poor of Great Britain and Ireland must emigrate and thrive, or stay at home and starve. The choice is obvious ; and, inasmuch as the government must act sooner or later, they are incurring a heavy responsibility in not doing so at once.

It is not necessary here to enter into the details of the scheme which it might be most advisable to adopt towards carrying out the end proposed : what we are mainly concerned in is the principle. It may be as well, however, to remark here, that the plan which we should advocate should be one of *compulsory emigration* ; that, in short, the emigration test should in some measure supersede the work-house test ; and that those who can find no provision for themselves and their families at home, should be content to be placed by the government in the way of doing so in the colonies.

If it be asked where they should be sent, the answer is, that there is scarcely a colony in the British Empire, which would not receive them with open arms. No longer ago than last session Mr. GRANTLEY BERKELEY was complaining that West Indian property was absolutely valueless, for want of labor. The present governor of Canada has already sent in a similar complaint to the colonial office. The new mineral discoveries in the Australias will open a vast field for labor in

those colonies. In short, turn where they will, an asylum is open to receive the refugees of starvation, and if any question arose at all, it would arise from the contending claims of different colonies.

Attention would naturally be turned, in the first instance, to the British possessions in North America, as being the colony where there is the largest demand for labor and the greatest amount of unoccupied land: the West Indies, and the other colonies mentioned above, would likewise receive their share, besides many which we have not noticed. Leaving these, however, to other advocates, we shall content ourselves with setting forth the claims of so inconsiderable a settlement as the Cape of Good Hope.

The colony of the Cape of Good Hope presents an area of about 110,000 square miles, and a population of about 170,000, or rather more than 1 to the square mile: the population of the colony is occupied almost entirely in agricultural pursuits, and the inland farmers complain that they are unable to obtain a sufficient supply of labor. English laborers are in request, it having been found that the colored population are not to be depended on for the regular performance of work for a lengthened period. The price of labor is consequently high, and the price of provisions is proportionately moderate. In addition to all this, the political circumstances of the time render it probable, that a large area of country will be shortly added to the colony, for which, of course, an increase in the laboring population will become necessary.

Here then is a country, in favor of which all natural circumstances seem to have conspired, and which is languishing for want of labor. Possessed of one of the most salubrious climates in the world, a fertile soil, and great natural facilities for cultivation, nothing is wanted but steady, permanent labor. The population, which, from its excess, is a curse at home, would here prove an inestimable blessing: yet, in the face of all these facts, the number of immigrants into the colony from the United Kingdom, has not amounted to 1,000 in the last five years, notwithstanding that agricultural la-

borers who are most required here, are the very class most distressed at home. A measure to facilitate, and if necessary, to compel the migration of individuals of this class, would, like the mercy of which it would be an instance, prove a blessing to both the giver and receiver ; it would be a most important relief to the mother country, and an almost inappreciable blessing to the colony.

We desire to state the case in the simplest terms, because if once fairly understood, it could scarcely fail to be approved. England and the sister countries, are in a state of the most pitiable misery, arising solely from an excess of population : this colony (which in this respect is only the representative of others) is in a state scarcely less deplorable, from a deficiency of population. Remove the surplus of population from one country to the other, and both evils would be remedied.

This position may be illustrated by the statement of a few simple facts. Within the last few months a sum not much under £10,000 has been collected in this colony, for the relief of the starving Irish and Scotch. If this money, instead of being sent to the relief committees, and greatly diminished, (as all monies must always be, when they have to pass through many hands,) had been employed in the conveyance of emigrants from Ireland and Scotland, to the Cape, the relief to the mother country would have been probably greater than that actually derived from the sums subscribed here, and the colony would have gained the services of about eight hundred agricultural laborers.

Again, a company has been recently formed for the cultivation of cotton, in the settlement of Natal ; and in order to carry out their plans, the company propose to import one hundred and twenty German families. Now, the expence of bringing laborers from Gemany, cannot be less than that of bringing them from England or Ireland ; nor will it be pretended that there are not to be found in the latter countries agricultural laborers fully equal to those of Germany. If then the course suggested had been adopted, the gain to the

colony would have been the same, and the surplus population of the United Kingdom would be lessened by six hundred souls.

These plain facts prove, what might be done by private enterprize in a single colony. If the money collected for the relief of the starving Irish and Scotch in *all* the colonies had been employed in facilitating emigration, and if *all* the agricultural companies, in the British possessions abroad, which happened to be in want of labourers, had obtained them from the United Kingdom, it is easy to see, that the relief thus afforded, would have been far from inconsiderable.

It is not, however, upon private enterprize, that we must mainly depend for these results. If the scheme is to be carried out effectually, it must be undertaken by government. From the following extract from SIR HENRY POTTINGER'S financial minute, presented to the Legislative Council of the colony, on the 10th ult., it appears that the Colonial Government is disposed to take upon itself, its full share of the responsibility and trouble. If His Excellency be only assured of the cordial co-operation of the Government at home, and if the principle thus established at the Cape, be adopted with reference to other colonies equally in want of labor, a most important measure will have been taken, both for checking the ravages of famine now, and for guarding against their recurrence in future years. The following is the passage alluded to :—

“ You will perceive, that I propose to expend £10,000 for emigration from the United Kingdom, to which I solicit your consent, as the demand for labor in the Eastern Districts is very great, and we ought to make an effort to provide it. I have already conveyed to Her Majesty's Government my strong recommendation in favor of this measure, as I am quite satisfied, both from my personal observation and inquiries, that it cannot be overdone.”

Reverting to the general question, we would briefly recapitulate the results to be derived from the crude statement contained in the present article. It being admitted, that the main evil under which Ireland and the other distressed parts of the United Kingdom are now laboring, is an excess of population ; that there are no obvious means of providing food for the starving people at home, and that, consequently,

it is desirable to remove them to those colonies which are able to maintain them, the advantages which might be expected to result from such a measure are principally these :

I. The relief afforded to the mother country by the removal of the surplus population.

II. The benefits conferred upon the colonies by an increased supply of agricultural and other laborers.

III. The establishment of colonial depôts of grain, to which England might look with certainty in future times of scarcity.

IV. The formation of increased and permanent markets for British manufactures.

V. The provision of constant and useful employment for the ships of Her Majesty's Navy.

We make no claim to originality in our treatment of this question; on a topic which has been so often and so ably discussed, originality would be the slightest merit; but we have called the attention of our readers to this subject now, because we believe it to be of real importance to the colony as well as to the mother country. That some good lesson may have been derived from the present awful visitation; that the nation may not have been chastised in vain; that out of the darkness by which we are at present surrounded, a light may arise to guide our future movements, must be the humble but earnest prayer of every true lover of his country and his species.

NOTE.—In the above article we have stated merely the results which have been derived from a careful examination of the question discussed. It may, however, prove satisfactory to some of our readers to be made acquainted with the facts on which some of our statements are founded. The "Susan," emigrant ship, arrived in this colony with 186 emigrants,—men, women and children, equal to 154½ statute adults: the expense of passage, &c. per statute adult was £12. 12. 4½. Among these emigrants were 38 domestic servants, 52 farm laborers, and 14 mechanics. By the "Recorder" were received 53 domestic servants, 58 farm laborers, and 14 mechanics. By the "Simlah" 59 domestic servants, 70 farm laborers, and 16 mechanics. By the "Gilbert Henderson" 43 domestic servants, 99 farm servants, and 18 mechanics. All of these obtained employment, almost immediately after their arrival in the colony, at an average rate of from £12 to

£20 per annum for domestics and farm servants, and about four and six pence a day for mechanics. It is to be remembered that it is the universal custom of this colony, to give board and lodging (in addition to the money wages agreed upon,) not only to the farm servant or laborer, but to his whole family, in consideration of the services of the father only. There are numerous instances of emigrants having received provision for their wives and seven or eight children, in addition to money wages for their own services. The "Susan," the "Recorder," the "Simlah," and the "Gilbert Henderson," are the only vessels which have arrived in this colony with emigrants, under the Emigration Regulations of the 8th May 1845. The following statement gives the same results in a form more convenient for reference.

An Account of the Number of Immigrants into the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, since the 1st of January 1846, together with the average expence of passage, &c.

Name of ship.	Date of arrival.	Number of emigrants.						Total.	Equal to statute adults.	Average expence per statute adult.
		Adults.		Children between 1 and 14 years.		Children under 1 year.				
		Male	Female	Male	Female	Male	Female			
<i>Susan</i> , ..	1846, 27 Jan.	76	56	19	26	3	6	186	154½	£12 12 4½
<i>Recorder</i> ,	12 Aprl.	84	43	25	18	3	5	178	148½	11 13 11
<i>Simlah</i> , ..	14 May.	98	44	21	24	2	3	192	164½	12 9 0
<i>Gilbert Henderson</i>	1847, 2 Feb.	100	63	11	13	8	5	200	175	11 11 5
Total, ..		358	206	76	81	16	19	756	642½	

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

Our literary notices this month should be encircled by a mourning border; for seldom has death been so busy in the world of literature as during the short period of which we have received intelligence since our last publication: and we have now to record the demise of more than one writer, from whose works most of our readers will remember having derived either instruction or amusement.

First in the melancholy list is MACVEY NAPIER, for seventeen years Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. MR. NAPIER was also Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh, and he conducted the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His name, however, is principally remarkable in connection with the *Edinburgh Review*. This important periodical has been conducted by only three Editors since its commencement in 1803,—the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, Lord JEFFREY, and Mr. NAPIER. Its originators were, SYDNEY SMITH, and Lords JEFFREY, MURRAY, and BROUGHAM, all of them, at that time, students in Edinburgh. SYDNEY SMITH was appointed Editor, and proposed the facetious motto quoted in the Introductory Address to this journal. After the publication of the first number of the *Review*, SYDNEY SMITH was forced to leave Edinburgh, and Lord JEFFREY was appointed his successor. JEFFREY continued Editor till the year 1829, when he was succeeded by Professor NAPIER, whose death has given rise to these remarks. SYDNEY SMITH's articles were principally political and religious. JEFFREY, however, was the author of several of the critical papers on the works of BYRON and SCOTT, whose palmy days were contemporaneous with those of his editorship. From many of BYRON's letters it would appear that he stood in a sort of ludicrous awe of JEFFREY, notwithstanding his bold defiance of the critic in his younger days. Among the other distinguished writers in the *Edinburgh Review* may be mentioned ELMSLEY, who contributed some important classical articles; CHARLES LAMB; MACKINTOSH, and MACAULAY, whose *Reviews* have been published separately, and are principally historical and biographical; the late Dr. ARNOLD; the present Bishop of London; Lord

BROUGHAM, HALLAM, McCULLOCH, and the Archbishop of Dublin. We are not able to state the general character of Professor NAPIER's articles: they are, however, believed to have been generally devoted to subjects connected with science and political economy. His successor is not yet named; but as the *Edinburgh Review* is at present considered to be the highest literary authority in Great Britain, besides being an important political organ, it can scarcely be doubted that its proprietors will be careful to choose an individual capable of conducting it with credit and advantage.

Next in the list of deaths is that of Mr. SHARON TURNER, author of a poem entitled *Richard III.* and some other poetical pieces. Mr. TURNER's principal work, however, was his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, which is remarkable for the correctness of its details, and the depth of its research. The book has not obtained all the attention which it merited, as it does not belong to a class of works much read in the present day; but it has been favorably noticed by all the *Reviews*, as well as by many writers of the highest authority on the subject on which it deals, (Mr. HALLAM among the rest,) and there can be no doubt, that any future historian of England (and there is ample room for one) will adopt the *History of the Anglo-Saxons* as the most conclusive authority on the history of the period of which it treats. Mr. TURNER died at the advanced age of 79.

Mr. LEMAN REDE is also among the departed. Perhaps his fame as a farce and burlesque writer has hardly reached the Cape. But his demise is noticed here with a passing regret by one who knew him well for "a fellow of infinite jest."

CHARLES HOOTON is the next name in our catalogue. He was the author of "Colin Clink," and several other novels, the last of which, "Launcelot Widge," was completed just before his death, and is now in the course of publication in *Ainsworth's Magazine*. He also wrote several ballads, most of which were published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and which have naturally failed to excite the degree of attention, which was due to them in this unpoetical age. We were very anxious to have printed here some extracts from these ballads, but inasmuch as their interest is chiefly derived, less from their versification than from the quaint manner in which their stories are conducted, we have felt that it would be impossible to quote a detached passage without injustice to the author. In this difficulty we have preferred to extract the following lines from a little poem, entitled "The Norwegian

Lovers," which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for March last, and which derive additional interest from the fact of their being the last words written by their author before his death:

"Where'er we go, 'tis peaks of snow
Rage the most with secret fire,
Thus ice and cloud but serve to shroud
Burning hearts that ne'er expire.

This silent shore which hears no more
Echoes of our mighty hymn,
Too well attests that voiceless breasts
Clasp the love that ne'er grows dim.

My life is fraught with one sole thought,
Thine it is and thine alone;
By day and night, in dark or light,
Heart and soul are all thine own.

Fear not, my flower! this murky hour
Love, in love may all believe,
Cowards only cheat the lonely,
Noble hearts can ne'er deceive."

The third stanza is full of true poetical feeling: the above, however, is far from being a favorable specimen of Mr. HOORON'S poetic powers; the following lines "to a lady playing the piano," which we recollect to have seen some years ago in one of the magazines, and which are, we believe, by the same hand, are, however, exquisite:—

"When around thee admiring they throng as they will,
Entranced by the rapture thy minstrelsy wakes,
When they murmur their praise of thy finger and still
Invoke it anew at each pause that it makes;

Oh remember the *one* who to hear thee again
Would encounter the anguish of parting anew,
And surrounded by pleasures which woo him in vain,
Sighs fondly, and only, and ever for you."

But after all, it is upon the ballads which we have spoken of above, that Mr. HOORON'S fame must rest: we are firmly persuaded that they confer, upon him, a claim to some remembrance in the literary history of his century, and shall be much disappointed if they do not obtain it. It is announced that they will be collected and republished, so that we may perhaps take some future opportunity of referring to them at greater length.

Mr. HOORON'S death was one of the most melancholy occurrences which has recently disturbed the world of letters. The following is an account of it, given by M. P. J. BAILEY, the author of "Festus," in the March number of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

“ With a view of mitigating his sufferings, and procuring that sleep to which he was often a stranger, for several successive nights, he was in the habit of having recourse to opium and morphia, and on the night of Monday the 13th, he sent for four grains of morphia, the whole of which it is supposed he took, and in about twenty minutes afterwards, upon his sister going into his bed-room, he said, “ oh dear ; I’m afraid I’ve taken too much morphia,—dont let me go to sleep.” He also asked to see his father and mother, and kept closing his eyes whilst speaking ; but, although he was continually shaken to keep him awake, all efforts to rouse him failed. A powerful emetic had no effect, and he slept to wake no more.”

Mr. HOOTON died at the early age of 34: he was at the time contributing to three monthly magazines—Ainsworth’s, the New Monthly, and the Colonial. He has left a manuscript autobiography, which is described as very curious, and is about to be published.

We close this melancholy obituary by a notice of the decease of the Rev. J. T. HEWLETT, also a contributor to the New Monthly Magazine, and the author of “ Peter Priggins,” and several other stories, most of which have reference to the eccentricities of Oxford life. His last work “Great Tom of Oxford,” was published a very short time before his death, which was caused by the *malaria* of an Essex village, the rectory of which he had recently been driven by very poverty to accept. In a postscript to his last work but one, “Dunster Castle”—he predicted his own death. “My tale,” he says, “has come to an end more abruptly than I had intended it should. I was compelled, however, to bring it to a speedy conclusion, lest other hands should have to finish what mine had begun.” He goes on in a style of forced gaiety to describe his difficulties, and proceeds: “This lasted until my children went to their schools, and I was *alone*. Then came a succession of letters, each conveying the tidings of the death of some literary friends. I need not name them. My spirits sank, my energies deserted me, and, in the stillness of the night, I asked myself, ‘Who is to be next victim?’” His melancholy anticipations were too truly realized, and on the 24th of January he breathed his last ; leaving behind him nine motherless children, utterly unprovided for.

We have here recorded the deaths of five men, each of whom was intimately connected with the current literature of the country, and three of whom died in circumstances of the most abject poverty. The mind in which these facts do not give rise to very serious reflections must be worth very little. None of these men were very highly distinguished in literature, and it is not impossible that many of our readers may have heard of all of them now for the first time. Yet

how great is the amount of amusement and instruction which they have diffused through the world; how many have pondered over the pages of NAPIER or TURNER; or laughed heartily over those of HOOTON, REDE, and HEWLETT. Yet in a month these men will be forgotten; others will have supplied their place: Mr. HOOTON'S widow will be in the workhouse; and Mr. HEWLETT'S orphans will only be saved from a similar fate, by the bounty of the charitable Free Masons, who have come forward so nobly to assist the children of their deceased brother. But in what other country than England was literary destitution ever so common and notorious, that societies had to be formed for rescuing from starvation the destitute families of worn-out authors? It is a fact that there never was a time when books sold so well, or when authors were so poor as now! Why is this? Why is it that all the profits of literature go into the hands of booksellers, while the book-writers are sinking beneath a weight of poverty? Why is it that the publishing trade is so flourishing, that one bookselling firm (all honor to them!) is able to head with £100 a bookseller's subscription for the relief of the distressed Irish and Scotch, while the authors, from the products of whose brains these men have derived their wealth, are themselves objects for charity? It points to something radically wrong in the laws affecting literary property: it is a proof of the materialism of the age: it shows that the law deals with books as so much paper and printers' ink: and that so long as this is so, booksellers and publishers may thrive, but authors must starve.

We willingly pass from this unpleasant topic to the literary news of a less mournful character. In our last we noticed the vacancy in the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge caused by the death of the late Duke of Northumberland: we have now to announce that it has been filled by the election of His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT, to the vacant throne. His Royal Highness, however, did not achieve the victory without requiring the utmost exertion of his friends, being stoutly opposed by Lord POWIS, who was popular in the University, in consequence of his having led the opposition to the union of the sees of St. Asaph and Bangor, in the House of Lords. It is to be regretted that the University authorities persisted in thrusting forward Prince ALBERT, after his refusal to accept the proffered honor, and still more so, that when His Royal Highness' name *was* proposed he should have met with any opposition. So close a contest

between the Prince Consort and a subject, was not a very seemly exhibition. The following poetical commentary on the election is attributed to Mr. STAFFORD O'BRIEN, the Protectionist M. P. for Northamptonshire.

“ Prince Albert on this side, Lord Powis on that,
 Have claims than which none can be slighter,
 The Prince's consist of inventing a hat,
 The peer's of protecting a mitre :
 Then why, oh collegiate heads, do ye run
 Into all this senate-house bother ?
 Can it be, that the man who invented the one
 Has a hand in bestowing the other ?
 From the prince's refusal 'tis plain to be seen,
 Your proceedings were rather unwary ;
 Did you think he could mean as we know you would mean
 If you said *nolo episcopari*.

In our last number we quoted an advertisement, offering “ literary assistance,” of a very extensive character, to gentlemen, with whom money is more abundant than brains, and whose literary talents are not equal to their ambition. Though we are well acquainted with John Bull's attachment to a systematic way of doing business, we were scarcely prepared to see this preposterous piece of impertinence reduced to a system. Such, however, has been the case ; and in an advertisement which appeared lately in the *Times*, we are informed, that all kinds of literary assistance may be obtained at “ *The LITERARIUM Office, 128, Strand, London.*” The advertisement, which contains this announcement is too long and too absurd to be re-printed entire ; but a short abstract of it may prove amusing to our readers. No kind of literature but belongs to the province of the *Literarium*. Gentlemen are to be found there who will write travels in any country, from Bokhara to Peru, on the shortest notice. Any individual who entertains peculiar views on religious subjects may have a Puseyite or Evangelical treatise, an enthusiastic discourse or an infidel disquisition, prepared “ at a moderate cost ;” or may carry on an animated controversy with himself, under the names of *Fides* and *Philalethes*, without the trouble of putting pen to paper. Ambitious legislators may have their speeches prepared for delivery at per line. Briefless barristers may affix their names to learned treatises on law : new discoveries in astronomy will be provided under prime cost : histories of any country or period will be written in a style, lively or profound, according to the wishes of the nominal author : and French and German translations may be produced by those to whom French and German are unknown.

“ A skeleton of facts being furnished, the contemplated production will be digested into a luminous and well-arranged mass, and also be written in an elegant and popular style, so as to command a favorable reception from the public and enhance the reputation of the author. . . . Lectures, leading articles, pamphlets, speeches, and other varieties of literature, . . . circulars, handbills, and advertisements, worded in a correct and imposing manner; servants' letters——” nothing too high or too low for the *Literarium*. “ Is a well-worded letter wanted? apply at the *Literarium*. Is a circular or advertisement required? apply at the *Literarium*. Is a speech, a pamphlet, or a volume wished for? apply at the *Literarium*.”!!! Oh John Bull and Humbug! which of ye two borrowed from the other?

Very few new books, deserving of much notice, have arrived in this colony since our last; the periodicals drag their slow length along. *DOMBEY* becomes more and more stupid as he grows older. We have not caught another glimpse of *Vanity Fair*: and Mr. PERKINS'S ball room is still closed against us.

A valuable contribution to the *materials* for a new history of England has been made in the publication of the *Stuart Papers*, commencing with *Bishop Alterbury's Correspondence*. We go on laying up stores, in the hope, that some man will arise of sufficient talent, to combine them hereafter. It is time we had a standard history of England.

Mr. GUTCH has re-collected the Robin Hood ballads, and written a treatise, to prove that the hero was not Robin Hood, but somebody else. The illustrations appear to be the best part of the book.

ANDREW STEINETZ has written another absurd book about the Jesuits.

Sir HARRIS NICHOLAS has commenced a valuable work, entitled *A History of the Royal Navy*. At present he has only got as far as the Crusades, which appear to have given the first impulse to British naval enterprise. This history, when completed, will doubtless be a standard work. Miss COSTELLO has given a similar introduction to the history of the French navy in a life of *Jaques Cœur, the French Argonaut*. This, however, is not to be continued.

A Mr. HUGHES has written a very pleasant tour in Spain, entitled *An Overland Journey to Lisbon at the close of 1846*. The most amusing part of the book is, where Mr. HUGHES speaks of the Montpensier Marriage: here he completely

loses his temper and lays aside his dignity. He talks of Queen Isabella's "ungainly waddle," and likens the Duc de Montpensier's face to a muffin.

Captain MARRYATT has departed from his old amusing style, and has taken to writing "useful knowledge." He advertises the *Children of the New Forest* as the first of a series of works, for the amusement of the young, to be entitled the *Juvenile Library*.

Mrs. BUTTER'S new work, entitled *A Year of Consolation*, we have not yet seen. From the notices of it which we have met with, it would appear to be nothing more than a common-place, and rather egotistical tour through France and Italy.

The prolific Mr. G. P. R. JAMES has produced a ghost story, entitled *The Castle of Ehrenstein*, which, however, has not reached us. It seems to be a kind of imitation of the Castle of Otranto. Altogether, the literary world seems to be in a state very much resembling stagnation.

Omoo, or Adventures in the South Seas, being a continuation of Typee, by HENRY MELVILLE, is a title which promises well to those who are acquainted with the former work. In *Typee* the author related, how he sailed in an American Whaler, and escaped to one of the Marquesas Islands, and how he there met with sundry strange adventures among the Cannibals, from whom he was at length rescued by a boat's crew from the *Julia*, a Sydney whaler. The critics doubted whether the work was to be looked upon as a true story or a fiction, but pronounced, that in either case, it was not much inferior to Robinson Crusoe. In the continuation we notice a great falling off. It is usually the case with continuations. What is gained in *vraisemblance* is lost in interest; and after devouring *Typee* in an afternoon, we were six days in getting through *Omoo*.

Mr. MELVILLE here takes up his story at the period of his escape from *Typee*, describes the state of things on board the *Julia*, and introduces various reflections on the discipline, or rather, the want of it, in whaling vessels. The following passage will convey some idea of the generality of his statements. It is, of course, much exaggerated; but amid a great deal of burlesque, there are, perhaps, a few grains of truth.

"How far we sailed to the westward, after leaving the Marquesas, or what might have been our latitude or longitude at any particular time, or, how many leagues we voyaged on our passage to Tahiti, are matters about which I am sorry to say, I cannot with any accuracy enlighten the reader. Jermin, (the mate) as

navigator, kept our reckoning, and, as hinted before, kept it all to himself. At noon he brought out his quadrant, a rusty old thing, so odd-looking that it might have belonged to an astrologer. Sometimes, when rather flustered with his potations, he went staggering about deck, instrument to eye, looking all over for the sun—a phenomenon which any sober observer might have seen right over head. How upon earth he contrived on some occasions to settle his latitude, is more than I can tell. The longitude he must either have obtained by the rule of three, or else by special revelation. Not that the chronometer in the cabin was seldom to be relied on, or was any ways fidgetty; quite the contrary, it stood stock still, and by that means, no doubt, the true Greenwich time—at the period of its stopping at least—was preserved to a second.

“The mate, however, in addition to his dead reckoning, pretended to ascertain his meridian distance from Bow Bells, by an occasional lunar observation. This, I believe, consists in obtaining, with the proper instruments, the angular distance between the moon and some one of the stars. The operation generally requires two observers, to take sights at one and the same time.

“Now, although the mate *alone* might have been thought well calculated for this, inasmuch as he generally saw things double, the Doctor was generally called upon to play a sort of second quadrant to Jermin’s first: and what with the capers of both, they usually furnished a good deal of diversion.”

Thus they arrived at Tahiti, where nearly the whole crew refused to continue working. They were imprisoned for some days on board a French frigate, apropos of which Mr. MELVILLE indulges in some rather uncomplimentary remarks on the French navy. After this they were sent ashore and kept for some days in the stocks, by order of the English consul;—not the notorious Pritchard, but his deputy Wilson. After a time the *Julia* sails, the prisoners are set at liberty, and MELVILLE roams about the island in company with his friend the refractory doctor.

In connection with his wanderings through Tahiti and the neighbouring islands, Mr. MELVILLE takes occasion to remark upon a great variety of subjects—the scenery and climate of the islands; the character and appearance of the natives; the cattle and wild animals; the character of Queen Pomaree, which does not appear to stand very high in his estimation; and the influence of the missionaries, who are evidently no favorites with him. Their proceeding in the islands certainly do not appear to have been very judicious, but it is not fair to attribute to them the consequences which are in many instances traceable to intercourse with Europeans of a very different character. Take it, however, which way you will, the following is the moral, and whether the result of personal observation, or of reflection, there can be no question of its truth:

“Their prospects are hopeless. Nor can the most devoted efforts now exempt them from furnishing a marked illustration of a principle which history has always exemplified. Years ago brought to a stand where all that is corrupt in barbarism and civilization unite, to the exclusion of the virtues on either state; like other uncivilized beings brought into contact with Europeans, they must here remain stationary until utterly extinct.”

The book is decidedly interesting, and will be read with pleasure. It is in many parts very agreeably written, and bears ample testimony to the fact, that its author was intended by birth and education, for a higher position than that which he appears to have filled. But it will be most appreciated by those, who are unacquainted with Mr. Melville's former work.

We cannot pass Mr. JAMES's *Life of Henry IV. of France* altogether without notice, though it is one of those books of which it is difficult to convey a correct idea, except in a more lengthened review than we can here afford to devote to it. Perhaps the best thing we can do is to recommend our friends to read for themselves, for it is worth reading. It is just what might have been expected from a novelist writing the life of one of his favorite heroes: not a history, nor an impartial biography, but a lengthened, eloquent, and brilliant eulogium, interspersed with powerful descriptions, gorgeous scenery, and able criticism on the events of the period. Thus much, at least, is certain, that it will in no respect detract from the character of its author for historical accuracy, correctness of detail, or eloquence of expression.

The following notice of the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day will give as fair an idea of Mr. JAMES's historical style, as any other which we can at this moment lay our hands on:—

“ Leaving the house of the Admiral, Guise hurried on to new acts of butchery; exclaiming to the soldiers who followed him, “ Courage, comrades, we have begun well! On to the others! The King commands it!” By this time, the tiger spirit of a Parisian mob was let loose; the streets were filled with armed multitudes eager for blood; the marked houses of the Protestants were broken open; the unhappy inhabitants, starting from their beds at the sound of the demon-like shouts, which were rising round them, were murdered without resistance; neither age nor sex were spared; the unoffending child, the defenceless woman, and the impotent old man were slaughtered without mercy; virtue, and learning, and wisdom proved no safeguard, and all the fierce passions of our depraved nature, unchained in the horrible anarchy, sated themselves with crimes too fearful to be told. Catholics murdered Catholics, the heir slew the long-lived possessor, the adulterer despatched the husband of his paramour, the enemy murdered his foe in his bed; and all who did not bear the mark of Popery, were slaughtered without question; while the chiefs of this dreadful conspiracy ran through the streets, at the head of their armed followers, exclaiming, ‘ Kill! kill!’

‘ More blood! more blood!’ cried Tavannes; ‘ bleeding is as good in summer as in spring.’ Horrible jests were thus mingled with the shouts and cries of the murderers, and the groans and screams of their victims; and still the bells of the churches tolled aloud, proclaiming, in the infernal spirit of persecution, ‘ More blood! more blood!’ From the windows, from the doors, were cast forth the bodies of the murdered Protestants, and the gutters of Paris, in the month of August, literally flowed with the blood of many of the noblest and most virtuous men in France.

It is needless to dwell upon the deeds of dark and beastly cruelty, performed by

the inferior actors in this fearful tragedy, when the conduct of the great criminals who devised and executed it, may well serve to shew what spirit animated the Popish population of the capital."

It has been truly said that the romance of real life is far more strange than all that fiction can produce, or the creations of mind imagine, and we have felt the force of this remark in its strongest sense, on perusing Miss PARDOE'S narrative of the times of LOUIS XIV.,—not as regards the monarch himself, alone, but in the development of nature's wonderful variety and powers through all the phases of human character, which it brings to light,—its poets, its statesmen, its warriors, its wits, and its women.

No portion of the world's history has furnished literature with more interesting and startling matter for observation and reflection, and yet it appears still to have remained an inexhaustible theme. It is but a few years since MR. JAMES published the life of the great king,—and yet, we have another here, possessing all the charms of novelty, whose title speaks for its contents,—"*LOUIS XIV, and the Court of France*,"—excluding all the dry detail of the political relations of France with foreign powers, and all extraneous subjects, and confining its pages to those events in which, and to those persons with whom, LOUIS was a personal actor.

We sincerely congratulate Miss PARDOE on this production. Her undertaking was a hazardous one, when we reflect how much has been written already on this momentous era,—but she has fully tested the powers of her talent, the depth of her judgment, and the diligence of her research, in the work now before us, which cannot fail to increase the celebrity of the Authoress of the *City of the Sultan*, and of the *Magyar*; and as such, we recommend an attentive perusal of it. Not that the character of LOUIS gains anything by the world's deeper scrutiny:—that he was magnificent in his views, and mighty in enterprize, as a monarch, when occupied in the triumphs of war, and the schemes of dominion, or in upsetting the ambition of a crafty minister, none will deny,—but that he was vain, voluptuous, and versatile as a man, few will gainsay. His conduct towards his mistresses evinces these traits, who in their turn may be allegorically described as love, vanity, and ambition;—for whilst we feel that we could sit down and weep by the side of the lovely, sensitive, and deserted LA VALIERE, we turn from the unblushing, selfish MONTESPAN, and look doubtingly and dissatisfied at the calm, but insidious DE MAINTENON;—for we never can forget, that it was through the advice of the latter,

a stern Jesuit at heart, that Louis was induced to perpetrate one of the most bloody and atrocious acts, that ever disgraced a monarch,—the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

As regards the Grande Monarque himself, most persons presume that princes, surrounded with all the pageantries of state, its power, its pomps, and its luxuries, must lead a career of happiness. Alas! the drama of life but too often ends in tragic despair,—the more appalling, where the actor has had the means of gratifying every wish; and to prove this deduction, in the present instance, we will conclude our remarks by giving one extract from Miss Pardoe's interesting work, which is written throughout with all the ease, elegance, perspicuity, and force, which dignifies most of her productions. We would gladly have enlarged more fully on these engaging volumes, but the lateness of the hour at which we received them, prevents our saying more for the present.

“Turn whithersoever he would, therefore, the unfortunate monarch was surrounded by mortification, gloom, and disappointment, and even his most intimate circle,—his most cherished retirement,—was invaded by remorse and regret. He could not look forward, for, even Louis XIV. at the age of seventy-two, could not speculate upon a future, while the most glorious portions of the past were tainted by error, injustice, and ambition, and these vanished, what had remained? He could not reflect on the sinister events of his reign, particularly on those, which were yet recent, without becoming the victim of the most fearful and harassing suspicions. Richard in his war-tent never contemplated a train of more appalling shadows than those evoked by the memory of Louis XIV, as he sat, supported by cushions and pillowed upon velvet in his sumptuous apartment. Henrietta of England,—the Queen of Spain, her daughter,—the Dauphin,—the fair and fond Duchess of Bourgoyne, and her child, and last of all, the Duke of Berri, the sole prop to that throne which must soon be empty, a frail infant,—such were the shapes that haunted his last reveries, and well might the pale, old man in his solitary moments, bend down the proud head, which had no longer strength to bear a crown, and, eschewing the arrogance of those years, in which he had assumed the bearing of a demigod, confess to his own heart that he was human.”

The only novels lately received, which are worthy of even a passing notice, are *George Lovell*, by SHERIDAN KNOWLES, and *Tancred* by DISRAELI, and these are more remarkable for their authors' names than for their contents.

When PHELPS, the well-known tragedian, advertised himself about two years ago, to appear in the character of Falstaff, we, who had seen him frequently represent such characters as Othello, Lear, Virginius, went early to the theatre with feelings of no little curiosity, to observe, how one who had so distinguished himself in one walk of the drama would succeed in the opposite. Like every one else among the audience, we came away delighted, having never with-

in our limited experience seen a better Falstaff on the stage. The racy humor and oily richness of the character were blended with the high intellect, which sack and sugar had not sufficed to drown, in a manner that must have been astonishing to actors whose idea of tragedy is rant, and whose notion of comedy is farce.

Now the provinces of the play-wright and the novelist are not so distinct as those of the tragedian and the comedian ; yet, it was with a similar feeling of curiosity to that which we have described above, that we opened the first novel, we believe, of so distinguished a dramatist as Mr. Sheridan Knowles. We regret to say, that the result has not been so satisfactory as in the former instance.

George Lovell is just such a novel as might be expected from a practised dramatist. Its great fault is, that it is full of 'points,' almost every chapter closes with a "situation," upon which the curtain might fall amidst rounds of applause. The same remark applies to the story ; it is perhaps not ill-adapted for the stage : but, it is so utterly removed beyond the bounds of probability, as to appear ridiculous in the study. The main incident, a rich jeweller sanctioning his son's marriage with a chamber-maid, because humility was one of the virtues of the apostles, is an illustration of the character and conduct of the tale.

One merit, however, is due to *George Lovell*, and it is not a small one. The author has altogether eschewed the prevailing error of modern novelists, and has depicted vice in unattractive colors, and fixed the interest of his story on the adventures of those personages whose moral characters are most deserving of approbation. Even here, however, the praise which we are desirous of awarding him, cannot be altogether unqualified with blame. It was quite possible to make virtue amiable without rendering it ridiculous ; and Mr. Knowles appears to us to have fallen into this extreme, when he represents his hero as blushing at the mention of *a shift*. What would have been the consequence if any incautious acquaintance had accidentally mentioned another article of female costume in his hearing ? On the whole, we should recommend our old friend to stick to his old profession ; for, though he can write no book which shall be devoid of interest, it is clear, that his talent will be more congenially employed in endeavouring to raise the character of our national drama.

We pass on to Mr. Disraeli's *Tancred, or the New Crusade*. This is, like all its author's works, sparkling, brilliant, and satirical. The first volume abounds in sharp hits at English peculiarities,—“prepared impromptus,” “morning dances,” and “evening dejeunerers;” the second and third with singularly accurate descriptions of Eastern scenery, and equally inaccurate representations of Eastern manners; throughout the whole of which may be noticed the appearance of an earnest purpose, which, though its meaning be not very perceptible, cannot fail in commanding the attention of the reader. *Tancred* forms a part of the series of political novels, which was commenced with *Coningsby*, continued with *Sybil*, and is not yet concluded. In the first of these works Mr. Disraeli's object appears to have been to expose the unsound state of the venerable British constitution. Mr. Disraeli was at that time one of the leaders of the short-lived Young England party, and took occasion in the work alluded to, to advocate their principles in connection with his own hobby of the restoration of the Jews. He there depicted a monarch, wearing only the “semblance of a crown;” a House of Lords destitute of any real power; a House of Commons ruled by an aristocratic individual, and a mob ruling the country by means of “cries.” In *Sybil* he treated of the more exclusively social evils under which the country was laboring; gave striking portraiture of national distress and plousiocratic oppression. Having thus laid open the evils under which he imagines England to be laboring, he now commences his suggestions for a remedy, and carefully connecting the present with the previous stories, by the judicious introduction of old friends in subordinate positions,—such as Coningsby, Egremont, Villebecque, Sybil, Sidonia, and Mrs. Guy Flouncey,—sustains the interest of the series. There is, it appears, a great “Asian mystery,” and in the solution of this (which, with the true ingenuity of the practised novelist, he has reserved for further development in his next work) lies the real expedient for relieving Great Britain from her present distress.

Tancred, Lord Montacute, a young aristocrat, possessed of all those numerous virtues, which so invariably adorn the heroes of fashionable novels, disgusted at the want of faith which he finds to be the unvarying characteristic of the British institutions, determines on a “new crusade” to the holy city. His anxious parents strenuously oppose his resolution, and the claims of morality, the persuasions of religion, and

the allurements of fashionable society, are all called in, to dissuade him from carrying his plan into effect. He is twice nearly prevailed upon by the influence of the tender passion, but in one instance is emancipated from its fetters by the discovery, that the affection which he supposed to be fixed, like his own, upon the East, are in reality devoted to railway shares; and in the other, by the following conversation, which, though it has already appeared in a local journal, is so *piquant*, that we cannot forbear quoting it here. It is, as will be observed by the discerning reader, a criticism (so to speak by courtesy) on the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. Our readers are aware that we do not subscribe to the justice of the remarks, nor, indeed, will any one contend, that they present even a fair caricature of the work in question, inasmuch as the author of the *Vestiges* never represented that any *individual* "was a fish and will be a crow," but spoke only of the *species*. With this introduction, the extract shall speak for itself.

"After making herself very agreeable for some time, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said: 'Do you know this?' and Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title-page, found it was *The Revelations of Chaos*, a startling work just published, and of which a rumor had reached him.

'No' he replied, 'I have not seen it.'

'I will lend it you, if you like; it is one of those books, one must read. It explains every thing, and is written in a very agreeable style.'

'It explains everything!' said Tancred, 'It must, indeed, be a very remarkable book!'

'I think it will just suit you,' said Lady Constance, 'Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it.'

'To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure,' said Tancred.

'No longer so,' said Lady Constance, 'It is treated scientifically: every thing is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way, it shows you, exactly, how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light.—You must read it, 'tis charming.'

'Nobody ever saw a star formed' said Tancred.

'Perhaps not: you must read the Revelations; it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been developed. You know all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing; then there was something; then, I forget the next—I think there were shells—then fishes:—then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that: we came at last. And the next change, there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it: We were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it.'

'I do not believe I ever was a fish,' said Tancred.

'Oh! but it is all proved. You must not argue on my rapid sketch. Read the book; it is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science. It is not like those books, in which one says one thing, and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Every thing is proved by geology, you know? You see exactly how every thing is made. How many worlds there have been: how long they lasted: what went before: what comes next. We are a

link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us. We, in return, shall be inferior; all that will remain of us, will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development. We had fins, we may have wings.' ”

This is better as a satire on female criticism than on the *Vestiges of Creation*: but to return to our story.

Tancred sails, and arrives safely at Jerusalem, where he earnestly endeavours “to penetrate the great Asian mystery,” but without effect; for the highly philosophical reason, assigned by the author, that special revelations have never been vouchsafed except to Jews. Tancred therefore falls in love with, and marries a Jewess, and the desired revelation will no doubt be given in some future story.

From the above slight sketch the reader will perceive that the story of Tancred sets probability at defiance, as boldly as those of Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming: it is not, however, upon the probability of the plot that Mr. Disraeli's novels generally depend for their interest, but rather upon his satirical allusions to the small vices of society, and his smart political diatribes. These are found in abundance in Tancred: and it is also due to the author to say, that his descriptions of scenery are particularly successful. We however prefer taking our extracts from the satirical and humorous portions of the work, as in these Mr. Disraeli is evidently more at home and at ease.

The following is a scene in the Syrian Desert: Tancred and his servants have fallen into the hands of a tribe of Bedouins:—

“ ‘ Well,’ said Tancred, ‘ and how have you been getting on ? ’

‘ Well, my lord, I don't know,’ said Freeman with a sort of jolly sneer, ‘ We have been dining with the savages.’

‘ They are not savages, Freeman.’

‘ Well, my lord, they have not much more clothes any how; and as for knives and forks, there is not such a thing known.’

‘ As for that, there was not such a thing known as a fork, in England, little more than two hundred years ago, and we were not savages then; for the best part of Montacute Castle was built long before that time.’

‘ I wish we were there, my lord ! ’

‘ I dare say, you do; however, we must make the best of present circumstances. I wanted to know, in the first place, whether you had food. As for lodging, Mr. Baroni, I dare say, will manage something for you; and if not, you had better quarter yourselves by the side of this tent. With your own cloaks and mine, you will manage very well.’

‘ Thank you, my lord; we have brought your lordship's things with us. I don't know what I shall do to-morrow about your lordship's boots. The savages have got hold of the bottle of blacking, and have been drinking it like anything.’

‘ Never mind my boots,’ said Tancred; ‘ we have got other things to think of now.’

‘ I told them what it was,’ said Freeman; ‘ but they went on just the same.’

‘ Obstinate dogs,’ said Tancred.

‘ I think they took it for wine, my lord,’ said Trueman, ‘ I never see such ignorant creatures.’

‘ You find, now, the advantage of a good education,’ said Tancred.

‘ Yes, my lord, we do, and feel very grateful to your lordship’s honored mother for the same. When we came down out of the mountains, and see those blazing fires, if I didn’t think they were going to burn us alive, unless we changed our religion. I said the catechism, as hard as I could, the whole way, and felt as much like a blessed martyr as could be.’

‘ Well, well,’ said Tancred, ‘ I dare say, they will spare our lives. I cannot much assist you here ; but if there be anything you particularly want, I will try and see what can be done.’

Freeman and Trueman looked at each other, and their speaking faces held common consultation ; at length the former, with some slight hesitation, said : ‘ We don’t like to be troublesome, my lord, but, if your lordship would ask for some sugar for us—we cannot drink their coffee without sugar.’ ”

There is scarcely any intelligence from England, either in Science or the Fine Arts, which can prove interesting at such a distance of time and space. Three Engineers—English, Austrian, and French—have been engaged for some time past in surveying the Isthmus of Suez, with a view to cutting a canal through it: and there has been a fierce contest in the scientific world, as to the name to be given to the new planet. Neptune is the title which has been ultimately fixed upon by the leading astronomers, and a trident is to be its astronomical sign. The ether experiments have been continued and have failed in very few instances.

In Cape Town the Rev. Mr. Brown has delivered an interesting course of lectures, on the physiology and structure of the human frame : the lectures were made very interesting by numerous experiments and practical illustrations. If they had any fault it was perhaps that they were *too popular* : and that the Reverend Lecturer debarred himself from the use of some illustrations, out of consideration for the nerves of some of his hearers. We trust that Mr. Brown will give us an opportunity of noticing these lectures more at length, by placing them in the hands of a publisher.

In the fine arts, Music enjoys the ascendant in England : the new Italian opera has been opened in Convent Garden Theatre, with the most brilliant success, and the principal artistes engaged, are spoken of in very high terms by competent authorities. Its rival in the Hay-market is equally flourishing, and had announced the first appearance of Jenny Lind ; Mr. Lumley having agreed to indemnify the fair cantatrice for the consequences of any action which might be brought against her by Mr. Bunn.

The only events in the dramatic world are, the respective returns of Mrs. Butler (Fancy Kemble) and Mrs. Nisbett to the stage: the tragic and comic muses having thus made a simultaneous re-appearance. These two ladies have been drawing large audiences to the Princess' and Haymarket Theatres, at which they have respectively been performing.

The drama has become rather popular in Cape Town, in consequence of the exertions of the amateurs of Her Majesty's 90th Regiment; the performances have rather improved since those noticed in our last. Another amateur company has also started, and gave a very well attended entertainment, at the Dutch Theatre in Roeland-street. The whole was creditable, particularly the acting of Mr. *Maynier*, who will excuse our mentioning his name, as we only do so, in order to pay a very well deserved tribute of praise. Rumor is rife of another performance.



August 1847

O'CONNELL.

August, 1847.

By our last arrival from England, the "*Robert Small*," we have news down to June. Much of it is interesting and important. The peculiar position of parties,—the approaching General Election,—the fearful progress of Famine and Fever in Ireland,—these, to say nothing of matters of less moment, must arrest and fix attention. But, not the doubtful fate of Lord John Russel's Ministry,—not the uncertainty as to the complexion of the coming cabinet, and what sort of new creation may rise out of the present chaos,—not the destroying footsteps of hunger and pestilence, will arrest and fix attention more than the announcement of the death of one man. The most eminent Irishman but one of his age, and one than whom no Irishman of his age was more eminent, has passed away. On the 15th of May 1847, DANIEL O'CONNELL died at Genoa.

We purpose, while the tidings of this event are yet fresh, to say something about the remarkable person thus removed. We hope to do so without offence. Party spirit, the bane and curse of Ireland,—a pestilence to the full as deadly as that other pestilence which now rages and ravens amongst her sons,—is not here so fierce or formidable as to frighten from the utterance of opinion. Distance in space acts like distance in time; and both enable us to regard, not, indeed, without interest, but, at the same time, without excitement, far off agitators and agitations. For many years of O'Connell's life it would have been set down, in Dublin, as a sign of gross ill-breeding, for any one to name him in a mixed company, where the introduction of such a topic was certain to produce unpleasantness. And, in all probability, the time is still distant, when this great Irishman, ceasing to be an object of party eulogy and party detraction,

shall be justly appreciated in Ireland. But here, from our loop-hole of retreat under Table Mountain, we may offer to our readers some remarks upon O'Connell's life and character, without provoking the displeasure even of those who may dissent widely from the estimate which we have been led to form of both.

All who have read the "Times," or the reports of its "Irish Commissioner," Mr. Forster, must have read a great deal about the town of Cahirciveen, in the county of Kerry. All accounts agree in describing this town as very desolate,—Mr. Forster's account describes it as very dirty,—but, be that as it may, there, or within a mile of it, was born, on the 6th of August 1775,—some six weeks after the battle of Bunker's Hill had commenced, in earnest, the American Revolution,—a man who not unfrequently alluded to the coincidence between the year of his birth and the year of transatlantic resistance, but whose constant boast it was, that he had become the "Liberator of Ireland," without shedding a drop of blood.

We have heard sundry controversies maintained regarding his lineage and descent. Strange to say, there were worshippers of his, who thought that they exalted him by exalting the rank and standing of his family, and vituperators, who thought that they lowered him, by proving that he had not been dropped upon his great eminence, but had climbed it by himself. The truth seems to be, that his father, old Morgan O'Connell, was, in his way, a shrewd successful man, who had made some money, and had gradually risen to take his place amongst the lesser squirearchy of Kerry.

Of O'Connell's early education, we have never learned the particulars. He was fond of saying that he was born a slave. In some of the southern states of the American Union, it is criminally punishable to teach a slave to read. This is an unintended homage paid to the truth of the fine Baconian aphorism, that "knowledge is power." In Ireland, sixty years since, the instruction of Papists, though not (at least when given by Protestant schoolmasters) actually indictable,

was a thing decidedly discouraged. But, in one way or another, old Morgan O'Connell contrived to give his favorite son the rudiments of a classical education ; and, at the age of fourteen, being then, it is believed, intended for the priesthood, he was sent to a foreign university,—Maynooth, and Maynooth Grants, being yet hidden in the womb of time. After some shifting he settled at Douay.

In the beginning of 1794, he returned home, rendered a red hot tory, as he used to say, by the violence of the French principles he had encountered on the continent. If such were seriously his politics at that time, he soon changed them ; and, his views in reference to the priesthood being now given up, he availed himself of the relaxation of the law, which, in 1793, had allowed Roman Catholics to be admitted to the bar ; and, entering himself as a student of Lincoln's Inn, he was called in Ireland, in the disastrous year of '98. The circumstances of the time rendered it difficult to pronounce as to his success. It is not in the power, either of the bench or of the leaders of the bar, to ensure business to a noodle ; but their hostility, or even disrelish, may be enough to keep any, save a very strong man, down. When O'Connell commenced his career, the bench and the leaders of the bar were composed, for the most part, of the partisans of Protestant ascendancy, who would regard a popish practitioner of law, pretty much as people at the Cape, some years ago, might view a black practitioner of law. Upon the other hand, to belong to the same religion, and suffer from the same oppression, would be strong claims upon the sympathy of his Roman Catholic countrymen, who were rapidly rising into importance. But O'Connell was, in himself, far too strong to be kept back by any obstacles, or to stand in need of any support. He joined the Munster circuit, where large business has always had the effect of drawing a large bar ; and, in a very few years, rose into considerable and still increasing practice.

In the year 1800 O'Connell made his maiden speech in politics. It was delivered at a meeting of the citizens of

Dublin, convened to petition against the Legislative Union. He began his political life by opposing the passing of the same act, which he ended his political life by struggling to repeal. We have no sympathy with this struggle, nor any with O'Connell's conduct in reference to its management. It is, however, but justice to remember, that while Mr. Pitt, in agitating the Union, avowedly held out Catholic Emancipation as the price which he was prepared to pay for Catholic support, O'Connell, an un-emancipated Roman Catholic, opposed the measure on its first announcement.

But corruption and Castlereagh could not be withstood—a good measure was carried by the worst means; and the Union became law. Mr. Pitt, seeking to redeem his pledges to the Catholics, but met by the obstinacy or firmness of the King, resigned to make way for Addington, soon, however, to take again the reins, which Sheridan said he had only dropped for a moment, in order to let his humble subordinate lead the horses round a corner. In the meantime O'Connell, collecting all his energies, physical and mental, directed them to his profession. If he were even then looking forward to political importance, he had the sagacity to discern that political importance could be most safely founded upon professional renown. He, at all times, rose early from bed and from table, and his industry was untiring.

Nothing is more common, and nothing, generally speaking, is more absurd, than the habit of tracing the rise of great lawyers to some one striking display of eloquence or acuteness. Thurlow's chance connection with the Douglas case,—Eldon's saving of a nonsuit, in an action between two ladies, by contending that an averment that the one lady struck the other lady with her hand was supported by proof that she struck her with "her hand of cards,"—Erskine's maiden speech for Captain Baillie, regarding the mismanagement of Greenwich Hospital,—these, and many other supposed instances, are familiar to all acquainted with the gossip of the law. O'Connell, it has been said, took his

first start from a powerful cross-examination in a case of a forged will. He was of counsel for the heir at law, and the witnesses for the devisee swore to the execution of the will by the testator while *in extremis*. The last of these witnesses it fell to the junior's lot to cross-examine. The man, when describing the testator's competency, declared that, when he made his mark, "the life was in him." The expression struck the counsel as peculiar, and suggested an unsparing cross-examination under which the man gave way. It then appeared that after the testator's death the conspirators put a fly into the dead man's mouth, while they held his hand, in order that they might swear "the life was in him," without the sin of perjury, should they be afterwards called upon to maintain the will. The story is probably apocryphal. We give it as we heard it.

In those days state trials were the staple of Irish practice. The Irish Catholics were, constitutionally, in some sort a young people; and "nothing," says Mrs. Malaprop, "is so conciliating to young people as severity." The Irish government would appear to have been pretty much of this opinion. When Mr. Attorney-General Saurin, in 1811, prosecuted Dr. Sheridan, and others, for a violation of the Convention Act, Mr. O'Connell was engaged for the traversers, but took little part in the conduct of the case. Not so, however, in 1812, when the same functionary prosecuted Magee, of the *Evening Post*, for a seditious libel. Upon this occasion O'Connell led for the defence, and made what is generally considered his best bar speech. He assailed the Attorney General personally in a way which that respectable person, one of the warmest of politicians, but one of the coldest of speakers, was utterly unable to withstand. Chief Justice Downes came to the rescue, and threatened to commit the advocate for contempt. But not the less did he empty the vials of his wrath upon the head of one who despised him as a Papist and a parvenue, and whom, in return, he hated with a perfect hatred, as the thorough-going supporter of Protestant ascendancy.

In 1815 an event took place which Mr. O'Connell appeared ever after sincerely to deplore. He had now become a conspicuous character, and was advancing to take his place at the head of the Emancipation movement. At no time did he much care what language he used, provided it were strong enough, and the Corporation of Dublin, as the hot bed of Orangeism, came in, of course, for a share of his invective. Speaking publicly of that body, he called it "a beggarly corporation." The phrase was strong. But considering what a mysterious entity a corporation is,—that it is something altogether different from an aggregate of its members,—that, according to Lord Coke, it cannot be arrested, because it has no body, and cannot be excommunicated, because it has no soul,—it would seem to be called upon to give a merely Pickwickian sense to dyslogistic phraseology, and not to be very sensitive to abuse. Not so thought Mr. D'Esterre, a common councilman, who had formerly been an officer of marines,—who had been *out* before, and was reckoned a good shot. Influenced, perhaps, by political antipathy, perhaps by a natural desire to recommend himself to the patronage of the corporation,—he resented the insult and challenged the insulter. O'Connell disavowed any intention to give personal offence, and endeavoured to avoid the meeting. D'Esterre would not be satisfied with anything short of an unconditional retraction, and threatened to cudgel the skulker as he proceeded to the Four Courts on the first day of term. Then O'Connell consented to go out. They met at some distance from Dublin, and, at the first fire, D'Esterre fell mortally wounded.

The "*National*," Paris paper, in a notice of O'Connell, occasioned by his death, describes him (in the scenic way of which French journals are so fond) as rushing in an agony of remorse from the field to the altar, and there pronouncing that memorable vow, to which both he and his enemies had the bad taste to refer too often. This is not so. The vow in question was of later date. Mr. Peel, now Sir Robert, when Irish Secretary, was, some time after D'Esterre's

death, attacked by O'Connell in a manner which he deemed himself called upon to notice. He sent, by Sir Charles Saxton, a hostile message, which, after some correspondence, was accepted. Happily for the great causes of freedom in religion and freedom in trade, these eminent men did not effect their purpose. While O'Connell was to meet Peel, Mr. Lidwell, his friend, was to meet Sir Charles Saxton. Domestic circumstances occasioned some delay, which did not pass uncriticised. A certain Mr. N. P. Willis, an American author, who, in his "Pencilings by the Way," indulges in the gentlemanly propensity of publishing to the world such after dinner conversations as he deems it entertaining to report, has given Moore's version of the affair, as detailed by him at Lady Blessington's. "In O'C——'s case," says the Poet, "he had not made his vow against duelling when P—— challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and P—— went to Dover, where they were to meet, and O'C—— pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two :—

"Some men, with a horror of slaughter,
 Improve on the sacred command,
 And honor their wife and their daughter,
 That their days may be long in the land."

As years wore on, O'Connell rose higher and higher at the bar, and, by common consent, took the lead in such efforts as were made from time to time by the Catholics themselves for their own emancipation. When George IV. visited Ireland in 1821, O'Connell was sufficiently distinguished to take a prominent part in the pageantry of the period. He was one of those who affected to see every virtue under heaven in a monarch, whose courtly manners were his only grace,—an undutiful son, an unfaithful husband, an unkind father, a deserter of his early principles and his early friends. True, the same O'Connell had but a few short months pre-

viously described the idol of the hour as not, by any means, divine, and had covered his house in Merrion Square with a transparency, representing the triumph of purity, when Dublin was partially illuminated for Queen Caroline's success. But at no time of his life did the most sudden transition, from gross abuse to grosser adulation, ever cost O'Connell a blush; so he had the face to present His Majesty with laurel crowns, together with quantities of a certain southern sweetmeat, commonly called blarney. Conciliation was then the order of the day. Manasseh was no longer to vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim Manasseh. Orange and green met together, and aldermen and agitators kissed each other. "The glorious and immortal memory," was never drunk at mansion house dinners, though Sir Abraham Bradley King was Lord Mayor; and as to Catholic Emancipation, the Catholics themselves never mentioned it, its name was never heard. But the delusion soon passed. The king departed; O'Connell resumed his old position, and Sir Abraham Bradley King, (as he announced amidst rapturous cheers at a corporation meeting,) "threw off his surtout."

That Catholic Emancipation was not to come from the court was now apparent. That Catholic Emancipation, if it were to be looked for from the progress of public opinion in Great Britain, would come but slowly, if it came at all, was also clear. That Catholic Emancipation might, under favorable circumstances, be hastened by the Irish Catholics, aided by an influential minority in England, was perceived by many. O'Connell perceived this and determined to realize the vision. In the year 1823, two men, who had previously been somewhat estranged from each other, met, by accident, at the house of a common friend in the beautiful county of Wicklow. One of them was then a briefless barrister, who had written two tolerably successful tragedies,—had proffered his hand to Miss O'Neill, and been refused,—had spoken and written in favor of the *Veto*, and against O'Connell and the unconditional emancipatists,—had found that except amongst some of the Catholic Aristocracy, there was no veto party to

be raised, and had tact enough to see that he must shift his course entirely, and first descend into the demagogue, if he hoped to rise at last into a sphere more congenial to his tastes and habits. This man is now the Right Honorable Richard Lalor Sheil, one of her Majesty's Privy Council and Master of the Mint. The other man is known to all the world. The result of their meeting was the organization of the old Catholic Association.

It is needless to remark, that a Catholic Association was no novelty in Ireland. From the year 1757, when, under the Duke of Bedford's Government, the first Catholic Committee was formed, there had always, with the exception of brief intervals, been a Catholic Association under one name or another. O'Connell discovered no new power in political mechanics. But aided by the spirit of the time, and above all, by his own indomitable energy, he succeeded in carrying the Catholic Association to a height of power and influence, far surpassing anything which the greatest of its predecessors had ever enjoyed.

And, certainly, none but a very sanguine man, or a very sagacious man, could have anticipated from so small a beginning so splendid a result, or detected in such a grain of mustard seed, the germ of so great a tree. The Catholic Association met, at first, in a bookseller's drawing room, in Capel-street, and might almost have met in a hackney coach. But soon its proceedings, regularly reported by Catholic Journals, began to draw attention. Coyne's drawing-room, before long, was found too small. The Association then removed to the great room of the Corn Exchange on Burgh Quay, and became an unelected Parliament for Ireland.

How skilfully O'Connell managed its affairs, organized its membership, collected its "rent," stirred up the forty shilling freeholders, and brought millions into a state of voluntary obedience to his will, is matter too well known to need description. Powerless in the discussion of abstract principles, he was unrivalled in the conduct of practical details. The notion of the "rent" was a very happy one, and was very vi-

gorously worked out. It served the two-fold purpose of providing funds for carrying on the agitation, and of both deepening and displaying the interest taken in the cause by the multitudinous contributors.

In 1825, the Liverpool Administration, deeming the Association dangerous, determined to suppress it. The Whigs, believing that it had done its work, and had convinced the Tories that Emancipation must be granted, made little more than a show of opposition to the ministerial measure. The Association fell; and then came one of those rare opportunities for healing the wounds of centuries, which none but superior statesmanship discerns till too late. A Bill for Catholic Emancipation, borne through the Lower House upon its famous "Wings,"—one of these being the abolition of the forty shilling franchise, and the other a state provision for the Catholic clergy,—was sent up to the House of Lords. O'Connell was in high good humour. He had been enthusiastically received by a great London meeting,—had been feted and caressed by the Duke of Norfolk, and others of high station,—his vanity, not easily satisfied, was amply fed. He gave his unhesitating assent and consent to the proposed measure of emancipation, as well as to both the "Wings," and, in his evidence before the Commons Committee, assigned his reasons with great clearness and candour. The hearts of patriots palpitated with expectation; but the Lords let slip the great occasion. The Bill was thrown out upon the second reading; and Ireland is yet suffering from that disastrous determination.

Policy like this soon produced its natural fruit. We sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind. O'Connell burst the bands of the Suppression Act, as Samson the Philistian withes. The old Catholic Association was scarcely dethroned, when a new Catholic Association reigned in its stead. The agitation became fiercer and fiercer, and all the instruments of excitement were brought powerfully into play.

The retirement of Lord Liverpool in 1827, and the accession of Mr. Canning's coalition ministry, which was

essentially pro-Catholic, brought a temporary lull. But the unexpected death of the new Prime Minister, and the abdication of his successor, Lord Ripon, followed by the Premiership of the Duke of Wellington, with Mr. Peel as leader of the House of Commons, raised into seven-fold fury the hurricane again.

Then came the Clare Election. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald (afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey), who had long represented the county, and voted in favour of the Catholic claims, accepted office under the Wellington administration, and was sent back to his constituents. O'Connell started against him and succeeded. The Clare Election is commonly referred to as the great civil victory by which he virtually closed the war. It certainly showed how completely the forty shilling freeholders might be roused against their landlords, and presented the Catholic Question in quite a novel aspect, when it sent a Roman Catholic, duly returned, to knock for admittance at the door of the House of Commons. But the forty shilling freeholders of Louth, who elected Alexander Dawson in 1826, set an example which their brethren in Clare only imitated; and in regard to his own election, it is now notorious, that so far from originating the idea, O'Connell was not easily induced to act upon it when started. The able and excellent Charles Butler, the Catholic conveyancer, had given his opinion that, as the law stood, a Catholic might not merely be returned, but might take his seat. This opinion was pressed upon O'Connell, as well as the policy of making a bold and original movement,—but still he hesitated. At length, however, he became fully convinced of the importance of the measure,—pledged his professional character as to his eligibility, proceeded to Clare, and conquering Sir Edward O'Brien (Mr. Smith O'Brien's father) and the other great gentry, with their own serfs,—was triumphantly returned. In vain did the landlords endeavour to assert their rights over voters whom they had bred like cattle in order to rule like cattle. The ox knew not his owner, nor the ass his master's crib.

The rebellion was so universal, that it was impossible to punish the rebels. The work that had been done in Clare might be done again in many another county, and the boldest foes to concession were staggered when they beheld Ireland in virtual insurrection, while preserving outwardly the forms of law.

The time for which Sir Robert Peel has always waited, was now come. He was at length enabled to plead, that he conceded nothing to principle, but all to necessity. He gave way to O'Connell,—the Duke of Wellington gave way to him,—the King gave way to the Duke of Wellington,—and Catholic emancipation, which, if graciously granted in 1825, would, with its accompaniments, have been received as a favor, was arrogantly seized as a spoil when wrung from a reluctant ministry in 1829.

The writer in the "Times," an abridgement of whose clever biographical sketch was published in the "Commercial Advertiser," states, that O'Connell's attempt to take his seat was made before the passing of the Emancipation Act. This is an error. The Emancipation Act received the Royal assent on the 13th April, 1829, and O'Connell first claimed his place on the 15th of May, in the same year. The new measure had, with doubtful taste, been so framed as to extend only to Roman Catholics returned after its date, in order thereby to exclude O'Connell, who had been returned previously. Upon his entrance, he desired to be allowed to take the new oaths, and Mr. Speaker thereupon reported the matter to the House. All parties agreed that the new member should be heard upon his claim, but some were for hearing him at the Table, and some for hearing him at the Bar. Those who were for hearing him at the Bar carried the question, and a day was appointed for the purpose.

When the appointed day arrived, O'Connell appeared at the Bar to maintain his right. Much interest was excited, and the House was crowded. It was his first appearance before an august, fastidious, and, for the most part, unfriendly audience, who viewed him merely as a superior sort of Henry

Hunt, and, judging from his mode of producing his effects in Ireland, associated with him a strong notion of unconcealable vulgarity. Upon this occasion, he did not disappoint the expectation of his friends, and discovered qualifications for which his enemies had not given him credit. His topics were, in a great measure, technical; but they were urged with a force of argument, and moderation of tone and temper, which extorted commendation from all sides of the House. The grounds on which he chiefly went were two,—one, that the Act of Union with Ireland, enjoining only that the oaths in question should be taken, but providing no penalty for refusal, was merely directory, and that a directory act does not take away a common law right,—and the other, that the recent Emancipation Act, though not intended to reach his case, had yet, in law, embraced it, by absolutely, and for ever, repealing the oaths which he was now called upon to take.

As was generally expected, and as, doubtless, he himself expected, the decision was against him. A new writ was issued for Clare, and he went back to be re-elected without opposition. There he assailed England and the English in a style very unlike that which he had used at the other side of the channel but a few days before, and more than hinted his opinion that Emancipation was chiefly important as a preliminary to repeal.

During the remainder of the Wellington Administration he generally acted in the House with the extreme left, the Ultra Radicals. When, in 1830, Earl Grey formed his Ministry, the position of O'Connell was not, we think, altogether understood. There was a theory very rife, to the effect, that the air of the House of Commons was fatal to demagogues, and that such creatures, as soon as they breathe it, were certain to drop dead. O'Connell had then no following in the House; and with the passing of the Emancipation Act, had passed away, it was thought, his influence in the country. Amongst all Lord Stanley's powers, none, perhaps, is more conspicuous than his power of exhibiting

contempt; and, as Irish Secretary, he necessarily came much in contact with O'Connell. There was but little love between them at the first, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it upon further acquaintance. Some scurrility uttered by O'Connell in Dublin, when, utterly mistaking his man, he ridiculed the Secretary as "Solomon Stanley," and a "shave-beggar," sent to try his 'prentice hand upon poor Ireland, provoked, in the House, a severity of invective under which the great agitator quailed. To the manner in which the Whigs, at first, disclaimed all fellowship with O'Connell, and the personal illwill between him and Mr. Stanley, may, we think, be attributed not a little of his subsequent course of conduct. He had contrived to convince a Tory Ministry of his importance, by agitating for Emancipation. That question was at rest. But might he not cure a Whig Ministry of its contempt, by agitating for repeal? Five or six years afterwards he might, it is thought, have had either the Chief Baronship of the Exchequer or the Mastership of the Rolls. Neither of these high appointments is political, and for either O'Connell would have been very fit. Probably had the Grey Government tendered him the Bench, at a time when there were fewer difficulties in the way, he would have accepted it; and, tranquil himself, would have left the country in tranquillity. But nothing of this sort, not even a silk gown, was then offered; and he soon saw that the effectual way to make himself, and perhaps his country also, of importance, was to resume with spirit his old career of agitation. Had no question existed, for which to agitate, it would have been necessary to invent one. But in the repeal of the Legislative Union, and the restoration of a domestic Parliament, he found a fitting question ready to his hand. The image of Irish Nationality, though shadowy and unsubstantial, attracted the worship of enthusiasts; while, in regard to birds of another feather, the old trading agitators,— a second agitation brought them forth in flights. Where the carcase was, there did the eagles gather.

Matters became serious, and in 1831 was put in force the

Act which O'Connell christened and always called "the Algerine Act." It empowered the Lord Lieutenant to put down Repeal Meetings by Proclamation. Certain meetings were proclaimed down by the Marquess of Anglesey; and then the wily old lawyer began to play his legal game with the Executive. Men might clearly break their fast without breaking the peace,—so O'Connell gave out that he, and such gentlemen as chose to meet him, would breakfast together twice or thrice a week, at Home's Hotel, on Usher's Quay, and talk about Irish affairs. Accordingly they breakfasted and talked; and then the breakfasts were proclaimed. But still O'Connell breakfasted,—and then he was arrested, occasioning Mrs. O'Connell to shed tears, for which, he said, Lord Anglesey cared nothing, as he had never any feeling for virtuous women. When an indictment against him, charging a misdemeanour in disobeying the proclamation, had been found, O'Connell demurred, upon the ground that a proclamation (according to the case of proclamations in 12th Coke) cannot make anything illegal which was not illegal before,—and that disobedience to it, simply as such, is not indictable. The crown lawyers joined in demurrer, being prepared to argue that disobedience to a proclamation, issued by virtue of an Act of Parliament, is the same thing as disobedience to the Act of Parliament, itself, which, in the absence of any expressed penalty, is, in law, a misdemeanour. Dilatory pleading led to long delay; but, finally, the demurrers were withdrawn, and a plea of guilty put in. Before, however, judgment was passed, the Algerine Act expired; and as it is a rule of law that judgment cannot be given for an offence against an expired Act, the traverser escaped. This was turned into a decided triumph. His humble votaries, expressing their admiration in their own way, were fond of observing that "the counsellor was the boy to put his finger in their eye,"—and that "they might as well think to hould an eel as to hould Dan." They were delighted at the artful dodge, and prized the Liberator more than ever; "he was so 'cute."

Then came agrarian outrages, traced by Government to political agitation,—and then, in 1833, “the Coercion Act.” This Act authorized the Lord Lieutenant to establish a sort of mitigated martial law in the disturbed districts. The King’s speech, at the opening of the session, almost named O’Connell, and announced the coming measure. In the debate on the address, O’Connell called the King’s speech “a base, bloody, and brutal speech.” Lord John Russell rose to order. Such terms, he thought, were disorderly, when employed in reference to the speech from the throne. O’Connell submitted to the chair, that, according to the English law and constitution, the speech from the throne is the speech of the Ministers, and is to be treated accordingly. The speaker ruled in O’Connell’s favour; and the latter then proceeded in the same strain, exhausting on Whigs and whiggery every term of scorn and contumely which a vocabulary, singularly rich in vituperative epithets, could supply. Upon this question he was fully roused; and some of his speeches, delivered upon the bill at its several stages, were of unusual power.

During the remainder of Lord Grey’s Ministry, Lord Melbourne’s first Premiership, and Sir Robert Peel’s short, but brilliant administration in 1834, O’Connell was in constant and furious opposition. But soon after the formation of the second Melbourne Ministry in 1835, a change came o’er the spirit of his dream. Irishmen were once supposed to have tails by nature, but no Irishman ever had such a tail as O’Connell now possessed; and the object was to make him wag it at the feet of Government. The mutual understanding, sometimes called “The Litchfield House Compact,” was entered into, the sum and substance of which seems to have been, that O’Connell, though at liberty to talk about repeal, should, practically, shelve the question, and should, in return, have a voice potential in the distribution of Government Patronage. Bully Bottom would still play the Lion’s part, but then he would aggravate his voice so, that he would roar you as gently as ’twere a sucking

dove or any nightingale. It was truly amusing to witness the versatility with which this great performer, whom Matthews might have envied, sustained, almost at the same moment, the characters of a consistent repealer, careless of aught but the restoration of nationality, and a staunch supporter of a ministry pledged against repeal. Now, his followers were called upon to shout for "Ireland for the Irish,"—and now to "shout as one man at the back of the Whigs." The repeal during the Melbourne dynasty was a powerful piece of Ordnance, to be kept clean and in good order,—produced at parades now and then,—or fired off with blank cartridge, just to make a noise. But should the enemy once succeed in occupying the Government, then O'Connell's great gun, shotted to the lips, was sure to be turned against them, and worked without cessation. Every device was used by the great Irish Conjuror to cheat one party into the belief that repeal was never, with him, more than a means to quite another end, and to cheat another party into the belief, that, no matter what it might, now and then, be expedient to give out, he had, after all, no end but one, and that repeal. Endless were the societies formed and dissolved again,—every new name indicating some new aspect of the repeal project, as nearer or more remote. Registry Associations, and General Associations, and Precursor Associations, and other Associations, of which the names have escaped our memory, were announced with a mighty flourish, acted with more or less success, for a limited period, and then as the play-bills say, at home, entirely withdrawn, to make room for the forthcoming novelties." O'Connell, like Trinculo, in the Tempest, was "a most delicate monster with two voices." And thus the time wore on.

In 1841, the Whig Government was overthrown. A Government raised to power upon the principle of No-Popery, had carried Catholic Emancipation, and it was now to be seen how a Government raised to power upon the principle of Agricultural Protection, was to repeal the Corn Laws. Scarcely was Sir Robert Peel again in office, when O'Connell

found out that he never had wavered for a moment upon the great question of Repeal,—a question which was independent of any English Party, Whig or Tory, and which was to be carried as surely as the rising of to-morrow's sun. The Minister, feeling his difficulty to be Ireland, strove, with a magnanimous policy, to win that country. But louder still, and still more loud, waxed the cry for the repeal. The nature, progress, and extent of the agitation are well known. The repeal rent poured, in thousands, into the coffers of the Association.—Repeal wardens, acting under the Association, were busy in every parish. The Catholic Clergy, who, for a considerable time, had held aloof, were pressed into the agitation.—Monster Meetings began to be convened,—absurdly magnified, indeed, as regarded numbers, discipline and determination, but still immense. At the Hill of Tara, where Irishmen had fallen in olden time, by the treachery of the English Pale,—at the Rath of Mullaghmast, where lie the bones of some who fell in the rebellion of ninety-eight,—were severally assembled multitudes, marching in something like military order, amounting to half a million. To these, and many more such gigantic gatherings, O'Connell preached the acceptable doctrine, that before twelve months were over, if they obeyed his voice, they would see an Irish Parliament in College Green.

This state of things could not continue. The Ministry had long hesitated to interfere, but they interfered at last. On the north side of Dublin Bay, about three miles from the city, lies the village of Clontarf, famous in Irish story as the spot where, eight hundred years ago, Brian Ború repealed, in blood, a union with the Danes. A monster meeting, for which the note of preparation had been loudly sounded, was summoned to assemble at Clontarf on Sunday, the 8th October, 1843. "The uncrowned monarch of Ireland" was to head the great array. His own organ, the "Pilot," edited by the "dear Barrett" of many an epistle, did not allow the historical parallel to pass unimproved. "It is sometimes said," he observed, "that the Liberator is too

old to take the field. It is false. He is hale, vigorous, buoyant, and but sixty-eight years of age. When Brian Borû rescued his country from a foreign yoke, he was eighty-eight." But the mighty muster was not to be collected. On the Saturday preceding, the walls of the city were covered with copies of a proclamation prohibiting the meeting. On the Sunday, artillery and dragoons moved in force towards the scene of action ;—the 500,000 fighting men, of whom O'Connell had of late been boasting, did not make their appearance ;—everything remained tranquil ;—and the repeal bubble burst for ever.

But even in this extremity the repeal leader manœuvred with his customary skill. Scarcely was the Government proclamation out, when out came a proclamation from him, calling upon his followers, for his sake, and the sake of repeal, to abstain from meeting. In the Association he argued, that this was the last effort of resistance to repeal ; and, never heedless of the sinews of war, he spoke of a new levy, to be termed "Proclamation Money."

The step which the Irish Government had taken, rendered a prosecution necessary. Informations, charging a conspiracy, were speedily sworn against O'Connell and his friends. On the 14th of October, they severally put in bail, and in due time bills were found by the grand jury. The circumstances and event of this memorable trial are too well known to require notice.

In his own closing speech to the jury, O'Connell fell immeasurably below himself and public expectation. The blow which the Government had delivered had told upon him, and time, and care, and labour had begun their wasting work. We know that strangers, who then heard him for the first time, looked at him with amazement, and could scarcely believe that they listened to the great O'Connell. Both in conception and delivery, it was the weakest of all the nine speeches made upon that remarkable occasion.

Then, in due time, came the New Trial motion, which was refused, Perrin, justice, *dissentiente*,—and then the motion

in arrest of judgment, which was refused by the whole court,—and then the sentence. Upon the day when this was to be passed the mass of the people of the Irish capital flowed towards the Four Courts, as, in some moment of intense anxiety, the blood flows towards the heart. From an early hour in the morning the Court of Queen's Bench was crowded with members of the bar, and a distinguished company. As the time of the court's sitting grew near, and the counsel in the cause began to arrive and take their seats, the excitement rose higher and higher. Presently deafening shouts from without announced the arrival of the great conspirator. Pressing through the magnificent round hall, now thronged to suffocation, he ascended to the library, to which none but barristers are admitted, there to await the sitting of the Court. It so happened, as we have good authority for stating, that by one of those singular accidents which sometimes occur, the man of whom so many millions, in various places, were at that moment thinking, was left entirely alone, with the exception of one solitary barrister, who, occupied in writing, was unable to join the multitude below. It seemed to this gentleman, that O'Connell, as he paced the chamber to and fro, was more disturbed than might have been expected; and once, when the tramp and clatter of a large body of mounted police were heard in the outer court-yard, he started with evident excitement. The witness to the movement, who was not without a feeling of sympathy for the eminent man before him, regarded it as an involuntary expression of alarm, lest his followers, acting upon some of his old and oft-repeated assurances of their unconquerable force, might, even then, be rushing on destruction. But he soon recovered his self-possession, and descended into the Queen's Bench, a number of the outer bar, upon his entrance, rising to receive him. Here, upon the scene of many an ancient legal triumph, in times when his prosecutor, Smith, then utterly unknown, was a reporter of his arguments, and when all the judges before whom he stood were, with one exception,

his professional rivals or companions, but none of them his superior, he appeared a convict. Amidst breathless silence, the Senior Puisne Judge, the learned and venerable Charles Burton, proceeded, not without tears, to pronounce a speech, which reads very much as if he were begging pardon of the traverser for passing sentence on him. The sentence itself could not be deemed severe,—twelve months' imprisonment, and a fine of £2,000. O'Connell then spoke a few sentences, ending by a marked and emphatic statement—that he had not had justice. This declaration was loudly cheered by a large portion of the auditory.

Being allowed to choose his own Prison, he selected the Richmond Bridewell on the south side of the City, an airy and salubrious building, with extensive grounds and gardens. Here he spent about three months,—holding quiet levies twice a week, and enjoying as much health, as much exercise, and nearly as many comforts, as if he had been in his own house. But he ever after spoke of his imprisonment as if he had been shut up the whole time in an iron cage.

He denied, as we have seen, that he had had justice from his countrymen. He could not deny that he had justice from the Saxon. A writ of error was brought upon the judgment of the Queen's Bench which was carried to the House of Lords. It was there argued at great length, and with consummate ability, by Sir Thomas Wilde, Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, and Mr. Peacock, for the Plaintiffs in error, and by the Law Officers for the Crown. Questions were referred to the Judges, who, by a large majority, supported the conviction. Mr. Justice Coleridge, of the Queen's Bench, was absent from indisposition. Of those who heard the case argued, only two, Mr. Baron Parke, of the Exchequer, and Mr. Justice Coltman, of the Common Pleas, considered the conviction bad. The case was looked upon as being virtually decided, but such was not the fact. When the House of

Lords acts judicially, in regard to purely legal matters, none but law-lords interfere. Bickersteth, Lord Langdale, the learned Master of the Rolls, did not attend the discussion, nor did Courtenay, Lord Devon, who also belongs to the profession. The peers who spoke and voted upon the question were five in number. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, in a speech of much force, delivered, it would seem, with singular impressiveness and power, moved the affirmance of the judgment. He discussed the principal cases which had been cited, and quoted others, without deigning to derive assistance from any written notes. Lord Brougham followed on the same side, in what, for the most part, was a written judgment. Upon the other side arose the Lord Chief Justice Denman,—a man, who whether at the Bar, or on the Bench,—whether defending an injured, though perhaps erring woman, as on the Queen's trial,—or braving, on behalf of the privileges of the subject, the privileges of the Commons, as in Stockdale's case,—has ever shewn himself the owner of a high generous English heart,—this great magistrate, we say, arose upon the other side, and, in a bold and earnest argument, contended that the judgment ought to be reversed. Lord Cottenham (the present Chancellor) whom some newspaper subsequently sneered at as “the old equity draughtsman, discussing criminal law,” delivered a masterpiece of close and powerful reasoning, and gave his voice also for a reversal. Lord Campbell, for the same reasons, followed the same course. Then occurred a passage which shews how absurd in theory is the notion of the House of Lords as a court of justice in the last resort. A Tory lay-lord, Lord Effingham, said he was determined to vote. The Marquis of Clanrickarde, a Whig lay-lord, said, that, in that case, he should vote also. The President of the Council, the late Lord Wharnccliffe, saw the mischief, and, by a few judicious sentences, saved the character of the peers. All the lay-lords left the House; and then the Lord Chancellor, putting the question of reversal, pronounced a form of words, till within a few short

hours, wholly unexpected,—“the contents have it,—the judgment is reversed.”

The point on which the reversal proceeded is not generally understood. But it lies in a nut-shell. The Monster Indictment, as it was called, contained a number of counts or clauses, charging distinct acts of conspiracy. A general verdict of guilty was entered upon all those counts, and a judgment pronounced that for “his offences aforesaid,” O'Connell should be punished as already stated. All the law lords and all the judges (Lord Brougham, only, *dubitante*,) were of opinion that two of those counts or clauses were bad, for vagueness and uncertainty. But the majority of the judges, and the minority of the law lords held, that, though in civil cases any one defective count will vitiate a judgment, entered up generally upon all, yet that in criminal cases the rule is otherwise, and any one good count, amongst ever so many bad ones, will support a sentence pronounced in terms embracing the entire. The court below, it was said, must be presumed to have known the good counts from the bad, and to have meted out its punishment with reference only to the former. In the case before the House this presumption would have been a very strong one indeed, inasmuch as the Irish judges, in refusing to arrest the judgment there, referred to the very two counts which their English brethren considered bad, as being wholly unimpeachable! The doctrine relied upon by the majority of the judges, and the minority of the law lords, is now overthrown, and the rule established, that when distinct counts charge distinct offences, a sentence pronounced in respect of “the offences aforesaid” will be erroneous, if any one or more of those counts be bad in law, upon the ground that the court below must be taken to have measured its punishment with reference to the various counts collectively, and that the court above cannot tell how much of that punishment was meant for the good counts, and how much for the bad.

His prison doors thrown open, O'Connell returned in triumph to Conciliation Hall. But he returned a changed

man. The judgment against him had been reversed upon a point of form; but the prosecution itself had proved, that he was not too strong to be taken hold of by the law,—that he was not legally infallible, and that he could be tried, convicted, sentenced, and imprisoned, in the heart of Dublin, in spite of the whole of the “500,000 loyal subjects, but fighting men,” whom, at Monster Meetings, and elsewhere, it was his policy to parade. That O'Connell, at any time, seriously contemplated an outbreak, was never believed by any man of common sense. The first rebel shot fired in Ireland would have given the death-wound to his power. Often as he declaimed

“ Oh, Erin, shall it e'er be mine
 To wreak thy wrongs in battle line,
 To lift my victor head, and see
 Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free!”

he knew that he was not made for such a dread emergency, and that his talents better fitted him for a species of warfare in which a man does not succeed the worse for combining, with far superior qualities, a dash of the sharp, and not over-scrupulous, attorney. But down to 1843, his references to physical force were distinct and incessant. Æolus was continually talking of how hard he found it to keep his subject winds in order. The “young blood of Ireland” was summoned forth to make Ireland a nation again. He often spoke, indeed, of moral force. But his moral force was simply the shadow thrown forward by physical force, and as the distinction between the two was seldom very clearly preserved, sometimes the shadow was taken for the substance, and sometimes the substance for the shadow.

A man whose maxim it was always, to act as the time demanded, and who disclaimed and denounced “the scoundrel virtue, consistency,” could not be expected to be quite consistent. But though he sometimes, after his release, relapsed into rhodomontade, the general tone and temper of his speeches were more peaceful than of yore. He even evinced a disposition to abandon repeal and adopt federalism. In 1844, he avowed, but with care and cau-

tion, a preference for this form of legislation, and coquetted with Mr. Grey Porter, a northern of some acres, but no brains, into whose empty head nature, which abhors a vacuum, had capriciously introduced the notion that he was a thinker.

But here, for the first time, the party, since well known as "young Ireland," crossed the great Agitator's path. This party was principally composed of men of more enthusiasm than judgment, heated with the conception of Irish nationality, and proud of the position of being the boldest of the bold,—who deemed a completely independent parliament the only proper field for their future legislative labours, and who, we believe, were consistent enough to couple, in their aspirations, a completely independent parliament with a completely independent country. O'Connell saw that he had made a false move, and quietly affecting never to have moved at all, he dropped his federal notions and renewed his exertions for "simple repeal."

Meantime O'Connell was not inattentive to the Irish measures of the Peel Ministry. He did not do them justice. The Charitable Bequests' Act was, upon the whole, a most beneficial statute. The Government plan for bettering Irish collegeal education was, in our opinion, wise and liberal. Both projects were denounced as irreligious by O'Connell, whose mind appeared to darken and contract whenever matters ecclesiastical came into question, either at home or abroad. The augmentation of the Maynooth grant, which he could not oppose, he studiously undervalued, and received without acknowledgment.

Perhaps O'Connell never cordially forgave "*young Ireland*," for having compelled him to hark back, when he seemed so well inclined to follow federalism. It had been both his policy and his practice to suffer no rival near the throne. He was, in fact, himself the agitation, and he knew it. For years the one maxim of the Roman Catholics and the Repealers was, to support O'Connell; and the maxim was a sound one, for affairs naturally anarchical demanded a

dictator. But he now found himself encountered by a body determined to practise what he had formerly preached, who were disciples of the now discarded doctrine of physical force, and who clung to the repeal project, under all circumstances and all ministries, with a degree of earnestness very inconvenient. O'Connell, who sometimes used repeal as "a flapper" for the Whigs, sometimes as a stone with which to pelt the Tories, and sometimes for the sustentation of his own influence, viewed it seldom, perhaps, as a practical object to be actually realized. With "young Ireland" the case was otherwise, and O'Connell made up his mind to crush the party. Hence the schism in the Repeal Association.

O'Connell had, not long before, defied "the stunted corporal," "the chance victor of Waterloo," and spoken of there being *women* enough amongst the Irish repealers to beat the British army. This was, of course, very foolish and very mischievous. But now, rushing into the opposite extreme, he proceeded to impose, as a test of fellowship, to be taken by all repealers, a dogma more slavish than any that had ever been proclaimed since Sacheverel's sermon. They were solemnly to declare their belief, that, under no circumstances, ought tyranny or oppression to be resisted by force. A principle like this was neither in accordance with the preaching of Locke, nor the practice of Somers, and "Young Ireland," in denying the right of the Association to impose such a test of membership, secured a degree of sympathy, but seldom afforded to their would-be sublime, but, in reality, very silly rants. It seems to us, that O'Connell, utterly at a loss to discover his next move, and, at the same time, unable to remain stationary, would have willingly ascribed to principles and speeches which were but the other day his own, the failure of his baffled strategy. The repeal appeared to be in strong and constant movement, and yet it made no progress. Mr. Picksniff's horse, as described in Martin Chuzzlewit, was a horse of mighty action, but no performance. "He was always going to go, but never going."

The repeal resembled Mr. Picksniff's horse. It was always coming to come, but never coming. In 1843, O'Connell had offered his head for the block, if, in six months, the Union were not repealed. In 1845, it was postponed indefinitely.

But now appeared in all its horrors that mysterious destruction under which the food of an entire people perished. Men, thousands of miles distant, have heard and shuddered at the terrible details of hunger. Upon those, beneath whose very eyes famine and fever did their ghastly office, the effect was proportionally greater. Political excitement died in that dread time. To offer repeal to wretches crying for food, would have been, when they asked for bread, to give them a stone. Irishmen of all parties were brought together to consult in common for the common safety, and the badges of strife and disunion were concealed, at least, if not cast away, in the presence of a calamity so dire.

The purity of O'Connell's patriotism has been often questioned; and it has been asked, how much he truly felt for Ireland, and how much merely for his own popularity and power? Idle and unprofitable speculation! Who shall pretend to trace all the various threads which, strangely interwoven, compose the many coloured web of human consciousness? That O'Connell truly felt for Ireland, it were absurd to doubt. Why, he felt for the client who had retained his services by some paltry fee, and, by force of the law of sympathy, made a stranger's interests his own. Is it to be supposed then, that the old and cherished Advocate of Ireland,—to whom she always looked with trustfulness and hope,—could be destitute of interest in his client and her cause? Impossible. He was, indeed, sometimes an actor, and then he grieved the judicious by a style of sentiment theatrical and overcharged; but in his inmost feelings, his country and himself were indissolubly associated; and if he rarely thought of Ireland without thinking of O'Connell as her counsel, he as rarely thought of O'Connell without thinking of Ireland as his client.

He laboured hard in devising and recommending mitiga-

tions of the great distress. That some of his remedies, if administered, would only have aggravated the disease, need not detract from the benevolence of his intentions. He knew little about Political Economy, and cared less. Though opposed to the Corn Laws, he was not a consistent Free-trader; and in regard to the destitution, his notion seemed to be, that Government was bound, *ex officio*, to turn famine into plenty, and to take upon itself the task of cultivating, for the owners, at the public cost, the larger part of Ireland.

When he last appeared in Parliament his energy was gone. His voice which, when in his prime, was one of singular power and distinctness, had become so feeble, that the reporters could not catch him. The mind was yet unclouded, but much depressed. It was no wonder. All his visions had been dissipated, all his prophecies had proved deceptive: the repeal was virtually gone; and after it would probably go his darling popularity. Boys, who were scarce weaned when he achieved or accelerated Emancipation, had learned to brave him;—the country on which he had bestowed religious liberty and political importance, if not internal peace, was sorely wasted by famine and disease. A life of toil, moreover, was now telling upon his massive frame. He felt the unaccustomed weakness, and he abandoned hope. It is clear, we think, that before he left England for the continent, he foresaw that he would die and not live.

By easy stages he reached Paris. In Ireland his popery and his politics kept him, for the most part, out of what is called high society; but abroad his fame had long been European, and his name was a passport to the most fashionable saloons. Now, however, his usually keen enjoyment of homage and applause was over. He was addressed by the heads of what they call in Paris the Priest Party, who, in reference to his intended journey to Rome, dwelt upon the edifying spectacle which would be presented to the world, when the most eminent layman of the age should kneel at the feet of a pontiff, who recalled, by his talents and

virtues, the brightest days of the Church. This spectacle was not to be presented. No Protestant, perhaps, can estimate the intensity of the desire of such a Roman Catholic as O'Connell to receive the benediction of the Pope, and die in the Eternal City. But he grew weaker and weaker, and landed at Genoa completely prostrated. Life, it is thought, might have been preserved for some little time longer, had not an unconquerable loathing led him to refuse physic. His one great employment, since his illness, had been fervent prayer; and he continued instant in that exercise as long as he had strength. His mind wandered a little towards the last, but a word from his friend and chaplain, Dr. Miley, or from his son Daniel, instantly recalled him. And thus, sinking gently into the long sleep, and peaceful as a little child that turns to its rest, in a strange land, died O'Connell.

“For my name and memory,” says Bacon, “I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age.” Thus spake the man of speculation, nobly anticipating the results of time. But the practical man, as little as the man of speculation, can be duly appreciated in his own day, since the one is as much too near to be correctly measured, as the other is too far off.

Were we, to attempt to measure the proportions of O'Connell, intellectual and moral, we should describe him as a man of great capacity,—of still greater energy,—more fertile in devising means, than judicious in selecting ends;—of high animal spirits, which served instead of frank good nature, without much delicacy or elevation of sentiment, or any very high estimate of human nature,—a man who was not a little vain of being thought, what the Americans call “smart,” and the Cape Colonists call “slim;” and who, strange to say, was indebted for his success not less to the lower and less worthy, than to the higher and more exalted portions of his character.

Our remarks are swelling beyond our expectation,—we fear, indeed, beyond our space. A few words in reference

to this eminent person, considered as a lawyer, as an orator, and as a politician, and we have done.

With the commencement of O'Connell's professional career commenced a marked revolution in the character of the Irish Bar. During the continuance of an Irish Parliament, the reward to which every successful advocate looked forward, was, a seat in the House of Commons; and hence it became the habit, to cultivate, in the Four Courts, those powers of action and utterance, which might recommend for College Green. Political trials, to which the condition of the country perpetually gave rise, called forth a sort of men, and a style of speaking, very different from any which are to be found in tranquil times. And, added to these, there was the influence of Jury trial, in that state of imperfect civilization, in which bold and striking imagery, and oratorical appeals, exert the greatest power. In those ancient days, points of pleading and practice were little thought of, and, as yet, demurrers were not. They have now effectually changed all that. To the lawyers of a former age who drew tears from a Jury in a case of ejection for non-payment of rent, have succeeded a race of smug young men with what Sheil somewhere calls a "Lincoln's Inn expression of countenance,"—who move the feelings out of Tidd and Chitty, and set off their speeches by quotations, not from Demosthenes or Cicero, but from the Term Reports and Vesey Junior. O'Connell belonged to the Bar in its transition state, and was one of the connecting links between the old school and the new. Combining to a considerable extent the excellencies of each, in him was found a daysman who could lay his hand upon them both.

The business of the Irish Bar is not great enough to allow the principle of the division of labour to be generally practised. In England eminent men confine themselves, for the most part, to some one court or branch of the profession. In Ireland such instances are rare, and stuff gown men, at all events, are obliged to take all such work as comes; common law, equity, conveyancing, special plead-

ing. To secure pre-eminent success in this general, sort of practice, demanded great industry, great versatility, great readiness, and great capacity, and no man of his day possessed these qualities in the same measure as O'Connell. He had large business everywhere, and was everywhere at home. Now you found him kicking up a regular row in the Common Pleas, (the Racket Court, as it was called in those days,) with Goold and Wallace, and Henry Deane Grady, while Chaos Umpire sat, in the person of Lord Norbury, and "by decision more embroiled the fray,"—now, he was in the King's Bench, arguing upon the effect of a *Videlicet*, or contending, on demurrer, that a special replication was bad for want of colour,—now, he appeared in Chancery, discussing the rule in Shelley's Case, or the learning of *Scintilla Juris*,—now, you heard him in the Exchequer, convincing a Jury that a fraudulent distiller was attempted to be made the victim of a foul conspiracy amongst some reprobate excisemen. Black-letter men shook their heads, and said that O'Connell was clever, but not deep. And, in their sense of depth, he was not deep. But he gained his causes, and pleased his clients, and had the triumph, and enjoyed it, of being hunted about the hall by breathless attorneys, who, forgetting Sir Boyle Roche's aphorism, that "a man couldn't be in two places at once, barring he was a bird," would fain have had him in three or four, and of being the observed of all observers, as, hugging his huge bag to his bosom with parental fondness, and scattering his hilarious recognitions around him as he passed, he hurried here and there, from court to court, for the protection of his countrymen and the honor of old Ireland.

He appeared more than once in Irish Appeals in the House of Lords, and was much admired. Lord Eldon is said, after he had argued *Scully v. Scully*, to have confidentially spoken of him as "a d——d clever scoundrel." Lord Brougham has published a more befitting testimony to his talents. In the notice of Sir Samuel Romily, in the 3d volume of his "Specches," his lordship refers to that great

lawyer's celebrated reply in *Hugonin v. Beasley*, in 11th Vesey, and adds in a note, "a case exceedingly resembling this, *Macabe v. Hussey*, was argued in the House of Lords in October 1831, by Mr. O'Connell, and his argument was a masterpiece, according to the judgment of all who heard it."

In passing from the advocate to the orator, we undoubtedly descend. People who went to hear O'Connell, as they would go to hear an actor, were frequently disappointed. He was, indeed, a very practised, and, when suitably excited, a very powerful speaker; but his wardrobe of words was not a rich one, and when he took to tinsel, which he often did, as certain to be then most vociferously applauded, he was intolerable. He had no nice instinctive sense of what was sound in sentiment, nor any high moral enthusiasm, and there were, therefore, rarely found in his speeches those fine conceptions to which such qualities give rise. He was an every-day speaker, who always spoke with effect, except when he took to tropes and figures, in the management of which he was never happy. But he was a man who impressed you with the conviction, while listening to him at his best, that his intellect and general ability were above his speaking. His pronunciation was, not infrequently vicious and affected,—a sort of French accent engrafted on an original Kerry brogue. His articulation was remarkably distinct, and his voice an organ of much flexibility and power; but, in his level speaking, he often played upon it artificially, and without feeling, and the effect, after a time, became mechanical and monotonous. But though not, in any high sense of the word, an orator, he was never for a moment unconscious of himself, or negligent of his effects, and his by-play, and occasional points, were managed with the art of a great performer. Of wit he might be pronounced destitute; nor had he any of that racy humour which, at the Irish Bar, survives in Holmes alone. But one quality he had in the highest possible perfection. His fun,—rich, riotous, eccentric, and thoroughly Irish,—was of the most comical and convulsing

kind. When in the vein, his thoughts and tones, half imaginative, half absurd,—wholly irresistible,—carried every body away, and roars of merriment issued forth from oppressed multitudes, assembled to bewail their lot, and try to staunch the bleeding wounds of Ireland. Another power he had in unusual measure,—that of befouling an adversary with abuse, so rank, that not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten him again. Here, we think, he left even Cobbett behind. What, considered merely as a piece of Billingsgate, could be more severe and annoying, nay, finer or more imaginative, than his descent upon D'Israeli? The Member for Shrewsbury had, upon a certain occasion, let off against him some of his epigrams in prose. At the next meeting in Dublin, O'Connell retaliated. "You must have all heard," he said, "that a Jew fellow, of the name of D'Israeli, has been calumniating me. The fellow came to me once, to get him into Parliament, and because, distrusting the scoundrel, I declined to do so, the wretched political apostate now abuses me. But what better could be expected from a miscreant of his breed? You may not, perhaps, be aware of it, my friends, but it is, nevertheless, an ascertained historical fact, that the name of the blasphemous thief on the cross was D'Israeli." Other samples of such sweets might easily be culled. But one will probably suffice.

It is not, however, as a lawyer, nor yet as an orator, but as a politician, that O'Connell has been renowned amongst his contemporaries, and will be remembered by posterity. Upon this extensive topic we shall be very brief. Hazlitt has an essay upon men of one idea. As a politician, O'Connell was a man of one measure; but by a single triumph he became immortal. It would, indeed, be difficult to overrate his services and merits in regard to the great question of Catholic Emancipation, and, by his successful exertions in that cause, he laid the foundations of a lasting fame.

He was just the man the time required. Had he been born half a century sooner, he would, probably, have

done nothing. Had he been born half a century later, nothing, probably, would have remained for him to do. We would not repress the noble instinct for hero worship, or seek to correct, so long as it keeps on this side Boswellism, the tendency which we all feel to embody, in admiration of some one person, the sentiment excited by the movement in which he forms the most striking object. But we must not turn a figure of rhetoric into a literal fact, and suppose that O'Connell found his fellow Catholics fettered slaves, and, with his own right hand, struck off their irons. Religious liberty, in Ireland, was not the work of one man, or of one day. Go back a little in the history of the question, and consider the policy towards Irish Papists of that great personification of Puritanism, Cromwell. That policy was extermination. The Catholics of Ireland were Cromwell's Kafirs,—irreclaimable savages,—not to be trusted or tolerated, but to be hunted down like wolves or foxes. Relentlessly pursued, this policy might have succeeded, for by smiting the idolators hip and thigh, as at Drogheda and Wexford, Protestantism might have crushed Popery in Ireland as effectually as, in the same age, Popery crushed Protestantism in Piedmont. But this policy was not pursued; and then, after the revolution, to the bloody policy of extermination succeeded the wasting policy of Penal Laws. Even before 1775, some of those laws had been mitigated. But when O'Connell was born, a Catholic could not acquire a greater interest in land than a rack-rent lease of 31 years; what land he actually held he could not sell except for cash, and to a Protestant; his power to make his will was taken away, and when he died he was forced to let his property gavel amongst his sons; if a Catholic were tenant in fee simple, his son, by conforming to the Established Church, could turn his father into strict tenant for life, with reversion to the son in fee:—a Catholic could hold no office, civil or military; he could not vote for a Member of Parliament; he could not exercise the profession of the law;—if he were a clergyman or a

schoolmaster, he might first be banished, and if he returned he might be hanged;—he could not own a horse above the value of five pounds;—he could not be a game keeper, even to a Protestant, for that implied that he might carry a gun. Such was the grinding policy of the penal laws. But before O'Connell had entered his name as a law student, the wasting policy of penal laws had, in its turn, been abandoned, and had given place to the irritating policy of mere disqualification for seats in Parliament, and a few high offices in the state. Ten times as much was done in the way of removing pains and penalties, during the first twenty-five years of O'Connell's life, when he had nothing to do with public affairs, as in the second twenty-five years of his life, when he was immersed in agitation. Nor was the idea of his agitation novel, though it never previously was, or could have been allowed to be, so perfectly developed. He was not the first who taught hereditary bondsmen that, in order to be free, they must strike the blow themselves. In principle the Catholic Association was a revival of the Catholic Committee. "From the first formation of a Roman Catholic Committee," says Mr. Peter Burrowes, defending Dr. Sheridan in 1809, "to this day, it was either continued, or called into existence, whenever any subject of discussion arose between the Roman Catholics and the Government or Parliament, and every relaxation of the law which has been obtained is principally ascribable to its zeal, activity, and perseverance." To say, therefore, that O'Connell did, or could do, more than accelerate Emancipation, to which everything had long been tending, would be, we think, inaccurate. To say, that he did not accelerate Emancipation, and that even mightily, would be, we think, to ascribe too much to the slight re-action, caused, now and then, by his violence or bad taste. He unquestionably led his countrymen to their crowning victory. All his qualities, the lower as much as the higher, helped him to his leadership. He never spoke to his followers unwelcome truth; he rarely clung to principles or persons after it became convenient to renounce them; his intense Catholicism recommended

him powerfully to the masses, and as the lower orders in Ireland look upon the law as their natural enemy, they prized, more than they would have done a martyr's spirit, the legal dexterity, by means of which he was long supposed to be able to escape through the nicest net-work of the law, and baffle their enemies and his own in the peaceful warfare of finesse. There was one great question, indeed, on which he showed no unsteadiness. In his advocacy of Negro Emancipation he was nobly consistent, despite of American sympathizers, and strong inducements to be silent.

Of the repeal agitation we have left ourselves no room to speak. View it as we may, it is discreditable to O'Connell. If he were sincere in thinking that, because agitation had obtained emancipation, agitation must therefore obtain repeal, what shall we say of the judgment of so rash a generalizer? If he were not sincere, and merely used repeal for personal or party purposes, we may respect his judgment, but what shall we say of his political integrity? When did he ever take a comprehensive view of the working of two independent legislatures, and shew how harmony was to be preserved between them, or how one crown and one executive were to act, when placed with a purely English Parliament on the one side, and on the other side an Irish Parliament, brought into existence by the fact, that every *mixed* Parliament denied Ireland justice? But we shall not pursue the topic. O'Connell, as we have said, was a man of one measure.

We had something more to say. But we have exceeded all reasonable limits, and must conclude. As we do so, the great agitator is before us, as we last beheld him in his glory. He stands forward to address a great meeting of his friends and followers, and adjusts his wig amidst thunders of applause. Six feet, or thereabouts, and powerfully built, he looks just the man of the people, who like to see in their leaders, the physical qualities which they prize in themselves. The aforesaid wig conceals in some degree, his craniological developments, but you see enough of the head to comprehend how those who viewed it after death were astonished at its

fineness. There is warm and healthy colour in the cheek, and the countenance, redeemed from vulgarity by the forehead and the eye, is upon the whole good-looking, though the nose small and slightly turned up, is far from striking, and the mouth in its very complicated and peculiar play, has about it something that strikes you as crafty and unsafe. His voice is clear and sonorous, (but that we have already remarked,) nor is his manner ungraceful, albeit that a certain roundness of shoulder and shortness of arm militate a little against the freedom of his action, and that a trick he has of jerking forth his somewhat prominent chin, as if he were pitching his words out of his mouth to the greatest possible distance, might advantageously be dispensed with. He is telling how the O'Connells generally begin to fail at ninety, but not sooner, and how he, therefore, hopes to live to effect the repeal; how all Dublin, young and old, will turn out to see the sight that will be seen upon the day, when the Lord Lieutenant shall come down Dame-street in state, to open the Irish Parliament; how he claims the honor which he hopes will, upon that great day for Ireland, be unanimously conceded to him, of moving the address in answer to the speech, and how Ireland will then, indeed, be what she ought to be,

————Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.

We are half amused and half angry at the bold, confident, businesslike way in which such rhapsodies are uttered; but remembering that, with all his faults, he has given Ireland a standing and importance which she did not previously possess, we are vain of the great Irishman, and wish him cordially that length of days which he anticipates, and which his stalwart frame and buoyant spirits appear to every eye to promise. The scene seems but of yesterday. But long ere this a few feet of earth in the cemetery of Glasnevin contain all that remains of one whose name so lately filled an empire, and whom Ireland, in all succeeding time, will remember with pride amongst the most celebrated of her sons.

MOONLIGHT.

PART III.

(Continued from page 174.)

“ I remember, it was the closing year,
“ The elements were angry, and the sky
“ With murky clouds obscure, save for awhile
“ When from behind their bleak and blackened masses
“ The moon with tender light peep'd forth, serene
“ As hope, which shines to cheer the griefs and ills
“ That darken our poor lives ! ”

Old Play.

AMIDST the changes and chances of life, how often has it not happened to many, when surrounded by danger, or overwhelmed with misfortune, suddenly to have experienced unexpected relief, which the hand of divine mercy has extended and spread like a ray of brightness over the soul, reviving despondent hopes, and proving to us, that, whilst repining most deeply at an untoward fate, and insensible of heaven's goodness, there is a kind Providence, ever watchful, who pardons our misgivings, and spares when we are most despairing, and without whose omniscient will and care all human skill or device would be unavailing.

Yet in the infirmity of our nature, we are but too apt to forget or despise all this, through neglect or disbelief. It is a common failing incident on mortal weakness, from which too few are exempt. We must not, therefore, condemn poor Inez, altogether, if, on her return to consciousness, she looked up with a feeling of reciprocal tenderness, mingled with gratitude to the one cherished individual, to whom *alone* she attributed her preservation, and who for the moment engrossed all her thoughts. But natural as this was, under the peculiar situation which she found herself on regaining her senses and suddenly beholding the object who was so

dear to her memory, to whom her thanks and surprise were expressed,—other thoughts soon crowded in on the mind, which became much relieved on perceiving the features of the good Padrè at that moment, entering the apartment, who, coming forward, affectionately took her hand, and, kneeling down by her side, offered up a thanksgiving for their late escape, in which she fervently joined. Still, all appeared like a dream to her, and it was not until the incidents relative to her safety had been repeated, that she could believe in the reality of her present position. The reader will naturally enquire how that had been effected.

Stunned with the severity of the blow which he had received, Rosario had lain some minutes on the ground before he recovered from it. On so doing, he arose, hearing the loud groans of the dying French dragoon, which providentially drew his footsteps to the spot where he lay, where, within a few yards of the unfortunate man, he discerned by the light of the moon now unobscured by clouds, the inanimate form of our heroine. Gently raising her head, he found she still breathed, when, at the moment a poor peasant boy, who had also wandered from the road, and on the advance of the enemy, had sheltered himself beneath a shelving bank hard by, now fortunately made his appearance, leading a mule, which proved to be that of Inez, upon which she was lifted again, the lad continuing to lead the animal whilst Rosario supported her, when after encountering two or three friendly videttes, on entering the village, they came upon a British infantry picquet posted at its outskirts.

The bivouac-fire by which the wearied soldiers were reposing, was blazing cheerily as they sat grouped on one side of it, whilst their officer stood on the other, with folded arms, looking down on the crackling wood, the *debris* of two or three door-frames from an adjoining cottage, when Rosario approached and halted to obtain some relief, asking for a cup of water, which he hoped would effectually rouse the unfortunate maiden. The officer, on perceiving that it was solicited for a female, stepped forward immediately to

supply what was requested, but had scarcely gazed on her face, when he recognized at once the features of the beloved girl whom he had known at Cintra, and exclaiming, "Merciful God, 'tis Inez! How came she here, and in this sad state?" before the Padrè had time to reply, hurriedly threw his cloak round her, and lifting her from the mule, bore her to the nearest cottage, and obtained shelter in the apartment in which she found herself, on reviving from her consternation.

And will any one say that love requires gilded palace and luxuriant fare, serene hours and sunny skies, to give life to its emotions, constancy to its feelings, or pleasure to its interchange of hopes and protestations? No!—for in that miserable room, destitution within it, and terror without, after the first recital was given by Inez of all that had happened to her family since their separation, all she had undertaken, and the events attending it, the light of that pure spirit, which, descending from above, illumines the heart with the rays of its immortal essence, was found burning as brightly and as beautifully, as when first kindled. Nor did the love of Fitzormond glow with less delicacy and devotion. There is something in the demeanor of virtue which awes and arrests, even in the heart of the libertine, any grosser impulse of thought or deed. Not that one impure idea was engendered or found expression in Fitzormond's manner or word, to banish confidence from so fair a bosom, or love from so hallowed a nest.

Much as Inez had suffered through mental anxiety and bodily fatigue, her heart would now have been recompensed for all, in meeting again with her lover, had it not been for her extreme sensibility in regard to her father's safety, which weighed heavily on her mind, and after the first gush of surprise had subsided, became, in the calmer moments of reflection, the theme of her enquiry and consultation with Fitzormond, who listened to all her hopes and fears with heart-felt sympathy, and at length succeeded in quieting her feelings against any apprehension of popular tumult and

violence, such as might endanger the life of her parent, now that the British army was drawing so near to Lisbon, whilst the lapse of time since Don Manoël's incarceration, would avert any fatal step of the law, however long he might still be immured as a state prisoner. At the same time he did not dissuade her altogether from seeking the proposed interview, if a favorable opportunity offered, although he rather advised a return to the capital before putting it into execution.

The whole scene appeared at first quite a mystery to the friar; but when the mutual explanation of the lovers made him acquainted with former circumstances, of which he had been in ignorance, all distrust wore away, and he became deeply interested in Fitzormond's history, as well as won to admiration of his appearance and deportment. Earnestly listening, therefore, to all that Inez tenderly enquired after, he learnt that the gallant young soldier, upon quitting Lisbon, had joined the British host, which fought so nobly at Talavera, where he had received a severe wound, which had laid him on a sick-bed at Elvas for several months, and that, on his recovery, the movements of the army precluded the possibility of his visiting the capital, or acquiring any information of the mournful position of her parents, and of her own sorrows.

But the hours were fast wearing away. It was near midnight;—the troops would be on the move again before day-break;—repose was necessary; and telling her he must re-join his picquet, they parted with expressions of warm solicitude for each other's safety, in order to obtain some rest, if possible, ere the commencement of the morrow's march.

Long before day-light on the following morning, a gentle tap at her door, and the well-known voice of Fitzormond told Inez to be prepared soon to depart. Miserable as had been the night's abode, she rose somewhat refreshed, and was ready, on his re-appearance, to mount her mule, which the poor peasant boy led up, both having been kindly attended to by Fitzormond, to whom the Padrè was also indebted for a re-mount; and when the sun came forth, its

beams alighted on the small group, journeying immediately in front of the retiring column, which enabled Fitzormond to join Inez occasionally, and discourse on past events and future prospects.

Scarcely, however, had half the distance towards Alenquer been traversed, when the rapid approach of a staff-officer from that direction was observed, who communicated orders for the troops to move at once to the right, upon the heights of Aruda, which was to form the centre of the position about to be taken up by the allied army, and there stand to their arms, it being supposed that the enemy, who were bringing up a large force, would make an attack before evening.—The necessity of Inez parting again from her lover was, therefore, obvious. Short was the time given for that farewell; but, at a small distance from the halting-place, beneath a few olive trees, which stood by the road-side, apart from all observing eyes, save those of Rosario and the peasant boy Joaquim, that interchange of kind words and fond looks denoted how deeply each heart had drunk at the fountain of tender thought, although Fate had succeeded for the present in embittering their enjoyment;—when the sudden call of the bugle, for the column to move forward, left Fitzormond no alternative, but to assure Inez of a speedy visit to Lisbon, and, fervently pressing her hand, to give the spur to his horse, and rejoin his comrades.

It would be difficult to say whose sensations on parting were the most overpowering;—Fitzormond was a true soldier; filled with enthusiasm for his profession, he would have repelled any allusion that his heart could be weaned for an instant from the high feeling, which makes the call to valour its proudest impulse; fearing, therefore, the jesting remarks of some thoughtless companion, he put on an air of gaiety upon rejoining his battalion, which was the more inwardly distressing to him, as he felt that he had been obliged to leave the unhappy girl in a situation of extreme perplexity and some danger; but to remain as her protector was impossible,—to have induced her to accom-

pany him would only have exposed her to greater inconveniences, to the inclemency of the season, and other hardships, not to say to the more serious evils, perhaps, of harsh remarks, and worse allusions; still, amidst all his distress, there was excitement around him, in the idea of approaching combat, and the hope of triumph, partially to occupy the mind; but with her, alas! she could only turn one hasty glance on his receding form, and as her eyes filled with tears, beg the distressed Padrè to hasten on, as the cavalry rear-guard would soon be the only protection between them and the advancing foe. Tedious and sorrowful, indeed, did the remainder of that perilous way seem ere they reached the town of Alenquer, which they did not accomplish until the shades of evening had closed in, dark and drearily, and where she had to sit on her mule for more than an hour, cold, wearied, and foodless, with the poor boy, Joaquim, as her only protector, until Rosario could obtain a place of shelter, in which he fortunately succeeded at last, through the kind aid of a brother friar,—the only remaining one in the monastery there, now occupied for the night by the retiring troops.

Through intelligence from Father Antonio, Inez learnt that the British commander had taken up his head-quarters in Alenquer on the previous day; hoping, therefore, to accomplish the great desire of her heart, she retired to her comfortless spot of rest, and hard pillow, supported by the hope of effecting her purpose early on the morrow.—But where, alas! are the trials and disappointments of the unfortunate destined to terminate? Like an alluring, yet false, meteor that flits before him, to mislead the way-worn anxious traveller, Hope gleams too often as deceitfully to mortal eyes, until its exhalations vanish at last, and leave the heart lost amidst despondency and gloom; for, on the morrow, long before daybreak, the energies of Wellington's mighty mind, ever watchful, resolute, and unerring, were in motion, so that when Rosario made his inquiries, he learnt with sorrow that the gallant chief had quitted the town two

hours previously; nor could it be surmised where he might be again met with. Indeed, such was the active, ennobled spirit of this illustrious man, on whose energies and talents the safety of Portugal then depended, that the few hours absolutely necessary for bodily rest were his only moments of repose from the duties of the field, when, after three days' continued devotedness in the important object of placing his army in that position, which he had long marked out, the fourth morning saw him entering the capital at a rapid pace, in order that he might personally declare, and have the stolid Patriarch, and the stubborn Souza, informed,* that if *they* were unaroused to a proper sense of patriotic exertion, *he* knew what was due to the Prince Regent, their master, and to Portugal, and that the last drop of British blood should be shed on its soil ere he relinquished the object for which his army had been sent into their country.

But to return to our heroine. It is impossible to estimate the devotedness of woman's feelings, where her mind has been influenced by nature's pure and strong emotions of duty and affection;—were it otherwise, a heart of more ordinary sensibility than that of Inez would have quailed or sunk, wearied and worn out under her many discomforts and disappointments. But her's was a nature, not to be overcome whilst the faintest gleam of hope, however illusive, remained. She was like the wave-tossed mariner, who hails one solitary star on high, though all around be cheerlessness and clouds. The intelligence brought by Rosario only roused her therefore, to another attempt, and persuading him that the distance to Lisbon by Enxara dos Cavalheiros was not further than the route by Alhandra, they turned their steps in the direction of the former, which would cause them to traverse some portion of the ground about to be occupied by the British troops,—might be the means of encountering their

* The remonstrances and complaints urged by the British General, at this period, against the members of the Regency, especially the two herein named, are authenticated in his letters of November 1810, and January 1811, addressed to C. Stuart, Esq. the British Minister at Lisbon.

commander, and would lead them to Cintra, which, from fondly cherished recollections, she was anxious to visit once more, although she felt it would be most painful to her, as she would behold that home, where her happiest days had been spent, silent and deserted.

On the day subsequent to this resolve, the morning was bright and sunny, and a convoy of cars was seen ascending the road, leading from Mafra to Cintra. Drawn only by two stunted oxen to each, they toiled up the steep with slow yet noisy motion, as the creaking of the solid wheels announced long before the eye alighted on these low and clumsy contrivances.* They were the bearers of some poor soldiers, severely wounded in the late battle, who were thus conveyed to Lisbon, escorted by a few of their more fortunate comrades, and attended by one female, who was evidently the wife of one of the party. After a tedious drag of two hours, the cars at length reached the entrance gate of a quinta, situate at one extremity of the village, and shaded by a group of beautiful chesnut trees, which were then strewing their autumnal leaves around them. A deep groan uttered by one of the wounded sufferers, caused the poor woman, who was walking alongside of the car, to commence loud lamentations, and entreat the serjeant in charge, to order the convoy to halt ; the fact was, that the jolting of the horrid conveyance, added to the severity of his wound through the body, had consummated their work, and all the dying man could now implore was, to be lifted from the car, that he might breathe his last easily and not suffer the torment he was undergoing.

The kind-hearted serjeant acceded to the last wishes of his brother soldier, and just as some of the party had lifted him from the car, two individuals rode up, and halted their mules beside them. At this moment, the cries of the poor Irish

* The common country car in use consisted of a slab of wood, 6 feet by 4, with a wooden axle, and two solid wheels of the same material, which being neither greased nor tarred, groaned forth the most horrid sounds, when drawn along by two meagre oxen, at the slow rate of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile an hour. Upon such wretched conveyances, exposed to a hot sun, or heavy shower, and jolted along the most execrable roads, did many a sick and wounded soldier breathe his last.

woman, the wife of the dying man, became distressing, whilst amidst her griefs, one of her most piteous complaints seemed to be the thought that no holy man was near to offer up a prayer for her husband's parting soul ere it fled to another world, when the two strangers moving forward, the one threw open the cloak which enveloped him, and disclosing his priestly garb beneath it, told her to be of good cheer, that he would undertake the office, whilst the other, removing a silken hood, displayed her pale features, still more interestingly beautiful in their sadness, as her moistened eye fixed its gaze on the countenance of the sufferer, whose cap bore the number of the regiment to which Fitzormond belonged. The adjacent quinta too had been her home; the bower of chesnut trees; that, beneath which her glance had first seen her lover's manly form and making the former circumstance only known to the poor woman, she begged that the husband might be carried to the cottage nigh, where some further comfort, although of little avail to him now, might be procured. The poor Irish woman, with a gratefulness of feeling and warmth of expression peculiar to her country, could scarcely find terms sufficiently endearing to bless our heroine for her kind solicitude, whilst the eye of the soldier lighted up for a moment, like the last sparkle of an expiring lamp, to acknowledge it also, though a faint sound, or sigh, was all he could utter. It was evident his earthly career was fast closing. This Inez observed, and unable to trust her feelings to mention the name of Fitzormond to either, she begged Rosario to administer such spiritual consolation as the dying man might wish for, and quitted the cottage, to retire for the while to the bowers of her childhood, overpowered with the various emotions of her breast.

There are memories to which the heart clings, and which it fondly cherishes, although their tissue is interwoven with a sweet sadness of thought. They are like the delicate odours, which have been distilled from loveliest flowers, crushed in their bloom, while the essence remains, furnishing an incense to feed the lamp of feeling, which burns on the

hallowed shrine of the affections! And thus did Inez wander by herself around that lone yet lovely scene, gazing with endeared remembrance on every spot, and making her mind a mirror of the past, which, whilst it brought before her the images of former joys and happiness, reflected her own pale form in the midst of them, like melancholy, wandering through a paradise of flowers.

But the approach of the Padrè, after the lapse of an hour, with deeper seriousness on his countenance, told what had taken place, who, on relating the circumstances, and of his having made some arrangement for the interment of the poor soldier, led her to a spot to which he had directed the mules to be taken, where they remounted and continued their journey to Lisbon.

Six days only had elapsed since Inez had quitted her maternal abode; how much had she encountered in that short space, and yet, when she reflected on it, how little had she accomplished to her own satisfaction. It is true, as regarded herself, she had met with Fitzormond again, had renewed that interchange of soft vows, and eased a heart where love had lain, pillowed so long in silence, that its very pressure had become almost painfully dear. This was a happiness in some degree; but the nearer she approached her home, a sense of the failure in the object of her journey, and that undefinable apprehension which arises, as we advance towards the threshold of those who are most dear to us, (fearing that something fatal may have occurred during absence,) became the more overpowering; nor was it until she felt herself once more in her mother's arms, heart throbbing against heart, and listening to the half-uttered words of joy at her safe return, emanating from sensations which none but a mother can feel, that her mind became partially relieved.

If there are beings so favoured as to have had their lives all sunshine, (and some few are said to have been so blessed,) there are others,—alas! how many,—who seem to have been born the heirs of misfortune, ever destined to see the morn-

ing-flower of hope blighted ere a sun has set, fated to feel the calm slumber of their night's repose (when freed from day's cares and trials) suddenly disturbed amidst its soft visions by the harsh voice of returning adversity. And how many too, over whose graves the inscription placed on Portugal's lamented but immortal bard, Camoens, might be written,—“ He lived poor and miserable, and he died so.” Scarcely had Inez returned to Lisbon, and learnt that the sentence against her father had been changed to imprisonment for life, when a fresh calamity arose in her family.— Her cousin, Don Julian de M———, had been intercepted by some ordinanza in the upper valley of the Mondego, in the disguise of a peasant, bearing despatches from Marshal Massena to Madrid, and was then on his way to the Portuguese capital, escorted as a traitor.

Inez had known Julian from a child, though a little older than herself; they had been constant playmates in their infant years, and, as had been contemplated by their parents, were destined, when they grew up, to be more closely united; but as her cousin's mind and disposition began to expand, Inez saw less to interest her, until the invasion of Portugal; and Julian's constant occupation on the Staff of the French Commander-in-Chief, (for his military enthusiasm had unfortunately been aroused on a fatal side against his own countrymen,) had so separated them for a length of time, that the bare surmise of any such engagement had ceased when she first met with Fitzormond. Still, in her affectionate heart, the lamentable fact of Julian's apprehension produced extreme distress of mind and deep sympathy towards his nearer and dearer relatives, independently of the fears which arose, as likely to affect her father's critical situation, recollecting that Don Manoël's arrest had emanated from his nephew's former imprudence.

In the midst of all these sorrows, an occasional visit from Fitzormond, his tender solicitude, his sympathizing endeavours at consolation, and the cheering tones of his voice would throw a ray of sunshine for the moment over her un-

happiness, but as his military duties at so momentous a crisis, precluded his frequent presence, her mind, when meditating alone, would relapse into dark shadows of despondency as to the future, the more especially as she perceived that her mother's health, which had become of late more precarious, was much shaken by the condemnation to death of her nephew Julian, to whom no hope of pardon was held out. Alas! vain had been the endeavors to obtain a reprieve. His mother and sister had, indeed, implored the intercession of *one*, whose mandate, had it been left to his will, would have spared the life of the young Portuguese fidalgo,—his own record testifies to the fact,*—but power is a stern judge, when patriotism stands forth as the accuser, to denounce the unfortunate being, who has been a traitor to its cause; and whilst the heart of Wellington yearned to mercy, the fierce resolve of his own countrymen doomed the youthful Julian de M—— to expiate his fault on the scaffold.

Spring,—balmy spring,—that sweet season when the young flower blossoms on the lap of nature, was now on its return; all things around seemed decked in smiles, and events, mighty in their consequences, were hourly taking place. The French army, after a long and severe struggle against famine and the elements, had been compelled to retreat from Santarem, leaving the country around it, one vast wilderness, whilst the population of Lisbon, elated at such a fortunate turn in the tide of war, were wild with enthusiastic rejoicings. The streets, the theatres, rang with exulting shouts, and the churches echoed to loud *Te Deums*. But amid such almost universal joy, there was, alas! one house

* The 8th volume of the Duke's Despatches contains the following letter, dated Cartaxo, 14th February 1811, addressed to C. Stuart, Esq. British Minister at Lisbon. "My dear Sir,—Madame M. and her daughter, (not the handsome,) have been here this morning to talk to me of the fate of young M.—and although I told them I could not interfere in any concerns of the kind, I cannot resist stating to you my sense of the injustice, which the Portuguese Government are about to commit. I rather believe that Mr. Canning instructed Mr. Villiers not to interfere in obliging the Portuguese Government to execute any article of the convention,—but whether we interfere or not, I cannot but think that the government will be guilty of a gross injustice and *murder*, if they put this young man to death, upon the grounds of his having served the French, these circumstances being before them."

of mourning, where one sad family sat in silence and tears, for the square of the Roxio was already hung with black ; and as the last faint rays of that day's sunshine expired, the final stroke of the workman's hammer had prepared the chair of execution.*

Had the power of Napoleon continued, for a few years longer, over the destinies of Portugal, to what honors might not this young man have risen ? Yet, such is the lottery of life, and what mind can assuredly reckon on the future ? Behold the mother who now fondles her infant in her arms, and in a few years after, gazes with pride on the smiling boy at her side. Does she allow herself to dwell with certainty on the bright dreams her imagination may irradiate ? And yet, how often does hope display its visions thus, in prismatic colours, buoying up feeling on the golden loom of expectancy, until stern time with its crutch beats down the tissued fabric at last, leaving her with disappointment alone, to gather up the fragments of her anticipated joys !

Amongst the melancholy group just alluded to, one female was Inez ; and if her heart did not yearn towards young Julian with the same deep tenderness, or gushing sorrow, as the poor mother who bore him, or the sisters of his love, her's was a weight of accumulating woes, which, in addition to the distress for her cousin's cruel, ignominious doom, had to bear up against a father's lingering banishment and a mother's fast declining health, whilst, as regarded her lover, although honour had inscribed truth on the temple of the soul, he too had gone, and where ? to mingle in the deadly fight again. They had parted, plighting a vow of eternal constancy and breathing a prayer for future happiness ; but it was in the hands of their God alone to dispose of the result.

END OF PART III.

* The law of Portugal condemns persons convicted of high treason to death by *the garotte*.—A platform is erected, upon which a chair is fixed, with a post, or thick plank, raised immediately at its back, through which two holes are made, and a noose of rope passed. The condemned is then made to sit down in the chair, and the noose placed round his neck, which, being gradually drawn, or twisted tighter by the executioner, causes strangulation. This was the fate of the unfortunate Julian de M——.

THE DYING GIRL.

“ Not long since my children came in from a walk, their faces full of sorrow, saying, ‘ Oh mamma! if you had seen the nice little girl we saw dying in the street ;—she got weak and sat down on a flag ;—the poor women around her asked her, ‘ Are you hungry, dear?’ ‘ Yes;’ and they put bread in her lap, but she was not able to lift it to her mouth. One kind woman put a half-penny in her stiff hand. They said, ‘ Whose child is she?’ No one knew. Then, oh dear child, have you one prayer? Can you say one prayer? But the little eyes were closed in death,—the spirit had gone to that place where they shall hunger no more.”—*Extract from a Letter of the Rev. R. H. Lindsay, Wesleyan Superintendent, Emmiskillen.*



She sat upon the cold flag-stone,
That faint and famished child,
She came there friendless and unknown,
From some lorn hut or wild ;
Like the fair, fragile lily, sered
By lightning in the storm,
So the frail stem of life appeared
In that recumbent form.

She raised no eye in tearful look,
No lip in pleading tone,
One sigh which her young bosom shook
Told her sad tale alone ;
And some enquired, “ Whose child is she,
So stricken by distress ?
Poor sufferer ! thou must hungered be ?”
She only answered, “ Yes.”

Then bread upon her lap they place,
And money in her hand ;
“ But why so still that pale, wan face ?”
The anxious crowd demand,
“ Why stirs she not ? a moment gone
We marked her word and nod !”
Alas ! in that short space had flown
Her spirit to its God.

It was, indeed, a sight of woe
To see that wasted cheek ;
The little children’s eyes o’erflow,
The aged cannot speak ;
So much of human tenderness
Breathes in each breast around,
To see life’s flowret by distress
Lie withered on the ground.

Alas ! if sorrow thus abides
 To mark onc victim fall !
 Oh, think ye, by the mountain sides,
 Or 'neath the turf-built wall,
 How many thousand sufferers pant,
 How many famished lie,
 And, haunted by disease and want,
 At every minute die ?

Whilst Pleasure smiles thro' joyous rooms
 And Plenty crowns our lot,
 Whilst Power and Pride display their plumes,
 Are such dread scenes forgot ?
 Let none be heedless of the like ;
 Who knows where next the rod
 Of vengeance for misdeeds may strike
 From an offended God ?

L.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 190.)

Preparations for a tour—Egina—The Panhellenium—Antiquity of the temple—
 Sites of Greek temples—Epidaurus—Declaration of independence—Manner
 of life—Travelling servants—Hiero—The Theatre—Nauplia—The Bava-
 rian Lion—The Plain of Argos—Tiryns—The Lernæan Marsh—Mycenæ
 —The Tomb of Agamemnon—Other subterranean structures—Date of the
 buildings—Were they Treasuries or Tombs?—The Gate of Lions—Traces of
 Egyptian origin—Argos—The Theatre—Tripolitza—A storm—A Greek
 Khan—A night scene—Vourlia—The Spartan Valley—The Eurotus—Sparta
 —Mistra—Silk—The Valley of the Eurotus—Megalopolis—Arcadia—Andrit-
 zena—Testimonials—Bassæ—Olympia—Effects of the Olympic Games—
 The Schoolmaster of Zatana—The Plain of Mantinea—Vestiges of the city—
 Corinth revisited—Return to Athens.

I only remained in Athens long enough to make prepara-
 tions and provide the necessaries for a projected tour in the
 Morea ; among which I scarcely need observe that a bed
 and an English saddle were not forgotten. Todoree stored
 his canteen with provisions ; a little beef and mutton was
 provided, in order to stave off the evil day of poultry and
 eggs as long as possible, a fair supply of cognac and three
 bottles (we could not afford room for more) of London
 porter. Oh, what a luxury is London porter in Greece ! I

never felt till then what true philanthropists, what real benefactors of mankind Messrs. Barclay and Perkins ought to be considered.

All this store of provisions having been laid in, I got into a rather shaky carriage and drove to the Piræus, (what associations does that name call up!) and there embarked in a small boat for Epidaurus, intending to pay a visit to the ruins at Egina on my way. We reached the island after dusk, and anchored in a little bay beneath the temple, and at 5 o'clock the next morning, I rose and walked up a steep hill to view the ruins. So far as this very limited experience affords any power of judging, the island appears to be better cultivated than any part of Greece which I had previously seen. I did not visit the modern town of Egina, nor the site of the ancient city, once a formidable rival of Athens for the naval supremacy of Greece, but proceeded direct to the ruined temple. There is some controversy as to who is the rightful owner of this temple, some asserting, that it belongs properly to Minerva, and others, that it is the celebrated temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, which latter seems to be the most probable theory; but, whoever was the tutelary deity, it is quite certain that the temple in question, was one of the most splendid as well as one of the most ancient of Greek sacred buildings. The period to which it is referred by the best authorities, is about the year 600 B. C. and as to its splendour, the same high authority, to whom we have already been so much indebted, rises into absolute enthusiasm, and speaks of "the great temple of which the magnificent ruins will continue as long as they exist, to attract persons of taste to Greece from every civilized nation of the globe." And in another place he observes, "It is not only in itself one of the finest specimens of Grecian architecture, but is the more curious as being, in all probability, the most ancient example of the Doric order in Greece, with the exception of the columns at Corinth." But, however near to one another the periods at which the Corinthian and Eginetan edifices were reared, I think it cannot be denied, that there must

have been, in the interval, a great advance in architectural art. Speaking from my own feelings on the subject, I can say, that the pleasurable sensations which I experienced in looking on the columns at Corinth, were something of the same character as those with which one beholds the pyramids—a feeling as it were of awe due to their mere antiquity, and certainly not inspired by any “form or comeliness,” in themselves. But, unless I mistake, there is in the twenty-one remaining columns of the Panhellenium a certain architectural grace, which is quite foreign to the Corinthian edifice. Colonel Leake has not given us the results of his measurement, but, though I think that the columns of the temple of Egina have not attained to that graceful tapering height which is observable in most of the Doric temples at Athens, the Panhellenium must have been as much superior, in magnificence and beauty, to the temple to which the columns at Corinth belonged, as the state of Egina was superior to that of Corinth itself, in influence and power, at the time when these buildings appear to have been erected.

Nothing is more remarkable with regard to the ruins of the ancient Greek temples than the care which the founders appear to have always bestowed upon the choice of a site. The temples at Bassæ and Sunium furnish examples similar to the present of the commanding positions chosen by the founders of these edifices. The hill on which the temple at Egina stood, commands a view of nearly the whole island, besides parts of the continental coast and the numerous smaller islands which are scattered around. Another point which must have struck all travellers as not a little singular, is the caprice of fortune in the preservation of these ancient monuments. We visit such places as Corinth, Thebes, Sparta, Olympia, and Eleusis, and find scarcely a vestige of their ancient grandeur, while at Egina and Bassæ, places comparatively unheard of in history, we find such remains as might lead us to suppose that these had been in reality the most glorious spots in ancient Greece.

The splendid ruins of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius,

at Egina, are quite sufficient to give the visiter, though he be not an architect, a very accurate idea of the form and size of the building to which they belonged. The whole of the roof, however, has fallen in, and the inner area is encumbered by fragments. I took a parting look at this glorious monument of antiquity as I glided away in my boat. Magnificent as is the present wreck of this great building, what a splendid sight it must have presented to the eyes of the approaching and retiring voyager, when it stood in all its pristine glory, encircled by its sacred grove, with crowds of worshippers bowing before its shrine.

I do not know whether there is really anything very particular in the view of Epidaurus from the sea, but to my eyes, after I had been sailing the whole day in an open boat under a hot sun, it appeared one of the prettiest and freshest sights I had ever seen. The little village is embedded in trees; a few fishing-boats lie in the harbour, which sent ships to Salamis; the land around appears to be laid out in gardens, and an old priest was lazily tolling the bell of a little church upon the hill behind the town: I thought it the very picture of still life. The place seemed isolated from the rest of Greece, inhabited by a different race. As I sat at the window of my little room, sipping my coffee, and smoking my cigar, I saw them chatting amicably together in the evening sunshine: they did not scream in their conversation as the Greeks generally do; and there was, if I remember rightly, not such an ostentatious show of pistols and dirks in their girdles. Epidaurus has been more celebrated in modern than in ancient times. Formerly it gained its greatest repute from its vicinity to the sacred grove of *Æsculapius*, of which I shall have occasion to speak presently. But in modern Greek history it has obtained some political importance. It was from this spot that the provisional government of Greece issued their first proclamation, declaring the independence of their country, and promulgating their new constitution. And it was here that the national assembly was sitting when they received the

news of the heroic defence of Missolonghi, and the disastrous termination of the siege : and from hence, on that occasion, they issued their memorable appeal to united Christendom, declaring that if they were not suffered to live, they would, at least, die independent Greeks, and would continue the struggle to the last, in defence of their liberties, exhibiting to the eyes of Europe the horrible spectacle of the continued atrocities which disgraced the war of independence in Greece beyond any other similar struggle recorded in the annals of the world. It was this manifesto which, proving the determination of the Greeks in the midst of such frightful reverses, brought about the interference of the three great powers of Europe, and virtually put an end to the war at the battle of Navarino. Whether the proceedings of England, France, and Russia on this occasion were perfectly justifiable, by the law of nations, may admit of doubt; but they acted upon the principle—

To do a great right do a little wrong ;

and no one, who is acquainted with the history of the period, and the horrible cruelty practised by the Turks, can feel otherwise than gratified that the war was put an end to, after seven years' duration, by any means whatever.

And now, reader, before I conduct you to the sacred grove of Æsculapius, I must ask your attention, for a few moments, to so uninteresting a subject as my way of life in the midst of these classic scenes. You will allow that I have hitherto been very forbearing on this subject; but as a dusty diligence, or a slow vetturino, are matters which occupy much of the attention of the traveller in France and Italy, however devoted he may be to the study of the fine arts, so you may believe, that speculations on the cleanliness of the room which he may have to occupy, and doubts as to the powers of his horse, will sometimes intrude into the mind of the traveller in Greece, however fond he may be of antiquities and history,—and it is certain that, without feeling considerable interest in both, no one is likely to undertake a tour in the Morea.

I generally rose between 5 and 6 o'clock, and, after a cup of coffee, proceeded to mount, and commence my day's journey. At about ten I generally breakfasted; sometimes in a coffee-shed, or hovel, if there happened to be a village in the neighbourhood, but more often, and more pleasantly, on the grass beneath the shade of some old oak or plane tree. Then my journey was continued till about four o'clock in the afternoon, about which time I generally reached the place which I had fixed upon for my night's lodging; and after dinner, which was immediately prepared by Todoree, and recording the events of the day in my journal, I retired early to rest, and enjoyed as much sleep as bugs and fleas would allow me. There is nothing to tempt one to lie in bed late in Greece, and, accordingly, this scheme of living was very seldom departed from.

Before the number of travellers in Greece was so large as it is at present, the traveller must have had to encounter considerable annoyance and inconvenience, by being obliged to bargain for his provisions and lodging, as there are not in any part of Greece (with the exception, I believe, of Athens, Nauplia, Corinth, and Patras) any houses devoted to the reception of travellers; and the eggs and poultry (nearly the only eatables which are to be obtained in the less frequented part of the country) must be purchased from the original proprietors, who will, of course, obtain the best prices from the uninitiated. But there is now a regular corporation of "travelling servants," who contract to act as valets, interpreters, guides, and cooks,—to supply horses, provisions, and lodging, at the moderate price of £1 per day; the only extra charge being that the employer is obliged to pay his servant's passage back to the place at which he engaged him. This was the arrangement which I made with Todoree, and I found that it saved a great deal of trouble, without at all increasing the expense.

On the morning of which I am speaking, I breakfasted in the grove of Æsculapius, from which the ancient Epidaurians derived so much of their wealth and importance, and

which is still known by the name of Hiero. The only unusual and certainly the most pleasant of the viands, which formed the repast, was a most delicious water-melon, for which I was indebted to the providence of the guide who had the charge of the horses. The numerous broken masses of stone and marble sufficiently serve to indicate the number and magnificence of the buildings which once stood in this spot, the natural beauties of which, probably, influenced the original founders in their choice of the site. The place was, in fact, a kind of ancient Cheltenham, to which the invalids and ennuyes resorted from every part of Greece, and which they seldom left without presenting some substantial proofs of their gratitude to the priests of Æsculapius, the Jephsons of those times. In such a place it was, of course, necessary to provide buildings for the reception of the numerous visiters, and hence we may account for the extensive remains which are still observable. It was essential also to provide for the amusement of the frequenters of this extensive establishment, and, accordingly, we find here one of the largest theatrical ruins of Greece. It was the work of Polyclitus, one of the most celebrated of Greek architects, and was capable of accommodating 12,000 persons. The orchestra, by Colonel Leake's measurement, was about 90 feet in length, and the diameter of the theatre about 370 feet. The proscenium has entirely disappeared, but the part devoted to the audience is in a state of very perfect preservation. The whole of the seats are of marble, and the remains are quite sufficient to justify the encomium passed upon this theatre by Pausanias for "harmony and beauty of workmanship." It is extremely to be regretted that so interesting a ruin—the more interesting because the theatrical remains in Greece are very few and imperfect—should be suffered to fall into further decay: and, after witnessing the praiseworthy care which is now bestowed at Athens upon the preservation of antiquities, I was much disappointed to observe the negligence, which, if allowed to continue, will before long reduce to absolute

destruction one of the most important remains of ancient Greece. The bushes and shrubs which have been allowed to root themselves among the seats are gradually thrusting them from their places. The evil might now be remedied, and the seats restored to their original positions with very little trouble: but in a few years they will have been so completely displaced as to render any repair or restoration quite hopeless. The number of rows now visible is 52, divided into two classes by a diazoma, or passage, which is reached from the bottom by twenty-four flights of steps.

My next stage was to Nauplia, the only place in Greece which has much the appearance of a modern European town. It is, I believe, the only fortified town in the country, and, having been the capital of Greece under the rule of Venice, the Lion of St. Mark is to be observed over the gateway, and on every part of the walls. On approaching the town, I observed, cut in a rock, a monument, to the memory of the Bavarians who fell in the Greek war, representing a colossal lion: at the distance it reminded me of the great monument at Lucerne, to the memory of the Swiss Guards of Louis XVIII. I did not go near enough to examine it, but, probably, as a work of art, it is much inferior.

I walked round the ramparts in the evening, and looked out upon the harbour, in which was an Austrian steamer just about to start for Athens. The harbour is defended at its mouth by a small fortified island, of which Todoree told me an absurd story, which I believe to be a lie, to the effect that when the Greeks were besieging Nauplia, and had nearly reduced the garrison by famine, they bought it of the Turks for a load of corn. Having seen the steamer depart, I returned to my room in the *Ξενοδοχείον ὁ. Ἀργεῖς*, or Mars Hotel, from which I looked out upon the great square of the town. In this are several cafés, before which sat numerous officers in full costume, smoking and drinking coffee after the French fashion.

Nauplia occupies one of the angles of the plain of Argos,

which is nearly in the form of an isosceles triangle, Mycenæ being at the vertex, and Argos at the remaining angle. The plain is very fertile and well cultivated, and there are tolerable roads between Nauplia, Argos, and Mycenæ. I directed my steps, in the first instance, to the latter place, passing, I confess without much notice, the ruins of Tiryns, which occupied so much of the attention of Colonel Leake, and treating with equal negligence the Lernæan Marsh, the scene of Hercules' knight-errant adventure with the Hydra. Why hyper-critics should object to our old poets speaking of Hercules, Theseus, and other worthies of the heroic age, as knights-errant, when their actions were so like those of Sir Amadis and Don Quixote, I have never been able to understand.

The ride from Nauplia to Mycenæ occupied a very short time, and I proceeded at once to the examination of the curious structure which is variously called the Treasury of Atreus and the Tomb of Agamemnon. This is a subterranean building, with a sloping passage from without towards the entrance, which is so large as to admit of its being entered on horseback. The building is of very curious construction. It is in the form of a conical excavation, lined throughout with stone, entered by a large door-way, about eighteen feet in height, over which is an enormous stone, three feet nine inches thick, and in one part not less than nineteen feet long, forming the lintel of the door and part of the wall on either side. Immediately over the door is a triangular window, which appears to have been formed by cutting the smaller stones resting on the large one just mentioned into the shape of an equilateral triangle, the length of the side being the same as the width of the doorway. In the interior is a second chamber, entered by a doorway of exactly similar construction, and with a similar triangular window immediately over it; so that the whole building consists of two subterranean chambers,—the first, circular, about fifty feet in diameter at the bottom, and rising by curved sides to a point,—the other about twenty feet square, and simply excavated in

the rock. In the immediate vicinity are three other constructions of the same kind, but, I believe, consisting only of one chamber; these I did not examine. Colonel Leake is of opinion, that the largest of the four of which I have been speaking, was lined throughout with brass plates, but there do not appear to be any sufficient grounds for this idea, as the nails, on which the supposition is founded, might have been used as pegs, or for many other purposes. The *turris alunea* in which Danae was confined, would appear simply to mean a very strong and well-guarded building.

Whatever may have been the object of these singular excavations, there appears to be little doubt that they really belong to the remote age to which their names seem to refer them; or, in other words, that their formation was contemporary with or immediately precedent to the Trojan war. Both the peculiarity of construction, and universal tradition, seem to render this next to certain. But it is by no means so clear that they are, as Colonel Leake argues, properly designated treasuries; and for my part I am greatly inclined to prefer the appellation of the "Tomb of Agamemnon" to that of the "Treasury of Atreus." Several circumstances concur in favor of this opinion: in the first place their number: why should there be *four* treasuries? one would clearly have answered the same purpose. Another circumstance which would be very singular if they were treasuries, but not at all unusual if they are supposed to have been sepulchres, is, that some of them appear to have been outside the walls of the city: surely this is a very unlikely site to choose for a treasury. The only other buildings of the same kind which are to be found in Greece are at Orchomenus and Pharis: that at Orchomenus may be dismissed as not a parallel instance, as it does not appear to have been a subterranean structure; and there appears to be good reason for supposing that that at Pharis was the tomb of Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon. It is recorded that he was buried at Amyclæ which is only four, or, according to one supposition, only two miles from the spot: besides, it should be remembered, that

we have no absolute certainty that this *was* the site of Pharis, though that of Amyclæ is easily determined to have been in the immediate neighbourhood: and if we see reason to believe that this latter building was the sepulchre of one of the illustrious brothers, there can be little doubt that the similar building at Mycenæ must have been devoted to a similar purpose. But, contends Colonel Leake, who must be allowed the credit of always ably supporting any opinion which he may advance, the building bears marks of having been highly ornamented, and as "Agamemnon dissipated the wealth of Atreus in the expedition to Asia, it is not likely, under these circumstances, that his sepulchre was a monument of any great magnificence:"* but not to observe upon the very slight grounds on which the supposition of this magnificence is founded (*viz.* the nails before alluded to) or that the same observation would equally apply to Menelaus, it may be urged upon the other hand, that if there be any truth in the story of the murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, and the vengeance subsequently taken by Orestes, it is in no way improbable that the obsequies which had been probably neglected by the murderers, would be performed with more than ordinary ceremony and magnificence by the son of the murdered man. But Colonel Leake's principal argument is founded upon the words of Pausanias, who, in describing his visit to Mycenæ, mentions among the remains there "the gate upon which the lions stand . . . the fountain called Perseia, *the subterraneous buildings of Atreus and his sons, in which their treasures were deposited*, and the tombs of Atreus, of Agamemnon and others:"† but as it will hardly be disputed that the tombs which Pausanias saw must have been also "subterraneous buildings," the passage does not appear conclusive: and if the large building should be thought too magnificent for the tomb of Agamemnon, why should it not be that of Atreus? The question however is

* *Peloponnesiaca*, p. 258.

† Leake's *Travels in the Morea*, pp. 365, 366.

one of some difficulty, and may, perhaps, after all be best solved by supposing that some Bertram Risingham of ancient times used the building for both purposes.

It will have been observed, that among the curiosities at Mycenæ mentioned by Pausanias, is "the gate upon which lions stand." This is an allusion to the still remaining "Gate of Lions," so called from a representation over the doorway of two lions standing on their hind legs, with their fore paws resting on a kind of altar or pillar, which stands between them. The part of the stone containing the heads of the animals is broken off. This is probably the oldest extant specimen of Greek sculpture, and is said by Pausanias, to be "the work of the Cyclopes;" it is very inelegant, and the animals have more the appearance of dogs begging than of lions. The meaning is quite uncertain, but Colonel Leake is disposed to refer it to some ceremony connected with the worship of the sun. If it was placed there about the time of the Trojan war, might it not be intended to typify the bravery and determination of the

Ατρείδη δυνω κοσμητορε λαων

"Both the Atreides who most ruled?"

It is impossible to notice the enormous masses of stone used in the buildings at Mycenæ, the peculiar form of the doorways, all of which contract upwards, and, above all, the pyramidal sepulchre near Argos, without calling to mind some of the most remarkable peculiarities of the ancient Egyptian buildings; all this is very interesting as indicating the connection between the architecture of Egypt and that of Greece in the heroic ages; and the conjecture that this art was originally imported from Egypt into Greece, receives considerable confirmation from a conjecture of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's, that the Doric column was derived by a very simple process from a well known Egyptian column.

The remains of antiquity at Argos are neither so numerous nor so interesting as those at Mycenæ. The ancient capital of the "King of Men" is now a miserable village, consisting

of one long straggling line of wretched houses, and the theatre is the sole remnant of its ancient glories. This was capable of holding about 20,000 persons, and was partly built, partly cut in the rock ; the latter part only remains. It is probably very ancient. Immediately in front of it is a brick ruin, which is clearly of Roman origin ; it occurred to me that it may have formed part of a Roman substitute for the ruined Greek proscenium.

On leaving Argos, my route lay through Tripolitza to Mistra and Sparta, and I reached the former place on the evening of the day on which I left Argos. Though a considerable modern town, Tripolitza contains nothing of interest to the traveller, except comfortable lodging ; and, accordingly, I was off early the next morning, in the hope that I should perform more than half the journey to Mistra that day : but, alas ! human hopes are liable to be disappointed, as mine were in the present instance ; for, scarcely had an hour passed after our leaving Tripolitza before the rain began to fall : then came lightning, then thunder, and, in a few moments, it was a really terrific storm. However, there was no human habitation near, so there was nothing for us but to push on as fast as we could, in the hopes of finding some place of refuge. Accordingly, with our capotes wrapped round us, Todoree and I urged on our horses, leaving the poor devil who had charge of them to find his way after us as best he could. So we went on for about an hour, when, wet to the skin, and having the greatest difficulty in managing the horses, on account of the incessant lightning, we at length beheld a most welcome sight,—a khan,—and, riding up to the door, dismounted and entered the house, where my first care was to open my saddle-bags, and array myself in dry garments. This done, I walked to the door and looked out, and, to my surprise, where I had been riding half an hour ago I now saw a perfect torrent pouring down with the greatest impetuosity. I believe if we had arrived half an hour later than we did we should not have been able to reach the khan.

Various other parties arrived in the course of the day, and took refuge in the khan, for the rain continued till nightfall, though the thunder and lightning passed away. There was a company of Spartan matrons, who had arrived before us; there were two or three silk-merchants from Mistra with their wares; a few miscellaneous arrivals, and an old woman, who came up riding *manfully* (for the ladies here ride astride) with a child behind her, and, with the most imperturbable stoicism, holding up an umbrella in the midst of "the pelting of the pitiless storm."

Reader, it is possible that, if you have not travelled in Greece, you have no distinct idea of a Greek khan. Tell me, does the word *khan* convey a magic sound to you? Does it conjure up before your eyes a spacious court, with a fountain springing up in the midst, surrounded by a magnificent stone building, consisting of an arcade, surmounted by galleries of chambers, in which the way-worn traveller may seek repose and solitude? If so, I must beg leave to dispel the delusion, by a description of the abode in which I took refuge from the thunder-storm, premising that the khan of Krya Vrysi (such, from the very exact description in the guide-book, I take to be the name of the place) is superior to the ordinary khans met with in Greece.

The building formed three sides of a square, the fourth being left open for the entrance of travellers. In this area was collected every kind of imaginable filth, presided over by a large stock of poultry. The buildings have the appearance of three large sheds, the one on the left being devoted to the reception of travellers, and that in the middle set apart for their horses. The third side consists of outhouses, devoted to various purposes. I have said that the khan of Krya Vrysi was superior to most of those met with in Greece; and its superiority consisted in this, that it was divided into two chambers, so that there was a "private room" for fastidious travellers. This was occupied by the Spartan dames already mentioned. My description must therefore be confined to the public apartment.

This had two windows, (not glazed,) one door, and no chimney. In one corner was a kind of table, or counter, with a large bottle of *rakee* (spirits), two or three small glasses and tin pots. Immediately beside this counter was a barrel of wine, which was served out to customers in the tin pots alluded to. Immediately behind the counter stood the landlord, steward, or whatever he might be called. He was in the usual Albanian costume, with ferocious moustaches, and a brace of pistols and two dirks stuck in his girdle. Various other arms of the same kind were displayed on the walls around. In the opposite corner, at the same end of the room, was a large chest, full of corn for the horses; and, next to this, was something between a bench and a table, too high for one and too low for the other. This was all the furniture of the apartment. The walls and roof were of the same character as those of the worst barn in a very untidy English farm-yard; they afforded a very imperfect protection from the weather. The floor was of its natural mud. At the other end of the room were several huge casks of wine, from which the retail barrel was to be replenished, and over them was heaped a quantity of brush-wood for fuel, through which an occasional cat might be seen to scramble, or an aged cock to flap his wings as he crowed out defiance to all comers.

The wine and rakee which I have mentioned, are the only provisions supplied at the khan. Poultry may, indeed, be had, but the purchaser is expected to kill and cook it, and as all travellers in this country carry their own food, and two or three parties, making up with servants, &c. a considerable number, had now arrived, cooking was going on from morning till night. This tended not a little to increase the unpleasantness of the situation, for, as there was no fire-place or chimney, and as the rain rendered it absolutely necessary to keep the door and shutters closed, the smoke from the wood-fire which was kindled on the floor, in the middle of the room, soon filled the building, annoying two of one's senses exceedingly. Fill up the picture of this smoky apart-

ment, such as I have described it, with five or six dirty natives of the lower class, the merchants from Mistra conversing together in one corner, Todoree leaning over the saucepan in the middle of the room, and your humble servant sitting on the cornchest, and you have a fair representation of a Greek khan on a rainy day.

I foresaw that, with such a number of persons collected together, to pass the night in such a place as this, a comfortable position for one's bed might be an object; and, accordingly, having once obtained possession of the corn-chest, I never left it until, having protracted my dinner, and its natural consequence of tobacco, to the longest possible period, I stretched myself upon my former seat, and sank into the arms of Morpheus.

I woke at about two o'clock in the morning, and never shall I forget the extraordinary sight and sound which greeted my eyes and ears on that occasion. The light of a small lamp, burning before the Panagia, or picture of the Virgin, displayed the room literally floored with human beings all sleeping and snoring in concert. The merchants were stretched upon the brushwood over the wine casks; the landlord was laid upon the shelf; Todoree had coiled up his long body upon the bench; and the miscellaneous population were snoring on the floor. I turned to the wall and joined in chorus, with the satisfaction of knowing that it was raining as fast as ever.

It was not possible to sleep very long in such a place, and I suppose it was about 5 o'clock when I again awoke, and seeing Todoree standing at the door, enquired what were the prospects for the day. Great was my disgust to hear that the rain was pouring down with the most obstinate perseverance, and that, as far as present appearances went, there was very little prospect of being able to proceed that day. However, about noon there were symptoms of clearing up; the Spartan ladies, and the silk merchants, and the other travellers dropped off, one by one, and notwithstanding the earnest expostulations of Todoree, who declared, that it

would be impossible to reach Mistra that night, and that there was no decent lodging on the road, and that he was sure it would rain, &c., I decided to be off, and off we went.

I wouldn't have missed that ride for something. Every thing looked so fresh and cheerful after the rain, that it was really delightful; the very tortoises seemed to enjoy it, and as for the lizards, they might be seen basking in the sunshine and gliding in and out among the bushes in a state, I am certain, of the most ecstatic happiness; I fully shared the sensation, glorying in my escape from that filthy khan, and delighting, as all nature did, in the smiles which had succeeded the frowns in the sky.

I must do Todorec the justice to say, that, though it did *not* rain that afternoon, he spoke nothing but the truth about the lodging, which was execrable; not, however, worse than that of the preceding night. We stopped for the night at a village, the name of which, I believe, was Vourlia; at any rate it was situated a little below the summit of one of the hills forming the range of Parthenius, and looked straight upon Mount Taygetus and the valley between them, with Sparta and Mistra, and the olives and mulberry trees of Laconia.

Judging of their country from the character of the Spartans, I had formed an idea of something quite different from the lovely valley which I now beheld, rendered more lovely, perhaps, by the recent rain and present sunshine, but still lovely at all times. Rugged rocks, bare and steep precipices, were the elements of the fanciful landscape which I had imagined, instead of which my eyes rested on one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in all Greece, hemmed in by mountains, it is true, but by mountains clothed almost to their summits with the richest verdure and the most luxuriant foliage. This is not a land in which I could have supposed that such a lawgiver as Lyeurgus would have found disciples.

The next morning I descended into the valley, and having crossed the Eurotas by a very strange bridge, consisting of two inclined planes meeting in the middle, at an angle of,

I should think, not more than 120 degrees ; rode to the site of ancient Sparta. Of the former glories of

Lordly Lacedæmon,

The city of two kings,

there is now positively not the slightest vestige. A traveller not acquainted with the geography of the place, might ride over the whole of the site of Sparta without the slightest idea that it had been the position of an ancient town. Taking Pansanias as his guide, our old authority, Colonel Leake has diligently examined the whole site, and his researches have been rewarded by the discovery of some broken stones and a remnant of a Roman theatre. The glory of Sparta has indeed departed. King Otho who feels, I am told, some reverence for the ancient glories of the country which he has been called upon to govern, and displayed it very injudiciously by choosing Athens as his capital, is said to have endeavoured to persuade the inhabitants of Mistra to re-establish the importance of Sparta by migrating in a body to the ancient site ; but the position of Mistra, on one of the hills sheltered by Taygetus, is so much preferable, that it is only wonderful that it should not have been chosen as the position of the ancient city. Perhaps it is to the disdain felt by the hardy Lacedæmonians for any defence except such as was to be obtained by their own good swords, that we must attribute their preference for the plain. Mistra itself appears to be a town of entirely modern origin ; it is, indeed, conjectured to be the *πολυτρήρωνα Μέσσην* " Messe for doves so much extolled" of Homer, and Colonel Leake says, that the epithet is true to this day ; I can neither confirm nor deny the statement ; but this is all mere conjecture, and it seems more probable that the origin of Mistra is to be referred to an emigration of the denizens of Sparta, who, in the insecure times of the middle ages, preferred a strong position for their town.

The distance between Mistra and the site of Sparta, now occupied by a small village, is only about three miles, and the valley is thickly planted with olives and mulberry trees.

The former produce a great quantity of oil ; the latter afford food to a great number of silk worms ; and when I visited Mistra, the whole population seemed to be employed in winding the silk ; at every turn might be seen five or six men or women standing round a great tub full of hot water and silk-balls. Many travellers have expressed an opinion that the women of the Spartan valley are a better-looking race than those met with in other parts of Greece. For my own part, I can make no exception to the positive ugliness of the "glowing maids" and "rosy huntresses" celebrated by Byron and Moore.

It was now a question to what point I should next turn my steps. Todoree suggested Messene as a place generally visited by travellers, who go so far south as Mistra, but on observing, from the description in the guide-book, that the ruins there are almost entirely of the same military character as those which I had viewed with so little interest at Tiryns, I decided in the negative, and finally determined on Olympia. I was afterwards very glad that I had chosen that route, for the scenery between Mistra and Leondari, is as beautiful as any I have seen in Greece. The road lies all the way along the banks of the Eurotas, which bestows upon it that charm which is almost always inseparable from river scenery. This celebrated river is now but an insignificant stream, which we forded several times in the course of our day's journey ; but its banks are adorned with every variety of trees, from the poplar to the myrtle, and the whole valley through which it runs is one scene of surpassing beauty.

After a night's rest at Leondari, I continued my journey to Sinano, near which is the site of ancient Megalopolis, situated on a branch of the Alpheus, in a rich, fertile, Arcadian valley. A few seats of its monster theatre are the sole remains of this emphatically great city, which is doubly interesting as having been founded by Epaminondas. Its site still retains the natural beauties which have gained for Arcadia a poetic celebrity since the days of Homer ; for, even in his times, the Arcadian shepherds were a well-known

race, and πολυμηλον “rich in sheep,” was a fit epithet for one of their cities. Witness too the lines—

Αὐτος γὰρ σφιν δῶκεν ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμεμνῶν
 Νηας εὐσσελμούς, περαὰν ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον
 Ἀτρεΐδης· ἐπεὶ οὐ σφὶ θαλασσία ἔργα μεμηλεῖ.

King Agamemnon on these men did well-built ships bestow,
 To pass the gulfy purple sea, that did no sea-rites know.*

Horace, too, celebrating the return of spring, flies in fancy to the “shady hills of Arcadia.”

Dicunt in tenori gramine pinguium
 Custodes ovium carmina fistulâ
 Delectantque Deum, cui pecus et nigri
 Colles Arcadia placent.

I might easily collect the testimony of other poets and rhymers, who have “babbled o’ green fields,” but it is needless; for has not our own defender of poesy monopolized the subject? I shall content myself, therefore, with his description of this fairy land. Thus writes Sir Philip Sydney:—“So, the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could, in most dainty variety, recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and, rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion), they went on their journey, which, by and by, welcomed *Musidorus’s* eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of *Laconia*) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble vallies, whose bad estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam’s comfort; here a

* Wherever it has been necessary to quote from Homer, I have used Chapman’s translation, as being more vigorous, and in every way more Homeric than that of Pope.

shepherd boy, piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye), they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness. this country is *Arcadia*."

Thus have I weaved a poetic garland to celebrate my entrance into Arcadia; and though the sheep, and pretty lambs, and piping shepherds, and knitting shepherdesses, are now seldom to be seen, it is surely a legitimate source of pleasure to have wandered in the Arcadia immortalized by Sydney analogous to that which has induced many a wanderer to exclaim with rapture, "Ay, now I am in Arden!" when shaded by the green leaves of Ardennes, of which

Sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,

Warbled his native woodnotes wild.

But now I must descend from my Pegasus and mount the more common-place Rozinante; and without doing the Arcadian scenery, through which I ride, the injustice which any description of mine would inflict upon it, pursue my way to Andritzana, which offers a curious illustration of Sir Philip's observation on the isolated position of Arcadian houses. Embedded, if I may so speak, in one great garden, out of which rise all the various trees which flourish in this most pleasant clime; the houses, which form the town of Andritzana, may be seen standing at all imaginable angles to one another; every one of them appears to have been built according to the taste or caprice of the owner; scarcely two of them stand together. There can, of course, be no regular streets, and the passenger who would proceed from one part of the town to another, is obliged to walk in a zigzag direction, dodging round the back of one house, the front of another, and round the corner of a third.

I was particularly amused with an incident which occurred

here the next morning just before my departure for Bassæ. As I have already observed, there being few hotels in Greece, travellers are generally obliged to lodge in the house of any well-disposed Greek, who is willing to be hospitable "for a consideration;" of course, the best house in the place generally obtains a monopoly of this custom; and, as the settlement of accounts is always left to the servants, all that the visiter has to do is to place his hand on his heart, and to respond to the ordinary salutation on departure. I was, therefore, somewhat surprized, when, as I was standing in a little yard before the house where I had slept, drinking my cup of coffee, and inspecting the process of loading the horses, mine host approached me with a small manuscript book in one hand, and a pen and ink in the other; and, having placed the latter on a stone by me, and the former in my hand, stood respectfully by to watch my proceedings. On examining the book, I found that it contained testimonials similar to those which are kept at every hotel on the continent; and this in itself surprized me, as it was the first instance of such refinement which I had met with in the Morea. But what amused me most was that the testimonials were all written in English, and, of course, not understood by the proprietor; and, on examining them, I found, that every one of them bore witness, not to the excellence of the establishment, but to the multiplicity of bugs, fleas, &c. with which the mansion abounded. I gave the poor fellow as good-natured a testimonial as I could, but my conscience, to say nothing of my physical organization, did not permit me to negative the assertion of my predecessors.

I am forced to change occasionally, as the associations connected with the various places I visited present themselves to my mind,

From grave to gay—from lively to serene,
and I must now ask the reader to accompany me to the ruins of the temple of Apollo Epicurius at Bassæ. It is one of the most perfect remains of Greek temples; was the

work of Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, and is now known by the simple name of *stylos*, or the columns. It occupies a lofty summit of Mount Cotylius; but I must decline any attempt at description, sheltering myself under the authority of Colonel Leake, who says, "As to a description of this fine ruin, the first in preservation of the temples of Greece, except the Theseium, it must be left to the painter and the architect; for the latter, in particular, there would be sufficient employment for some weeks." It was dedicated by the inhabitants of Phigaleia, a small Arcadian town, to Apollo Epicurius, or the Helper, in gratitude for his having removed a plague which was raging in the district. I must confess, however, that, splendid as the ruins are, I enjoyed them less than the blended grandeur and beauty of the magnificent view which their position commands.

There are no remains of antiquity between Bassæ and Olympia, at which latter place I arrived after a very long day's journey, still through a very beautiful country. It was a mere whim that took me there, for I knew already that the ruins were of the most insignificant character, and afforded scarcely any assistance in judging of the form of the sacred buildings; but I had a fancy to visit the spot, which may be looked upon as symbolic of Greek nationality, as distinguished from that of the small states of which the country are composed. To this spot thronged, in every fourth year, a great part of the population of every state in Greece; the youth of Athens, of Sparta, of Thebes, of Corinth, and of the minor states, contended here in generous rivalry for the honor of the olive crown, and the victor was held up to the admiration of the assembled Hellenes, and his statue placed in the sacred grove of Jupiter; here too the bards of old Greece recited their poems; the philosophers of the different states met and conversed together; and though there is no direct evidence to prove it, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the Greek dramatists here enjoyed the opportunity of exhibiting their performances before a Panhellenic audience.

Surely it is not too much to say, that, without some such rallying point, where the people of all the different states might meet upon common ground to exhibit a common feeling of love and pride for their common country, it would have been impossible in such a land as Greece, consisting of so many petty states, torn by internal dissensions, to preserve that feeling of nationality which gained for them their long-enjoyed pre-eminence in the ancient world, and could induce the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ to sacrifice themselves for Greece, at a distance of a hundred and fifty miles from Laconia. In the whole of the history of Greece, nothing is more remarkable than the union, in times of common danger, between states always at war with one another, when they had no common enemy. In the most remote heroic ages we find that these dissensions had begun, and read of the wars between the sons of Œdipus and the invasion of Thebes by the Epigoni ; yet immediately afterwards, we find the people of all these states banded together under their respective leaders to avenge a breach of Greek hospitality by a foreigner. It is not long after the return of the princes from the ten years' siege of Troy, that we read of wars between the Lacedæmonians and the Messenians, followed by differences between Corinth and Coreyra. These petty wars between the different states continued so long as Greece was not sufficiently distinguished among the nations of the world to attract the notice of any foreign power ; but, when in the year 490 B. C., Darius sends an armament into Greece, for the purpose of establishing the Persian power in that country, we find the Greeks again a united body, fighting bravely, and conquering, at Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis, not each for his own state, but all for their common Hellas. No sooner are the Persians driven out from Greece, than the Spartans and Messenians are again at war, and the jealousy always existing between the Athenians and the Peloponnesians has already led to the commencement of that great contest which ravaged Greece for so many years, and afforded a worthy subject to the genius of Thucydides. Then we have

“sacred wars;” wars between Athens, and Megara, and Eubœa; wars between the Corinthians and the Coreyroëans; which are all at length merged in the 28 years’ war between Athens and Sparta, and their respective allies; which is followed by another general Greek war, in which the Athenians coalesce with the Corinthians and the Thebans against Sparta. Yet no sooner do we find a foreign invader in Greece in the person of Philip of Macedon, than all these states variously opposed to one another almost without intermission, for nearly a century, are found in a united body opposing the progress of their common enemy. I cannot help thinking that the assemblies at Olympia must have had much influence in preserving this unity of feeling. To take a single instance, what must have been the feelings of his auditory, when at the 81st Olympiad only twenty-three years after the battle of Plataea, Herodotus recited before the assembled Greeks his history of the Persian war!

I now determined to return, by the shortest route, to Athens, and gave Todoree instructions to that effect. He assured me that the shortest way would be, to return to Mycenæ, and thence to Corinth, whence I could proceed by boat to the Piræus; and although he declared that the road was worse than any I had yet passed, and that he believed, no Englishman had ever travelled by it before, all objections were overruled, and we started next morning for Mycenæ. The journey occupied, I think, three days; we were obliged to walk on foot nearly the whole way, as the road was almost impassible for the horses, even without riders. At night we had the greatest difficulty in obtaining lodging, as the people were unaccustomed to travellers, and at first positively refused to take us in. In one village where I stopped, I think, the second night, when I had dismounted in a little village square, I was immediately surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and small children, who subjected me to the most searching examination, but were quite deaf to Todoree’s urgent requests that they would show us where we might rest for the night. The priest was

sought, but not found: the head-man, or mayor of the place, professed himself unable to render any assistance, notwithstanding Todoree's threats of a sound thrashing; and it really appeared probable that we should have to sleep in the open air, when a respectable looking man, dressed in a shooting-jacket and trousers, of very un-oriental dimensions stepped forward and addressing me in most villainous French offered me a bed in his house. This gentleman, it soon appeared, was the schoolmaster, and from such conversation as I was able to hold with him, I found, that he was no great admirer of king Otho, was a determined hater of Coletti, and, though paid by the government, hoped to see its speedy dissolution. "*Tous les Grecs,*" he exclaimed, "*tous les Grecs detestent le ministre.*" He played upon the guitar, and sang better than any other Greek I have ever heard; he also provided me with a very good dinner, and a very comfortable bed, and, what is more, refused to take any kind of remuneration for them. Altogether I think the schoolmaster of Zatana (that, I believe, was the name of the place,) a very worthy man. I accompanied him next morning to his school where I heard about twenty ragged urchins reading one of the orations of Demosthenes with a most execrable accent.

Not having contemplated visiting any localities celebrated in ancient history, on my journey from Olympia to Mycenæ, it was a pleasant surprise when I found myself one morning traversing the battle-field of Mantinea, the scene of five engagements celebrated in Greek history, and particularly interesting as the spot where Epaminondas, after defeating the combined forces of the Athenians, Lacedæmonians, and Mantineans, died, and left behind him a name which, as he himself declared, should be celebrated through all future ages of the world. If the exercise of the most unpretending private virtues, ardent and unvarying friendship, and a sincere love of truth, joined to an ambition which was never stained by any ignoble act, a patriotism which has in itself redeemed his country from the comparative insignificance in which it was sunk at other periods of Greek history, and

bravery, on which his bitterest enemies never dared to cast a doubt, be sufficient to render a man immortal,—then has his own prediction been deservedly fulfilled,—then should the plain of Mantinea be revered as holy ground !

The circuit of the walls of the ancient city is still visible ; I rode across the site : it contains now no human habitation ; the base of a single column, rising about a foot from the ground, stands, as it were, the tomb-stone of the city !

It was a pleasant sight when, from the summit of one of the hills, after a long day's journey, my eyes rested on the plain of Argos and the sea. After a night's rest at the khan near Mycenæ, I proceeded to Corinth, by way of Nemea. In the centre of a wild, deserted, heathy plain, such as that on which Macbeth encountered the witches, stand three Doric columns, the remains of the temple of Nemean Jove. Two of them support their architrave, the third stands alone; its capital has been displaced and it will probably soon fall. These are surmounted by heaps of ruins, which add to the desolation of the scene.

I spent another dreary afternoon in the little inn at Corinth, and started the next morning to cross the Gulf of Salamis to Piræus. I had been absent from Athens nearly a month, and had been on horseback every day during that time ; a few days' rest, therefore, and comfortable board and lodging at the Hotel d' Orient, did not appear by any means to be despised ; and the reader may therefore judge of my disgust at finding, on our arrival in the harbour, that we were just ten minutes too late to receive pratique that night. I accordingly slept in the boat and returned to Athens the following morning.



THE FAIRIES.

Where is thy home, sweet Fancy? Not in Greece,
Though there thine eyes first opened on the day;
But ne'er return to that soft clime of peace,
Though leaf-crowned Oreads abide thy long delay,
And nymph and naiad mourn with bitter tears
The lost companion of their early years.

For there thy Priests, the Bards of old, forgot
How holy was thy source, how pure and good,
And sullied, as they sang, earth's fairest spot
With deeds of folly and with crimes of blood,
Gave their own vices to the gods above,
And dared abuse the sacred name of love.

Then fly, sweet Fancy, fly their sensual rage,
And rear thy throne upon some British hill,
Where the good Fairies, children of thine age,
Sport by the gushing fount and tinkling rill;
And smile propitious as I fondly trace
The simple history of that gentle race.

Once did they hold the elements in fee
And swayed the sceptre of the heavens and earth,
Rode on the whirlwind, roused the sleeping sea
To wrath, presided at the earthquake's birth,
Spoke in the thunder with articulate call,
Revered of man in bower, camp, field, and hall.*

But chief in Spain, that land of old romance,
Their smile was courted and their power confessed:
Witness, ye damsels, snatched by lucky chance
From plotting wizard, or vile fiend unblest;
And witness, genii, ministers of ill,
How vain the strife against their potent will.

Ah! it is mournful that time's rolling stream
Should sweep the mightiest of the earth away
Fast as the vulgar; that each loveliest dream
Should soonest fade in the broad glare of day;
That grandeur must aye share the same sad lot,
One little hour be honored—then forgot.

* Such, if we go back to remote ages, are the offices ascribed to this then powerful race. Their wonders and enchantments, as related in the pages of Don Quixote, are hardly exaggerations of the incidents freely scattered through the romances and fairy tales of England, Spain, and, indeed, every European country that has preserved, in books or ballad-poetry, the history of its early superstitions.

Happier the Fairies. Glorious as brief
 Passed the bright summer of their youthful prime,
 And though the blasting of chill unbelief
 Hath dared anticipate the work of time,
 Yet in this dreary age we still may find
 Some lingering flow'rets on their brows to bind.

And well we may ; for every setting sun
 Swells the vast debt of gratitude we owe
 For troubles vanished and for blessings won :
 Yes ! these are they, who, wheresoe'er we go,
 Gild the dark prospect of life's gloomy view,
 And make e'en gladness of a gladder hue.

Some from the clouds distil the kindly rain,
 Or guide the sunbeams to the choicest flowers,
 Or swell with pregnant life the bursting grain,
 Or turn the woodbine into fragrant bowers ;
 Some frolic light, and scatter, as they pass,
 Soft glistening beads upon the dewy grass.

'Tis theirs to wipe from winter's eye the tear,
 To comfort autumn sick of hope delayed,
 To paint with fresh delight the vernal year,
 And sport with summer in the rustling shade ;
 The while sweet voices mingle in the gale,
 And happy sounds and peaceful sights prevail.

They hold the keys of hope and memory,
 To unlock the sleeping fountains of the breast ;
 And oft by night they glad youth's longing eye
 With sunny dreams of still and perfect rest ;
 Smooth the sick-bed, the weight of years dispel,
 And cheer the prisoner in his gloomy cell.*

Would they had snatched me from dull, heartless man,
 While yet a babe, to join the merry crew ;
 So would I dive, as only spirits can,
 To ocean's caves, beneath the azure blue ;
 My labours light, unbroken my repose,
 With sweet oblivion of all earthly woes.†

* The four preceding stanzas, together with the later ones of the poem, are an attempt to embody the numerous notices and allusions to our subject, found in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and other plays of our great national dramatist. The fairies of England are the fairies of Shakspeare—a harmless, gay people, "all in the merry moonlight tipping dew;" yet, not without their duties; the fields and the forests are their care; through their agency rain and sunshine are dispensed to the earth, and many lesser operations of nature daily carried on. They are represented also as holding direct communication with man: rewarding the industrious, punishing the idle or vicious, and during the hours of night—at which time alone they are permitted to visit the earth—entering chambers, and conveying dreams to the pillow of the sleeper.

† The belief that children were sometimes carried away by the fairies, and changelings substituted in their place, was once generally received by the peasantry of England, Scotland, and Ireland alike.

For there, they say, are climes and regions fair,
 Beyond the reach of ruinous decay ;
 Where grief may never enter ; pain nor care
 Cast their cold shadow and obscure the day :
 But all is fair, and all unearthly bright ;
 And nothing meets the ear, or sense, or sight,
 But suits the home of love and innocent delight.

Thither the fays in countless numbers throng,
 Soon as the sun hath tipped the hills with gold ;
 There, purer streams and leafier groves among,
 They all day long their jocund revels hold ;
 And smoothly do the winged hours flit by
 In peaceful sports beneath a sunny sky.

Yet deem not theirs a lot with pleasure fraught,
 While fondly thinking thou hast seen the whole ;
 Nor shut thine eyes against the gloomy thought
 And cankering care that preys upon their soul ;
 What time they sit, all cheerless and forlorn,
 To wait the coming of the sacred morn.*

There, by the light of the cold barren moon,
 They brood in silence o'er their hopeless fate ;
 For well they know their joys must vanish soon ;
 That death comes surely, though it cometh late ;
 That for them blends the bitterest draught of sorrow,
 A dreamless sleep that knoweth not a morrow.

How ill exchanged for this earth's sharpest pain,
 Her languid noontide, and her sleepless night ;
 That, like the shadows on a morning plain,
 Foretell the dawning of eternal light :
 Say, who would give blithe April's suns and showers
 For cloudless August, with its faded flowers !

Yet ye, kind spirits, can afford to weep
 For mortals, doomed to misery and care ;
 Albeit your love is not a flower to keep
 Its bloom and freshness in scorn's wintry air ;
 So when proud learning spurned you from her door,
 Ye sought the cottage of the humble poor.

With them ye dwell in peace ; for them dispense
 The signs of weather in the various sky,
 And favoured flowers endow with nicest sense
 To see the storm and shut their tender eye ;
 Till science needs must blush, and stoop to hear
 More certain knowledge from the peasant-seer.

* The fairies, though endowed with a longer measure of existence than man, were not supposed to be immortal. On their death, it was believed that they were resolved into the elements, and ceased to exist. Conscious of their exclusion from the hope of a future life, and feeling their inferiority in this respect to the sons of clay, they could not always keep envious and depressing thoughts at a distance, and on the eve of Good Friday, more particularly, they were said to abandon themselves to despair, when they reflected that the following day had for them no more interest than any other day in the year.—See the Introduction and Notes to Scott's novel of the *Monastery*.

For them ye tend the haunted oak, and shed
 Mysterious influence o'er the wishing-gate ;
 And teach the birds that flutter overhead,
 To warn the rustic of impending fate :
 And still ye weep such gentle tears as flow,
 When pitying sorrow melts at others' woe.

Heavens ! how unlike your sisters of the East,*
 That with fell drugs and poison-breathing fruits
 Changed stately man, God's fairest work and best,
 Into the likeness of low grovelling brutes ;
 Upturned whole cities by their potent charms,
 And shook the nations with stern war's alarms.

And have ye left warm Albion's cheerful ground
 For the bleak North's inhospitable caves,
 With naked crags around you, and the sound
 Of rushing tempests and of surging waves ? †
 No ! still ye love the haunts that pleased before,
 The mossy turf and daisy-dappled floor.

Still doth the woodman, by the forest-side,
 Hear unknown music in the distance fade ;
 Still airy forms are nightly seen to glide,
 Like glancing sunbeams, through the opening shade ;
 And still at morn the dewy ring is seen,
 Where ye have tripped it lightly o'er the green.

Such are the tales, that, more than half of truth,
 Win easy entrance to the infant mind ;
 And weave a charm, that neither thoughtless youth
 Nor manhood cold may utterly unbind :
 Dull is the heart, and dead to noble thought,
 That spurns the lessons which a Shakspeare taught.

And why despise the legend ? wherefore slight
 The aid of fancy ? for, though little prized,
 She cannot harm, and haply may delight ;
 As many a weed, neglected and despised,
 Wears a wild grace, or breathes a fragrance round,
 And does not cumber but adorn the ground.

A. C. L.

* The Fairies of the Arabian Nights' Tales.

† The belief in fairies, now nearly, if not quite, exploded, even in the most secluded parts of the British isles, still retains its hold over the minds of the more simple peasantry of Norway and Sweden.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.—No. 2.

— — —
Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

— — —

Before "the beginning," when the whole of the indefinite space, which now teems with the life of endless millions of worlds, must have been but one blank of darkness and nothingness, then, also, an eternal silence must have reigned throughout the now all-exulting universe.

All was dark, void, and silent, from eternity, and would have remained so to eternity, but for the will of Omnipotence.

By that almighty will, a tone, awful beyond comprehension, vibrated through the vacuum, and filled it with its divine melody. GOD SPOKE ! and motion, life, and time began ; darkness vanished, and silence was no more.

The waters separating, rushed from above and below ; the winds sweeping along.

" In emulation of the spheres,
Tuned their sonorous instruments aloft."

The universe rang and re-echoed with the heavenly music of creation. One sound was followed and dissolved by another more soft and melodious ; and the yet discordant clamour of a chaos of mighty sounds died away in concordant and sweeter harmonies.

The Paradise, prepared to be the habitation of man, now perfected, was enchanted by

" The voice of vernal gales,
Which o'er the bending meadows blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow."

Birds warbled the praise of the Almighty, and

" Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain."

But sweeter still, and far more beautiful, was the music of the human voice, when the first man joined the universal concert of nature, to the glory of his Creator, the great Artist.

Having lost his innocence and provoked the wrath of God, he was banished from Paradise, but the remembrance of this happy and originally beautiful state, clings to him as that of a fond dream, which he would fain realize, and makes him naturally long for an expression of it. The painter tries it on his canvass; the sculptor gives life to marble; the poet to express his

“ Thoughts, which lie beyond the reach,
Of the few words of *human* speech;”

calls metaphors and allegories to his aid; and when the Muses sat listening to Apollo, as he touched his new-invented lyre, and

“ The trembling strings around his fingers crowd,
Telling their joy for every kiss aloud,”

these mysterious tones seemed then

“ The dreaming voices of a world unknown,
Heard faintly from the Paradise afar,
Our father’s home, and yet to be our own.”

Such is the essence of all arts, they are but sprouts of the same root, and have the same end in view, to give expression to our inward life, and to reproduce the originally and divinely beautiful.

But, waiving all these notions, which many of my readers will think rather platonic, or extravagant, and considering Art and æsthetic literature as matters of feeling and taste, pleasing and entertaining by means of the senses, to our “attentive spirits,” music, far from being the least significant, is possessed of the most sociable powers, among all intellectual recreations, and we are able to enjoy it, even when our cares and sorrows unfit us for every other mental exertion.

Musical sounds, it is true, are not articulated like those of speech, nor can a musician draw his designs with such fixed, certain lines, as the painter. His language is vague, and his forms are undefined; but still music has its general outlines,

which are represented by the fundamental bass and the treble, which sketch the subject of the composition, while the middle-tints, consisting of the middle, and all ornamental voices or notes, fill up, as it were, the meagre outlines, and give light and shadow to it, and power to its expression. Besides, music has its movements, its discords and concords, and so forth.

It would be preposterous to think, that music cannot express anything natural; but to do so, the musician must be as close an observer of nature as the painter or poet; then also HE will find, that there are not only similitudes among all things, but, as Lord Bacon observed, "the same footsteps of nature are treading or printing upon several subjects or matters."

How easily a tranquil or agitated state may be expressed, every one, who makes the least pretension to musical knowledge, can bear witness to.

The calm and serene condition attached to country life and scenes has been found, for instance, to be most naturally expressed by the 6-8 or 2-4 measure, which, therefore is generally the movement of pastorals.

If we hear a piece of music, which the practised ear will soon discover has been intended to represent a pastoral scene, beginning, we will suppose, with a quiet, *piano*, movement and a pleasing melody,—can we not imagine, that a lovely morn is dawning?—The movement is accelerated, becomes livelier, *scherzando*, *crescendo*, the harmony richer and more varying, the original melody intermixed with others and now and then broken by new and foreign tones; can we not imagine nature to be awakening from her slumber, man and beast bustling and stirring, while thousands of gay flutterers make the woods resound by their joyful tunes, hailing the coming of the lord of day?

The harmony then coalesces into one joyful *unisono*,—and the theme changes to *religioso*; it is as if we hear the simple yet fervent thanksgivings, of the innocent and happy inhabitants of an Arcadian valley.

The music gradually begins to move more grave and *largo*, the harmony less pleasing, though not discordant, the chords are held out longer and longer,—the lovely morning is advancing to a sultry noon, nature begins to groan under the expectation of a tempest, man becomes lazy.

But how can the spiritual language of music be adequately described by the limited powers of words. Music must be *heard*, and its effects must be *felt*.—The following beautiful passage, by George Sand, gives an idea of what can be felt by one who has closely studied human nature, as it is revealed to our intellect through the world of sounds and their combinations. She says, in one of her "*Lettres d'un Voyageur*," "More exquisite, and of wider scope, than the loveliest painted landscape, does not Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony open to the imagination an enchantment of fair prospects, a whole valley of the Engadine, a terrestrial paradise, where the spirit may wander away, leaving behind her, and seeing arise before her, illimitable horizons;—skies where the tempest is born, triumphs, and sinks into silence; from which the bird sings, and the dew glistens in the forests; scenes where the bruised heart expands, where body and soul are re-vivified, and, one with nature, enjoy her delicious repose?"*

For the expression of feeling and passion, music is, beyond all doubt, more imitative than any other of the arts, sound being the most natural and distinguishable representation of feeling; wherefore also the child, before he can speak, and the beast, which cannot speak at all, express pleasure or pain, joy or sorrow, fear or terror, by merely inarticulate sounds.

The painter, to represent piety or devotion, must embody it in the form of some human being—he paints a woman, a Madonna: but music has something religious and solemn

* The English translation of a part of this letter is to be found in "*Music and Manners in France and Germany*," by H. F. Chorley, a work which we recommend also to the attention of our Cape readers.

in its nature; and what can be more expressive of devotion, of firm belief, than some of the simplest Lutheran hymns?

The overtures to *Masaniello* and *Guillaume Tell*, which have both been more than once performed at Cape concerts, and must therefore be known to our music-loving readers, are, for that reason, best qualified to be adduced as instances of the power of comparative imitation by music, though, in other respects, overtures are generally incomplete, being only introductions to complete works. In the one, the very commencement tells of clamour and confusion, while the whole tenor of it indicates the uproar and strife of a revolting rabble. The other, however, begins with the expression of a consciousness of oppression, longing for freedom. Its development represents the results of a calm reflection, in that decisive and resolute manner, which cannot but command success.

Poetry is the finest language to read, but music is a language yet more charming to listen to and to muse over,—and has, in this respect, many advantages even over the drama. This asks a close and uninterrupted attention. “The drama is a tyrant, that must absorb all our faculties, and whose chance of success depends on a thorough illusion. Not so the opera. Music is no intruder. It asks for no admittance into the sanctuary of the mind; it breaks not, interferes not with the train of thoughts or feelings; it brings into them a gentle agitation; it fans them; it gives them an harmonious, delicate turn; it rouses, soothes, inflames, spiritualizes them.”

It is on account of its contemplative and serious nature, its sociable, affecting, and elevating powers, that music is so much beloved, and held so high in the estimation, by the most enlightened nations and the most intelligent individuals; that the greatest festivals are celebrated to its honor. For this reason also the Germans are as musical, as they are scientific and industrious,—the French are enthusiastic musicians. In England, musical talent forms a considerable figure, under the head of foreign imports, for which the

most exorbitant prices are paid, her sons themselves, being too much engaged in share-speculating and money-getting pursuits, to attempt making it an article of home produce.

In Russia and America, music is farther advanced and more generally practised and understood than any other art. "Music is the best and surest cultivator of taste;" says a Mr. DAVIS, in a report of the school commission of Boston, "as it deals with abstract beauty, so it lifts man to the source of all beauty, from the finite to the infinite, and from the world of matter to the world of spirits, and to God. Music is the great handmaid of civilization,, and should no longer be regarded as the ornament of the rich."

Now, to speak of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, which, if not our fatherland, yet is to be our home;—what does it?—it looks with a wondering expectation for things to come! but gazes and expects in vain. Sterile as its Karoo-plains, so does the territory of music here remain uncultivated. Not that they are unproductive in their nature, for one refreshing shower is sufficient to clothe its surface with the most luxuriant verdure. The kindly spirit of one individual will be enough to call forth into life and practical activity, all that love, feeling, and talent for music, which exists, but has not, as yet, been brought under a well-managed cultivation.

As it is, the erroneous direction given to faculties, however able in their nature, caused by the ignorance or one-sidedness of instructors, must have the effect of stifling talent, even in its very unfolding; while jealousy, selfishness, and narrow-mindedness are so many weeds, the spontaneous growth of which forms an almost insuperable impediment to the healthy vegetation of musical talent, and puts a stop to any attempt made for the advancement of music.

Hear, and engrave it on your memories, professors, what Franz Liszt says, that he would expect from you in these days. In an essay, on the occasion of Paganini's death, he expresses his sentiments, and describes the task which every musician should impose upon himself:—"To elevate his life

to the high dignity of which talent is the ideal; to make artists comprehend what they could and what they ought to be; to rule opinion by the ascendancy of a noble life; to awaken and maintain in the soul that enthusiasm for the beautiful which is so near a passion for the good. Let him then henceforward renounce, with all his heart, that selfish and vain character, of which Paganini was, we believe, a last illustrious example. Let him propose an aim for his exertions, not in himself, but beyond himself. Let his powers and acquirements be a means, not an end. Let him, above all, remember that, like nobility, nay, yet more than nobility, *genius bestows.*"

If Cape musicians would appropriate to themselves only a grain of such disinterestedness, and half of these noble sentiments, their anxious and unbecoming fear for their reputation, and along with this, their ungenerous rivalry among themselves, would soon cease. The vanity and domineering disposition of many amateurs and *dilettanti*, possessed of extravagant notions of self-importance, would be checked; the public would regard them as useful members of society, and whimsical and fanciful patrons would not any longer look on them as tools, to be called when wanted, and dismissed at their pleasure, with a "thank ye," or, which amounts to the same, no thanks at all.

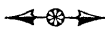
Such a task is difficult anywhere, and would be, perhaps, altogether misapplied in England; but still it is not impossible; and will be less so at the Cape, where the state of society is more favorable to its execution, and which is not, like England, able to pay the highest prices for what it receives, and cannot, from its limited means, sufficiently recompense a first-rate artist like Liszt, Ernst, or others, for the tenth part only of the time and practice which is required to arrive at pre-eminence.

Though we cannot have our Italian opera, or "ancient concerts," or secure the patronage of the illustrious Duke of Wellington; though we cannot engage Jenny Lind and Herr Standigl for a season, or invite Mr. Mendelsohn,

Ernst, or Vieuxtemps,—the Cape *can* have good music ; can have a certain number of concerts every season ; can make arrangements to have always on hand a well-selected stock of new and suitable music, instead of tiring the people's ears, and the performers' hands, with a constant repetition of the same overtures and symphonies.

But the only way to do this and be successful is for the musicians themselves to unite ; to turn their jealousy of one another into a noble emulation to awaken and refine the taste ; to part with their selfishness, and make way for the most yielding disinterestedness ; and, throughout their whole bearing, to assume that sociability and kindliness of spirit which ought to characterize every man, but particularly a musician.

NN.



DUTCH LAWS AND ENGLISH SETTLERS.

One of the greatest objections entertained by emigrants, of any nation, against a settlement in a foreign country, arises out of the circumstance that they must necessarily come under the influence of foreign laws.

This objection is felt by none more than by individuals of British origin. Born and brought up in the firm conviction that the British constitution and laws are the most admirable productions of human wisdom and experience, an Englishman feels an almost insurmountable repugnance to quit the shelter of these highly-prized and venerable institutions for those of a foreign state. As his ancestors said to Richard II, when he was incited by his monkish councillors to attempt to erect the civil and canon laws upon the ruin of those of English origin—" We will not change the laws of England ;" so, at the present time, it will be found a difficult

task to persuade him that it is better he should be ruled by the laws of Holland, of France, or of Spain, in preference to those of his native land. It will be still more difficult to convince him, that to *laws actually repealed, or become obsolete* in the countries whence they sprang, he should bow, as the most suited to his interest, in a colony.

Can we be surprized then that the emigrant should prefer British America, or the United States, to Mexico or Brazil, and Australia to the Cape of Good Hope?

We complain in this colony of the feebleness of the tide of emigration, but it may be doubted whether that tide would not become much feebler were it more generally known in England, how many important rights the Englishman loses, when, forced by adverse circumstances, or urged by the spirit of honest enterprize to become an exile from his native soil, he ventures to settle in this colony.

The laws at present in force at the Cape, are based upon a collection of various codes and enactments in force amongst the Dutch colonies in the East, which collection, made at some period towards the close of the 17th century, is known as "The Statutes of India." In 1715 this compilation was proclaimed as the law of the colony; any point not provided for in the statutes themselves are to be settled by a reference to the civil law; but in case it cannot be found there, then reference was to be made to the laws of Holland.

Such is substantially the fabric known as the Cape law. It has been subsequently modified in some particulars by several colonial enactments, and, since the establishment of the Supreme Court, sundry English laws and customs have been ingeniously introduced and dovetailed into this patchwork—this (we cannot help the pun) *Mosaic* law.

A stranger present at an argument in the Supreme Court would be not a little edified by the glorious mixture of laws and quotations in one and the same case.

The cases and authorities cited by the English barrister (in some mercantile transaction perhaps) are met by his Roman-Dutch antagonist with counter-arguments from the

Pandects, from some not-before-heard-of proclamation of the Emperor Charles V.; some statute from the "Grootc Placaat Boek" of their High Mightinesses the States General, with now and then a "brief reference" to an edict of one of the Dukes of Burgundy, the last of whom died in 14 .*

It is very true, that from the manner in which this colony was founded, and from sundry other unfavorable circumstances, this confusion has, to a great degree, been unavoidable. But the complaint of the British portion of the Cape inhabitants is, that no attempt has yet been made towards the commencement of an undertaking which must be done some day or another, viz.: to revise the colonial laws; to assimilate them, as much as possible, to those of England and her other colonies, and to extend to the British settler the privileges he enjoyed in his own country.

The excellence of the Roman-Dutch law, in many important respects, is not for a moment disputed; but it is inconsistent, to say the least, that the inhabitants of the Cape should be governed by laws at the present moment, (on the ground of the Dutch descent of so many of the colonists,) in the face of the fact, that the old Roman-Dutch law, on which they are founded, is no longer in force in Holland. †

And now that the Cape has become an English colony, and the colonists become British subjects, some attempts might very properly be made to destroy that national distinction which foreign laws and a foreign tongue must necessarily perpetuate. The change, as we have said, *must* some day occur. The number of British in the colony is daily increasing, and bid fair soon to surpass that of Dutch

* Montgomery Martin, in his work on the British Colonies, talking of the unsettled state of the law at the Cape, pleasantly remarks,—“The colonists complain of a great want of uniformity in the law proceeding of the circuit courts; two of the judges being English, act according to that system—whilst the third, being Scotch, follows his national customs; hence different procedures prevail, to the no small annoyance of suitors.”

† The Code Napoleon was introduced into Holland by her conquerors in the year 1811.

descent; while the latter are rapidly becoming Anglicized. In another half century the colony will be thoroughly English in its features. The Eastern Division is pre-eminently English, especially Albany and the District of Port Elizabeth, where the white population is almost entirely of English origin; and it is a matter of surprise that the spirited and energetic settlers in the Eastern Division should have so long submitted to the yoke of a foreign law.

The old Dutch laws, while attended with no particular advantage to the colonists of Dutch origin, are felt as a heavy grievance by the Englishman; in particular with respect to those affecting matrimony, and the disposal of property by will.—According to the first, a man marrying in this colony without an ante-nuptial contract, immediately (though perhaps unaware of the fact) creates a partnership between himself and his wife. In the language of the colonial law, he marries in “community of property;” *i. e.*, one clear half of his estate becomes the property of his wife and her heirs; this partnership only ends with a dissolution of marriage. The effect of this system, while totally unattended with benefit to the wife, very often proves the source of ruin to the husband, as will hereafter be shewn;—at present we will confine our remarks to the colonial law regarding wills, which *forces* a man to provide for his children at the expense of his own interests.

If the English law of primogeniture be unjust, it may be retorted, that nothing can be more unjust, more arbitrary, more injurious to exertion, than that law which interdicts a man from disposing the whole of his property as he judges fit. According to the colonial law, a man, married in community of property, must bequeath to his children a certain portion of his property, known as their legitimate portion;—this he cannot deprive them of.* When the British settlers arrived in 1819, many, totally ignorant of the colonial law on this head, contracted matrimony without protecting them-

* Except in a few rare instances, many difficult to be defined, such as undutiful conduct, &c.

selves by antenuptial contracts. When the predicament in which they thus placed themselves was accidentally discovered,—when they found themselves deprived of the privilege of Englishmen,—so much dissatisfaction was excited, that on the 12th June 1822, Lord Charles Henry Somerset, then Governor, issued his well-known proclamation, securing to all “natural born British subjects of Great Britain and Ireland, married under antenuptial contract,” the inestimable privilege of disposing of their own property in accordance with the laws of England. But, independent of the fact, that an antenuptial contract is, generally, a notarial act, costing at least a couple of guineas, which may just as well go into the poor man’s pocket as the lawyer’s, it is notorious that the greater number of Englishmen married in this colony, even the more intelligent, are utterly ignorant of the effect of marrying without an antenuptial contract, until it is too late to rectify the mischief. It is true, that Lord C. H. Somerset, in his proclamation, “orders and directs the president, or acting president, of any of the matrimonial courts of this government, to explain clearly to every natural born subject of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, who shall be about to enter into matrimonial engagements, and appear for that purpose before such courts, the tenor of this my proclamation, noting on their record their having so done, that no man may justly plead ignorance of this provision;” but not only is it well known, that this was rarely, if ever, done,* but, at the present moment, though the matrimonial court has been long since abolished, no provision has been made to warn the unsuspecting candidate for matrimonial honors of the trap into which he is about to fall.

From the date of the publication of this proclamation nothing further has been done to secure the rights of British

* Some years ago, while matrimonial courts were yet in existence, Major—— the president of a matrimonial court in one of the Eastern Districts, being reproached by an unlucky settler, who had married without having had the law “clearly explained” to him, replied, with true military indifference, that “he wished he might be d—d if he knew anything about the law or the proclamation either.”

residents in this colony; while the proclamation itself is so loosely worded, and so ill drawn, as to defy any attempt to understand it clearly. It leaves many most important points in the dark. It leaves the reader in doubt whether it has a retrospective or merely future tendency; whether it was intended to protect those settlers who had married previously to its publication, or only those who should marry afterwards. It is uncertain whether an Englishman, marrying with a colonist, even under ante-nuptial contract, can reserve to himself the entire privilege of a marriage solemnized at home; nay, more, it is uncertain whether the term "natural born subjects of the Kingdom of Great and Ireland" does not solely mean persons born in the United Kingdom;* thus depriving the son of British parents, if he should happen to be born abroad, of the name and rights of a Briton. Yes, we are told, that though the parents of a man be English, and married in England, and he himself educated in that country, yet, because he was born in South Africa, he is to be deprived of the privileges of an Englishman; and, though born under the British standard, to be robbed of those rights which the humblest individual enjoys in Britain.

We have said that marriage in community of property is felt to be a great grievance by the English portion of the Cape Public; we have also said that it has proved in many instances the source of ruin to the husband, and consequently to the wife. And, although it seems a plausible argument "that justice requires, that a man and his wife should have an equal interest and share in all things," and therefore, community of property is a system which should be supported by law; still this does not upset the contrary argu-

* Such, we understand, is the opinion of the best legal authorities at the Cape. We should, we confess, have fancied that the child of subjects of the United Kingdom, born in territories subject to the United Kingdom, could not be otherwise than "a *natural born* subject" of that United Kingdom. Supposing a British subject had three sons,—one born in England, one on board of ship, and one at the Cape, what subtle distinction would the law make between the three brothers?

ment, that the colonial law imposing community of property is a stone slung round the neck of a man, to hamper and impede his movements. Mark the effect upon a man of business, married in community of property, in the event of the death of his wife. We will put a case:—A. married according to colonial law, has by his own laborious exertions amassed the sum of ten or twenty thousand pounds—no matter what;—of this sum one-half is invested in stores, warehouses, offices, &c. necessary to his business; the other moiety is employed as his trading capital. In the midst of his business his wife dies, leaving a number of children, who have attained their majority; they are entitled, immediately, to demand their “*maternal inheritance*,” or their mother’s share of the joint estate, viz. one-half, which is to be equally divided between them. To raise this sum, the unfortunate husband, *to avoid being sued by his own children*, must either sell off, perhaps sacrifice, his landed property, or must withdraw his capital from business. In either case, should he be disposed, or obliged, to continue in business, he must trade with his diminished capital,—diminished by a legal robbery committed by his own offspring.

We shall not, and need not, proceed further on this subject, satisfied, that if we can succeed in calling attention more strongly to the different matters we have glanced at, the public will themselves take the question up and thoroughly investigate it in all its bearings. But as we have specified the two grievances most felt by the British community at the Cape of Good Hope, perhaps we may be expected to state what we would suggest as a remedy. We should prefer hearing the opinion of some of our colonial legislators, for the same reason that, when our shoe pinches, though keenly alive to the painful impression, we must send it to the shoemaker to be rectified; but, if we might venture to entertain an humble opinion, we should say,—let the colonial legislature take the matter into consideration, and give us a clear, distinct, and intelligible ordinance on the subject, in the place of the confused proclamation of Lord Charles

Henry Somersct;* let them give to all persons born in this colony, as well as the United Kingdom, the privilege of “doing what they like with their own;”—and let us know, whether a man, whose ancestors have lived and died in England for centuries, loses the rights of “a natural born subject of the United Kingdom” if born at the Cape of Good Hope. At all events, some provision ought in fairness to be made to protect the rights of a large and increasing portion of the Cape community, and justice should be done both to the Dutch colonist and the British settler.

With respect to other conflicts and differences between the English and Dutch laws, they are comparatively of a trifling nature; in fact, the commercial law of England is in one or two points slowly but surely supplanting that of Holland, while the question of trial by jury has been thoroughly and recently discussed in the Legislative Council; those interested in the subject are referred to the report published by order of government.

In conclusion, desirous as we are, to see the commencement of an attempt to assimilate the whole of the laws of this British colony to those of England, as far as advisable, we cannot reasonably expect that such an important change can be effected by other than slow and gradual means; a commencement is all the British community ask.

R.R.

* A hint might be borrowed from this proclamation, viz : some steps taken to acquaint parties about to be married with the effect of the colonial law. Perhaps it would be sufficient if it were provided that a declaration should be made and entered in the Register of Marriages, kept in all churches, “that the parties were married according to the laws and usages of England;” which declaration, made just before the ceremony, should, like the entry of the marriage itself, be certified at the time by the officiating clergyman and witnesses, and be taken as sufficient to exclude community of property as an ante-nuptial contract. Of course the latter instrument must always be executed where settlements are made.

A LEGEND OF BOHEMIA.

FYTTE I.

Some three hundred years back, in Bohemia there dwelt
A powerful Baron, called Von Something Veldt ;
On the banks of the Danube he held his chateau,
Keeping up an establishment, quite *comme il faut*,
With hunting all day, and carousing all night,
There never was seen so convivial a wight
 As this Baron so great,
 When he sat in full state,
A drinking Rheinwein with his toes in the grate.

'Till, one unlucky day, it came into his head
That the youth of Bohemia were very ill read.
He gave up his hunting, his meerschaum resigned,
And all invitations to dinner declined.
For diffusion of knowledge he formed many schools,
On Mr. Silk Buckingham's excellent rules :
 Just like that great affair,
 Close to Hanover square,
The destitute called, 'cause why ? no one ever goes there.

And years passed away, and a "*savant*" became
The Baron with that unpronounceable name.
And folks said, that in each scientific pursuit,
"That 'ere Baron Von Something Veldt *was*' nation 'cute."
But his former pals all gave him up in despair,
And his principal huntsman was heard to declare,—
 " What was master about ?
 For he never goes out,
And them 'ere precious bears is grow'd lazy or stout."

And Von Something Veldt passed for the knowingest sage
In that most peculiarly ignorant age ;
And, although of Rheinwein a profess'd connoisseur,
Went so far as to talk of the " cold water cure."
But, of all his pursuits, the " black art" he lov'd best,
And the thoughts of the wizards of ' North,' ' South,' and ' West,'
 Began almost to keep
 Him away from his sleep,
And he swore by Herr Dobler and Monsieur Phillippe.

One night in his tower he sat all alone,
Considering how that same gun-trick was done,
When a tempest outrageous there suddenly came,
The river was foam, and the heavens were flame ;
In short, such a storm, if tradition tells true,
Not even " the oldest inhabitant" knew.
 And sometimes thro' the blast
 Strange figures flew past,
(Like the coves when Der Frieschutz the sixth bullet cast.)

If the truth must be told, Baron Von Something Veldt,
 A little uneasy for some minutes felt :
 But he pluck'd up his courage, and flew to his books,
 In his turret high up, 'mongst the crows and the rooks,
 Determined, at least, to look forth on the night,
 And if He *had* come for him, just to show fight ;
 When, just as he'd popp'd
 His head out, he was stopp'd
 By six grooms of the stud, as upstairs he hopp'd.

Like "quills on the porcupine, fretful," their hair
 And their eyes had all fixed themselves into one stare
 From their foreheads, in showers, fast fell the cold dew ;
 Their cheeks were all pale, and their noses all blue.
 "Now, then, what's the row?" cried the Baron, "ye geese ;
 Is the castle on fire ! Go, call the police !"
 When they all of a row,
 Cried, "My lord, here's a go ;
 There's a cove in the stable we none on us know !"

Then the Baron full loudly for lucifers roared,
 And took "something short" 'ere he drew forth his sword,
 "Lead on to the stable, ye cowardly slaves ;
 Ye idle, debauched, and unmannerly knaves,
 Look to Beelzebub's stall, ye rascals, all run ;
 He's to run ; he'll be hocused, as sure as a gun !"
 Then he bolts down the stairs,
 Taking flights by the pairs,
 As if *he* were a cat, and all his lives hairs.

In the stable, a very queer sight met their view,
 A strong smell of brimstone and fire, as blue
 As in melodramas at the Adelphi is used,
 When virtue's triumphant, and O. Smith confused.
 And in Beelzebub's stall, where they search'd for the wight,
 Whose appearance had caus'd this unanimous fright.
 In a corner, indeed,
 A stranger they see'd,
 In a Chesterfield wrapper, a smoking a weed.

Then the Baron stepped forward, and took off his hat,
 (For in scenes with the devil they always do that)
 And said, "Noble stranger, now tell me, I pray,
 The cause of this visit, unlooked-for to-day ;
 At least, now you *are* come ; perhaps you will stop
 And join me ; I'm just come away from my chop.
 I am fond of a joke,
 —I think, sir, you spoke?—
 And I'll give you a very good weed, as you smoke."

"Most learned magician," the stranger replied,
 "You're politeness itself : as I've had a long ride,
 From a country afar, on the wings of the storm,
 I'll just take a tumbler of anything warm."

“ Please you, sir,” said the Baron, “ I’ll show you the way.”
 Said the stranger, “ that’s right, my old cock, cut away ;
 And, my lord, by the way,
 I may just as well say,
 That I’m going to stop here a year and a day.”

With the Baron this stranger then fixed his abode,
 Shot over his grounds, and Beelzebub rode ;
 And, when other amusements were come to a stand,
 Gave him lessons in magic, that is, “ sleight of hand.”
 And the Baron, who got up to study betimes,
 Became such an adept as to do him—sometimes,
 And declared, that “ he’d stick
 To his friend like a brick
 All his life ;” and in this way they got very thick.

To be concluded in the next.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S SECOND PARLIAMENT:

The last arrival from England brought accounts of the dissolution of the second Parliament holden in the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria ; and it is essential that every subject of the British Empire, who is affected by the acts of that great senate of the nation, should now ask himself the question,—what has been the result of its deliberations ?—what the merit of its acts ?

This is a question which should be asked at the close of every session ; there is no body upon whose doings more jealous eyes should be fixed, for there is none whose influence is more widely extended, or which affects the interests of a greater number of human beings. But the present is an occasion peculiarly favorable for such investigation, being the close, not of a session only, but of a Parliament, and of a Parliament which has expired, not by any sudden party convulsion, but by having reached its maturity, and completed its full term of seven years, without one of those fierce ministerial contentions which have proved fatal to most of its predecessors since the Reform Bill.

The history of the late Parliament would form a curious commentary on the changes which have taken place in the “ venerable British constitution,” since the promulgation of the old and vainly-cherished theory, that the Sovereign, Lords, and Commons, are to be looked upon as three forces pulling in various directions, and thus producing equilibrium.

It would appear, that the British empire is now in reality governed by an oligarchy, appointed periodically by the great body of the people, and accountable to them periodically for its acts. The general election which is now taking place in England, will decide, who is to govern England, and how she is to be governed for the next seven years. The people (the sole source of legitimate power) is about to delegate that power into the hands of the representatives, chosen from and by its own body. That power once given, the people, except on great occasions, are powerless, until it is returned into their hands; the country is practically governed by the House of Commons, and the House of Commons by Her Majesty's Ministers.

That such is the case, few, at the present day, will be found to doubt. No one dreams of such an event as the Sovereign's withholding the royal assent from any measure passed by the House of Commons. Every one will recollect a late memorable occasion, on which the Duke of Wellington awed the House of Peers into submission to the will of the powerful in "another place," by a significant hint of "the consequences to their own body," which might follow their resistance. And if any one question the general obedience of the lower House to the will of the Ministers, we need only refer to two late occasions, on which votes of the House were rescinded, in compliance with Sir Robert Peel's request, backed by a threat of resignation.

This being the present constitution of England, (for there is no question about the fact,) it becomes us to enquire, whether it is an improvement, or the reverse, upon the former system, and whether it is still capable of any, and what improvement. This we may best do by a brief examination of the acts and episodes of the late Parliament.

Queen Victoria's second Parliament was summoned by royal proclamation in the year 1841, in consequence of the defeat of Lord Melbourne's ministry on the Corn Law and some other questions, and assembled on the 19th of August in that year. The general election had proved unfavorable to ministers, who were summarily ejected by a condemnatory resolution of the House of Commons. Sir Robert Peel's ministry was appointed in consequence, and the House met again for the first time under the new Premier on the 16th of September. On the 27th of September Mr. Goulbourn, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, made his financial statement, and the remainder of the session passed off in desultory

discussions on the state of the country, financial difficulties, &c.

The difficulties in which the country was involved at the period of Sir Robert Peel's accession to power were principally of a financial character; and it was to these that the attention of the new Premier was first directed. Accordingly, in the session 1842, Sir Robert Peel brought forward, first, a measure for adjusting the corn-law question on the basis of the sliding scale; secondly, a bill for imposing an income and property tax; and thirdly, a bill for amending the customs' duties' tariff, in which he gave the first glimpse of those free-trade principles, which he has since so openly avowed, but which he had then so recently disavowed at Tamworth. These were the principal measures passed in that session. There was also a poor law amendment bill, which grievously disappointed the hopes of some of the supporters of the new ministry; a ten hours' bill introduced by Lord Ashley and lost; and a bribery at elections' bill, founded upon the report of Mr. Roebuck's compromise committee.

In the session 1843, scarcely a single measure of importance passed the legislature. The House of Commons was principally occupied in discussions relating to the state of Ireland, and the conduct of Mr. O'Connell, on which it would be superfluous further to remark here, as the whole career of that extraordinary man will be found very fully treated in another portion of the present number. Some further alterations were made in the tariff; and the corn laws, the Affghan war, the church of Scotland, and other miscellaneous topics formed the remaining subjects of discussion.

At this period the trial of Mr. O'Connell and his associates in Dublin for sedition, was the subject which engrossed public attention; and the state of Ireland naturally attracted the principal notice of both Houses at the commencement of the following session. A nine nights' debate on the state of Ireland was enlivened by very able speeches from Lord Stanley, Mr. Macaulay, Sir Thomas Wilde, Mr. T. B. C. Smith, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Mr. O'Connell who came over from Ireland for the purpose of taking part in the debate. Various measures were introduced and passed for the amelioration of the Irish law in minor details; and at length, the House, disgusted, as it would appear, at the continual recurrence of this subject, steadfastly turned to other topics. The first of these was the factory bill, on which ministers were defeated; but, in consequence of the

“ explanation” of Sir Robert Peel, the House consented to stultify itself by coming to a precisely opposite decision in the following week. The only other measure of importance passed this session was the Bank Charter Act.

The session 1845, was principally occupied by discussions on the Maynooth and Oregon questions, the former of which caused considerable excitement throughout the country, and did Sir Robert Peel's ministry serious damage with the ultra-tory party. Lord Ashley's efforts for a ten-hours' bill were renewed without success ; and Mr. Villiers' annual motion for a repeal of the corn laws was met by a direct negative from the ministry.

The resignation of Sir Robert Peel, and his return to office on Lord John Russell's failing to form a ministry, gave unusual interest to the opening of the following session. The proposition of Sir Robert Peel for a repeal of the corn laws, and the fierce opposition to which this measure gave rise, occupied the earlier part of the session. The bill was perseveringly fought at every stage in both Houses, but at length, passed the upper House and received the Royal assent. Meantime the disturbances and outrages in Ireland were preparing speedy vengeance for the exasperated protectionists ; the government found it their duty to propose an Irish coercion bill, which was opposed by a combination of repeal and protectionist members, the latter of whom, under the able leadership of Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli, boldly declared that, though they were really opposed to the measure, they would have considered themselves justified in opposing Sir Robert Peel on *any* question, and at any cost getting rid of a statesman, who had so shamefully betrayed the trust reposed in him. In one of his speeches on this subject, Lord George Bentinck spoke of Sir Robert Peel having “ hunted Mr. Canning to death ;” a charge, which was indignantly denied by the Premier, who retorted on his accuser, and thus gave Mr. Disraeli an opportunity for one of the most splendid displays of parliamentary eloquence which had been heard in the present generation. The successive displays of malignant hatred, intense scorn, bitter irony, and sonorous declamation combined to produce an effect upon the house which has rarely been equalled of late years ; and when the speaker resumed his seat, after exclaiming that it was “ a Nemesis that would direct that vote and dictate that decision, and was about to set the seal of parliamentary reprobation upon the

catastrophe of a sinister career," he was hailed with cheering, which seemed to imply that he had for the time succeeded in impressing his audience with his own wrought-up feelings, and obtained their concurrence in the sentiments which he had expressed.

Sir Robert Peel was ultimately defeated on the coercion bill, and the whole of his ministry at once resigned their places. Never was a change of ministry so easily and quietly effected. Sir Robert Peel was defeated by Lord George Bentinck, but he made way for Lord John Russell; and so perfect was the understanding between the old and new ministry, that Lord John actually entertained hopes of persuading Lord Lincoln, Lord Dalhousie, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, to retain their places, and would probably have succeeded in doing so, but for Sir Robert Peel's opinion, that "such tenacity of office" would not be a creditable trait in the character of "such young statesmen."

Lord John Russell only came into office to complete what Sir Robert Peel had begun. The sugar duties bill was the natural and proper successor of the repeal of the corn laws; it was met with equally strong and equally unsuccessful opposition by the protectionists, who were on this occasion assisted by a small party under Sir Robert Inglis, who opposed the measure, on the ground that it would give encouragement to slavery, and by another, under Mr. Grantley Berkeley, who represented the interest of the West India Planters. The bill, however, passed in spite of all opposition, and with its passing ended the memorable session of 1846.

It was not to be supposed that after such exertions our statesmen could recruit their wasted energies sufficiently to effect anything very remarkable in the following year; and accordingly the session, of the termination of which we have just received intelligence, has proved to be the most "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" of the whole Parliament. Punch has furnished the best commentary on it, as follows. "Well master Johnny, what have you been doing this session?" "Nothing, Sir." And what have you been doing master Morpeth? "Helping John, please Sir."

The above is a succinct statement of the acts of the defunct Parliament, and before we speak of their bearing upon the question to which we alluded at the commencement of this article, we may be permitted to pause for a moment's consideration of the measures themselves. They may be divided into three classes,—those which have reference to finance;

those which relate to Ireland ; and those which are connected with the government of the poor.

The principle adopted by the late Parliament, in matters of finance, has been the substitution of direct for indirect taxation. This was not so stated when Sir Robert Peel first proposed his income tax, but it is now clearly understood ; there were then some good-natured people, who trusted to their Premier, payed their income tax with a smile of patriotic complacency, and hoped to be delivered from it in three years ; but there are none such now ; and to wish a man to live till the abolition of the income tax would be as truly Persian, a salutation as " O King live for ever." The renewal of the income tax was followed by the repeal of the corn laws, the reduction of the sugar duties, and the revision of the tariff ; and the principle of abolishing all restrictions on trade was openly declared and adopted. Now every indirect tax is to a certain extent a restriction upon trade ; the customs and excise duties are clearly so ; and even the assessed taxes are so in a certain degree. The window tax, for instance, is a restriction on the glass trade ; the tax on armorial bearings operates as a restriction on the trade of the painters and engravers ; and the same of all the others. It may fairly be considered, therefore, that if the present free-trade doctrines continue to prevail, the abolition of the corn-laws, and the reduction of the sugar duties, are only the precursors of the total abolition of all customs and excise duties, and assessed taxes, and the substitution of one large income and property tax. This is the financial result of the late Parliament ; whether it will be confirmed or disallowed the General Election will decide.

With regard to the amelioration of Ireland, little or no progress was made in the course of the first six sessions of the late Parliament. Sir Robert Peel declared, on coming into office, that Ireland would be his great difficulty, and so it proved. This was owing partly to the recollection of past injuries, studiously kept up in the recollection of the people by agitation, partly to the evil disposition of the people themselves, and partly to injudicious treatment on the part of the government. As a child does not properly appreciate a sugar-plum and a flogging if they be administered simultaneously, so did a Maynooth grant and a coercion bill fail of their effect when placed in such very close juxtaposition. The one was looked upon as a measure of con-

ciliation ; the other of oppression ; whereas had the time for bestowing them been better chosen, each would have been considered a measure of justice. An opportunity has, however, offered within the last year, and has been judiciously taken advantage of, for making the people of England and Ireland better known to one another. The people of Ireland can no longer believe that they are not looked upon as brothers by the people of England ; who, on their part, will look with confidence for the reward of their exertions in trust and love for the future.

Though much has been done for the amelioration of the condition of the poor in England, there is still much work for another Parliament to do in this department. Notwithstanding all the malpractices proved against it, the poor law commission is not yet defunct ; the factory laborers are still little better than slaves ; the mining laborers little better than cattle ; the people are still as uneducated, their dwellings are still as wretched as heretofore. With no great political questions at stake, with no party contests to withdraw them from more useful employment, we will hope that some practical measures on the above subject will be brought before the new Parliament, which will thus enjoy the opportunity of shewing that the great political measures of its predecessor were not passed entirely without advantage to the poor.

The general election, as far as we can learn from the accounts which have reached us, was likely to prove decidedly favorable to government ; and Lord John Russell will thus be appointed the dictator of England, for probably seven years to come. We may and do regret the change which has taken place in the form of English government : we are inclined to believe that the jealous watch preserved upon each other's actions by two great parties striving for power, afforded better assurance for the production of salutary measures than the character, however high, of any individual, however distinguished. We rejoice, however, that this great power is now committed into the hands of a statesman more honest, at least, though not more able, than the late Premier. In the high character which Lord John Russell has ever maintained throughout his public life, we have a security that if he fail in accomplishing the good intentions which we believe him to entertain, it will, at least, not be through dishonesty. He has broken no pledge, he has

violated no promise, he has deceived no party. Some of his actions have been ill-judged, but none dishonest. He has preserved an honorable consistency throughout his career ; and we would rather see the destinies of the empire committed to such a man than to one from whose actions of to-day it is impossible to calculate what may be his measures of to-morrow.



LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

A curious, but by no means an agreeable, illustration of our complete dependence on the mother country, in matters connected with literature, has occurred since our last publication. On the 24th August the "Ocean Queen" arrived in Table Bay from London, and reported, among other cargo, a package of books for the Public Library. Whether the package was never actually shipped, or whether it was lost through accident, or carelessness, we are not able to say; but this is certain—it was not forthcoming. Fortunately it contained only the periodicals for the month of June, so that no very valuable books have been lost; but, whatever may be the treasures contained in the June Magazines, they will remain sealed books to the inhabitants of South Africa for some six months to come.

Owing to this accident we are left in a state of somewhat ludicrous uncertainty with regard to the adventures of some of our imaginary friends. Mr. Dombey, whom we left doing the amiable at Cheltenham, is now, for a second time, a married man, having led to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished Edith Granger, with no very promising prospects of future happiness. Old Solomon Gills is still in a position to be advertised for in the second column of the Times, as "the gentleman who left his home on the 1st of May last, and has not since been heard of." A similar gap is noticed in the struggles of Christopher Tadpole; and the readers (if there be any) of "Margaret Graham" are in a state of inextricable perplexity as to the

fortunes of the heroine of the romance which Mr. James is inflicting on the readers of the *New Monthly*.

The July periodicals have reached us, but contain little worthy of notice. Blackwood and Fraser are as solid, and Bentley as elaborately comical as ever. Poor Hooton's tale is continued in Ainsworth, but does not add much to the posthumous fame of its author; and, on the whole, the *New Monthly* appears to maintain the position which it has latterly assumed as the head of the periodical literature of the day. One of the most interesting articles in the July number is the second part (the first, alas! is wanting,) of a new romance, entitled *The Priest of Isis*. It is by the author of *Azeth, the Egyptian* (a work, the favorable report of which we briefly noticed on a former occasion), and affords very strong evidence both of the learning and of the literary powers of the author. It is a subject for considerable gratulation, that a writer has at length been found who, from his evident acquaintance with Egyptian mythology, is capable of properly working the rich mine of fiction which is supplied by the history, temples, and monuments of ancient Egypt, and of which the world has enjoyed one charming specimen in Moore's admirable tale of *The Epicurean*. The new author does not possess all the grace and tact of the bard of Erin, though he is evidently a better master of Egyptian lore; indeed, to judge from the slight specimen before us, we should say that his principal fault is an inclination to display somewhat prominently his intimate acquaintance with this part of his subject; this, however, is an error of which he will soon become sensible, and we may expect a valuable and agreeable series of Egyptian novels from an author whose name we shall be glad to learn, and whom we welcome most cordially to the realms of literature.

While speaking of the periodicals, we may here remark, that Blackwood's Magazine for July, contains an article which ought to prove interesting to the reading public of the Cape. It is in the form of a version of a French novel, published about two years ago, under the title of *Le Chien d'Alcibiade*, which is attributed to a gentleman very generally known in Cape Town, and known unfavorably to none—M. de Valbezen, the French Consul. Not having seen a copy of the original, we should not be justified in pronouncing an opinion of its merits, which could only be founded upon the few translated extracts which we have seen in Blackwood; but to have obtained such favorable mention

from so very severe a judge, is, in itself, a high compliment to any work, and on these grounds we are warranted in congratulating M. de Valbezen (which we cordially do) on the complete success of his first literary production.

The daily increasing tendency to merge every other kind of literature in periodical publications, has raised up so many new candidates for public favor in this department, as to make the mere enumeration of them no easy task. Whether this can be looked upon as altogether a healthy symptom of the progress of our literature is too serious a question to be treated here. We may, perhaps, return to it at some future period, but at present, our task is only to record, not to dispute. We need not hesitate to award credit where it is due, even though we should be of opinion, that the talents which entitle their owner to such credit, might have been more wisely employed in another direction. And although we should certainly regret to see all our popular authors withdrawing from the field of general literature, and confining themselves to periodical publications, yet, we cannot deny the pleasure which we have derived from a perusal of some of the new magazines to which this rage for periodicals has given rise. Among the most meritorious of this class of work is *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, a book written for the people, and every article in which has its distinct and generally praiseworthy object. *The Penny Magazine* and *The Saturday Magazine*, were published with a view of placing a storehouse of facts and information within the reach of the less wealthy class of readers, which has been created in late years by the more general spread of education. Douglas Jerrold's work was a step in advance, inasmuch as it sought to afford to the same class of readers the more general topics usually treated in magazines, in addition to the dry statements of fact, which were the principal characteristics of the former publications; it combined amusement with instruction, the surest way of making the latter palatable. These two objects seem, however, to have been most successfully achieved in a recent publication, entitled *Sharpe's London Magazine*; which is not here, at least, so well known as it deserves to be. In this work the best artists and engravers have been associated with the most able authors, to produce a work which should combine the attraction of pictorial illustration, with the advantages of sterling literary merit. We gather from the prefaces of the three volumes which we have seen, that the attempts has met with deserved

success in England ; and if these few remarks founded upon a hasty glance at the three first volumes, should serve as a favorable introduction to any readers in this colony, to whom such a work might prove agreeable, we shall not regret their insertion.

The number of new works which have reached the Cape since our last, has not been large, nor have those which we have received been of much importance ; neither is there much literary news of any sort. Among the new books, which *ought* to have arrived, but have not, are *The Jesuit at Cambridge*, by Sir George Stephen,—a work which we desire to see rather for the sake of the author than of the subject ; *Robin Hood*, a poetical romance by the late Laureate and Mrs. Southey ; *Men, Women, and Books*, by Leigh Hunt, a collection of his contributions to various magazines, newspapers, and reviews ; *Materials for a History of Oil Painting*, by Eastlake ; De Lamartine's *History of the Girondins* ; *Russell*, a romance of the time of James II., by G. P. R. James ; *The Protector*, by Daubigné, being an essay on the character of Cromwell, by the historian of the Reformation ; *Ranthorpe*, an anonymous novel, highly spoken of ; *Norman's Bridge, or the Modern Midas*, by the author of *Emelia Wyndham* ; and, above all, the following, which ought to take a standard place in the Public Library of this colony,—*The Completion of Sir John Herschel's Survey of the Heavens : Results of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834—1838, at the Cape of Good Hope, being the completion of a telescopic survey of the whole surface of the visible heavens commenced in 1825.*

The most melancholy part of our literary news is the death of Dr. Chalmers, one of the most distinguished Scotchmen of his age. Dr. Chalmers contributed many valuable works to the general literature of his day ; but during his later years his attention was principally confined to subjects of theological discussion. It is, however, the less necessary for us to dwell upon this subject, as it has been very fully treated by a talented local contemporary.

Among the works received from England since our last are two valuable contributions to our historical literature. Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Peru*, and the third and fourth volumes of Grote's *History of Greece*. With regard to the latter, as we did not notice the two previous volumes, (which were published some months before we first made our bow to the public,) and as we consider the subject of sufficient

interest to warrant a separate article, we shall at present not trouble the reader with any remarks on the subject.

Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* is sufficiently recommended by its author's name to all who are acquainted with his previous work, *The History of the Conquest of Mexico*. It is, perhaps, enough to state, that the present work does no discredit to its author's reputation; and that for clearness of style, eloquence of expression, and accuracy of detail, the book before us has very seldom been surpassed by any modern historian. We purposely extract the following passage, in which the author comments upon "the famous contract" by which Luque, Pizarro, and Almagro, agreed upon the division of the newly discovered empire, as a specimen of his more quiet and even style, which is the general characteristic of the book. We might have chosen many passages more eloquent, but the following is as fair a sample as any of the general character of the volumes before us.

"Such was the singular compact by which three obscure individuals coolly carved out and partitioned among themselves an empire, of whose extent, power and resources,—of whose situation,—of whose existence even they had no sure or precise knowledge. The positive and unhesitating manner in which they speak of the grandeur of this empire, of its stores of wealth, so conformable to the event, but of which they could have really known so little, forms a striking contrast with the general scepticism and indifference manifested by every other person, high or low, in the community of Panama.

"The religious tone of the instrument is not the least remarkable feature in it, especially when we contrast this with the relentless policy, pursued by the very men who were parties to it, in their conquest of the country. 'In the name of the Prince of Peace,' says the illustrious historian of America, 'they ratified a contract, of which plunder and bloodshed were the objects.' The reflection seems reasonable. Yet in criticizing what is done as well as what is written, we must take into account the spirit of the times. The invocation of heaven was natural where the object of the undertaking was, in part, a religious one. Religion entered more or less into the theory, at least of the Spanish conquests in the New World. That motives of a baser sort mingled largely with these higher ones, and in different proportions, according to the character of the individual, no one will deny. And few are they that have proposed to themselves a long career of action, without the intermixture of some vulgar personal motive—fame, honors, or emolument. Yet that religion furnished a key to the American crusades, however rudely they may have been conducted, is evident from the history of their origin,—from the sanction openly given to them by the head of the church,—from the throng of self-devoted missionaries, who followed in the track of the conquerors to garner up the rich *harvest* of souls,—from the re-iterated instructions of the crown, the great object of which was the conversion of the natives,—from those superstitious acts of the iron-hearted soldiery themselves, which, however they may be set down to fanaticism,

were clearly too much in earnest to leave any ground for the charge of hypocrisy. It was, indeed, a fiery cross that was borne over the devoted land, scathing and consuming it in its terrible progress; but it was still the cross, the sign of man's salvation, the only sign by which generations and generations yet unborn were to be rescued from eternal perdition."

It would not be easy to overrate the merit of this work; it combines the exciting interest of a fictitious narrative with the sober truth of history; and while it exhibits marks of the most exemplary care and research after strict historical truth, shows none of that slovenliness of style which constant references and quotations from authorities are very apt to engender. When we consider how very rare historical works have become of late years, and how very few of those which have appeared are worthy of taking a place in the standard literature of the age, the worth of this book cannot be stated too highly. And it were well if some of our English authors would take a lesson in this respect from this distinguished American historian, and, instead of frittering away their energies on ephemeral subjects, would strive to produce works worthy of their country and themselves. The number of English authors who are capable of great things, and yet never rise above mediocrity, would form a melancholy subject of reflection. What monument did Dr. Arnold leave behind him worthy of such a man? What will Macaulay, De Quincey, Disraeli, or Whewell, leave? Any of these men might have produced works which should have characterized the 19th century. At present it seems too probable that their light will continue to be hid under a bushel.

Another work, which is not without its interest, especially with some Cape readers, is the *Autobiography of Sir John Barrow, late of the Admiralty*. The contents of this volume cannot be more concisely stated than in the following extract from the author's preface:—

"The volume contains—

- "1. Reminiscences of early life, entirely from memory.
- "2. Notices and observations on China and the Chinese, from Peking to Canton.
- "3. Notices and observations on the Colonists, the Kaffirs, the Hottentots, and Bosjesmans, of South Africa, from personal intercourse, and on the natural history of South Africa.
- "4. Brief notices of thirteen different administrations, Whig and Tory, of the Navy.
- "5. Retirement from public life, and employment of leisure time.

“ 6. The origin and successful establishment of the Quarterly Review.”

A man who had so much to tell needed no excuse for being his own biographer; and, as the narrative has a useful moral, by showing how a man may rise to distinction solely by his own unaided exertions, we shall briefly recapitulate the principal portions of it.

Sir John Barrow, it appears, was born on the 19th June 1764, of respectable but humble parents; and for his education, he seems to have depended almost entirely upon himself. Being, however, naturally of studious habits, he contrived with some assistance to make himself acquainted with the rudiments of classical learning. His intention was, however, principally turned to mathematics, in which he was greatly assisted by a country sage named Gibson; and his first literary effort was “a small treatise, to explain the practical use of a case of mathematical instruments,” for which he received twenty pounds. Shortly after this, he obtained employment as assistant superintendent of a large iron-working establishment at Liverpool, where he remained until the death of the proprietor and the sale of the business. Thus thrown again out of employment, he was fortunate enough to meet with a Captain Potts, the master of a whaling vessel, who allowed young Barrow to accompany him on a voyage to the South Seas, the description of which is one of the most interesting portions of the book, and contains also some valuable remarks on the zoology or ichthyology of the southern ocean. The following is selected as a specimen.

“The whale, when physically considered, is a most extraordinary animal; and it required all the ingenuity, the practical knowledge, and the indefatigable labour and thought of that greatest naturalist of his day, Linnæus, to give it a proper place in the classification of his *systema naturæ*. He found that the cetaceous tribe of animals had nothing whatever common or peculiar to fish, except that they lived in the same elements; he discovered that their heart was doubly cellular, and circulated warm blood; that they breathed by means of lungs, and that they suckled their young,—none of which qualities are partaken by fish; that they had, besides, a horizontal tail, which fish have not; no scales on the body as fish have; and as he had with wonderful skill and diligence divided all nature into its separate and peculiar classes, as far as known or could be acquired, he placed the whale among those animals that suckle their young, that is to say, in the *order* of the *mammalia*.

“The structure of the throat and mouth of the whale, incapacitates this huge animal from eating or devouring fish, though, living in the same element with itself: the roots of its two lower jaws nearly meet and close the whole throat, so that nothing but the small tribe of *ctios*, small shrimp and worms, mollusca, or marine insects that abound in the arctic seas, can serve it as food.”

On his return from the cruize, he was so fortunate as to obtain an engagement, (upon which all his future fortunes were founded,) as private tutor in the family of Sir George Staunton, to whom he gave so much satisfaction, that when Sir George was appointed secretary to the Earl of Macartney's embassy to China, Barrow was through his interest named Comptroller of the Household, and accompanied the expedition in that capacity. Though the results of the expedition were given to the world, successively, by Sir George Staunton and his protégé, some additional matter will be found agreeably put together in the present volume.

Shortly after his return to England, Lord Macartney was appointed Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, then lately ceded to the British by the Dutch Government, and Mr. Barrow accompanied him as Private Secretary. During his stay here he travelled over the entire colony, and many parts beyond the boundary, and appears to have enjoyed various opportunities of observing the habits and manners of the Kaffirs and other tribes of South Africa. The results of his observations were laid before the public in his *Travels in South Africa*, but his brief account of them, which will be found in this volume, will be read with interest by our Cape friends. Many of our readers will be able to speak to the correctness or incorrectness of the following description. We fear, however, that Sir John will not find many in this colony who will agree with him in his estimate of Kaffir character.

“ We had not advanced far beyond the Hassagai Bosch River, when our approach to the Kaffirs was announced by the whole surface of the country appearing in flames. On arriving in the evening on the banks of the Kureika, we pitched our tents among several hundreds of these people, who came swarming out of the thick shrubbery that skirted the river. A party of women were the first to salute us, laughing and dancing, and putting on all the coaxing manner they could invent, with the view of getting from us some tobacco and brass buttons for their husbands. Good humour, animation, and a cheerful turn of mind, beamed conspicuously in all their actions and in their countenances. They appeared to be, as I believe they were, modest without reserve, curious without being troublesome, lively without impudence, and sportive without the least shadow of lasciviousness. Getting over the prejudice of color, a dark glossy brown verging on black, several of them might be accounted handsome. The rapid movement of the dark and sparkling eye gave animation to the countenance; their teeth were beautifully white and regular; and the whole contour of the face and head was equally well formed with that of the European, which it resembled. They were mostly, however, low in stature, strong-limbed, and very muscular in the leg.

“ The men, on the contrary, were the finest specimens of the human

figure I ever beheld. They possessed a firmness of carriage and an open, manly demeanour, which, added to the good-nature that illumined their features, declared them to be equally unconscious of fear, suspicion, or treachery."

Mr. Barrow remained in the Cape until the cession of the colony to the Dutch in 1802, when he returned to England. He has appended to this portion of his narrative a "note on the Kaffir war of 1846," in which he expresses an opinion, now very generally held, that had the views of Sir Benjamin D'Urban been more vigorously acted upon, there would have been no Kaffir war in 1846 at all.

Shortly after his return to England, he received the appointment of Second Secretary to the Admiralty, which office he held for 37 years. His account of this part of his life embraces a great variety of topics, such as the battle of Trafalgar, ministerial intrigues, the trial of Lord Melville, the re-capture of the Cape, the Antwerp expedition, ship-building, &c. &c. &c.

But, perhaps, as interesting a chapter as any is the last, in which he gives an account of his connection with the *Quarterly Review*, and the rise and progress of that periodical. A similar account of the Edinburgh would form an interesting chapter in literary history.

At the conclusion of the work, Sir John (who, by the by, received the title of baronet from William IV., under whom he had served at the Admiralty when His Majesty, as Duke of Clarence, held the Office of Lord High Admiral) gives an account of his contributions to the current literature of the day, from which it appears that he is the author of 195 articles in the *Quarterly Review*; 12 in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; 1 in the *Edinburgh*, and of 13 volumes of miscellaneous works, in *Travels*, *Biography*, &c.

The only other work,* which it appears necessary for us to notice this month is Professor Ansted's *Ancient World*, which we notice as a valuable addition to a class of books in which science is divested of all unnecessary technicalities, and is thus rendered intelligible and appreciable by persons who have not turned their attention exclusively to scientific pursuits. The object of the present work is to give an account of the form and progress of the earth previous to the creation of man. This, of course, is to be done only by geological illustrations; and the principal part of this work

* We are forced by want of space to postpone our notices of three new novels, *A Whim*, and *its Consequences*: *Castles in the Air*; and *Fortescue*.

does, in fact, consist of nothing more than a specification and classification of the various vegetable and animal fossils found in the various kinds of rock, and of the rocks in which they are found. The following extract will serve best to show the object of the work, and the method of discussion adopted:—

“ In one word, it is by the proper interpretation of fossils that a science has arisen unlike any other in its investigation ; nobler than any, except astronomy, in the object at which it aims ; and more interesting than any, inasmuch as it combines every branch of natural history, commonly so called, with those enquiries into a former condition of existence, which are best calculated to attract the fancy and excite imagination. Removed, however, from the condition which it long occupied, as an amusement for speculative men, who were contented to imagine, for themselves, theories of the earth, and propound them for the astonishment, the admiration, or the contempt of the world,—geology has now become the receptacle of innumerable observations carefully made and accurately recorded ; and from this treasurehouse of facts there must soon be derived a theory that will command attention, and a knowledge of laws, not less universal than the law of gravitation, or the theory of the solar system. Meantime I propose in the following pages to arrange some of these facts in order, and so present them to notice, that while the main results which they prove are plainly set before the reader, he need not be deterred from considering them by any too minute reference to the details of the facts themselves, or the circumstances under which they have been discovered or observed.”

The above is extracted from the first or introductory chapter ; the following chapters treat each of a separate period of pre-adamite history, commencing with granite, which is the only azoic, or non-fossiliferous rock, and carrying on the history through the various deposits of sand and other stones ; and describing the forms of the animals and plants, the fossil remains of which are found in each ; all of which is arranged and related with great ability. In the concluding chapter, the author gives a summary of the results of the entire work, and of the theory which may be deduced from it. The earth, he remarks, is perpetually in motion, not only in its regular course round the sun, but every particle of the globe is always moving ; land is becoming sea ; sea is becoming land ; motion is one of the properties of matter. So when we see a fossil in one kind of rock replaced by another in the next, we are doubtless at a loss to say, how the one kind became extinct, and whence the other had its origin. But as the moth's egg produces a worm, the worm a chrysalis, and the chrysalis a moth again, so in the infinity of nature's wonderful variety it *may be* with

species as with individuals of a species ; and thus one species may have produced another ; and this idea receives confirmation from the fact, that “ there is in the structure of some of these animals,* and especially the fishes, a singular limitation to what is now the character of the corresponding species at an early period of the development of the individual.” This, however, is but a speculation ; and on the whole, our author concludes (in opposition to an authority which we have noticed at some length, in our former numbers) that “ there is no appearance in nature, and nothing in geology that can enable us to explain by progressive development, the gradual deviation of new types, or well marked groups of higher organization from those which preceded them.”

Time and future investigation may, or may not, solve this great problem, but to all who take an interest in such questions, we may cordially recommend Professor Ansted’s work as a calm, clear, and candid statement of the facts, on which any judgment on the subject must be founded.

There is no intelligence of importance from England connected with Science or the Fine Arts.

In Cape Town the drama has carried the palm away from all other amusements. The company whose performances were favorably noticed in our last, have given two more entertainments at the Roeland-street Theatre which have been well attended. We were prevented by ill health from being present at the first of these performances. The second took place on Wednesday, the 22d September, and consisted of Monk Lewis’ play of *The Castle Spectre*, and the farce of *The Mummy*. On this occasion the principal praise was due to Father Philip, who acted his part with a degree of judgment and care, which would have been creditable to any amateur.

Another amateur company has been formed and has given three performances at the Garrison Theatre, the first of which consisted of Shakspeare’s comedy of the *Merchant of Venice*, and the farce of *My Daughter, Sir!*—the second, of the same play and the farce of *Jack Brag*,—the third, which came off only last night, of the tragedy of *Othello*, and the farce of *Jack Brag* repeated,—with, on each occasion, a song by an old friend and favorite, of whose performances it would

* He is speaking of the fossil remains.

be superfluous to speak. We are not at liberty, for obvious reasons, to speak critically of any of these entertainments, but the following prologue, which was spoken on the first occasion, before the play, is inserted with the kind permission of the author.

As hapless mariners, by tempest tossed,
 Their vessel shattered, and their compass lost,
 Still true and steadfast, whilst some hopes remain,
 At length some shelt'ring strand in safety gain ;
 With anxious looks each new retreat explore,
 And scan the features of the foreign shore ;
 Anon a chosen comrade forth they send,
 To crave assistance, if, perchance, a friend
 There can be found, to welcome with a smile ;
 To show them all the " qualities o' the isle ;"
 Refit their bark, and lead them forth again
 To seek their pathway o'er the boundless main ;—
 So I, deputed, thus before you stand,
 Ambassador of our little band,
 No more my way in search of friends pursue,
 Feeling assured that they are found in you.
 Oh, give us welcome ! let the favoring gale
 Of approbation fill our vent'rous sail :
 Grant that we from your shelt'ring harbour steer
 Freight with gratitude and remembrance dear.
 Whilst we remain, we'll strive to give you cause
 To shower on us your deserv'd applause.
 Our vessel, when she sail'd from Albion's shore,
 A freight most precious in her bosom bore,—
 The Drama ;—forced at length her home to fly,
 Her triumphs and her glories long gone by.
 No more old Drury's walls re-echo Kean ;
 No more Macready's at the " Garden " seen.
 The Tempest now's but a mere waste of wind,
 Beside the sweeter breath of Jenny Lind.
 Othello, too, in a falsetto tone,
 Proclaims, indeed, his " occupation gone."
 But yet our hopes revive ; oh, bid them live !
 And a last welcome to the Drama give.
 Bear with us yet, while humbly we essay
 Faintly to shadow our great master's play,
 Contented if your kind applause we win :
 " One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."



GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

A new history of Greece, with any pretensions to literary merit and historical research, is obviously an event in the literature of the day, which requires more than ordinary attention. Since history began to be considered as something more than a mere collection of facts,—since the historian has been required to supply something more to his readers than simple narrative,—various attempts have been made to render the history of different nations, ancient and modern,—the history of their institutions and of the progressive character of their people,—familiar to modern readers. HALL, HOLINSHED, FROISSART, MONSTRELET, &c., are of the first class, aptly named *chroniclers*, in whose hands history is but a collection of dry bones, naked and inanimate:—HUME, ROBERTSON, GIBBON, NIEBUHR, and others, are of the new school, and have attempted, with various success, to reanimate the skeleton, and clothe it with a healthy covering of blood, flesh, and sinews. Yet, great as has been the demand for works of this class, within the last century, the difficulties of accomplishing it are so great as to have rendered success extremely difficult of attainment. Very few complete works, in proportion to the number of attempts, have rewarded the efforts of authors and the expectation of the public. The world still looks for a philosophical and impartial history of England;—a fatality seems to have attended all attempts at Roman history, both NIEBUHR and ARNOLD having been cut off before they could complete the works they had commenced;—GIBBON, perhaps, of modern historians, has been the most successful, but he, unfortunately, chose to illuminate with the rays of his truly classical genius, a period of history in which it is impossible to feel an extraordinary degree of interest.

Three attempts have been made to supply the world with

a philosophical history of Greece: the first, by the late Mr. MITFORD, whose work was for a considerable period the standard history of Greece; the second, by Dr. THIRLWALL, the present bishop of St. Davids; the third, by Mr. GROTE. In inviting the reader's attention to this latter work, the four first volumes of which are now before us, we shall not unnecessarily allude to the labors of Mr. GROTE's predecessors;—it is due to him, however, that we should at once state our opinion that the field was fairly open, and that a history of Greece *and of the Greeks*, containing a proper account, not of their wars only, but of their religion, their philosophy, their literature, and their political institutions, was, up to the time of the publication of these volumes, a desideratum in English literature.

MITFORD's great fault was one, which would have rendered useless ten times the learning, talent, and industry, which he brought to the execution of his task,—an excessive party bias. Many of his comments on the events of Greek history, read more like the leading articles of a newspaper, than remarks on events which took place centuries ago: his estimate of every character, and of the importance of every action, is materially affected by the same feeling, so that it is impossible to trust to the correctness of his narrative, and still more so, to rely on the justice of his commentary.

Dr. THIRLWALL's history was in every respect greatly superior to its predecessor;—there was much less of the spirit of partizanship displayed in its pages, and what there was, being in the opposite direction, had less tendency to falsify the history of a people, whose institutions were essentially popular. The work, moreover, affords proofs of unquestionable talent, and of considerable industry. Yet no one can read it without feeling that it is not *the* history of Greece. It deals too exclusively with *events*,—too little with the character and institutions of the country. In many parts it is little more than a translation of Herodotus and Thucydides, with an occasional reference to the parallel narrative of DIODORUS SICULUS. On the literature of the country the

author is almost silent, which is the more to be regretted, as he is unquestionably competent to deal ably with this part of the subject, and to show how the history of Greek literature might be used as illustrative of the progress of the Greek mind. Lastly, (and this we look upon as its gravest fault,) Dr. THIRLWALL'S work is rather a history of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, &c. than of the common Hellas of which these were but parts.

It is obvious, then, that the field was still open,—that there was still a vacancy in this department of English literature. This vacancy Mr. GROTE has endeavoured to fill up; and we may say at once, that, if he has not altogether succeeded in this arduous task, he has, at least, made so decided a step in advance of all who have gone before him, that, if the work be completed in the same style and spirit in which it has been commenced, we shall, probably, possess in it as good a history of Greece as we can reasonably look for in the present age.

For the convenience of those who have not read Mr. GROTE'S work, it may be as well to state here the plan upon which he has proceeded. He divides the history of Greece into seven periods, the first of which he denominates the legendary period;—the second period extends from the year 776 B. C., the dawn of authentic history, to 560 B. C., the period of the accession of Peisistratus at Athens;—the third extends to the expulsion of Xerxes from Greece;—the fourth to the close of the Peloponnesian war;—the fifth to the battle of Leuktra;—the sixth to that of Chœroneia;—and the seventh to the fall of the Alexandrine dynasty in the year 300 B. C. The four first of these periods are treated of in the four volumes already published; the remaining portions are to be comprised in the four volumes in which it is expected to complete the work.

The whole of the first and the greater part of the second volume are devoted to the account of "Legendary Greece." With Mr. GROTE the *history* of Greece commences with the Olympiads, and he looks upon the period anterior to that

date with almost German scepticism ;—he believes as little in Hercules and Theseus as he does in Zeus and Poseidon, and considers both as the creations of the same imagination and the same belief. HOMER he views as a great poet but in no degree as an historian ;—Agamemnon and Menelaus as heroes of romance, but not as historical personages. He commences history with an account of Greek mythology, not as illustrative of the religion, or character of the people, but, because he places gods, demigods, and heroes in precisely the same category, and considers them all, equally, as the creations of poetic imagination.

If asked whether we regret this course, we answer, unhesitatingly, yes. We believe that there is much of historical truth wrapped up in this envelope of fiction, and that Theseus and Agamemnon, and the other legendary heroes of ancient Greece are to be placed upon a level with our own Alfred, whose existence and the main points of whose history no one doubts, though many of the romantic adventures attributed to him may reasonably be questioned. It is quite certain that the histories of Theseus, Œdipus, Agamemnon, and Ulysses were generally credited by the Greeks of a later age, and the poems of HOMER and HESIOD are quoted more than once, as authentic records of historical facts, by Thucydides, the most careful of Greek historians.

Following, however, the plan which we have above stated, Mr. GROTE commences his history with an account of the legends respecting the Gods : “ I recount these events briefly,” he writes “ but literally, treating them simply as mythes, springing from the same creative imagination, addressing themselves to analogous tastes and feelings, and depending upon the same authority as the legends of Thebes and Troy.” But there is something unphilosophical in thus placing these latter legends on a level with the adventures of Zeus and Apollo. The history of Theseus, for instance, though adorned with various poetic incidents, such as have been employed by the encomiasts of heroes in the early times of every country, does not bear upon its face any marks of

impossibility. That there arose, in the very earliest ages of Attic history, when Athens was not, and the people of Attica dwelt apart in villages, deprived of the strength which union proverbially gives at all times, but never so much as in times of violence and anarchy, a great man, endowed with mind and talents in advance of his age ;—that this man gathered around him his scattered countrymen, taught them their power, and induced them to exercise it ;—that he cleared the country of the robbers by whom it was infested ;—that he relieved his countrymen from a disgraceful tribute, imposed upon them by a foreign oppressor ;—that he established popular institutions among them and a court of judicature, by which all were to be equally bound ;—that he further cemented their mutual confidence and strength by the establishment of religious festivals, by which they were induced to meet together at stated intervals, and, by perceiving their own power, were led to take up a position distinguished in those bustling and active times ;—and that for these good deeds his countrymen should have honored him when living, and cherished his memory after his death, as that of a hero and demigod ; and that they should have attributed to him deeds suitable to such characters ;—all this is probable enough ; and this is the history of Theseus. We cannot, indeed, *prove* that it is so ; yet our belief has this great advantage over Mr. GROTE'S, that it was unquestionably the belief of enlightened men, who lived in times comparatively near those of which we are writing. It was the belief of Thucydides. He might not, indeed, believe in the story of the Minotaur, but he, no doubt, believed, that Theseus was the leader of an expedition against Crete, which resulted in the abolition of a tribute, previously paid to the Cretans by the people of Attica ;—he might not credit the history of the Amazons, but he still doubted not the warlike character and martial deeds of the hero ;—he might not believe in Theseus' descent to Hades, but he still might look upon him as the founder of certain religious ceremonies, the mysteries of which, probably, gave rise to the legend. And this appears to us a

far more reasonable interpretation of the heroic legends, than that which Mr. GROTE has adopted, of classing together the gods and heroes of antiquity, as alike imaginary beings, who never existed except in a poet's fancy.

To the main facts and general truth of the history of Greece, it perhaps matters very little whether Theseus and Hercules ever did or did not exist: the battle of Marathon, and the defence of Thermopylæ would still be recorded as the great achievements, which will render immortal the names of Athens and Lacedæmon; but it is to be remembered that we have only taken a single instance, and that if we succumb to Mr. GROTE's argument in that instance, we must give up the whole period of history previous to the Olympiads. There are certain events which we have been used to consider historical, and which, to our early prejudices, seem to form the only proper introduction to Greek history: such are the sieges of Thebes,—the wars of the Epigoni,—the Trojan war,—the murder of Agamemnon,—and the vengeance of Orestes. Among these we are especially loth to give up the Trojan war, and that for many reasons; not only on account of the beauty and magnificence of the poetry in which the story is enshrined, but because we have been accustomed to look upon HOMER as the first of Greek historians; because his history, divested of those parts which are obviously fabulous, presents to us a picture of the whole Greek nation acting combinedly against a common enemy, whereas if we adopt Mr. GROTE's theory we shall have to contemplate the nation as a cluster of separate states in no way connected with one another, except by the fortuitous propinquity of the territories which they inhabited.

It is very easy to believe in the general truth of the "tale of Troy divine," without pledging one's faith to all the fabulous circumstances which are naturally connected with it, in a purely poetical record. It is not necessary to believe in the amour between Zeus and Leda,—the metamorphosis of the swan,—the mystic birth of Helen, Castor, and Pollux,—the apple of discord,—and the judgment of Paris,—because it is

believed that Troy was besieged by an army of united Greeks, and reduced after a long and obstinate resistance. Many of the above legends, it may be observed, were utterly unknown to HOMER: in the whole of the Iliad there does not occur a hint of the invulnerability of Achilles, or the judgment of Paris, and the subsequent introduction of these legends into the narrative may serve as an illustration of the manner in which poetic fiction has often been grafted on historical truth. Yet it is in consequence of its connection with these and similar tales, that Mr. GROTE (utterly overlooking the high historical value of the second book of Iliad) would have us altogether reject the Homeric poems as utterly fabulous and incredible.

If the term could with any propriety be applied to a critical disquisition of this nature, we should say that there is something almost *insidious* in the manner in which Mr. GROTE attempts to undermine our faith in the truth of the Iliad. Instead of entering into any minute and abstruse arguments upon the question, he relates in highly poetic and romantic phraseology the whole history of the Trojan war, carefully introducing and placing prominently before the reader those parts which are obviously fabulous, such as the judgment of Paris, the wooden horse, and the wanderings of Æneas and Ulysses, and having briefly commented upon the legendary character of the whole, he sums up as follows:—“Whoever, therefore, ventures to dissect HOMER, ARCTINUS, and LECHES, and to pick out certain portions as matters of fact, while he sets aside the rest as fiction, must do so in full reliance on his own powers of historical divination, without any means either of proving or verifying his conclusions.” Undoubtedly; but it requires no very wonderful “powers of historical divination” to reject as untrue the legendary incidents with which this, like every other heroic history, has been adorned, and to find beneath this superstructure of fable a foundation of authentic history, which should present a picture of the Greek nation, united under the leaders of its several sub-divisions, to avenge an insult offered to Greek

hospitality. We never yet heard the general truth of Livy's narrative questioned, because he occasionally devotes a chapter to the prodigies and portents, which were believed by the credulous Romans to signalize the principal epochs of their history; nor should we consider him a very philosophical historian who would deny the general authenticity of Eusebius' life of Constantine, on account of his serious narration of the celebrated vision of the miraculous cross. Why, then, should we require, at the hands of a poet, who was only incidentally an historian, a more strict abstinence from legendary lore than we deem absolutely necessary in a professed chronicler or biographer?

It is not necessary that we should follow Mr. Grote in his attempts to disprove the actual existence of Troy, though we, of course, (entertaining the views above expressed,) are of opinion, that, like all who have preceded him in this attempt, he has made a signal failure, notwithstanding all the ingenuity expended on the task. The question, after all, is principally one of feeling; and the believers have this advantage, that their creed has been entertained by a long line of historical enquirers, from Herodotus downwards, whereas the sceptics in this matter are a race of comparatively recent growth.

Without accompanying Mr. Grote in his dissertations on the other Greek mythes, treated of in this portion of his history, it will be sufficient for us to avow, that we are as uniformly credulous as he is sceptical,—that we, in short, believe almost every one of them to possess some historical truth, whereas he always rejects the probable, when accompanied, in however small a degree, by the supernatural. There is, however, one other question, rather interesting in a literary than an historical point of view, on which we must ask leave to pause for a few moments,—that, namely, which relates to the personality of Homer and the integrity of the Homeric poems.

The reader is aware, that these questions have formed the subject of very intricate and animated discussion, generally

known as the Wolfian controversy, from the prominent part taken in it by the German critic Wolf. The various arguments which have been adduced, in support of the different theories advanced, would occupy a moderate volume, if simply recapitulated, and are, therefore, clearly unsuited to our confined limits. We may, however, refer the reader to the 21st chapter of Mr. Grote's work (occupying pp. 159—277) for as able and concise a statement of the general bearings of the controversy as any which we have met with. In the mean time it may be sufficient here to observe, that the three following are the theories which have attracted most attention:—1, That the Homeric poems were the compositions of one individual, and were composed, with some slight variations, in the form in which they have reached us; 2, That, though all were the works of the same author, and portions of the same plan, they were not originally composed in the form in which we have received them; and 3, That they are, in reality, nothing more than separate songs or ballads, the works of many authors, ingeniously dovetailed into their present form by some later composer. We ourselves subscribe unhesitatingly to the first of these opinions, judging from the internal evidence of unity of authorship and design; the second is the opinion of Mr. Grote;* and the third that of Wolf and most of the German critics. We have no intention of entering here upon a subject, the satisfactory discussion of which would require more pages than we could afford lines, and as Mr. Grote is so far on our side as to be equally opposed with ourselves to the Wolfian hypothesis, we may safely leave the German theory to his management only, observing, that should any of our readers feel disposed to adopt it, it would rather add to than detract from the historical credit of the Homeric poems, inasmuch as it is more difficult to imagine a large number of rhapsodes,

* This is only the case with regard to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The other poems, attributed to Homer, he considers, and perhaps with reason, to be the works of various authors. But in speaking of "The Homeric Poems," we would be understood to refer only to the two great epics, and principally to the *Iliad*.

or bards, agreeing in the incidents of an imaginary story, which had no foundation in fact, than that such a story should be the invention of one highly gifted poet; with which remark we will proceed with the statement of Mr. Grote's theory, with regard to the composition of the *Iliad*, which differs, in some respects, from any with which we are acquainted.

Acknowledging the unity of the *Odyssey*, and deducing from it the *possibility* of any number of complete epics in the age, to which the Homeric poems are usually referred, (that is to say, in an age in which writing was unknown,) Mr. Grote still pronounces the *Iliad* a misnomer, and would substitute for it an *Achilleis*, to consist of the first, eighth, and from the eleventh to the twenty-second books. "The twenty-third and twenty-fourth books," he proceeds, "are additions at the tail of this primitive poem, which still leave it nothing more than an enlarged *Achilleis*; but the books from the second to the seventh, inclusive, together with the tenth, are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem from an *Achilleis* to an *Iliad*." These books, which are not included in the scheme of the *Achilleis*, Mr. Grote believes to have been subsequently introduced and added to that poem by some later poet. We shall state very briefly our reasons for dissenting from this theory.

Mr. GROTE considers that the preamble contained in the seven first lines, of the first book of the *Iliad* (according to the universal practice of epic poets) is completely satisfied by that portion of the poem, which he has marked out as the *Achilleis*, and that the other parts have nothing answering to them in this preamble. The following is a literal translation of the passage in question:—

"Sing, o goddess, the destructive wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus, which brought innumerable sorrows upon the Greeks, and sent to Hades the brave souls of many heroes, and left their bodies a prey to dogs and birds; but the will of Jove was receiving its accomplishment from the time when first Atreides, king of men, and the divine Achilles were separated by strife."

This wrath of Achilles (arising from Agamemnon's unjust seizure of his paramour) is depicted in the first book; the eighth book describes the reverses of the Greeks in battle;

and in the books from xi to xxii we have accounts of fresh engagements, with various success, but generally ending in great losses on the side of the Greeks, which, at length, induce Patroclus to persuade Achilles to allow him to lead the Myrmidons (the troops of Achilles) to the assistance of his countrymen, and, in the ensuing engagement, Patroclus is killed by Hector: whereat Achilles is so exasperated, that he returns to the camp and becomes reconciled to Agamemnon. The re-appearance of Achilles in the field is accompanied by a change in the fortunes of the war; the Greeks are again victorious and the death of Patroclus is avenged by that of Hector. This, says Mr. GROTE, forms a complete poem detailing all the events which are briefly promised in the exordium, commencing with the wrath of Achilles and ending with his reconciliation with Agamemnon. But in taking this view, it appears to us that Mr. GROTE has altogether overlooked the last clause of the proem—the gradual fulfilment of the will of Jove being as much a part of the subject as the wrath of Achilles, or the death of Hector.

The whole action of the Iliad occupies only fifty-seven days, of which twenty-seven are described in the two last books, and twenty-two in the first, leaving for the intermediate books, (viz. books ii.—xxii) only eight days,—surely not too long a period for the Greeks, to take to learn their own weakness, and to beseech Achilles to return to their assistance; and this space is reduced to that of four days, if we strike out the books supposed by Mr. GROTE to have been interpolated; but what is of most importance, is, that these books contain precisely that part of the story, which illustrates the last clause of the proem. The Greeks are represented as suffering, not in consequence of the withdrawal of Achilles, but because Jove has withdrawn his countenance. Thetis beseeches the god to avenge an injury done to her son, and he deludes Agamemnon by a false vision, the consequences of which are shown in the third book; in the fourth book the god again interferes, and with the same effect, and the adverse consequences to the Greeks, from the anger of

Jove, are detailed in the subsequent books, until, at length, the wrongs done to Achilles are avenged, and the cause which drew down the divine anger on the Greeks removed; whereas, if we adopt Mr. GROTE'S arrangement, there is no palpable interference on the part of Zeus, during the whole poem. For the above reasons, we are of opinion, that the Iliad may safely be looked upon as a complete poem, fully carrying out in its details the plan announced at its commencement, and that the idea of an Achilleis is purely gratuitous and imaginary.

Mr. GROTE'S extreme scepticism on all matters relating to what he has designated the legendary period, appears to us to be the great blemish of his work. Wholly denying the truth of what we have been accustomed to consider the *history* of the Trojan war, and of other events antecedent to the year 776 B. C., he deprives himself of the only natural introduction to the History of Greece. It is as if a historian of Rome should commence his work by rejecting as wholly fabulous all events before the establishment of the republic; or, as if a history of England should begin with the reign of William the Conqueror; and thus the commencement of Mr. GROTE'S second period is evidently constrained and unnatural. This difficulty he seems to acknowledge in the following passage:—

“In going through historical Greece, we are compelled to accept the Hellenic aggregate, with its constituent elements, as a primary fact to start from, because the state of our information does not enable us to ascend any higher. By what circumstances, or out of what pre-existing elements, this aggregate was brought together and modified, we find no evidence entitled to credit.”

This looks rather like cutting the Gordian knot, but, after all, it is perhaps more satisfactory than the learned treatise on the ancient Pelasgi, which encumbers the first volume of Dr. THIRLWALL'S history.

Debarred, as we have already observed, from the only natural introduction to the more authentic portion of his work, Mr. GROTE has substituted a very well-written description of the geographical peculiarities of Greece, accompanied by some ingenious remarks upon the influence which

they may be supposed to have exercised upon the Greek character ; and drawing attention to the marked superiority of Sparta among the states of Greece, in the earlier periods of her history. He has very ably and clearly pointed out the several steps, by which Athens gradually raised herself to the position of a rival to this leading state, until, at length, she was in a position to dispute with Lacedæmon the leadership of Greece in the Persian war, and finally to obtain this much-envied position ; from which point the history is evenly pursued down to the battle of Marathon, and the close of the fourth volume. We are not acquainted with any English work in which this part of Grecian history is so ably and clearly related, and those only who have read the work itself will be able fully to understand the pleasure with which we pass to this portion of it from that on which we have found it necessary to dwell at greater length, because we then were forced, on many points, to differ from the opinions of the author. To critics, however, who are at all worthy of the name, it is always a greater pleasure to award praise than censure, and the reader who will commence Mr. GROTE'S work at the beginning of the second period, will find little to detract from the pleasure of perusal.

In this portion of the book, upon which we have left ourselves less room for remark than we could wish, we would especially direct the reader's attention to the 6th and 11th chapters, in which the author treats of the laws and institutions of Lycurgus and Solon, as illustrative of the historical character of the Spartans and the Athenians.

These two races may be taken as the respective representatives of the conservative and the progressive principles in ancient Greece, except that in so far as there was in those times more room for progress than in our own, men of all classes of opinion, may now look with some degree of sympathy upon the popular principle, which prevailed in the government of Athens, and which, by inducing her people to cultivate the society of other nations, and willingly to admit the use of foreign arts and inventions, led to their

pre-eminence in literature and all kinds of polite learning, as naturally as these were discouraged at Sparta by a worse than Venetian oligarchy, the ruling principle of which was to depress and break down all classes of the people to the condition of machines, the springs of which were ever to remain in the hands of the Ephori.

It is to this circumstance, much more than to the almost exclusively Athenian character of the Greek histories which have descended to us, that we must attribute the natural inclination of authors and readers of Greek history, to concentrate their attention on Athens and Attica; and in this respect, as in many others, Mr. GROTE has shewn his superiority to most of his predecessors, by pointing out the original superiority of Sparta, and the gradual steps by which Athens raised herself into the position, first of a rival, and afterwards of a superior. The institutions of Lycurgus and the proceedings of the Ephori engage none of our sympathy: we cannot contemplate with any pleasure the picture of citizens, possessing none of the rights of citizenship but blindly performing the behests of their rigid rulers; of females trained to masculine exercises and dressed certainly not in feminine attire; of marriages sought and solemnized, only with a view to the production of citizens, who may be useful to the state, and ruthlessly broken through if found to fail in that object; or of husbands calmly promoting their own dishonor at the bidding of an imaginary public duty. This was the state of things at Sparta under Lycurgus, and in the history of that state we notice a constant tendency to contract, so that whether the commencement of an arduous war, or the massacre of 2000 Helots was the object in view, the will of the Ephori was sufficient to accomplish it.

Precisely the reverse of all this was the case at Athens. There, instead of turning the citizen into a machine, the state policy was to cultivate his tastes and render him an intelligent and useful member of society; instead of political power being placed in the hands of a select few, citizenship and statesmanship were convertible terms, and however re-

pugnant such a political condition may be to our own ideas of social order, and however true it may be that, in the after times of Attic history, the highly popular nature of the political institutions of Athens led occasionally to consequences the most disastrous, and acts the most reprehensible, we still cannot but look with a complacent feeling upon the state which produced an Æschylus and a Sophocles, a Thucydides, a Demosthenes, and a Plato.

We must here take leave of Mr. GROTE'S work with feelings of great general satisfaction, and with the pleasant expectation of shortly renewing the acquaintance on the continuation of his history:—a book which deserves a place in the library of every scholar, and which is likely to hold, for many years, the position of the standard history of Greece in the English language.

NOTE.—In the above article we have avoided as far as possible the practice of extracting large portions of works under review, feeling sure that those readers who take an interest in the subject will have studied the work itself. To those, however, who only wish for a favorable *specimen* of Mr. GROTE'S *style of writing*, we may point out his spirited account of the battle of Marathon and his able remarks upon the effects of that victory, in the 36th chapter of the second part of the work. We may here also remark that we have not adopted Mr. GROTE'S new orthography of Greek names, from a conviction that though correct it can never become general: even Mr. GROTE himself is not consistent; he writes for instance, Isokrates, and Korkyra, and ought of course on the same principle to write Thukydidēs and Attika. We have, however, generally adopted the Greek instead of the Latin names of the gods and other mythological characters,—that change having been sanctioned by the practice of most modern writers on Greek history and literature.



EUPHROSYNE.

A TURKISH TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

“ One of the persons of whom the Ottoman Porte stood most in awe, several years ago, previous to the breaking out of the Greek insurrection, was the late Ali Pacha of Yanina, the noted Governor of Epirus and Thessaly. He had three sons, Mouctar, Veli, and Salik, but was undetermined at that time to whom he should leave the sovereignty. Mouctar Pacha, the eldest, combined with the intrepidity of the father, a noble generosity of character. He was susceptible of the warmest feelings of love and friendship. A young Greek lady, of the greatest beauty, named Euphrosyné had captivated the heart of young Mouctar, and he was in the habit of passing his evenings in her company, and that of her companions. In this society all the ceremony of Eastern etiquette was completely banished. Upon discovering this circumstance, Ali Pacha ordered that Euphrosyné and fifteen of her female friends should be drowned in the Lake Yanina, so celebrated afterwards for the catastrophe which befell this celebrated warrior in the eighty-second year of his age. But as no one would venture to lay hands on Euphrosyné, Ali executed the sentence himself on that unfortunate victim.”

“ Ah, miseram Eurydicen animâ fugiente vocabat,
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ !”

Virgil Ath, Georgiis.

CANTO I.

Where fair Leucadia's marble steep
Gleams high above the azure waves,
And airy wild notes round it sweep
Resounding from its ocean-caves,
As if some wandering spirit's strain
In plaintive murmurs sigh'd along,
Diffusing o'er the stilly main,
The mournful cadence of its song ;
Hush, 'tis the sound of Sappho's lyre,
Love lingering still with fond despair
In those lone grottoes, that respire
Their sweet, sad echoes to the air ;
Wooded by the genii of the deep,
Her spirit with impassioned prayer,
In tones, that make the Naiads weep,
As sorrows' bride seems spell-bound there !

* * * *

Lo, where yon snowy Pindus' peak
 Kisses the clouds that round it lie,
 And soaring thro' them, seems to seek
 A kindred-glory with the sky,
 Far o'er its bounds, where once a band
 Of godlike men, their race begun,—
 Say freedom, say, is this the land
 Where Greece, and thy bright cause were one ?
 Mark is yon towering rock, the strait
 Where Sparta's hundred heroes stood,
 And to uphold a country great,
 Bedewed it with their blood ?
 Or, must we mourn, that now a race
 Warring 'gainst freedom, to disgust,
 And led by tyrant hearts, debase
 Their name with ruthless strife and lust ?
 Land of the brave, whose classic lore
 Still marks the splendour of thy worth,
 When glory's pœans, round thy shore
 Hailed thee, the brightest of the earth !
 Clime of the sun, whose balmy skies
 Draw forth thy fragrant odours still,
 Where nature's charm, in beauty vies,
 And all is noble save man's will :
 Alas, must such things ever be,
 Forsaken land of liberty ?
 Whose mouldering fanes, and marble piles,
 Still yield their dust for Havoc's smiles.
 And yet tho' humbled in thy fall,
 How startling is thy name, withal,
 How bright thy fields,—thy skies, how blue,
 And emerald bowers, how beauteous too,—
 Where all is fair, save freedom's light,
 Whose once unclouded, starlike ray,
 Is now o'erwhelmed in darkest night,
 And all its glory passed away.

* * * *

Amidst fair Yanina's bright halls,
 Where yonder bulwarks sweep around,
 And the lone sentry's footstep falls
 In sullen echoes on the ground,
 Behold, within that spacious fort
 Bold Ali Pacha has his court.
 That gloomy spot, that massive pile,
 (Like one dark cloud, when earth and sky
 Around, above is seen to smile.)
 Attracts and awes, all fearfully ;
 Yet, seldom has the stranger's gaze
 E'er been permitted to behold,
 Fortress, so fashioned to amaze
 As palace-hall, or prison-hold.*

* The chief palace of Ali Pacha, like his personal character, exhibited a combination of all that was great with all that was horrific. Dark and narrow pas-

For there, as if to prove, how oft
 The human mind loves all extremes,
 Tho' outwardly to scorn the soft
 And the luxurious, Ali seems ;
 Within those walls, the rich and rare
 Of every clime, is gathered there,
 And sumptuous halls of state present
 The pomp of pride's embellishment.

* * * *

Dark and determined is his glance,
 And stern that troubled countenance,
 As if the bosom would avow
 Some fierce resolve, which fills that brow,
 As if the cloud now gathered there,
 Like that which threatening skies present,
 Had, pent within it, lightning's glare,
 Shortly to shake the firmament.
 But why is Ali's heart possessed
 Of such wild thoughts to mar its rest ?
 For, round those palace walls of late,
 No stir of strife appeals to fate ;
 And if it does, around him stand
 Three goodly sons, at his command,
 To head his fierce Albanian band.
 Oh no, he fears no coming foe,
 A thought of war had made him smile,
 So little does our reason know,
 What stirs to hate, or leads to guile,
 Not deeming that when passions lower,
 Vengeance is vented on a flower.
 Or wouldst thou ask, why o'er the dove,
 That emblem sweet of peace and love,
 Does the hawk poise its wings, to dart
 And pierce the little trembler's heart ?
 Mysterious oft is nature's plan,
 Yet darkest in the soul of Man.

* * * *

But he, the eldest of the three,
 Tho' as intrepid as his sire,
 Still teems with sensibility ;
 And Mouctar's soul with all the fire
 Which burns within the Pacha's breast,
 Of softer feelings is possessed ;
 For Friendship, with no treach'rous light
 Within young Mouctar's bosom glows,
 But fervently, serenely bright ;
 Or, as a limpid streamlet flows
 From springs that unpolluted glide,
 When first the earth receives their tide.

sages led the way into magnificent and spacious apartments. Beyond them were magazines where the Pacha had collected all sorts of curiosities, the fruits of his depredation and extortion,—being no other than a Robber's Den on a grand scale ; and in many of his palaces, subterraneous dungeons contained innumerable victims, who lingered on their wretched existence in chains.

And love, whose loose and lawless might
 Inflames the heart in Eastern clime,
 And deems it not a deed of crime,
 To feed the sensual appetite,—
 Oh such is not the gentle power,
 Which gives its spirit as a dower
 To light his path, his soul to bless,
 And lead him on to happiness.
 And thou Euphrosyné, thou couldst tell
 How much he loved,—how fond,—how well !
 That love, man's nobler nature knows
 Which is not fed by passion's throes,
 But with affection fondly warm'd,
 When gazing on that form of thine ;
 Where even Vice had been disarm'd,
 In kneeling at so fair a shrine.
 More beautiful than aught beside,
 Is the soft light of maiden's eye,
 Where thoughts of tenderness allied,
 Allure the feelings ;—we may fly
 To other visions deemed more fair,
 Which fade when woman's charm is there ;
 Faint is the rapture that to *this*,
 With earthly blessings can compare,
 Or own an attribute of bliss,
 To claim the heart's impassioned prayer !
 Star of this sphere, whose seraph-smile
 First gave man's heart a glimpse of Heaven,
 Although array'd with many a wile,
 And still awaiting to beguile,
 Formed in thy soft enchantments given :
 Let coldly nurtur'd dictates chill
 The heart, to love and thee a stranger,—
 For thee man's senses sweetly thrill,
 Or brave the tempest, strife, and danger,
 Whilst stoics, who, with steadfast brow,
 Meet sorrow's cloud, or joy's caress,
 In inward thought, must fain allow
 The might and light of loveliness !
 For love, whose spell beyond the art
 Of mortals, to subdue its power,
 Steals softly in the yielding heart,
 And claims dominion, every hour ;
 Through every clime its banner bright
 To beauty's votaries, waves unfur'd,
 For their delusion, or delight,—
 The idol of a captive world.

* * * *

The dews of eve are lightly sprinkling
 On many a flower that else would die,
 The lovely stars are brightly twinkling
 Bespangled o'er the deep blue sky,

And list,—oh list, from yonder bower
 The tones that from soft music spring,
 Made sweeter in that silent hour,
 Are borne along on Zephyr's wing ;
 It is the lyre's rich cords, which move
 To fair Euphrosyné's plaintive song,
 Who in the absence of her love
 Beguiles the time, that seems so long,
 For tediously the moments reign,
 Till those we love return again.
 But stay, those tones no more prevail,
 The voice and air awhile are still,
 Save when some warbling nightingale,
 To the queen-rose pours forth its trill ;
 Till suddenly a sprightlier measure
 Tells that the dance has now begun ;
 'Tis Mouctar's presence brings that pleasure,
 Why then the eve's a jocund one,
 For never did Euphrosyné's heart
 Her mind's enchantment so impart,
 As when those glances, sweetly shy,
 Sought out, the lov'd one lingering nigh ;
 Displaying charms, whose impulse wrought
 As a bright talisman of thought,
 Disarming wanton Envy's breath,
 Which would have blighted beauty's wreath,
 As if her innocency's spell
 Proclaimed, what feeling could not tell !
 And seated by that maiden's side,
 Oh, who is more than Mouctar blest,
 With his belov'd one to abide ;
 Owing the joy, on each impress'd.
 Is there a charm that nature grants ?
 Is there a hope for which he pants
 More dear unto the lover's prayer,
 Than finding her, his bosom's care,
 With a devotion, void of art,
 As deeply cherish'd in the heart ?
 Behold, assembled in that hall,
 Her handmaids and companions fair ;
 Yet, 'midst their beauty, she, of all,
 Is loveliest of the many there.
 With form array'd in matchless mould,
 As that fair goddess, prized of old,
 Whose sculptur'd charms, in grace divine,
 Have made earth worship at her shrine,
 When Genius glorified the clime
 Where Phidias wrought, with skill sublime !
 Her glance, all eloquently bright,
 And radiant as the diamond's light,
 'Twas marvelled, if in sweet disguise
 Heav'n had not settled in her eyes ;
 Angelic, as our fancies fill,
 Yet to the heart, a woman still !

Upon whose cheek, the loveliest rose
 Had shed its hue in soft repose ;
 Whose glossy tresses wanton'd down,
 Where beauty's charm, had fixed its throne ;
 And innocence and peace possessed,
 Imparadis'd that maiden's breast.

* * * *
 * * * *

O'er the calm of water stealing,
 When the moon is in the sky,
 And no other sound appealing
 Murmurs forth the faintest sigh,
 Oh, how sweet is music's note
 Thro' the air its tones diffusing,
 As the strains in rapture float,
 On the ear that swell now losing
 Numbers sweet thus rise and fall,
 Melody, enchanting all !
 Hark, the maiden's lyre is strung,
 Feelings soft around it rise,
 Which from rapture's incense sprung,
 Joins the love-song as it sighs ;
 He, the dear one by her side,
 Listening to the heav'nly strain,
 Which along the moon-lit tide,
 Caught by echo,—lost again,
 In the stilly midnight air,
 Melts in dying softness there !

“ How doth the heart responsive say,
 To every thought the bosom wakes,
 Oh, may my breath be flown away,
 When he, who loves me now, forsakes ;
 Yes, may its pulse departed be,
 When looks like thine, are false in thee,
 And vows but stream,
 As the lightnings gleam,
 A ruin both to love and me !
 “ See how yon silvery moon-beams shine,
 And kiss the flowret's bathed in dew,
 Thus flow these inward thoughts of mine,
 All borne along to Hope and you.
 The stars bespangled are more clear,
 The night-wind's sigh is music dear,
 And every tone
 To the owlet's moan,
 Is soften'd too when thou art near.

“ Tho' nature's glad voice fills the scene,
 When balmy spring its smile renews,
 And seas be bright and skies serene,
 And roses their sweet breath diffuse,

Yet in my heart no joy shall wave
 If faithless proves the vow you gave,
 And sun or shower,
 Tho' they cheer the flower.
 Alas, will light upon my grave."

'Twas hush'd and Mouctar gaz'd intent
 On that face of beauteous blandishment,
 He felt his heart within was true,
 And knew not where the cause to rue,
 Which rais'd in that fair maiden's mind
 A doubt, that he would prove unkind ;
 Yet her eye became with tear-drops dim,
 As her sweet song ceas'd, and she gaz'd on *him* ;
 But he press'd the lip which had lately spoken,
 And gaz'd on the ring, affection's token,
 Whilst his soothing words were in tone express'd,
 Like the soft winds' sigh for the ocean's rest !

" Oh, never shall Euphrosyné's heart
 Know what it is to be deceiv'd ;
 I scorn the spoiler's treacherous art,
 Who, bent to make false vows believ'd,
 His soul's dark feelings will disguise,
 In any shape, to win his prize.
 But love to me beams as some ray,
 Pure from the Prophet's realms above,
 Where Houris blest for ever pray,
 In strains that breathe of endless love ;
 And mine a spark divine so given ;
 And thine a form like those of Heaven,
 Sent on this earthly sphere to bless,
 And lure the soul to happiness.

" Our sun of eastern clime is bright,
 And gilds all nature with its glance,
 But, ah, it brings not such delight
 As does thy smiling countenance.
 The roses which thy maidens braid,
 Around thy brow in beauty fade,
 When gazing on that cheek's soft tints,
 Where loveliness its charm imprints ;
 And tho' in boyhood's younger days,
 My sight then loved to muse and dwell,
 On the dark eye of the gazelle,
 It has no lustre to my gaze ;
 Nor can I prize it half so well,
 Or deem it of transparant hue,
 Since thine was usher'd to my view.
 Then do not dream of sorrow's wile,
 Or cloud a brow, born not for care,
 I only live within that smile,
 Our prophet would not ev'n forswear,
 Such looks as thine were such alone
 Seen hovering round his sacred throne !

“ The bee that revels all the day,
 Extracting sweets from many a flower,
 For me may wing his wanton way,
 And wooing freshly every hour,
 Prize his inconstant joy, and sip
 A moment's balm from every lip ;
 But mine shall be the bird's unchanging,
 Tho' with the dawn unfetter'd ranging,
 At evening to return to rest,
 And cherish still the downy nest,
 Which hallow'd first, it fondly wove,
 To rear the offspring of its love.
 Oh, balm of sunshine brightly given ;
 Oh love, sweet visitant from heaven,
 Descending to this earthly sphere,
 To bless our wayward fortunes here,
 How often does the sensual will,
 Which so inflames man to excess,
 Lead him to scorn the softer thrill
 Of true affection's warm caress ;
 But thou Euphrosyné, fair and pure,
 Like some bright star for guidance sure,
 Sheddest a ray so softly dear,
 That should the heart be lured to stray,
 Thou would'st retrieve its lost career,
 And lighten to a purer way !”

He paus'd, and from Euphrosyné's lips
 Each sweet ambrosial accent sips,
 As breathes her soul its soft replies,
 As if a seraph's voice confers
 Its inspiration's charm to her's,
 And in that tone enchantment lies !
 “ Oh no, I cannot deem untrue,
 Him who hath ever vow'd sincerely ;
 Should love, alas, the heart imbue
 With doubt or guile, that loves so dearly ?
 Behold yon rose upon its stem,
 Which waves so beauteously to view,
 How does its virgin-diadem
 Attract in fragrance and in hue,
 And yet one cruel grasp would sever
 Its gracefulness and bloom for ever.
 Look to this one at morning sun,
 Your fancy cull'd and brought me hither,
 Yet scarcely strews the night its dews,
 When all its bright leaves droop and wither !
 'Tis thus when faithless lips belie,
 Their too confiding victims die.
 This little flower, with blighted leaf,
 Is a true emblem of the grief,
 Which fills the mourner's stricken heart,
 When love forlorn feels hope depart.
 But thou hast ever constant been
 To me thro' many a vanish'd scene,

Then, why should I in thought repine,
 And wantonly a chaplet twine
 Of night-shade dark, the hours to wile,
 When absence clings to memory's smile ?
 Come I will sing e're we retire,
 That livelier strain you so admire,
 For Cynthia warns us in her flight,
 That lingering hearts must lisp good night !

“ Oh haste for love a bower to find,
 Where amaranthine roses spring,
 That he may feel himself enshrin'd
 In one ne'er wishing to take wing,
 And let it be the care of our's,
 To nurse the everlasting flowers.

For love is not th' unconstant boy,
 That mortals deem and lips declare,
 The fault is our's, that we destroy,
 The tissue sweet, which binds him there,
 And when we've broken once his chain,
 He seldom trusts the heart again.”

* * * *

Thou heav'nly messenger of love,
 With downy breast and wing of dove,
 Whom mortals from their fragile bark,
 Send as the wanderer of the ark,
 To seek glad tidings of their fate,
 And bring an olive branch of peace,
 Hope on thy pinions all elate,
 Where golden visions never cease.
 The soul will soar thro' calm or storm,
 Lured by soft fancy's winning form ;
 To glowing realms of quenchless light,
 Wanders the sweet enthusiast's sight,
 Where love and faith for ever kiss,
 And life is made one dream of bliss !

But oh, 'tis not 'midst fairy bowers,
 Lighted by stars and wreath'd with flowers,
 And couch o'er which sweet odours creep,
 That love may not be doom'd to weep.
 For say, is not the fairest bud,

Hope ever nurs'd or fancy rear'd,
 By some untimely blast or flood,
 Amidst its opening beauties sered ;
 Too often stricken to the ground,
 With all its fond mates withered round ?
 Yes, time alone can but unfold
 The veil, whose outward loom is gold,
 Yet, ah, behind whose tissue lies
 A vale of tears, a world of sighs,
 Dreamt not by hope, seen not by youth,
 Till the dark future breathes the truth,
 To turn the cheek of beauty pale,
 That softly weeps o'er sorrow's tale.

MY FIRST CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER I.

My first campaign!—What stirring recollections of by-gone scenes do these few words awaken in my mind, on which the memory loves to dwell in mingled pain and pleasure!

Oh, happy, happy days!—When wilt thou be again as then, my spirit! unshackled by those irksome cares, the cankering chains of every day existence, which, paltry in themselves, yet, sanctified by the tyrant custom, convert, in their sickening repetition, our being into very bondage. Ah! never!—And for that gay and buoyant recklessness, which, guiding thee through so many chequered scenes of toil and suffering,—peril and privation,—still shed its light and cheering beam over all,—this, too, alas! is gone for aye!

Most saddening thought! to stand amidst the wreck—But where am I?—Having drunk a bottle of Port in the interim, it strikes me this style will positively never do. I find myself growing so supereminently sublime, that (as sublimity is not my forte) I should, doubtless, soon end in being supremely ridiculous. Excuse, then, good reader, my reining up thus suddenly, and pardon this little burst of enthusiasm, on the score of its sincerity. They *really were* happy days, those I speak of,—the happiest, indeed, I ever spent;—nor, I sincerely believe, can any thing earthly ever come up to them.

Don't mention Love in comparison,—though he too is a pleasant little deity enough, while he gives it you all your own way,—nor do I know of anything more delightful than to be seated by a pretty girl, (both of you, of course, deeply smitten,) to look into those eyes, at times so bright and sparkling, but now softened down to an expression of most melting tenderness,—to listen to those subdued and tremulous tones of young and confiding passion, which fall as gently—die as sweetly on the ear, as the last low notes of an expiring swan; to hear the throbbing heart beat in quick and responsive unison with your own, and feel the lovely little arm which encircles your waist, (strange as it may seem to you, Miss, *there are* such things on record,—indeed, I can vouch for

one or two instances myself,)—to feel it, I say, press you in sweet abandonment, close and still closer to that beating heart aforesaid,—yes! these, doubtless, are all very delightful. Then the flushed cheek—the long down-cast eye-lash—the *slightly dishevelled* glossy hair—(for one *must* distance those tantalizing plaits now and then,—they invariably cover that part of the cheek, which wears the richest bloom,—that part, in short, one most likes *looking at*.) and above all, that exquisite thrill, (I can't describe it, but you know what I mean) which, like an electric shock, though far pleasanter, of course, shoots through one frame and communicates itself instantaneously to the other,—in short, all these little concomitants (with a few others which I *might* but *won't* enumerate in minute detail,—it looks so like a merchant's clerk's inventory) certainly do render a “grande passion” the very pleasantest thing in this “best of all possible worlds,”—that is, as I have said before, while they last.

But ladies must change their loves as well as lace, and *then!*—when you come to mourn over the progress of estrangement,—to mark that summer sun of affection, beneath the full splendour of whose noon-day beams you have so long basked, gradually setting, amidst clouds of soft emotions, late bright as himself, but now subdued to tenderer tints, as if sorrowing over the consciousness, that with his decline, they too must grow cold and dark,—to watch the deep mountain shades of indifference, lazily flinging, like wearied Titans, their lengthened forms along, and scaring away, by their dark presence, the playful beams that before desported so glowingly over the scene,—to dwell in sadness on the last golden ray, which still lingers fondly on the heart, till, at length, even that fades away, and the gloom of a long-lasting night settles heavily on the desponding soul,—in short, (not to mince the matter) to find yourself flung aside like an old glove, and all that tenderness which (poor maniac! you had once believed your own for ever, lavished on some whiskered fop, perhaps because an *eligible*, (hateful word!))—to study the averted glance,—the ill-dissembled sneer,—or, worse than either, the studied civility,—till, in the madness of despair, you rush frantically home, and after stamping vehemently about for a full hour and a quarter, tearing out a few handfuls of your hair, without any palpable object in so eccentric a proceeding, and (by a train of argument peculiar to desponding inamoratos) deducing from sundry incoherent hypotheses, the

extremely logical conclusion, that you are "too wretched to live," sit down before an open razor-case, (for every boy from fourteen upwards sports razors now-a-days,) to meditate on SUICIDE!—Happy conclusion!

The joys of the table, too, and they are very great, (start not, fair reader, I tell a melancholy truth.) Drop in with me, prythee, for a moment, on a party of boon companions. What a running fire of jests flashes round! What merry peals of laughter respond to each! How brilliant the play of wit! The sallies of fancy how quaint!—It would seem as if jolly Momus and his laughing train had, in the wantonness of riot, hurled their sovereign Reason from her throne, (perhaps with her own footstool) and after pulling to bits all the palace furniture, which that sage empress delights in ranging so primly, flung the pieces about into motley grouping,—strange, striking, and fantastic as themselves,—and all this produced by a few bottles of champagne!—Exquisite result!

But look on one of this same merry party next morning, as, with pallid visage, tremulous hand, and his whole mind "steeped in a dim delirium,"—he moralizes over his soda water, and almost resolves, like old Falstaff, to "forswear sack and live cleanly." Miserable wretch!—Psha! I'll none of it!—*at least, till next stranger night.*

Then for avarice, (I should know something of this too; I once kept a five-pound-note rather more than two weeks.) It is one of our master passions. But, not to follow it through all its disguises, take it in its most fashionable form,—the spirit of gambling. Watch the gamester as he grasps that magic box, which, if not, like Pandora's, containing within its circle all the evil passions flesh is heir to, possesses, at least, the spell, which can awaken many of them into quick vitality. See, how his eye sparkles—his hand trembles with excitement. He has just thrown, and won more than *even his* most sanguine hopes could have expected. What a flush of joy has it called forth on his brow!—Will he rise contented? No!—The demon of AVARICE is within him. He throws again—and has lost. But luck may yet return,—and again and again the dice rattle on the board, and, in one short hour, his mind veers round, with his play, to every point of the compass of emotion. At last, though, see, he rises,—but where is that flush of joy? It is gone,—and in its stead a ghastly paleness—the paleness of despair! He rises—a ruined man.

And lastly of ambition, with its turbulent hopes, and no less tumultuous fears. Well, indeed, may it be styled the last "infirmity of noble minds,"—and who on earth happier than he, who after toil incalculable, has just arrived at the goal of his long cherished hopes?—But even the stirring delights of this passion have their counter-balances.—Not to mention the palling which ever follows possession, take in to consideration the pain that waits on disappointment.—For not the hunter, having almost gained the height which looks upon his game, when he feels the earth on which he rested for his last spring crumble to dust beneath his feet, and himself preceipitated to the point from which he started, without the strength to face the steep again,—not the shipwrecked sailor who, after striving manfully against the tide, 'midst the rushing of waters, and the breaking of billows over his head, just as he touches ground and begins to hope for safety, finds his exhausted frame hurried back by the retiring wave, and the shore, but late so near, recede for ever from his sight,—not even these can feel so much of agony as wracks the bosom of ambition's baffled minion (his, too, is more prolonged)—when after days of labour, and nights of vigil, he at length sees before him the object of his exertions, the goddess of his dearest aspirations—and as he strives to clasp to his heart the longloved Egeria of his soul—finds it vanish from his embrace—an airy nothing—an empty phantom of the brain!

No! give me but a good horse, a faithful band of followers, and a trusty rifle (one of Smith's, for instance, warranted genuine) and untempted by the united delights of love, wine, power, and pelf, I would once more gladly turn my back on the world, its cold heartlessness, and glittering vanities—and off to the wars again!

Who may you be, good reader, and, if a man, and unhappy, why?—Are you a disappointed lover, surprised at being blighted in those hopes which seem, like summer flowers, but born to die?—or a man of overwrought sensibilities—one who has sighed for a true friend, and, after long search, cried *eureka*—yet found him not?—or, (I speak it reverently as one who has known and can sympathize with woe) a griefworn relative, whose drooping spirit (like a weeping willow by a grave) bends mournfully over those kindred ashes, to which we must all too soon return?—Or a child of pride, standing, like Marius, amidst the shattered columns of your own once towering hopes?—Or simply a

poor distressed devil, beset by creditors, with too much reality in your sorrows to have room for sentiment—the sort of fellow who sneaks instinctively round corners to avoid his tailor’s shop—and would cherish his first receipt as a manuscript curiosity?—whoever you may be, or whatever your grief—duns, debts, disappointment, distress, or desperation, (*experto crede*, I’ve known them all,)—take my advice—rush at once to the nearest levy, and enlist yourself for the “service of your queen and country”—which, as you all know, is only a polite synonyme for gaining your own ends through the medium of the public. I feel quite positive the change will do you good.—But perhaps you are an *Ennuyée*—one of those outcasts who saunter listlessly through society, with a brand like Cain’s upon their brow—a sybarite who weeps over his ruffled roseleaf—and sighs like Xerxes for a new pleasure? If such be your unhappy case, to you too, sir, do I recommend my great Panacea, (that is, provided you are not already utterly emasculated) and if you find not, a first campaign make what remains in you of manly blood leap with a more healthful briskness through your veins, than all your languid delights could accomplish—then set me down as a fortune-teller—a fashionable physician—a barrister in sharp practice—a railway-scrip-seller—or any other gentlemanly term for a professed “sayer of the thing which is not,” that, at so short a notice, you can conveniently lay hand on.

CHAPTER II.

And now, dear Reader, for dear you undoubtedly are to me (especially if a young lady—and pretty withal) having gone through these preliminary flourishes, as much to your satisfaction as my own, I shall proceed, in another chapter, to give you a few sketches of this aforesaid first campaign, about which I have been making such a pother.

Deficient they, undoubtedly, will be in point of colouring, richness, and execution, but if the mere outlines be (as most certainly they will) but tolerably correct, you should note this rather as a beauty than a blemish. It will leave something for your imagination to fill up—from which arrangement (not to mention its saving me a considerable deal of trouble) you will doubtless glean much amusement as well as profit; or at any rate, if your fancy be too obtuse for this, it will at least leave ample scope for the last resource of dullness—

finding fault,—which (I call scolding wives to witness the fact) is in itself a great luxury.

Tantaratarata—tantaratarata!—Somewhat thus sounded our rude reveillez one morning long ere break of day—and never did pibroch peal more shrilly along the hills of my race, than did that clear bugle note over the bleak plain on which we were encamped.—“But what does the fellow mean by calling that noise a reveillez—no more like it than the hundredth psalm! Shocking muff!”—Such, methinks is the judicious stricture of some newly fledged ensign, made still more cutting by that supercilious sneer which newly fledged ensigns know so well how to assume.—A fine touch of criticism truly, good master pipeclay—and quite in the liberal style of your school. But allow me to ask you one question. Simple burghers as we were, we found it answered our purpose—by awakening us—and what can yours with all its twists and turns, crotchets, quavers,—and for that matter semiquavers to boot—pray, sir, what can yours do more?

Tantaratarata! Scarce had the last note died away on the ear, ere the gallant subaltern, as became a man of his grave responsibilities—might have been seen with a light spring to emerge from his * veld-kombers—and then proceed—to dress himself you would say?—no, he was already dressed, and after passing his fingers, (in lieu of the comb) through his tangled hair, and administering unto his hands and face the very minimum ratio of water consistent with the term washing—lo!—his toilet was performed.—Proceed, I was about to say, to rush wildly through the ranks, rousing the drowsy, hurrying on the slow, and (to his shame be it said) distributing sundry malidictions most impartially among all.

A few minutes more, and all was bustle and confusion.—Some wrangling for package room—others disputing about muskets—a third party justling one another for firesticks to light their pipes with, but every one acting on the principle that he greatly promoted the good of the service by putting himself as much as possible in the way of every body else. Then the swearing—a perfect olla podrida of blasphemy—oaths in choicest variety, English, Dutch, and Portuguese, resounded on every side,—while high above all, rose the shrill language, apparently *all* execration, of the yelling wagon-drivers to their refractory oxen. The effect of the whole was quite exhilarating.

* Sheepskin blanket.

At length, however, the chaos subsided into something like order.—The men had fallen in, and even the wagoners (who seem from the tardiness of their movements, to have taken unto “themselves and heirs for ever” the Irish version of the Onslow motto—*festina lente*—viz: “go as fast as you can without hurrying yourself;”) even those dilatory sons of sloth had spanned in their cattle—and the train was soon in motion.

But here, even as the artizan, when work comes more heavily than its wont, cuts small beer dead for a while, and recruits his energies by a draught of vigorous porter, in like manner it behoves me, with my rising theme, in the homely phraseology of Mrs. Gamp, “to draw a stronger tap,” and relinquishing for a brief time prose, refresh my drooping muse from the more potent springs of poesy.

Perhaps, though, you may think this simile unworthy the dignity of the subject? Very likely—make a better—or, if you can’t do that, pray rest content with what you can’t improve.

But no—that is not in human nature—so here goes—

Night’s ebon hues were changing to morn’s first tinge of gray,
When wearily and drearily we wound along our way,
All nature lay as dead, no sound broke on that plain so bleak,
Save the measured tramp of marching men and wagon’s heavy creak.

The very heav’ns seem’d waxen wan, the few faint stars that shone,
Cast but a pale and flickering light, the morning star alone
Look’d down upon the slumb’ring earth with gaze as bright yet mild,
As lights a mother’s eye when bending o’er her sleeping child.

There was a gloom in all around, a sadness in the hour,
That sank upon the lonely heart with an all dark’ning power,
Awaking thoughts of home, dear home, and lov’d ones left behind,
Perchance ne’er to be met again, within the o’erwrought mind.

Then many thought, aye, shudd’ring thought, albeit undreading death,
Of those whose every hope was hung upon their fleeting breath,
Which the next moment might see spent, and in such strain to think,
Is in itself an agony might make the boldest shrink.

Oh say not that a soldier’s is a rude unfeeling life,
E’en midst the conflict’s kindling rage, the tempest of the strife,
Such gentle thoughts will still break in as gleams the rainbow’s form,
Most lovely midst the darkling gloom and flashes of the storm.

We journeyed on in silence, each mind with thought o’ercast,
Or ponder’d o’er the future dim, or dwelt upon the past,
When rose a low sad strain, through air as tremblingly it floats,
As when the lark, to jocund morn, awakes his warbled notes.

Thus gently solte it on the ear, that morning hymn divine,
 From *one*, but *now* upheld by *all*, it thrill'd along the line,
 No voice but swell'd its hallow'd choir, still higher and more high,
 Peal'd forth the full ton'd melody, vibrating to the sky.

Oh ! ne'er can I forget those strains, it seem'd as if a ray,
 From heav'n itself had shed its beam to light us on our way,
 When joining on that orison, each sadden'd spirit sought,
 By pray'r to dissipate the gloom that hung upon its thought.

And thus too will it ever be ! while borne on pleasure's tides,
 For heedlessly o'er life's proud waves the soul in triumph rides,
 Nor till its helm be shatter'd, all helpless, tempest-driven,
 Drifts it unto its safest port, an humble hope in heav'n.

Yes, e'en as from the rock's hard breast the clearest fountains spring,
 And to refresh its barrenness, their chrystal waters fling,
 Thus too from out the desolate heart where sorrow most is rife,
 Gush forth the hollow'd wells of truth, the only founts of life.

And still we journey on, but not as before, in silence ;
 for already has the pretty coquette, by poets yecept Aurora,
 stepped out of her boudoir in the east, looking fresh and
 blooming as my *present* love, and lavishing her rosy smiles
 on all around, almost as profusely as that sublime of flirts,—
 my *last*.

It really is a lovely morning. Myriads of grasshoppers
 join their jocund chirrup to the warblings of birds, who pour
 their melody from every bush. The young sun shines out
 unclouded above the serene horizon, and every blade of the
 rich red pasture is bright with sparkling dew-drops. The
 river, too, which winds along the plain, here and there
 shows its glistening surface, like a huge snake casting its
 skin, beneath the pale mists which late enfolded it, but are
 now largely dispersing. In short, every thing in nature
 wears its gayest aspect,—except the mountains in the dis-
 tance,—they look very *blue*.

The men seem to partake of the enlivenment of the scene,
 and the merry joke, quick repartee, and loud laugh, follow
 each other in quick succession, as with brisk elastic step they
 walk by the side of the wagons. Nay, even my noble steed
 (or "*spirited cow*," as a friend of mine used to call him, in
 jocular allusion to his age and appearance) even he, generally
 so staid, is infected with unusual sprightliness. Not to men-
 tion several asthmatic neighs, he has, within the last half-
 hour, made three desperate attempts at backing, which,
 though they only ended in convulsive twitches of his hind
 quarter, yet showed a wild recklessness of spirit within him,
 most unbecoming his years and general gravity.

What a pity it is, that all are not gifted with the powers of that far-famed merchant of Rotterdam, the proprietor of the cork-leg, whose pedestrian feats have been so sweetly commemorated by the lyric muse. But, unfortunately, it is not so. Even the strongest can't walk on for ever,—particularly on an empty stomach. No wonder, then, if after eight hours of sharp marching, many of us began to flag, and feel forcibly reminded, by divers yearnings of the appetite, that there was such a custom extant as breakfasting.

But hurrah! here comes the commandant galloping up to tell us we are at the out-span place, and right pleasant is it to see the black bandy-legged old bugler start forth from the ranks, and after sundry little flourishes, extort from his instrument a "noise obscure," a sort of bugle-call gone mad, which in the simplicity of his heart, he denominates a very pretty halt,—and the men, how quickly they throw off their accoutrements, and divide their forces, some to fetch water, others wood, but all exerting themselves for the general good.

One of the prettiest spots I know, is this same outspan-place. Will you wait a moment, kind reader, till I have knee-haltered my horse, and, if it so please you, we'll ascend the eminence yonder, and admire it together.

Here! shall we lie down in the shade of this mimosa tree, where the long green grass offers so luxurious a couch, and wild flowers, with their almost overpoweringly sweet fragrance "charm the blood" into a sense of voluptuous drowsiness.

Now—for the prospect. We are in a little rivulet, its chrystal waters gurgling impatiently as they chafe along their stony bed. Those cold, gray, willows on either bank, how mournfully they bend over its course! Like guardian-angels do they seem, watching the frowardness of a playful child, or sadder still, like spinsters, of a certain age, grieving over the stream of their too rapidly departing youth. Then the level lawn beyond, how bright the verdure in which it is clothed,—how picturesque the herds of cattle grazing on its pasture,—how striking the groups assembled round the blazing wood-fires, scattered upon its smooth expanse! And as the eye ascends, what lovely blendings of gay and sombre tints deck the hill-sides which rise precipitously above, bristling from their base upwards with thick and tangled bush. Lastly, how bold the outlines of those encircling hills, which so imposingly enclose the scene! Is not the whole a perfect little gem?

But a truce to scenery—for here comes my faithful myrmidon, with a kettle of coffee in one hand, and a carbonatje, sweet and juicy as a Hottentot alone can make it—stuck on a stick, in the other. So now, feeling as I do, the great moral duty which devolves upon me of numbering these little articles as rapidly as possible among the things that were, after which, by the aid of a pipe, I can take a nap with a clear conscience,—I shall bid you, good reader, for the present at least, farewell.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 320.)

CHAPTER IV.

Rumours of War—Danger to Travellers—State of Greece—Character of the Greeks—The siege of Missolonghi—Brigandage—Government of Greece—King Otho—Greek reforms—Modern Athens—The Palace—The Public Square—The Hotel—Walk round Athens—Temple of Jupiter Olympius—The Arch of Hadrian—The Street of Tripods—The Monument of Lysicrates—Diogenes' Lanthorn—The Dionysiac Theatre—The prisons of Socrates—Monument of Philopappus—Panorama of Athens—The Pnyx—The Arcopagus—St. Paul at Athens—The Temple of Theseus—Museum of Antiquities—The Stoa of Hadrian—The Agora—Hadrian's tariff—Lord Elgin's Tower—The removal of the Elgin Marbles—The Tower of the Winds—The Acropolis—The Roman fortifications and the Venetian Tower—The Temple of Victory—Restoration of the Temple—The Propylæa—Neglect of the Acropolis—The Parthenon—The Erechtheum—History of the Temple—Its plan—Visit to Mount Pentelicus—The Monastery—The Quarries—The view—Sunium—Temple of Minerva—A race through the rain—A family party—A pleasant night—The Plain of Marathon—The Battle—The monument of Miltiades—The tomb of the Athenians—a ride on Pentelicus—A Greek carriage road.

My short tour in the Peloponnesus made me a much greater lion among my acquaintances at Athens, than it has among my friends in England. When I appeared at the hotel, or in Browne's reading room, (for there is in Athens a reading room, kept by one Browne, where you can read the *Times*, and the *Morning Chronicle*, and *Punch*, and the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Quarterly*, and the *Edin-*

burgh, and in fact, every thing that you can read at your club in London,) and mentioned the places which I had visited, it was immediately pronounced a miracle that I had brought back my head. "Why," exclaimed one, "there was an insurrection a week ago at Tripolitza." "Why you must have been in the very midst of the fighting at Andritzena," declared another; and certain it is, that, notwithstanding the almost unvariable civility which I had met with wherever I had been, I should soon have begun to look upon myself in the light of a hero, when some one capped the climax, by declaring that there was a "civil war at Sparta," and I eternally disgraced myself by pronouncing that it was the civillest war I had ever heard or read of.

Seriously, the ignorance or wilful misrepresentation of the state of the country, which exists at Athens, is to me quite unaccountable. As to any danger to travellers in the country, I believe, that, notwithstanding the cautions which are always given not to go into such and such a district, there is no instance on record of any foreign traveller having been robbed, or in any way interfered with, in any part of Greece. Indeed any one, who will reflect for a moment, must see, that outrages of this nature, at least, are unlikely to occur; it may be very safe for a miscreant, under the patronage of government, to commit robbery and murder against those who can only look for protection, or vengeance, at the hands of that government, which has the ruffian in its prey; but English or French ambassadors are not very likely to allow outrages of this kind to be committed against the subjects of the nations which they represent, without forcing the Greek government to take the proper steps for the punishment of the offending parties. As to the general inhabitants of Greece, I believe them to be a very useless, idle, inoffensive set of men, who are quite content to live upon onions, cigarettes, and wine, and to "take no thought for the morrow." Capable of enduring a vast amount of bodily labor and fatigue, they are willing to endure it by fits and starts, so that it do not interfere with these their favorite enjoyments. I may give, as an instance, the man who accompanied me in my tour in the Morea in charge of the horses. I hired the horses at Nauplia and kept them until my arrival at Corinth, and during the whole of this time, full three weeks, this man accompanied me on foot, walking, I suppose, on an average, about twenty miles a day, singing his villainous chants the whole time,—and never tired. When we stopped for the

night, and I was always glad to lie down thoroughly fatigued with my long ride, this fellow's first care was to see his horses properly attended to, and then he would produce an onion, or a hunch of coarse bread, to which was added the remnant of my dinner; not, however, until Todoree had satisfied his own hunger. Now this man was perfectly happy; but if you had asked him to stoop to gain his living by agricultural labor, he would have pulled out his dagger and grinned defiance on the spot.

These men, I am told, make excellent soldiers, and, indeed, as far as my judgment goes, they seem to go through their evolutions very creditably. Their bravery it is impossible to doubt, for they gave many glorious proofs of it in the war with the Turks. Without any constitution or form of government,—without any organised army,—almost without any recognised leaders,—they opposed with various success the whole power of the Porte, aided by the organised army and naval force of Egypt, for more than seven years. The cruelty of their oppressors was as ineffectual against them as their power. The Greek Patriarch was murdered at Constantinople,—the inhabitants of Scio were reduced by massacre from 120,000 to 900 in a single year,—but this was not enough to damp the bravery of the indomitable Greeks, and the siege of Missolonghi will long be remembered as an instance of the most heroic devotion. Hemmed in on every side by enemies,—reduced by famine to a state of deplorable weakness,—unable longer to maintain their position,—they yet refused to yield themselves to the power of Turkey. The old men, women, and children, placed themselves in the powder magazine, determined to involve themselves and their enemies in a common destruction. Those who were able to bear arms endeavoured to cut their way through the overwhelming numbers of the besiegers: 800 escaped; the great body of those who were left in the town perished in the explosion of the magazine; the survivors became victims of all those horrors which usually followed the taking of a besieged town.

I have wandered somewhat from the point at which I started, but the deduction which I would draw from the above fact, is, that these men, though idle and useless as I have described them, are not likely characters to depend for their subsistence upon robbery, committed either upon travellers or upon their own countrymen. I shall be very much misunderstood, indeed, if I am taken for a general admirer

of the Greek character ; but from this particular offence, I believe, they are comparatively free. I do not mean to say that scenes of the grossest and most brutal outrage do not take place too frequently in Greece. While I was myself at Athens, three men were roasted to death within ten miles of the town ; and another still more horrible instance occurred, of a poor shepherd, who was seized by a party of ruffians who demanded from him money, and upon his declaring that he possessed none, laid him upon a fire where he remained in the most frightful torture for some minutes, until he was forced to direct them to the place where his little hoard was concealed ; upon this they removed his body from the fire, and left him lying helpless on the ground, until they had obtained the prize, when, dissatisfied with the sum which they had then stolen, they actually returned, replaced the body of the poor man on the fire and left him there to die. Some English gentlemen, who passed by the spot shortly after this frightful occurrence, saw the body, and described it to me as one of the most horrible sights they had ever beheld. The perpetrators of this crime remained unpunished.

If I believed the people of Greece, generally, to be capable of the commission of such atrocities as these, I certainly should not give them the credit of possessing bravery, or any other good quality. But, unless I am very much misinformed, these crimes are directly attributable, not to the people, but to the government, which, hated by the country generally, is only able to maintain its authority by calling in the aid of these miscreants from the mountains of Maina, and some parts of northern Greece, and is therefore forced systematically to overlook any crime of which such valuable servants may choose to be guilty.

If the people of Greece are demoralised and degraded under such a government as this, how can we wonder at it ? What else could we expect ? There are few passages in the history of modern Europe more painful than that of Greece since it became a nation. The endless internal dissensions, plots, treasons, and murders, which disgraced the first years of Greek independence, end in the elevation over the country of a foreign king, who was, to use some memorable words, an "alien in blood, language, and religion," and between whom and his subjects it was next to impossible that any sympathy should long exist. King Otho had a very difficult task to perform, and he was not equal to it. The "divinity"

that "doth hedge a king" extended but little of its protecting influence over a monarch, between whose family and subjects no long connection had subsisted. There was but one thing on which the new king could safely place reliance, and by the aid of which he could reasonably hope to perform satisfactorily the great duty which he had undertaken,—his own power of engaging the affections of his people, and, by wise and prudent regulations, restraining the violence of their character, and directing their energies to useful objects. It is useless mincing matters; king Otho did not, and does not possess that power. It is easy for the foreign ministers of the protecting powers to write *telling* despatches to their representatives in Greece, animadverting on the conduct of the Greek government, and wondering at the non-payment of the interest of their debt. It is easy to do this in 1846; but why did they in 1835 place a minor on the throne of a new kingdom? The sentiment may seem shocking to certain liberal politicians, but what Greece wanted at that time, was, a good tyrant,—a man who was capable of taking the reins of government into his own hands, and ensuring the obedience, while he commanded the respect and attachment of his subjects; and who, by judicious government, might have prepared them for the subsequent enjoyment of a more free and liberal constitution. Such a man might have been found without going to any foreign country; and even if the experiment had failed, the result of its failure could hardly have been more mischievous than the present state of the country. The sudden change from Turkish despotism to a free constitution will appear equally dangerous, whether judged on theoretical principles, or by its actual consequences.

In the present state of the Greek exchequer it is difficult to say, what even a good government could do for the country. The money which was provided for the government has been squandered in the most shameful manner, and little now remains to apply to any useful purpose. It may seem rather a selfish opinion for a traveller, but I cannot help thinking, that if the means were forthcoming, the formation of good roads and the establishment of comfortable houses of accommodation for travellers, would be among the most useful public works to which a good government could turn their attention. There is no country in Europe which would offer more subjects of interest to travellers than Greece if it were thus thrown open to them, and by this means (not to speak profanely) the ruined temples of Greece might be

turned into a source of revenue, for it is impossible that a large number of travellers can pass through a country without contributing to its wealth. At present the Morea is seldom visited by more than ten travellers in a year, and half of these go no farther than Argos and Mycenæ.

I willingly leave this subject, on which my readers will do me the justice to allow, that I do not often intrude, to record my experiences of modern Athens. The town is easily described; it is a miserable dirty, unpaved, unhealthy, blackguard-looking place, which derives all its interest from the remnants of its ancient glories. The only public building of any size is the palace, which (as, I believe, I have already remarked) is much more like an English union work-house. It looks out on a "public square" full of dung-heaps, which is, however, memorable as the spot in which the Greeks extorted their precious constitution from the unwilling hands of king Otho. His Majesty may occasionally be seen riding, accompanied by two *aides-de-camp* and a groom; he wears the Albanian dress,—about the only instance of good taste which he has yet exhibited. The hotel, though pleasant enough after a tour in the Morea, is none of the best; and considering Athens simply as a modern town I should be inclined to apply to it the following lines, which I once saw written in pencil on the wall of an hotel in Civita Vecchia.

Quand je viens en ces lieux,
Je n'ai d' autre désir,
Que de manger au mieux,
Et de vite partir.

But Athens has other attractions which cannot be passed over so lightly: it is not only from the historical associations which render the birth-place of Miltiades, Æschylus, Socrates, interesting to all succeeding ages, that the traveller is induced to pause at this hallowed spot; but as the Athenians were, of all the Greeks, the most devoted to the study of the arts, so we here find the most interesting memorials of their former greatness, and acknowledge that Athens, when the magnificent buildings, of which the ruins alone now remain, were standing in all their original splendor, was a fit dwelling-place for the people whose tutelary deity was the goddess of wisdom, and who, in a rude age, and in the midst of war, scarcely ranked a great dramatic poet second to an illustrious commander.

Of course, no day passed by, during my residence at Athens,

on which I did not visit some of the magnificent ruins of the ancient city; but as it may be necessary to reduce the few observations which I have to make on the subject to some kind of order, I shall request the reader to accompany me in the farewell walk round the ruins, which I took on the day before leaving Athens.

We start, gentle reader, from the Hotel d'Orient, in the palace-square, and, in a few minutes, find ourselves standing among the magnificent ruins of the great temple of Jupiter Olympius;—this was my favorite ruin at Athens. The magnificent Corinthian columns produce a yet more splendid effect from the comparison of the more chaste but less ornamented Doric column of the Parthenon and the other Athenian temples. The history of the building would almost include the history of Athens, it having been commenced by Peisistratus in the year 530 B. C., and finished by that munificent patron of the arts, the Roman emperor Hadrian, 650 years after. It was a work worthy of the interest of such men, and of the hand of Phidias, and the other great artists and architects employed upon it. Byron, speaking of these noble ruins, says,

Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh,
Unmoved the Moslem sits—the light Greek carols by.

It is a powerful stretch of the imagination, certainly, to fancy a Greek carolling; yet, it cannot be denied, that there is something solemnly affecting to a stranger in standing among these magnificent memorials of the fallen greatness of the ancient Greeks, witness to the light-hearted, devil-may-care bearing of their degenerate descendants.

Passing through the gate of Hadrian, a handsome Corinthian archway, which anciently divided Hadrianopolis, or the city of Hadrian, from the more ancient city of Theseus, and still bears, on either side, the inscriptions indicating this division, (the Olympieum being justly included in the former) we stand in the more ancient quarter of the city, and in a few moments reach the street of tripods, “so called,” says Pausanias, “because there are certain temples of the gods, upon which stand great tripods of brass.”* These monuments (for so they may more justly be termed) were erected by the successful choragi in the Dionysiac theatre, and the tripods were the prizes awarded to them. Of these monuments only one now remains, and from this the tripod has been removed. It is known as the choragic monument of

* Leake's Athens and the demi of Attica, vol. 1, p. 136.

Lysicrates, who was a victorious choragus in the year 365 B. C. With the exception of the tripod which has been removed, the temple, or monument, is still complete, and is, (with the exception of the temple of Victory, on the Acropolis,) perhaps the prettiest and most elegant ancient building in Greece. It does not often happen, that the technical descriptions of a professed antiquary convey to the general reader a very accurate idea of the object which he intends to describe; but the description of this little monument in Col. Leake's work on Athens is so accurate, that I think it worth transcribing.

"The three legs of the tripod formed," he says, "an equilateral triangle of three feet the side. The whole height of the monument was thirty-four feet, of which the square basis was fourteen feet, the body of the building to the summit of the columns twelve feet, and the entablature, together with the cupola and apex, eight feet. The cylinder was formed of six curved slabs of marble, the vertical junctures of which were covered with fluted Corinthian columns, one foot two inches in diameter, projecting from the outside of the cylinder rather more than the semidiameter. The capitals of the columns were completed within the cylinder, but not in the same finished manner as without. The wall was surmounted with a frieze of tripods of the same height as the capitals of the columns, two between each capital. These tripods give an additional proof of the intention of the monument. The slabs within the cylinder were polished, although there was no access into it, as the basis was solid, with the exception of a small rough hollow in the centre."*

This elegant little building is commonly known as the lantern of Diogenes. Its shape might naturally suggest the name of a lantern, but why it should be given to the Cynic philosopher, it is hard to say, unless because Diogenes is described as having walked through the streets of Athens with a lantern in his hand. I have by me an old tract entitled, "Diogenes' Lanthorne," 1624, in which he is thus represented issuing from his tub or butt, which does not appear to contain any thing worse than a few books, a cushion, and a second lanthorne. The title-page contains the following motto:

"In Athens I seeke for honest men,
But I shall find them God knowes when.
I'll search the citie, where if I can see
One honest man, he shall go with mee."

The prologue describes his walk as follows:

"An odde daye's work Diogenes once made,
And 'twas to seeke an honest man, he said;

* Leake's Athens and demi of Attica, vol. 1, p. 285.

Through Athens with a candle he did goe,
 When people saw no cause he should doe so.
 For it was daylight and the sunne did shine,
 Yet he unto an humour did incline :
 To mend men's manners by some odde cross jest
 Whereof he was continually possest. &c.

In his walk he, of course, meets with none but knaves, or rather, personified vices, and at last returns dissatisfied to his tub. This curious old tract contains a singular version of the well-known story of the meeting of Diogenes and Alexander, part of which, though it does not bear very directly on the matter in hand, I am nevertheless tempted to extract for its curiosity.

DIOGENES *loquitur*.

“ Great Alexander came to see
 My mansion, being a tunne,
 And stood directly opposite
 Betweene me and the sunne.
 Morrow (quoth he) philosopher,
 I yeeld thee time of day.
 Mary (said I) then emperour,
 I pray thee stand away ;
 For thou deprivest me of that
 Thy power hath not to give
 Nor all thy mighty fellow-kings
 That on earth's foot-ball live :
 Stand back, I say, and rob me not,
 Nor wrong me in my right :
 The sunne would shine upon me,
 But thou takest away his light.”

But it is time that we should leave Diogenes and his lanthorne, and pursue *our* walk through the city.

Leaving the Acropolis for the present on our right, we pass the site of the Dionysiac theatre, where, at the annual festival of Bacchus, Aristophanes produced his lively extravaganzas, and Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, successively contended for the tragic crown. This site, dear to every lover of ancient poetry, is marked by two columns, the remains of one of those choragic monuments already noticed.

On our left is now the hill Museium, where Musæus is said to have been buried. In its face are three caverns, called (I know not on what authority) “ the prisons of Socrates,” and its summit is surmounted by an elegant marble monument to the memory of Philopappus, a Syrian of no great renown. But by far more interesting than the monument is the magnificent view of the ruins of Athens which this spot

commands. On the right and left, respectively, stand the temples of Jupiter Olympius and of Theseus, the one the most splendid, and the other the most perfect of Greek temples; and immediately in front is the Acropolis, with the Parthenon and the Eretheum, standing out in bold relief against the sky. This is the best view of the antiquities of Athens.

Another very good view of the same objects may be obtained from the Pnyx, which is also worth visiting as the spot where the Athenians held their public assemblies, and listened to the eloquence of Pericles, Demosthenes, and Æschines. Standing on this rugged hill, in full view of the magnificent group of buildings on the Acropolis, we can understand the force of the great orator's appeal to the patriotism of his countrymen, as he pointed from the *βήμα* which still stands upon the Pnyx, to the Propylæa, the Eretheum, and the Parthenon.

Another hill, smaller than either of the above, but equally interesting from its associations, is the Areopagus, where the sacred court of the Areopagites held their sittings, a meet emblem of law and order amidst the mad democracy of Athens. Nothing now remains of this ancient court save two flights of steps at the northern and southern extremities. Mr. Murray, in his hand-book of the East, (which is a disgrace to the admirable series to which it belongs,) quotes from a Mr. Blewitt, who says that he read St. Paul's famous speech upon the Areopagus, and never felt the full force of it so much as there, when he had before his eyes the Parthenon and the Eretheum, to which the Apostle pointed, as he pronounced that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Now, whatever St. Paul saw at a time when it is doubtful whether all the Roman fortifications, which now disfigure the Acropolis had been erected, and when the abominable Venetian tower, which King Otho ought to have knocked down long ago, certainly had not been built, it is quite certain that Mr. Blewitt saw neither the Parthenon, nor the Eretheum, nor any other temple on the Acropolis except the temple of Victory; and it consequently seems probable that he must have read St. Paul's sermon upon the Pnyx, which, as I have said, commands an excellent view of the Acropolis, and where so enthusiastic a gentleman ought to have recited one of the Philippics of Demosthenes. And indeed, if it be not throwing any discredit upon the inspiration of the sacred historian, I should be inclined to think that St.

Luke must have made the same mistake himself, and that the speech must have been actually delivered on the Pnyx, for if the spot meant were really the Areopagus, the audience assembled upon that hill must have been much more meagre than has been usually supposed, or if we are to understand that St. Paul spoke from the Areopagus, and was heard by the crowds in the Agora, he must have had lungs which Stentor might have envied,

ὡς τὸσον αὐθῆσασχ' ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντηκοντα

That spake as loud as fifty men.

A little to the north of the Areopagus stands the temple of Theseus, the most perfect, as has already been remarked, of the remaining Greek temples. Theseus was to the ancient Athenians what Napoleon has been to the modern French. He was worshipped by them as the type of their nation and of their national character. His bones were escorted from Scyrus to Athens with the same pomp as attended the removal of those of Napoleon from St. Helena. They were re-interred with similar ceremonies, and the present temple was raised over the tomb. The name of the hero naturally communicated a peculiar sanctity to his temple, which was built entirely of marble from Pentelicus, and adorned with the best painting and sculpture which could be procured in that early age. The roof is supported by thirty-eight columns, all of which are still standing, and the whole affords a very good specimen of an ancient Greek temple of the Doric order. With a taste somewhat questionable, the interior of this beautiful temple has been converted into a museum of antiquities, in which are huddled together relics of the most incongruous description,—legs and arms of marble heroes,—crosses with the symbols Α and Ω,—fragments of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and ancient Greek inscriptions, while smaller fragments, of no possible value, are stuck together with mortar in a wooden frame. It is to be hoped, that the use of the Theseium for this purpose, will be only temporary, and that when a building has been erected for the purpose, a little more care and judgment will be shown in the selection of the specimens.

It is not easy to imagine a sight more charming than the temple of Theseus, as seen by the light of a full moon, which lends a rosy hue to the shafts of Pentelic marble. Any one, indeed, who has not seen this temple at such a time, can scarcely have formed a just idea of the blended dignity and grace, which form the especial charm of Greek sacred archi-

ture. The solemn majesty of St. Peter's,—the chaste and holy purity of Tintern Abbey,—even the stupendous magnificence of the great temple at Karnak,—fail to convey such solemn and purifying thoughts, as force themselves involuntarily upon the mind of the stranger, who stands in the stillness of summer's night, beside this beautiful memorial of a nation which has passed away.

After the temple of Theseus, even the Acropolis itself loses something of its interest. We will not, therefore, tax the reader's patience by a visit to the Stoa of Hadrian, elegant, no doubt, in itself, but already bearing testimony to the gradual decay of the city of Minerva. The Agora, where the tariff of the same emperor is still legible, and where the Athenæan *quidnuncs* strolled about with their eternal *τι νεον*, offers little to detain us from our visit to the sanctuary.

In passing from the Agora to the Acropolis, the visiter will not fail to remark a beggarly whitewashed clock tower, presented to the city of Athens, as a Latin inscription indicates, by the Earl of Elgin, in return for the valuable marbles which he abstracted from the city and which are now deposited in the British Museum. It is not my purpose here to enter into the discussion so long and so ably maintained on both sides, as to the removal of these marbles. I am myself inclined to think that if Lord Elgin had not removed them they would probably have been destroyed by the Turks, who attached no value to them, and that, therefore, their preservation is a subject for congratulation, as much as their removal from Athens is of regret. But now that Greece is become an independent nation and is not likely ever again to fall under the power of the Turks, or any other power who would not estimate these things at their real value, I do think that the restitution of these valuable relics to the spot from which they were originally removed would be a highly meritorious and graceful act. Thus should we obtain thanks for their preservation, and the curse of Minerva would be turned into a blessing!

Directly in our road from the Agora to the Acropolis, is a quaint old relic, which must not be passed by—an octangular tower which served the treble purpose of a clock, a weather-cock, and a sun-dial, and is generally known as the Tower of the Winds. It was built by Andronicus Cyrrhestes shortly before the year 35. B. C.,* and has on each of its eight

* See Leake's Athens and the demi of Attica, vol. 1. p. 190.

faces an emblematical representation of one of the winds, together with a sundial. On the summit was a moveable figure of Triton, (now removed,) which served as a weather-cock, and in the interior was a water-clock, supplied from the fountain Clepsydra by an aqueduct, part of which still remains. Immediately behind these relics stands the Acropolis of Athens.

To speak the simple truth, I know not what to write of the Acropolis. It is not during the few visits to this "holy ground," which a week or a fortnight's residence at Athens affords, that a stranger, now for the first time realising one of the dreams of his boyhood, can turn his attention to the measurement or counting of columns, or the divisions and dimensions of buildings. The prostrate columns rise up before the mind's eye, and the re-edified temple is peopled by the imagination with beings of a bygone age:—The venerable priest about to plunge his knife into the heart of the victim,—the calm philosopher eying in silence the rites which in his heart he despises,—the victorious and triumphant general, the "observed of all observers,"—the crowd of exulting citizens singing to-day the praises of the man whom they will ostracize to-morrow,—and, rising above all, the colossal ivory image of the *γλαυκωπις Αθηνη* the tutelary deity of the city, which, shedding her glory first over Athens, extends it next over all the Attic territory, and gladdens the eyes of the approaching voyager, as he nears the promontory of Sunium.*

But there is enough, to remind the visiter of the changes which have taken place since any such scene was represented in the Acropolis of Athens. The Roman fortifications and above all the odious Venetian tower, which, in defiance of all taste, is still allowed to disfigure the Acropolis, serve to remind us of the fallen fortunes of this ancient city. It should be the first care of the "men of taste," whom King Otho employs for the conservation of antiquities at Athens, to clear

* *ταύτης τῆς Αθηνᾶς ἡ τοῦ δόρατος αἰχμὴ καὶ ὄλοφος τοῦ κράνουσ ἀπὸ Σουνίου προσπλευσὶν ἔστιν ἤδη σύνοπτα.* Pausanias, cap. 28. This is translated by Colonel Leake (Athens and demi of Attica vol. 1. p. 158,) "of this statue the crest of the helmet and the point of the spear, may be seen even by those who are sailing onwards from Sunium." And afterwards (ib. p. 631), he explains that in his opinion Pausanias did not mean to convey the impression that the statue could be seen at sea at the distance of Sunium, but that it became visible in the course of the voyage from Sunium to Athens. It may appear presumptuous to differ from so competent an authority but the former appears to me to be the only interpretation which the passage will bear. I cannot see that the word *ἤδη* will admit of any other construction.

away all this rubbish. They cannot indeed rebuild the Parthenon, restore the Propylæa, or replace the statue ;—they cannot re-produce the scene which the Acropolis presented in the time of Pericles, any more than they can raise the actors in it from their graves. Some of the fallen columns might, perhaps, be raised without much trouble, but many would feel jealous of even this interference with the work of time, and, indeed, the restoration of ancient buildings is always hazardous work. But they might easily remove all comparatively modern additions, and thus render it more easy for the mind to restore what time has destroyed.

The first object which arrests the visitors' attention in ascending the Acropolis, is the temple of Victory *ἄπτερος*, or *without wings*. It is of the Ionic order, and is, beyond question, the most elegant ruin in Athens. Indeed, it can now scarcely be called a ruin, for, having been entirely destroyed during the war between the Turks and the Greeks, the fragments have been collected and the whole building restored to its original form as described by Spon and Wheeler in 1676, with the exception of some parts of the frieze, which are in the Elgin collection in the British Museum. I saw a story some time ago, in one of the newspapers, of a figure of Victory (supposed to have belonged to this temple) having been discovered at Trieste in the house of an old Venetian family,—whether true or false I cannot pretend to say. The ends of this temple are supported by columns of the Ionic order which are not carried round the sides.

Passing on from the temple of Victory, the next object which presents itself is the Propylæa, one of the most splendid of the works of Pericles. It formed the grand entrance to the citadel, and was built entirely of Pentelic marble, the roof being supported by six Doric columns in front, and the same number behind, and a similar number of Ionic columns disposed in two rows in the interior, so as to form an aisle, or passage, through which the chariots, horses, and citizens, passed into the Acropolis. Much of this splendid building has fallen a victim to the ravages of time; more to the heedlessness of the Turks, who converted it into a powder-magazine during their war with the Venetians, when great part of it was destroyed by an explosion.

It is much to be regretted that the numerous fragments of marble belonging to the ruins of this and the other buildings in the Acropolis, and which cannot, in their present fallen state, contribute, in any way, to the illustration of the ancient

plan of the buildings, are not cleared away. Standing among the ruins of the great temple of Jupiter Olympius, where there is nothing to engage the attention except the majestic Corinthian columns, it is not difficult for the mind's eye to restore the temple as it once stood, and to imagine the ancient magnificence of the building. But this is far from easy to one unaccustomed to the examination of ancient buildings, in the case of the Acropolis, where the platforms on which the buildings stood are encumbered by massive fragments of fallen columns and broken capitals, and where the visiter can scarcely obtain a view of the whole building, but must scramble from one part to another over the fragments of the fallen roof. By clearing away the Roman and Venetian fortifications, and such remains of the ancient buildings as now only serve to encumber the platform, the Acropolis would be rendered much more interesting to the eye of the general visiter, and not less so to that of the professed antiquary.

The Acropolis was anciently approached by a road from the Agora, which, winding immediately below its base, ascended the hill by passing directly in front of the temple of Victory, and sweeping round, passed right up to, and through the Propylæa, and was continued, nearly east and west, through the Acropolis, where it passed between two platforms, on which stood the sacred buildings. These were, when Pausanias visited the city, no less than nine in number; but the only considerable remains belong to the two principal temples, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, the former of which stood on the south, and the latter on the northern side of the Acropolis.

The Parthenon, or great temple of Minerva, the greatest work of the administration of Pericles, was 228 feet long, by 102 feet broad, and consisted of a peristyle of 46 Doric columns, seventeen at each side and eight at each end; inclosing an oblong *cella*, each end of which was supported by another row of six columns, also of the Doric order. This *cella* was divided into two chambers, supported by interior columns, the larger of which (that at the eastern end) contained the great chryselephantine, or ivory and gold statue of the goddess, by Phidias, who superintended the ornamental works connected with the temple.

Time and the violence of man have combined to destroy this glorious work of ancient art. The great statue has disappeared; the paintings that adorned the interior walls have

been defaced; almost the whole of the roof has fallen in, and many of the side columns have been thrown down: most of those at the two ends of the temple are, however, still standing; but the pediment supported by those at the eastern end has been removed to the British museum.

The plan of the Parthenon appears to have been very similar to that of the temple of Theseus, and, indeed, most of the other Greek temples, being that of an oblong building surrounded by a peristyle supporting at each end a triangular sculptured pediment, similar in form to that of the Royal Exchange and other modern imitations of Greek architecture. In buildings of this simple form very slight remains supply an architect with the means of restoration; but the other great temple in the Acropolis was of a more complicated design.

According to Col. Leake's plan of the building, given in his work on the topography of Athens and the demi of Attica, the Erechtheum would appear to have consisted of an oblong building, sixty-two feet in length by thirty-three broad, containing three chambers, and flanked by two side chambers, that on the north being about the same length, but about twice the width of the other. The original Erechtheum (so called because it was supposed to be the burial place of Erechtheus, an eminent king of Athens) was burned down by the Persians when they sacked Athens, and the sacred olive tree of Minerva, which grew beside the temple, is said to have made in one night a sprout of a cubit in length. A spot so manifestly favored by the divine presence, could not be neglected by the Athenians, and, accordingly, when they were engaged in re-building the sacred edifices which their "wooden walls" had failed to protect, this was one of the first that engaged their attention. The new temple, of which the existing ruins are the remains, was entered by two doors, one of which, on the east side, had upon it a portico, supported by six Ionic columns, of which five are still standing. This door led into the exterior part of the temple, which was dedicated to Minerva Polias, the special guardian of the city, and contained the great wooden image of the goddess; this was the eastern chamber of the temple. The second entrance is through what I have called the north side-chamber, but what might, perhaps, more correctly be termed a second portico, which was also supported by six Ionic columns, not disposed in a single line as in the former instance, but in a line of four in the front, and one at each

side. Three of these with the roof of this chamber, or portico, have fallen. The door, to which this portico served as an approach, led into the western and smallest of the three chambers, into which the main body of the building was divided: this chamber, or passage, appears to have served simply as an approach to the two other chambers, the centre chamber of the main building, and the small one on the southern side, named by Colonel Leake the Pandrosium and the Cecropium respectively. The former of these contained the sacred well of Minerva, but now presents no object of interest; the latter is supposed to have contained the sacred olive tree, and for that purpose admitted the air through the openings between the five Caryatides, or sculptured female figures, which supported the roof instead of columns. Of these, three of most beautiful and delicate workmanship are still standing; one has fallen and one was removed by Lord Elgin. Such is the Erechtheum in its ruins,—beautiful even in decay. When it stood in its original and perfect grace, it must indeed have merited the praise bestowed upon it by that high authority, to which we have been so much indebted, as a “compound, irregular, and very beautiful structure;”* and when the columns of the Propylæa all stood in their original positions, and the two great temples, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, were surrounded by all those smaller shrines, which have now almost entirely disappeared, it would be no exaggeration to say, that the Acropolis of Athens must have presented to the view the most magnificent group of buildings in the world.

Besides the objects contained within the city itself, there are many interesting excursions, which may be made in the vicinity. Among these, one of the most pleasant is to mount Pentelicus, from the quarries of which was hewn the marble employed in building the Parthenon, the Propylæa, and most of the other great buildings at Athens. A ride of about two hours conducts the visiter to a convent at the foot of the mountain, inhabited by about four monks and fifty cats. Here we breakfast. Ascending from hence along a road strewed plentifully with small fragments of beautifully white marble, and passing several of the ancient quarries, many of which have been turned into modern chapels, we arrive nearly at the top of the mountain, and dismounting, a short walk brings us to the summit. On a fine clear day, and such I had the good fortune to enjoy, the view is very extensive,

* Leake's Athens and the demi of Attica, vol. i. p. 339.

and the guides point out the directions in which *they assert*, that you can see Thebes, Corinth and Sunium. But to confine the view to what one's own eyes can take is quite sufficient. Indeed the charm of this view is, that you see the whole country laid out, as it were, in a map before you; and the eye is not perplexed in following interminable ranges of mountains, as from the summit of Parnassus. The greater part of Athens is concealed from the sight by the intervention of Mount Lycabettus; and the most prominent objects in the view are the island of Eubœa, stretching and winding like a long snake along the coast, and the calm rippling sea studded with numerous smaller isles, while on the one side may be observed the plain of Marathon, and on the other, the gulf of Salamis, two illustrious scenes of Athenian glory. I afterwards visited the plain of Marathon as I shall presently have to relate, but, I always thought that the best idea of the battle could be formed, when the whole plain was seen at the same moment as from the summit of Pentelicus.

Another pleasant excursion may be made from Athens to the ruins of the temple of Minerva, on the promontory of Sunium. This I made in company with three American gentlemen, who were staying at the hotel. We started at about four o'clock in the morning, in a very rickety chariot and four, (not for love or money would they harness two horses) and arrived at about 7 a.m., at a village, the name of which I have forgotten, where we found a breakfast prepared for us, by one of the hotel cooks, who had been sent forward by the faithful Todoree, who threatened to murder him, if he did not place before us as good a breakfast and dinner as the *cuisine* of the Hotel d'Orient could afford. Having satisfied the cravings of appetite, we mounted the horses which had been prepared for us, and set out for Sunium, now called, from the temple, Cape Colónnes. We arrived in sight of the ruin (which at a short distance presents the appearance of a modern house-front) at about two o'clock, and, seated on the bases of fallen Doric columns, enjoyed a luncheon of cold chicken and hard-boiled eggs, and the contemplation of the twelve remaining columns of this weather-beaten dwelling of Minerva. While we were thus agreeably occupied a few heavy drops of rain apprised us of the propriety of remounting our horses, and scarcely had we done so, when down it came in a perfect torrent. Helter-skelter, up hill and down dale,

Thorough mud, thorough mire
Thorough bush, thorough briar

off we went at full gallop like so many madmen, the rain pelting and the lightning flashing around us, and the thunder rolling over our heads, and at length arrived, soaked to the skin, but, greatly to my surprise, without any broken bones, at the door of the house where we had breakfasted in the morning. Here we managed by the aid of a wood fire to parboil ourselves in our wet clothes, and did our best to expel from within, by plentiful potations of rakee, the cold which had seized upon us from without. A reasonably good dinner had also been prepared in our absence, and we managed to make ourselves less uncomfortable than might be supposed: it was however a sore disappointment, when we learned, that the idea of returning to Athens that night was quite visionary, the storm, which continued to rage with unabated vigour, having rendered the road quite impassable. So we made the best of a bad business, and determined to sleep at the village.

The house in which we had taken refuge, consisted, as is the case with most houses of the poorer Greeks, of one large apartment; but it was divided in this instance into two parts by a kind of raised dais, such as was usual in old English houses, and may still be seen in the halls of some of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. This part of the room was assigned to us, the lower portion being occupied by the family of the house, which consisted of the master, his wife, three children, and two cats, all of whom huddled themselves up together in one corner of the room, having their heads in the fireplace, and their feet turned towards the four winds of heaven. For our benefit two mattresses and numerous capotes were produced; we solemnly cast lots for the former, and one having fallen to my share, I laid me down on my lowly couch and courted the drowsy god. But, alas, I courted him in vain; for no sooner was the light extinguished, than a furious onset of the combined forces of bugs, fleas, and mosquitoes commenced, while by way of war-cry, the three children began squalling most perseveringly, and the feline beasts began caterwauling in such an approved manner, that when towards morning, I did, at length, fall into an uneasy slumber, it was only to dream that I was in a London area.

From this "dream of home" I was awakened to join in council with my companions as to the proceedings of the day. Our clothes were dry, our horses fresh, the sun was shining most treacherously, and we were only a few hours ride from

Marathon : should we go there ? The carriage could easily be sent round to meet us at the foot of Pentelicus, and the visit to the field would afford a pleasant occupation for the day. The eyes had it, and to Marathon we went.

It was a pleasant ride through a pretty country, (every country is pretty when the sun is shining after a thunder storm) and we arrived upon the plain of Marathon in high good-humor about noon. Encompassed by mountains on every side, except where it is washed by the waters of the bay, the plain of Marathon seems just the spot where such a battle as that which has sanctified its name might have been fought. Relying upon their immense superiority of numbers, and neglecting the advantage of position, the Persians exposed themselves on the level plain, shut in on each side by marshes, and in the back ground by the sea ; in such a position the one vigorous charge of the Athenians running down upon them from the hills, threw them at once into disorder ; they were so placed that they could not manœuvre their large forces so as to turn the enemy's flank ; their line once broken, numbers only added to the confusion, and the Athenians achieved a victory over three times their own number, and established the independence of their country.

There are still on the plain of Marathon two memorials of the great event of which it was the scene. The first is a small square foundation of white marble, supposed to have supported a monument in honor of the great Athenian general, under whose auspices the victory was won. The second is a large mound of earth, beneath which lie the dust of the hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in the engagement. It is, indeed, holy ground,—a worthy altar to that spirit of liberty to which these brave men fell a sacrifice.

This was the last classic spot which I visited in the neighbourhood of Athens, and the recollection of my visit was doomed to be connected with that of personal discomfort. For, as on the previous day, no sooner had we mounted our horses to leave the field, than the rain began to descend in torrents, and as we had to cross a spur of Pentelicus in our way back to Athens, and the road was such as not to admit of our moving at more than a foot's pace, we had not even the satisfaction of galloping for it as on the day before. To complete the situation, our guide Nicholai (my companions' dragoon) lost his way on the mountain, and we were left to wander on the face of Pentelicus without a road, scrambling over rocks and bushes, through a thick mist only illuminated

by an occasional flash of lightning, and in imminent peril of breaking our necks. It was late at night and quite dark when, wet, weary, and disgusted, we arrived at the convent where I had breakfasted a few mornings before on my visit to the mountain.

Here we dispatched a hasty dinner and deposited ourselves in the carriage, which was waiting to convey us back to Athens. We were all speedily asleep,—horses, drivers, and passengers. A sudden jolt, however, disturbed our slumbers, and on looking out we beheld to our great astonishment our four horses sunk in mud up to their necks. The only answer which we could obtain from Nicholai to our reiterated enquiries as to how this new accident had happened, was “*une espèce de puits :*” and it was actually true that in a “carriage road” within sight of King Otho’s palace, our horses were sunk up to their necks in a pit. The poor brutes were dragged out with considerable difficulty, and we at length, reached the hotel, where, after an impromptu supper and some hot brandy and water, which was excessively grateful to my feelings, I tumbled into bed, and slept, to use the expression of one of my Yankee friends, “any quantity.”

A few days after this adventure, I left Athens.



MOONLIGHT.

PART IV.

“ The cannon’s roar, which until twilight hour
Had shaken both the rampart and the tower,
Was hushed ;—yet list, that pause was but the lull
Of the wild storm, to burst more fierce and full,
For murmurs strange, anon, the watch-guard hears ;
When lo,—the phalanx in its might appears.
As roll the billows, dashing on the rock,
Which meets their fury and resists their shock,
So clash the foes, till, as the pale moon-beams
Rise o’er the city, direful sounds and streams
Run round those walls !”

ANONYMOUS.

On the evening of the 6th of April 1812, during the time that the allied army was laying siege to the city of Badajoz, two British officers might have been observed, seated on some

rising ground in rear of their camp, on the Talavera road, about three miles from that fortress. It was the sun-set hour; the air was deliciously soft, and as the orb of day smiled its last farewell on many there, although clouds were scattered on one side of the firmament, the brilliancy of the heavens towards the west, gilding the green verdure of the earth immediately around them, presented a prospect of refreshing beauty, most soothing to the feelings of the two individuals, and contrasting strongly with the scene of the morning's employment in the deadly trench,—for the bounty of the Creator now shone in those calm rays of the evening's loveliness, and an arm of peace guided his designs.

Far otherwise, towards the east, did the sulphury cloud pollute that field of light, and the booming artillery peal on the listening ear, for man's work of death and destruction had been thus carried on for many days, and *that* night was to consummate the holocaust,—the hour of assault had been decided on.

The scene, indeed, was awful and imposing. The beleaguered city with its numerous spires and lofty Moorish castle, gleaming through the curling vapours of the cannon's smoke, which the setting sun-beams tinged with the crimson hue of blood,—the furrowed ground of the winding trench beneath, where distance made men appear like those busy swarms of the pismire tribe, toiling and traversing, not, however, like the industrious insect, for the preservation of a community, but in forwarding operations for slaughter and sacrifice,—and then, the impression of coming deeds,—the storm—the sack—the plunder and pollution that were to follow. To hearts unaccustomed to be actors in these events, such would have been the reflections uppermost, but in these two individuals, who had been participators in the struggles and triumphs of war before, and bound to its service by the dictates of honor and hopes of renown, a different train of thoughts found utterance. They were calmly talking of dear friends afar, the one having previously read a letter to the other, which he seemed to dwell upon with earnest expression. After a few minutes' pause he resumed the conversation:—

“Then you will remember my request, like a good fellow, should anything happen to me?”

“Certainly,” was the reply; “but why suppose a fatal result? Have you not often faced a shower of bullets and escaped? Am I not as likely to fall?”

“Recollect, I have been hit twice, and the third chance, they say, is always the most hazardous;—but bear in mind now, the convent of St. Domingo, in Elvas, is her direction. Had I received this letter a few days sooner, nothing should have prevented me from seeing her again; a few hours would have accomplished it,—Elvas is so near. Look, as the light breeze clears away that smoke, you may still discern its spires in the distance. Poor Inez! perhaps at this moment she is anxiously gazing towards Badajoz. Her young life is indeed chequered with misfortune,—her father’s long imprisonment, and now her mother’s sad decease.”

“Sad indeed! Donna Luisa was most amiable, and so attached to her daughter. But who is the lady Abbess whose protection Inez has now sought at Elvas?”

“Her mother’s sister. I have heard Inez say, that her history was a mournful one, and that she took the veil in consequence of some early disappointment. How is it, Launcelot, that in this world ‘the current of true love did ne’er run smooth?’”

“I scarcely know,” answered the younger, “It may be, that the generality of loves, like flowers, open forth their buds to the first sunbeams, which exhaust their sweetness; while true love blooms in shade and cloud alone, where the soft dews of nature, which weep around, nourish it, if with less sunshine, with far more tenderness.”

“Perhaps so,” was the reply, as the individual mused for a moment, when, rising from his grassy seat, he added, “but come, it is time to return, there are preparations to be made before the assembly;” and the two friends bent their steps towards the camp, still conversing, however, on a subject in which the name of Inez was frequently heard;—need it be said, that one of these was Fitzormond?

A stranger, unused to the occupations of war, should he find himself suddenly placed amidst the preparations preceding the hour of an assault, would doubtlessly expect to see much seriousness and silence around him, under the impression, that thoughts of the issue of the coming strife, engrossed the minds of those, now lusty with life, many of whom would fall in the combat; but he would perceive a different and an almost universal feeling breathing around, as if comrades addressed one another in the words attributed to the gallant Wolfe,—

“Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business ’tis to die.”

And has not this ever been the *refrain* of British soldiers? Not that levity and a vaunted disregard of danger (frequently arising more from recklessness than calm determination) is the true type of valour.

But darkness now creeps over the scene. The city's cathedral clock is distinctly heard, chiming the hour of eight, for the batteries had discontinued their fire after twilight, and as the gallant bands muster in silence,—for the call of the bugle had been forbidden,—each man is supplied with ammunition. There are no loiterers, and as they now move forward, scarcely another sound is heard save the measured tread of their footsteps. At length, the trenches are reached from whence an occasional flickering light alone is seen in the city, whilst the lofty battlements of the castle immediately in front rise in dark masses against the murky sky. Fitzormond's company is at the head of this column, and as it commences threading the trench, an officer moves forward from a group, who appear to have been awaiting its approach, communicating his orders in a low tone of voice for the troops to halt, and as the brave men now repose awhile on the ground, the assembled leaders receive their more detailed instructions.

It still wants half an hour to ten, when the simultaneous rush of the assailants is to take place from their several points of attack, but the wary enemy is neither idle, nor asleep. The attempt at a bold, though unsuccessful sortie, and a chance carcass alighting at the head of one of the columns, reveals the crouching lion ready to spring upon its prey. In a minute after a hundred more fire-balls scattered around the bristling breaches, make black night more hideous with their flames, and the impatient soldiery (no longer to be restrained like bloodhounds with the leash) burst from their lair, and roars and yells reverberate to the sky. Orcus and Hades let loose, could scarcely be more appalling.

But our tale takes us to those Moorish battlements beneath whose frowning towers runs the Rivillas stream, through which, breast-high in its waters, an impetuous mass of valour rushed to gain those heights, rather than wait to file across the narrow mill-dam. Now are the ladders planted against that fearful wall, amid precipitated blocks of wood and stone, and fiery combustibles of every description; but the first attempts to scale are unsuccessful, for the ladders reach not that wall's crest by three or four feet, and the shelving rocks below are made the rallying points for the determined indomitable bands.

At this crisis an individual dressed in a dark frock-coat, and wearing a round black hat, advances up the steep,—it is the brave Picton! The Olivenza ladders, which were brought to form a bridge, across the Rivillas dam, are thought of,* the planks are knocked from off them, and borne along by the daring men, (who are now cheered on by the voice of their noble leader,) the long spars are soon seen overtopping the lofty wall. What is the contest now? not who shall go first, but a bold rush, who will be the first to ascend, and ere a few seconds, by the blaze of a fireball flaming on the projecting angle of a near tower, a cocked hat, raised on the point of a glittering sword above the summit of one of the ladders, receives the volley of the enemy, which sends it tattered through the air, when in one moment after the daring form who had raised it springs unhurt and bare-headed on the rampart's crest, and as he dashes upon the foe, followed by those for whom he has gained a footing, is recognized as the intrepid Fitzormond.

There is strife, a deadly struggle at that same spot, till one loud British cheer bears the countersign to those who are now hurrying up the ladders, that triumph has crowned the enterprize, and as the troops form quickly and scour that mighty keep, the retreating foe swept from his strong hold, retires towards the still-impregnable breaches to tell the tale of his defeat. But in effecting this triumph, what desperate acts of valour, and what sacrifice of life, alas, did it not require? Hark, to the roll of musquetry beneath

* To prove how often the greatest events depend on little causes, the following account coming from an eye-witness to the fact, may be relied on. The dam of the Rivillas, which caused the inundation in front of the bastion of St. Trinidad, had been attempted to be destroyed by a gallant young engineer officer, but was only very partially affected in the upper part, and fearing that the narrowness of the passage for the advancing column at single fire, would cause considerable delay, Lord Wellington whose foresight never failed, caused four long ladders to be constructed in the wood at Olivenza (with planks nailed thereon) of sufficient length, to be thrown over and form a temporary bridge at the dam-head. These ladders were full thirty feet long. On the first attempt to escalate with the ladders provided for that purpose, they were found to be too short,—the castle wall being nearly thirty feet high at the assailable points, and not from eighteen to twenty-four only, as Napier erroneously states. When the troops rallied, therefore, after their first unsuccessful trial in the quarries below, the gallant Picton came up, the Olivenza ladders were thought of, the planks were soon forced off by the musket's butt, and borne up amidst cheers, and *by these means only* were the intrepid soldiers enabled to plant the British standard firmly on the castle battlements. When a footing was once gained, the shorter ladders were made available to ascend upon the embrasure's mouth, where the wall was lower, but being the points so desperately defended at the onset, could not be forced.

that dark gateway, as fighting muzzle to muzzle and hand to hand, every foot of ground, slippery with blood is disputed, when as the massive gate is swung to, and the castle secured by the arm of victory, a few minute's respite from slaughter admits alone of help to the fallen, amongst whom Launcelot, (who had just come up with the support,) perceives and hastens to staunch the wound of his bleeding friend.

No power of the imagination nor of language could depict the heroic deeds, and appalling horrors of this fearful night, whether in describing the daring soldier seeking reputation at the cannon's mouth, or in the resistance shown by the assailed, which made even defeat glorious,—whether in that determined courage which overcame all obstacles, or in the wondrous skill which arrayed the elements of fire and steel in so many awful shapes of defence, for to use the most expressive words, “Hell itself unloosened could not have vomited forth anything more dreadful,” especially after the war and carnage had ceased in one shape to be resumed in a more appalling one, for the former came, borne on the wings of a destroying angel, when compared with the demons of lust and rapine, which followed its track and darted on its victims, and prey with bloody talons and ravenous fury. Yet such is war, that man must expiate to man, in misery and blood, for its fame-encircled hallucinations.

Badajoz has fallen, the mighty deed is accomplished !

“From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
Sabres and swords with blood are gilt,
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after carnage done.”

Yet as the victor leans on his conquering sword, gazing over the trophy of his skill and valour, he mourns for the thousand brave spirits which the triumph has cost, and lets fall a tear of regret to mingle with the blood, still moist on the dripping steel.*

The sun of the morrow has reached the arch of noon, and already casts its beams on many a new-made grave, whilst amidst the shrieks of violence and search for plunder, the nobler combatant is seen bearing the heavy burthen of a wounded comrade to the hospital, or giving the dead a

* “When the extent of the night's havock was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.”

Vide Napier, Vol. 9, Chap. 5, page 433.

soldier's burial. But mark one group. Beneath the Palmer's Gate, whose marble towers on either hand, rise in symmetrical and extreme beauty, as, tinged with the golden hue of age, they gleam more brightly in the afternoon sun, some British soldiers are seen bearing a litter slowly along, and after traversing the stately bridge, (that splendid relic of Roman skill and taste,) now take the road to Elvas.* On one side of the litter riding with sorrowful countenance, is Launcelot, for he knew the severity of his friend's wound, whilst following close in rear, with tears trickling down his cheeks, is the boy Joaquim. Ever since that eventful night at Alcoentré, strong feelings of attachment had manifested themselves towards Fitzzormond, and upon Inez's return to Lisbon, the poor lad remained in his service, and was now an anxious attendant by his master's side. The regard of Fitzzormond for Joaquim was reciprocal, and as they approached Elvas, (whenever the kind hearted bearers rested a while,) would he anxiously enquire of him the distance they had still to travel, for Launcelot had now hastened on to provide a place for their reception, on whom he had urged the wish of an application to his old *padroné*, Don Pedro de Carvalhaó, in the Rea de Cadeas, whose former kindness had so much accelerated his recovery, and whose house he recollected was not very far from the convent of St. Domingo. The cause of poor Fitzzormond's great desire to be carried speedily to Elvas was evident, he felt the wound in his side to be most dangerous, it was his only chance, in case of its fatal termination, of being able to see that one dear, dear face again, to gaze once more on his beloved Inez.

The city of Elvas crowns one of three hills, which rise in succession, the other two presenting to the eye the green slopes of the glacis of Fort St. Louis, and La Lippe surmounted by a few projecting roofs, whilst on the summit of the first stands the antiquated tower of its gloomy cathedral amidst the more shining walls of the many edifices around it, whose structure bears the evident stamp of Moorish origin, as most of the houses in this quarter of the city denote by their piazza'd fronts and stone balconies, now rendered more ornamental by a profusion of lovely flowers, which Portuguese

* The Puerto de los Palmas, and the fine bridge near it, over the Guadiana were built by the Romans; both are remains of the perfect, and solid architecture of that surprising people. The former is of marble and bears an inscription recording its having been repaired by Philip II. since which the hand of the workman does not appear to have touched it.

female taste ranges along their heavy balustrades, although fancy at the remembrance of the turbaned race pictures many a beautiful Moorish damsel in the dreams of a happy love, peeping from these same lattices, listening to the lute's soft tones, to which perchance sweet strains harmonized such as

“Awake, awake Xarifa, lay thy golden cushion down,
Rise up, come to thy window, and gaze upon the town;”

for it cannot be denied that both Spain and Portugal have retained much of the luxurious habit and warm temperament which characterized the dark-eyed Paynim, whose blood became intermixed with that of the offspring of both these countries; and moreover, that many of the fine arts and elegancies of science, if they were not derived entirely, yet emanating in a great measure from eastern taste and learning, assisted much in the refinement of European nations.

But, alas, what have such thoughts to do here, when a hapless maiden, far lovelier than Moorish one, has been gazing for many days from the summit of that old cathedral-tower, in the direction of the battlements of Badajoz, lingering there until evening's dim shades shut out the brighter prospect, though they could not veil those fearful flashes, which ever and anon would burst, like the flame and thunder of elements, on the startled sense. Be it here explained, that the garden wall of the Convent of St. Domingo, was the only separation on one side between that enclosure, and a small door existed, for the convenience of the sacristan who performed the same office in each,—so that Inez who had made friends with the superannuated sexton, and being only a boarder in the nunnery, and nominally about to enter her novitiate (in which position, greater freedom was permitted to her occupations,) was enabled thereby, to pass many hours, unrestricted to convent discipline, and gain access to the tower, almost unobserved.

Early on the morning of this day, the 7th, the first words which had reached her, on awaking from a short and restless sleep, were the news of the capture of the besieged city. It was an Easter Monday, a festival of much note in Catholic countries, and, coupled with the event that “Badajoz had fallen,” sounds of rejoicing were heard almost on every lip, not thinking of the many thousand brave soldiers, whose blood had purchased the triumph; but it was not so with Inez, in whom the truth of the deed, instead of relieving her mind, increased its anxiety tenfold;—she knew her lover's

intrepid spirit,—none would be before him in the fight, and her heart sank within her at the thought.—Twice during the day had she ascended the tower, and now towards its close, a third visit was made. There she stood, with her soft, dark eyes bent in mournful tenderness, watching the numerous horsemen, who from time to time approached Elvas, until evening again cast its lengthened shadows around; not that any change on nature's face affected her attention, absorbed as her mind was with one sole feeling. From this abstraction, she was suddenly aroused by the voice of the old sacristan, who informed her, that a Portuguese lad had been enquiring for her, at the Convent gate, and that he had directed him to the iron-grating of the yard below, and there to wait to fulfil his errand.

With palpitating heart did Inez now descend, feeling assured that the message came from her lover, yet trembling for the purport of it, and little imagining who was its bearer,—so that when she approached him, her lips became powerless for the moment, when the lad with tremulous voice, said: “Do you not know me, Donna?—have you forgotten poor Joaquim?”

“Oh no, good Joaquim,” was her reply,—“but tell me quickly, you surely come from Captain Fitzzormond?”

“I do indeed, sweet Donna,”—said the boy, endeavouring to master the strong emotion within, which still caused his words to falter,—“but be not too much alarmed,—the Captain is wounded,—I hope not seriously, and bade me inform you that he now lies at the house of Don de Carvalhaô, in the Rua de Cadeas.”

“Oh, heaven,” exclaimed Inez, “wounded and seriously, but hasten back Joaquim, and tell your master that de Carvalhaô's daughter is my friend,—and that I will shortly be near him,—delay not, dear Joaquim;”—and as the lad hastily departed, Inez with equal speed rushed towards the nunnery.

Sister Dolores, the Abbess of St. Domingo had an austerity of manner in performing her duties, as the head of her religious order,—knowing that any dereliction from its rules, would weaken that respect towards her, which it was her pride to see maintained, independently of the conscientious feelings which prompted her conduct, and yet nature had given her a warm heart to sympathise with the distresses of others. Her attachment to her niece was great, yet it could scarcely be otherwise, for Inez won upon all hearts, and truly might it be said, that goodness joined to loveliness was in her

looks, and grace in all her steps. There was moreover, an ingenuousness in her disposition, which softened displeasure even where the sentiments differed, so that the Abbess who had been made acquainted in some measure, with her regard for Fitzormond, and awakened thereby to a retrospection of her own youthful sorrows, was influenced to a more tender judgment of her relative's attachment, feeling that if human nature is to be won over from human weakness, it is, by kind persuasion and love, and not by reproach and bitterness.

When Inez now approached, her anxious look of many days, seemed to have reached that last effort to retain a bursting heart, as she threw herself down, at the feet of the Abbess, and hiding her face in her lap, with tears confessed the cause of all her grief, and soliciting permission to hasten to Donna Teresa de Carvalhaô's residence, where her lover lay grievously wounded. The Abbess, as has been stated, partly knew of her niece's attachment, and that her deceased mother had countenanced it,—but Sister Dolores was a bigot in her religious principles, and much as her natural heart softened to distress, her stern scruples of faith, quailed at the idea of espousing *a heretic*, which arrayed purgatory and all its terrors to her appalled imagination, and caused her to represent the consequences to Inez with fearful bewilderment.

In the midst of her deep affliction, like a bright sunbeam struggling through a dark pall of clouds, Inez raised her beautiful brow, and momentarily looking round, to see that there was no listener, in a scarcely audible breath whispered, "mother, he is of our faith!" These words, few as they were, did indeed fall like a ray of light, illuminating one small spot, and that spot was the face of the Abbess, who questioned her niece scrupulously as to their truth, when Inez explained the reason of her lover's close concealment of his creed, as the laws of his country, (then existing) put a bar to the advancement in the army of all who professed Roman Catholicism.

No further impediment was now raised;—Inez had been a frequent visiter to her friend Donna Teresa, and attended by an aged female, attached to the convent, she was allowed to hasten to the Rua de Cadeas.

Ere half an hour had expired, the last glow of day as it surrenders its lustrous beams, cast a tender light into an apartment in de Carvalhaô's house, revealing the pallid fea-

tures and melancholy glance of Fitzormond, rivetted on a female form, who, kneeling by the couch on which he was laid, had her head bent low and her lip pressed on a hand, which she clasped within her own, whilst apart, in a window's recess, stood Launcelot, conversing with another officer, in a low and serious tone of voice.—“Then you think, doctor, there is little or no hope?” The surgeon—for it was he,—only replied to this by a shake of the head.

“Cannot the ball be extracted?” enquired Launcelot.

“I fear not;—besides which, it appears to have carried in a piece of cloth or button along with it;—I have examined his coat, where the ball entered, and such is my impression, which the orifice of the wound confirms.”

“Poor Fitzormond,” was Launcelot's only remark to this, when the surgeon continued, “I did not like to object to this meeting, as his mind seemed so bent upon it, that a denial might have been thought unkind, although I much fear the result under any circumstances. Quiet is his only chance,—let the interview, therefore, not last much longer,—I will return in an hour.”

As the surgeon retired, Launcelot approached the couch, but perceived that his friend's respiration had become more laboured, and enquired of him if he would endeavour to sleep? At these words Inez raised her sorrowful eyes from the hand her tears had been moistening, and faintly endeavoured to echo the words, but Fitzormond seemed unwilling to lose sight of the dear image, and signified his anxiety that she should remain; but on a repetition how essential repose was to him, he allowed the disconsolate maiden to be removed, following her trembling form with his mournful glance, as Launcelot led her from the chamber.

How beautiful, and yet how affecting is the image conveyed in those few words of the poet,

“Between two worlds life hovers as a star,”

for are they not as heart-stirring as they are beautiful? What hopes, what fears, what memories, sensations, and sorrows, do they not exorcise? The remembrance of the past,—the reality of the present,—and the dreamy imaginings of the future! Even in that bosom where Christianity has shed its holiest light, from whence the star of life is verging towards that horizon, where eternity's ocean spreads its mysterious shadows, and from beneath which, when it once sets, no mortal eye shall behold it rise again,—are there not thoughts encircling it as a halo, with the tenderness of human

things,—wishes, that would say to the angel of death, “pause yet a little longer,”—affections, still gazing on some beloved object, which the purest of this world and the most resigned, would still love to linger for, ere the last farewell dies on the expiring breath? Yes, such is truth mingled with affliction, which, (in whatever way we attempt to moralize upon it) bows down the mourner’s heart in that trying moment, to hopelessness and tears, even where the sufferer’s patient spirit gradually fades, like a star of heaven, with a smile upon its lips, to meet the merciful eye of its Creator.

Two or three hours had now elapsed since Inez had been left to the consoling tenderness of her friend Teresa; the surgeon had returned and with Launcelot had for some time watched the countenance of poor Fitzormond, who now commenced showing symptoms of greater exhaustion, and faintly enquired if Inez were still in the house? Being answered in the affirmative, he begged she might be sent for, expressing a wish also that the couch on which he was lying, might be moved nearer to one of the windows. Both requests were attended to, and as Inez entered, she found her lover placed so that the moon which had just risen should cast its midnight rays on his pale but still handsome features. The pain which his wound seemed to cause, was not so acute as to deprive his senses of that calm which is so consolatory to the afflicted. His words were few, for the breath had become feeble almost to a whisper, but as he gazed mournfully on her with their hands clasped, the voice was distinct enough to make known that his first vows of affection were offered at an hour when the light of the heavenly orb before them shone around to add its charm to their early dream of love; it was some happiness to be able to bid her an earthly adieu under its tranquil influence. He now begged that the worthy father Rosario, who was also in Elvas, might be sent for, but had scarcely finished the words, when a sudden spasm seized him,—the surgeon, Launcelot, Joaquim hastened to his side, but in that one convulsive gasp, (to which a cry of anguish from the disconsolate Inez was an echo,) the soul of the gallant young soldier had flown to a brighter and happier sphere.

Unhappy Portugal! yet unsurpassed in the loveliness of thy bright and balmy skies, the fruitfulness of thy vineyards,

and the richness of thy orange bowers,—amidst all this profusion of nature's charms, to please the eye and captivate the sense, why is it that thou art still unfortunate? Is it that the luxuriance of thy clime, stimulating the world's rivalry, draws down upon thee the desires of the ambitious, and the cupidity of the powerful? Even now, art thou like some rich bride, who has stirred brotherly love to enmity and strife to become the possessor of her priceless dower. Fifteen long years have elapsed since I gave thee my last adieu, when the spoiler of nations had been driven from thy soil, and smiles of delight, and sounds of joy were seen and heard again amongst thy children, and now have I returned to find the hearts which then exulted under the impulse of restored freedom divided by internal feuds, and roused to implacable hatred.

Such were the thoughts with which I planted my footsteps once more on the shores of the Tagus, in the month of January 1827. England, whose devoted energies and valour had restored Portugal to the blessings of peace, when she freed her from the hands of the usurper, was now called upon to rescue her from the flames of civil anarchy. Such was the task imposed on Sir William Clinton and his 5000 brave followers, and well did they perform the duty.

But to the sequel. How naturally does memory revive the slumbering affections of the heart on revisiting those spots once endeared to us by the presence of the departed. I now trod the streets of Lisbon again,—I gazed on the mighty river and the beauteous prospect around,—I turned my glance towards Cintra, but I scarcely noticed the thousands who crossed my path; the scene was re-peopled with the past. Imagination filled my mind with the friends of other days,—Fitzormond, Inez, her parents, all came before me until I found myself at last resting on the heights above Belem, where I had often loitered before, absorbed with their remembrance.

A few days after my arrival I was enabled to accomplish the desire, predominating in my thoughts, a visit to Cintra. Determined to go alone, that I might indulge in my meditations, I started in the direction of that terrestrial paradise, pausing at each well-remembered turn to recall cherished images, until scarcely conscious of the distance I had travelled, I found myself opposite to the Irish Hotel, which had been recommended as affording every comfort.

After housing my steed, and obtaining some refreshment,

just as I set out on my further pilgrimage, by one of those fortuitous and lucky encounters which sometimes occur, I stumbled on the widow of an old soldier, who had domiciled herself at Cintra for some few years past. She recognized me as I sauntered along in my uniform and stepping forward from her door, accosted me in the engaging idiom of sweet ould Ireland,—“Ah, sure now is it my own eyes that see it? sure, your honor must be the same young gintleman Mr. Launcelot, of the dear ould ridgment? and who'd have thought it entroth to see your honor this blissed day.?”

“You are quite right my good woman,” I replied, “I am the individual you name, and it strikes me I have seen your face before.”

“Mayhap your honor remindhers poor Pat Casey of the grinadiers, and how he died of his wounds after that tirrible battle of Busaco,—Allanah, sure his body does not lie afar off in this same Cintra; God rest his sowl which never hurt man, woman, or baste, save only scores of the inimy;” in saying which, she raised the skirt of her apron to wipe a tear from her eye, as she added, “and sure I am his widdow, your honor.”

To shorten her story, Mrs. Casey informed me, that on the decease of her husband, she became the attendant on a poor British officer in Lisbon, who died of his wounds, and who, out of gratitude for her attention bequeathed her a sum of money, sufficient to set up a small inn at Belem, which succeeded so well as to enable her to transfer her avocations to her present residence. During this recital it occurred to me that the good woman must have known poor Fitzormond, I mentioned his name, therefore, coupled with that of Inez, thinking I might possibly gain some intelligence of her fate after her lover's decease at Elvas. This allusion brought forth a fresh burst of lamentations.

“Sorra enough, and distress enough, sure is there in this dark world, your honor, and a sad day it was that took so kind and sweet favored a gintleman as the captain, and it's myself that now sees him standing at the hid of the grinadiers, and my own Pat anint, and a beautiful couple they were, and thin, there was Tim Murphy and Maurice, and Owgan, all, all gone!”

“Yes my good Mrs. Casey,” I said, “war is a fine thing for those who survive, to reap their rewards, which are purchased too often with the blood of many a dear comrade;—but tell me, did you never hear more of the Portuguese

young lady, for I understood you saw her at the time your poor husband died?"

"Allanah, aroon, your honor knew her thin? the beautifullest, swatest young cratur, och, woe is me, and sure enough, she's dead and gone too!" after which ebullition of grief the widow informed me of all the circumstances regarding the kindness of Inez, when her husband died, and of the good priest who had shrived his dying soul and said mass for its repose, concluding her tale with an account of Father Rosario's having visited Cintra during the previous year on matters relative to Don Manoël's property, which had devolved to the church, and that he had then told her of poor Inez having become one of the sisterhood of St. Domingo, immediately after her lover's decease, whom she followed to the grave within the year, and was buried by his side.

Where is the land where woman's love has not become, at times, the hallowed sacrifice to devoted tenderness and absorbing affection? From the Parsee widow, who immolates herself on her husband's funeral pile, to the dying girl, upon whose damask cheek the silent worm of grief has preyed, and whose euthanasia is a broken heart, whether it is calm superstition which inspires, or nature's purity which implants it, the devotion still is woman's! Alas, poor Inez! I had now learnt enough,—the sun was declining and wishing to reach the quinta and look upon its scenes once more, I bade the widow adieu, although she strongly urged my allowing her to accompany me to point out her husband's grave, but which I mildly declined, as she had already explained enough to make its site unmistakeable, and I wished to be alone.

It was with feelings of mournful pleasure, which in an indefinable language of sympathy speaks volumes to the heart, that I approached this spot again.

There were the delightful bowers of Penha Verde,* (so beautiful when summer has strewn a mantle of sunshine and bright verdure over them,) beautiful even now, though half

* Tradition tells us that this enchanting retreat was selected by the far famed but unfortunate Don John de Castro, who is said to have first planted pine trees on the height, which gives it the name of Penha Verde. The scenes around, though still very beautiful, have most probably undergone great changes. The deep forests we read of have disappeared, and the gushing rivulets turned into architectural fountains. All these are changed, but his countrymen are the same, equally insensible to the warning voice of genuine patriotism, equally disposed to crouch under the rod of corrupt tyranny. Has not the state of Portugal in the struggles between Pedro and Miguel proved the truth of this assertion, and what is it even at the present hour?

shorn of their foliage,—for the early spring-blossoms were budding forth, emblems of man's hopes amidst adversity,—as the breeze whirled the autumn's dead leaves that still lay around like the sad memorials of his past joys, I sat myself down at the foot of a tree, and leaning against its trunk, meditated on the scene before me. To the right were the deserted halls of the old quinta once lighted up with sunny smiles and resounding to happy voices;—on the left was “Our Lady of the Rock,” throned on high and apparently looking down with austere grandeur on the things of the world beneath,* whilst immediately in front, encircled with evergreen plants, and covered with the green sod, was a narrow mound, which I knew to be the “soldier's grave.” The sun had now set, and ever and anon the murmuring night-wind, as it moaned through the branches above, seemed a mournful requiem for the departed happiness of this once joyous spot.† It was, as I have said before, the middle of January; a cold brilliancy emanating from a clear full moon as daylight faded, now suffused the sky and scene, and causing present feelings to contrast forcibly with old remembrances, when last visited, was strangely affecting. Yes, such is the human heart, which clings to external objects, over which its fondest recollections act as a spell, and from which its powers,

“Out of the things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view,
The mourn'd, the lov'd, the lost, too many, yet how few.”

Reader, if thou hast ever dearly loved or deeply mourned, if thou hast ever warmly rejoiced, or truly sympathized, there is a pervading spirit of repose in night's shadows, a solemnity in its stillness, and a softness in the meditations we then awaken, the hopes we conceive and the memories we cherish, never breathed forth so sensitively as under the calm influence and bright serenity of MOONLIGHT.

THE END.

* On the highest point of what is commonly termed the Rock of Lisbon, is a convent named Nossa Senhora da Peha, or our Lady of the Rock, its site is very grand, looking down on the vast unlimited ocean on one side, and the boundless hills of Portugal on the other.

† “———— densis quam pinus opacat,
Fronibus et nullâ lucos agitante procellâ,
Stridula coniferis modulatur carmina ramis.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Who hath not felt the sadly-pleasing pain
 With which we call up childhood's joys again,
 And, fondly pondering o'er each chequered scene
 Of good and evil, think what *might* have been?
 Who hath not longing glances backward cast,
 And sought a pleasure in the dreamy past,
 Till in the soothing vision is forgot
 His present woe, and all his future lot?
 But should indulgent Heaven accede the power
 To live anew each now regretted hour,
 To start afresh upon life's weary way,
 And act again the scenes of the long play,
 We all should be the same we were before,
 Nor shed a tear the less, nor wear a smile the more.
 Why then do youth, and manhood, and old age,
 At every footstep of their pilgrimage,
 Still sigh, and talk with rapture of the free
 And sunny days of careless infancy?
 Not that in truth e'er childhood's waters run
 Limpid and sparkling to a cloudless sun,
 Undimmed by sorrow, and unchecked by pain,
 A smiling river through a smiling plain;
 But memory comes, who ever loves to throw
 A ray of pleasure on each cloud of woe,
 And much is hid, and every art is tried
 To gild the horrors that she cannot hide.
 And as at eve, when on some mountain's crest
 The sun's broad circle slowly sinks to rest,
 O'er dreary hill and barren wild are thrown
 Unearthly light, and splendour not their own;
 Or as, when winds spread darkness o'er the sky,
 Howl round the cliffs, and lift the waves on high,
 The full-orbed moon dispels her cloudy screen,
 And lends a beauty to the troubled scene:
 So she, bright goddess, can with brightening hue
 Tinge the black waste, and paint the gloomy view;
 Her magic pencil softens each harsh tint,
 Repairs each damage, and conceals each dint;
 And clothes in colours fresh and beautiful
 The cold, the void, the lifeless, and the dull.

A. C. L.

A VISIT TO ROBBEN ISLAND.

Ever since the first occupation of the Cape colony by the Dutch, the little island at the entrance of Table Bay, known as Robben Island, has been employed, under successive governors, Dutch and English, as a penal settlement for the reception of Cape convicts, and so it continued until about twelve months ago, when it was converted by the colonial government into a receptacle for the impoverished sick, under the name of "The General Infirmary." If the history of this small spot of earth could be unfolded, it would probably reveal a story of as much crime and misery as has ever been concentrated in so confined a space. What it must have been in the early Dutch times, it is not difficult to conjecture, if we reflect for a moment on the extreme cruelty of some of their sentences. In 1662 I find a slave boy sentenced to six months' labor in chains for running away from his master,—this slight punishment being inflicted "in consideration of his youth, and of his having been ill-used by a freeman;" and two years later a man is sentenced, for stealing corn, to be bound to the whipping-post, under a sheaf of wheat, for one hour, and to work two years in irons."

What the island subsequently became, in times characterized by more wisdom and humanity than those above referred to, many of my readers will be able to remember, and all who visited the place in these later times, speak of its conversion into a hospital with almost selfish regret. The wisdom of the change cannot, however, be doubted, it being one of the soundest principles of policy, that convicts, maintained at the state's charge, should be made to pay by their labor the expenses of their maintenance, and it is only to be wondered at that in a country where labor can be turned to such good account as in this colony, (in the formation of roads and other public works,) the government should have remained blind so long as they did to the almost absolute necessity of availing themselves to a greater extent than it was possible to do on Robben Island of the advantages of convict labor.

The convicts were accordingly removed to the main land,—

the establishment was broken up, and the island was converted from a convict settlement into an asylum for the sick ; so that it is not easy to imagine any thing more unlike what Robben Island was at either of the periods above referred to than what it now is.

I paid a visit to Robben Island in the course of the past month, and am induced to put down upon paper a few observations upon the state of the establishment, because I believe that very little is known about it in Cape Town, except by those interested in the patients, it being one of the characteristics of the place, that nine out of every ten of its inhabitants know no more of any place at a distance of twenty or thirty miles from Cape Town, than they do of the source of the Niger.

I started in the island boat from the south jetty one fine morning, and after running about an hour and a half before a fresh south-easter, arrived at the island. Our crew, or cargo, call them which you will, consisted of two boatmen, four or five chronic sick, two lepers, and a lunatic. The latter was afflicted with the exact reverse of hydrophobia, and exhibited so strong a disposition to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the " salt sea waves," that we were forced to tie him by the leg. When this had been done, and when my friend, who accompanied me, and myself, had taken up a position on the bows, (for the sick people pertinaciously occupied the stern sheets,) we pursued our voyage pleasantly enough, until we dropt our anchor in front of the little settlement and were transferred to a smaller boat, rowed, as my companion (who was well acquainted with the island) confidentially informed me, by four strapping lunatics, and were at last carried ashore in a chair by another of these unfortunate patients.

The settlement consists of some fifteen or twenty houses and a neat little whitewashed church, in which a clergyman of the Moravian missionary society performs divine service every sabbath-day. It is perhaps to be regretted, that the government have not thought themselves justified in placing a clergyman of the Church of England in a station so peculiarly in want of religious consolation. With the exception of the houses and church, the only building on the island is a tomb of some Malay martyr, (a convict from Batavia) to which the Malays of Cape Town make, I believe, an annual pilgrimage. The rest of the island (which is about six miles in circumference) presents the appearance of a desert,—a dry,

sandy soil, covered with a short thick bush, which, though not very inviting in its appearance, possesses very nutritious qualities for sheep or cattle, as I soon had an opportunity of discovering, when making a noonday meal on the most delicious mutton which I have tasted since leaving England.

For the first thing to be done after our short voyage naturally seemed to be, to eat and drink, and I shall not soon forget the faces of mutual astonishment with which my companion and myself surveyed one another as a huge saddle of mutton gradually disappeared under our joint efforts. When having, like Dugald Dalgetty, satisfied my hunger, I, at length, found time to speak, I had the curiosity to enquire whence such superb mutton was obtained, and was not a little surprised to learn that the miserable animals which we had brought over with us were already in process of conversion into muttons of a similar quality. Nor is this by any means a new characteristic of the island, for in Van Riebeeck's journal, in the year 1654, I find the following testimonial to its excellencies in this respect :—

“Feb. 6. This day arrived the *Draak*, full of sick and scorbutic, and hardly able to manage the sails; upon information received from the captain of the galiot, they had got some penguins and eggs from Robben Island for refreshment, they reported also that the six sheep which were last year placed there, had increased to eleven and so fat that they could scarcely walk; we, therefore, intend as they thrive so well there, while here they rather die off than increase to place more there and make the island a proper sheep walk”

And the increase of the flock and the excellence of the mutton are several times subsequently mentioned; so much so that in the December of the same year, when an English ship anchored in Table Bay, and some exchanges of conviviality had taken place between the officers and the Dutch government, the following entry occurs :—

“Sent to Robben Island for a fat ram, to entertain the English, with which our people returned on the 24th, and the English were so pressing that they got the commander on board together with some of his company, and honored him with an excellent dinner.”

Now-a-days however, the principal attraction which draws a number of visitors to the island, is the great abundance of rabbits, pheasants, and other game which is found there; but having very little of the sportsman in my composition, a very few shots tired me of this amusement, more especially as, notwithstanding the number of the rabbits, I did not find

it very easy to hit them, so I left my friend to pursue his shooting, and still more wearysome fishing by himself, and proceeded for my own part to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," not "beneath the shade of melancholy boughs," but in the midst of the sand and bush above mentioned. My musings were not disturbed like those of the melancholy Jaques by the "dappled burghers of the wood," though rabbits enough were sporting about me, and "I met *no* fool in the forest," but saw two or three lunatics who served equally well to suggest moral reflections.

One of those whom I met walking about wholly free and unrestrained was the stout lunatic who had carried me ashore. He seemed highly delighted to see me, and offered his services to accompany me round the island. I felt, at first, rather disinclined to trust myself in such close companionship with a lunatic, and looked nervously round for some sane companion; none, however, appeared, so I plucked up a spirit and walked boldly along with my new friend. His conversation was very reasonable and sufficiently agreeable,—indeed I have often fallen into less pleasant society; he occasionally launched out into extravagant disquisitions, of which *bacon* formed the principal subject. His only grievance appeared to be the want of bacon on the island, and when, in answer to his wish that he could return to Cape Town, I said that I thought Robben Island a pleasant place enough, and should like to spend my life there,—(heaven forgive me!) and that judging from his looks it seemed to agree with him very well, he shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Yes I'm content, I'm well enough, but I like a bit o' bacon."

I noticed in the course of my walk that I was scarcely ten minutes at a time without falling in with some of the patients walking about the island; one man with a pipe in his mouth would walk by in a contemplative mood, scarcely honoring us with a stare; another would run up vivaciously and seize me by the hand; while others would pass without appearing to notice us at all. All these men were acting as spies upon one another, each being as thoroughly persuaded of the lunacy of his neighbours as of his own sanity. It is by these means that the superintending surgeon, who manages this large establishment almost entirely without assistance, is enabled to allow almost all the lunatic patients to wander in apparent freedom about the island, while they are, in fact, acting as overseers and checks upon each other;—a happy change from the old system of chains and straw.

My stay in the island being necessarily short, I was desirous of visiting the different portions of the establishment with as little delay as possible, and accordingly prevailed upon the surgeon superintendent to accompany me through the hospital, by which means I was enabled to see the whole arrangements of the place in their ordinary working, without any preparation of them as a matter of exhibition. The establishment consists of three divisions, one devoted to the reception of lunatics, one for lepers, and one for chronic sick. The number of patients at the time of my visit was as follows :—

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
Lepers,	30	22	3	55
Lunatics,	38	32	„	70
Chronic sick,..	80	16	„	96
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	148	70	3	221

The building devoted to lunatics is generally nearly empty in the course of the day, the patients being, as I have above stated, allowed to roam at will about the island, with the exception of one or two cases of violent madness, in which confinement is rendered absolutely necessary. Like the other departments of the establishment, this is remarkable for its extreme cleanliness, the lunatics being themselves employed in this most necessary service. Indeed, the admirable manner in which all the patients are rendered serviceable in maintaining order and cleanliness through the establishment, is one of the most pleasing features of the whole; and I should be inclined to doubt, whether there is to be found, in all the British dominions, an asylum for the reception of so many patients which is managed by so little extraneous assistance,—a circumstance which reflects equal credit on the government and their zealous servant to whom has been committed the charge of this valuable establishment.

A commodious building, immediately upon the sea-shore, is devoted to the accommodation of the chronic sick. In this department the medical attendant can do little more than render the last moments of his patients as easy and happy as may be. The sight of a number of sufferers sinking gradually and inevitably, however easily, into the grave, cannot be otherwise than painful, but I was not sorry to have an opportunity of witnessing the praiseworthy care which is bestowed upon the comfort of these unfortunate patients.

A still more distressing sight awaited me in the leper hospital. Leprosy, in addition to being incurable, is perhaps the most frightful disease that afflicts mankind. It is, I believe, peculiar to very hot climates, and has perhaps occupied too little of the attention of the faculty, being, unknown to the seats of learning in England and other European nations. The disease would form a proper subject for the consideration of the members of the profession resident in the colony, and I venture, with much diffidence, to recommend it to the attention of the editor of the *Medical Periodical*, which is conducted with so much ability in this colony. The disease is evidently not the same as that which we read of in scripture, under the same name, and which would appear to have been an affection of the skin, probably of a scrofulous nature; whereas the modern leprosy attacks the joints, removing one after another, so that in the asylum at Robben Island, the victims of this horrible malady may be seen in every stage of disease,—some having lost a few fingers,—some one or both hands,—some feet,—and in one case I saw the nose was gradually disappearing. There are also some cases of what is called tubercular leprosy, in which the disease has attacked the face and produced large hard swellings of the most unsightly and loathsome appearance.

With my visit to the leper hospital ended my examination of the “general infirmary, Robben Island,”—an institution which reflects the greatest credit on all connected with its management. I have hitherto abstained from the mention of any name in connection with this subject, but I should be doing less than justice, were I to conclude this brief and imperfect notice, without bearing my humble testimony to the great care, attention, and ability, which characterise all the arrangements of the superintending surgeon Mr. Birtwhistle. Of his professional fitness for his task, and his undeviating care and attention to his unfortunate patients, he has received a far more gratifying acknowledgment in the official report of the medical commission, which recently visited the island by the direction of government. Such a testimonial renders my remarks, as matter of *evidence*, valueless; but I trust that the simple acknowledgement of an unprejudiced and unprofessional visiter will not be unwelcome; and it is principally in that hope that I have ventured to trouble the “reading public” of Cape Town with this account of my visit to Robben Island.

AN ELECTION IN IRELAND.

“ And they didn’t fight after all.”

Punch.

How many of our readers have seen O. Smith at the “ Adelphi” in the popular play of the “ Green Bushes ?”

In it, O. Smith, as “ wild Murtoogh,” was considered the beau ideal of an Irishman, of the class which he represented, and the applause was general, from the exclusives in the private boxes to the Emanuel Jennings’s in the gallery, when the wild Irishman whirled his shillelagh over his head, and shouted, “ Hurrah ! what would’nt I give for a good fight ?”

It appears to be a general belief over the water, that the Irish cannot exist without fighting ; as Sir Boyle Roach, with his usual felicity, expressed it : “ that the Irish never are at peace, barrin’ when they’re murtherin’ one another.” Be this as it may,—it is a notorious fact, that an Irish Election has always been characterised by a “ rookawn,” (row) of a very dangerous nature, when a popular candidate, or a nominee of the repeal party has been opposed by a conservative, or a Protestant.

In bygone days the row was generally devoid of religious or political feeling, being rather to carry in the squire who had rendered himself most popular by keeping the best pack of hounds,—drinking the greatest quantity of punch,—fighting the greatest number of duels, and sub-dividing his property into the greatest number of small patches, yclept farms, to swell the muster of his independent “ forty-shilling freeholders.”

It was, then, enough to be an O’Connor, an O’Neill, or O’Flagherty, a Burke, a Butler, or a Blake,—one of the “ ould stock,” to decide the question against a “ Smith” or a “ Jones.”

“ To the divil with him, who is he,” would settle the whole question as to his right to legislate ; and rotten eggs, old shoes, and the other greetings bestowed on all unpopular candidates, would be the reception of the unfortunate “ Smith” or “ Jones,” when making his bow at the hustings and lay-

ing his hand on his heart, which he was about to say, "would ever beat with a lively recollection of the favorable reception he had met with at their hands,"—but cheers—loud and long—would encourage the scion of the "ould stock," when he waved his hat and told his forty-shilling freeholders, that his family had lived at "the castle" for three hundred years,—where every man of them was welcome, that evening, to a "long dance"—and lots of punch—that he knew every face in the crowd—and would shed his last drop of blood for them and theirs—that, if Cromwell were to put his nose into their country now, he'd "have him out next morning," and as for William the Third, what business had he coming over, to lay down laws for people that couldn't speak Dutch, and why? because the men wouldn't break their teeth with the hard words, and the pretty girls, blessings on the sweet faces! wouldn't twist their ripe lips, that were given them for another purpose!—to pronounce a language only fit for *Turks!*

Such wanderings as these were all that the times required. The forty-shilling men voted for the squire,—then drank his health till they rolled under the table,—and Ireland was a "great place entirely!" but in our day a change has come, which has brought out all the worst and most fiery passions of the Irishman's hasty temper. They have been told they were slaves to the Saxon, oppressed and wronged, and that redress was to be had, which they were to seek at the point of the sword,—

" That those who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow,"

that the landlords who differed in religion from the bulk of the people, were tyrants,—that the Protestant clergy were paid task-masters, "reaping where they had not sowed,"—that the Tithes were an odious impost—and that

Too long we've borne the servile yoke—
Too long the slavish chain—
Too long in feeble accents spoke
And ever spoke in vain.
Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net,
And gorged the Saxon crew,
But oh! my friends, we'll teach them yet
What Irishmen can do!

The Irish became politicians—such policy as this: if you have got an enemy or a wrong "*ut furcá expellas!*"

Objects which appeared to the thousands engaged as virtuous, were sought to be gained by the most unworthy means. Incendiarism—murder—houghing of cattle—destruction of every description of property by midnight attacks—were the steps taken by the people to gain a great political end. In order to explain why so much of the active part of agitation was entrusted to “the people,” it is *apropos* to state, here, that the period which we have fixed upon, to pourtray the eccentricities of the Irish people, is that immediately before and during the general election of 1841.

At the time to which we allude, the anxiety for the “repeal of the union,” as the only means whereby to place Ireland in her proper position amongst the nations, had arrived at such a pitch, that, under the daring guidance of O’Connell, every peasant considered himself as a corner-stone in the great edifice of political freedom, which was, to be reared by “Emancipatin’ Dan.” Blindly the peasantry obeyed each direction of the master-hand, on whom their hopes were placed,—thoughtlessly they received from him with credence, each promise that the vanity of the hour led him to utter, and recklessly they carried out according to their giddy judgment, each move proposed or hinted at by his agents. And powerfully did this crafty and ambitious chief work out his plans, to render himself their idol, applying his torrent eloquence to the passions which he understood as minutely as does the watchmaker the wheels and springs, which he can stop by a touch, or cause to fly, or creep.

Success had made him to be believed invincible, and as he never yet concealed his candle under a bushel, but greedily accepted each new homage paid to his powers or his talents, as his rightful due, he became the focus to which all rays converged, the object on whom alone all eyes were fixed for the great end “Repale.”

An observation, said to have been uttered by him, was an answer to any one who doubted the legality of his moves.

“Sure an’ did’nt he tell the judges on the bench that he’d dhrive his coach and four through the best Act o’ Parliament that iver was made. He’s the boy for pickin holes in them!”

It was but recently that he had opened the Irish corporation to the Roman Catholic creed. He had sat as the first Roman Catholic Lord Mayor of the metropolis of Ireland,—he boasted of having bearded the Lord-Lieutenant Earl de Grey in his own halls,—recounted in glowing language to an admiring and believing audience, the threats of defiance

which he had thrown in the teeth of the "Saxons," on his late return from the sitting of the House of Commons, and he told them in so many words, that he, and he alone, could make their country what she ought to be,

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!"

But we digress.

It need not be repeated, how association after association rose like exhalations from the deep, and resolved themselves like the vapour in the story of Scherarzade, each into a mighty giant. Whatever was the giant's figure, or its limbs, still the head of O'Connell, in triumphant leer, crested the mighty trunk,—and the sinews were "the sinews of war."

A shilling a head, or a penny a head, or a farthing a head, all came alike to the grand coffer. "Precursor" shillings or repeal half-pence, swelled the bag of the "big beggarman," whose burly figure and confident mien well suited the character, on a grand scale, of that class of sturdy mendicants, called "boccaghs," who wander through Ireland, and demand, in greater truth, than beg.

The mighty liberator was their "boccagh more." *

Apropos of this soubriquet. It happened that one fine morning in the year 1842, on stepping from the Reform Club, upon the flag way of Pall Mall, that he came almost against one completely opposed to him in the politics and character, Mr. (now Sir) Emerson Tennant, a gentleman of studied neatness and a perfect tailor, saying as he passed, with a familiar nod, "Good morrow dandy!" To which Mr. Tennant with a quickness for which he is remarkable, replied, as he raised his shining hat one half inch from his temples,—“Good morning, beggarman!"

In the zenith of the agitator's power and his vigour, when, like Cæsar, "the people, with an adulation which marked the degeneracy of the times, continued to load him with fresh honors, and he continued with equal vanity, to receive them,"—the whole repeal scheme was in full working,—the rent pouring in at the rate of £300 a week,—the "head pacificator," moving addresses in terms of most unctuous adulatory blarney to the candidate for canonization before them,—and (an apostate from his own creed) exclaiming before an enthusiastic and excited assembly, that the life of the Romish priesthood was as the "pure sea of glass, like unto crystal

* Big Beggarman.

before the Almighty throne," (Rev. ch. iv.)—the country was in an uproar,—carriages and four dashed into the market-places,—and from an open window, or a speedily constructed scaffold, some plebeian orator spouted bold promises and uttered daring threats—

" While words of learned length of thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around."

The fields were left untilled,—the implements of labor thrown aside, and thousands flocked to hear the hired demagogues who shouted in the ears, that their hour for revenge was come. This state of things existed for some weeks before the grand election for a southern county, for which the agitator's youngest son was to be nominated by his father in person, and the great question of the people's power proved to the world.

The crowded chapels on Sundays contained a mass of persons listening to political addresses from the altars, and when the shades of night came on, houses of obnoxious or doubtful voters were burst open, and the inmates dragged from their beds and hurried to a place of safe keeping till the grand day should arrive. In a brewer's yard a number of voters, exceeding 50, were incarcerated, and, under the denunciations of their church, obliged to promise their votes to the repeal candidate. Every stratagem that iniquity could devise was brought to bear, in order that the defeat of the father in Dublin city by 147 votes, (which caused him to fall back upon the county of Cork) might be reversed in the young O'Connell, then travelling on the continent. An English gentleman, who had before sat for the county in question again came forward also, on the repeal interest. His high and unblemished private character, and his innate feelings of decorum in public matters, kept him aloof from the slightest participation in the uproarious meetings or flighty denunciations of the lower portions of the repeal enthusiasts.

The object of this sketch is to delineate the inflammable passion of a nation determined to follow out their leaders' will, and reckless of the means used to gain the end. No stone was to be left unturned to secure a victory, and, certain of success, the peasantry assumed an air of defiance, and even went so far as to hoot the gentry, on whose lands they lived, and boldly to assert that a revolution was at hand, which would dispossess the Protestant landlords and give "the people" the glorious privileges of "no

tithes, no taxes, and half rent!" Such was the cry, and such the wild idea of political liberty, which the Irish people believed to be the acme of freedom and redress!

The High Sheriff had called a meeting, to consider what steps should be taken to meet this dangerous prospect of affairs. It was, then, resolved to apply to the executive for military assistance from Dublin, to prevent an outbreak, and to awe the excited populace from illegal interference and outrage.

On the morning of the election, thousands of persons were to be seen urging their way, from early dawn, to the scene of conflict—and assailing with groans or hisses any person hurrying past, who was believed to belong to the opposite party. It was not known at that period of the day, that the long sticks which the greater number held in their hands, "*præacutos cuspidæ pontos*," had an iron head, which yet lay in the bosoms of those bearing them, and which were to be pushed on the handles, when required.

An Irish "pike" is a simply constructed, yet dangerous weapon. Any man may carry in his hand a walking stick, six feet long, if he prefers it to one of three feet, but when he takes from his pocket a sharp pointed iron cap, eight inches in length, and fixes it on the sharpened end of the stick, then with a stone, picked from the road, drives a nail through the hole, made in this iron head, fixing it to the wood, he has a weapon, which in the hands of a man, accustomed to use with freedom every implement of agricultural labor, is more dangerous than a bayoneted gun unloaded.

Precautions were, however, taken to prevent these dangerous bands entering the town. Strong parties of police stationed at each entrance, deprived every peasant of his stick, and only allowed him to enter the town with empty hands. This was matter for curses, not loud, but deep, while troops of cavalry and parties of light infantry parading the streets, showed that any attempt at outrage would be at once suppressed.

Up to ten o'clock there was but the buz and din of many voices and the sound of trampling feet, when the "head pacificator" was seen, in a faded, braided uniform, like that of a "seedy" Polish emigrant, rushing to and fro, and crying, "Peace! Peace!" where there was no peace. It must have appeared to him, that any attempt at carrying the election by assault, would now prove ruinous, and that the law must have its course.

Three pieces of artillery were stationed at the principal entrances to the town, and it was amusing to see the rigid examination bestowed upon them by the crowd.

The court house doors were now opened and a general rush ensued to take possession of the house, while blows were freely exchanged, as each stronger partizan forced from his course a weaker enemy.

Those who had taken up their position early at the door, were driven in by the dense mass outside, and in less than five minutes the whole body of the house was crammed from wall to wall, while the High Sheriff, attended by the candidates and some of the leading gentry, occupied the Magistrate's rooms and the bench.

The names of the "Repeal" candidates were received with vociferous applause by the rabble, while the nomination of their opponents, both of whom were known to hold strict conservative opinions, was the signal for groans and uproar, which must yet be remembered by every one present.

Order was not restored for a length of time, nor without considerable difficulty;—for those who filled the crowded galleries, and whose idea of the "Cabinet," was the "Prime Minister's Sentry-box," and that "Reform" was the "Bill for giving every body every thing," had come for a day's sport, let off all the artillery of their wit at every thing, and to groan and cheer until they became hoarse.

The style of language addressed to the passions of the crowd, will show the description of persons permitted to waste the public time with coarse abuse.

"You have been," said a demagogue, who waved in his hand the kerchief he had pulled from his neck to aid his volubility, as he apostrophized one of the best of landlords, whom he accused of driving from their homes fourteen families, who had failed to pay their rent, in the parish of Tynriland, "you have been made outcasts from the lands your fathers tilled,—driven from the firesides where your families have, nightly, clustered in the bonds of pure affection,—where the aged grandam from the chimney-nook has smiled in love and pride on her children's children,—spurned by a tyrant-landlord from the green fields and bubbling brooks, where you have played in listless innocence, and banished on the flinty roads in nakedness, to seek a shelter from the winter's cold and piercing frost, beneath a withered tree, whose gnarled roots must be a pillow to the curling locks of your

once smiling children, or the soft bosoms of your pure daughters,—forced, from the haughty traveller

“ To solicit the cold hand of charity,
To shock us more,—solicit it in vain ! ”

while the usurper of your fields, mounted on his high-bred steed, gallops, in the chase, over the honored mounds, whence the ashes of your sainted parentage cry out for vengeance on the heads of your destroyers,—a blood-stained orange crew ! Can such things be ? No ! let us hurl from their guilty seat the tyrants who have dared to shackle the dauntless and the free !

“ Oppressed by disunion, the north first unites,
In union fraternal the west now delights ;
In the east, like the sun, its radiance you see,
When the south shall unite, then Erin is free !
Ye sons of Hibernia, then join hand in hand,
To chase your oppressors from Erin’s green land ! ”

Such declamation was permitted, and its effect can be well conjectured.

In reply to a speech of two hours’ duration in this strain, the party attacked, who had never winced during the whole oration, calmly rose, and addressing himself, across the court, to a clergyman of the accuser’s creed, said, “ Sir,—I appeal to you,—I have for eleven years contested each election of this county. This taunt has been each time with greater fury thrown against me ;—you live in that parish ;—is it true ?—do I deserve this fierce attack ? ”

The gentleman addressed replied, “ You have not done so,—the charge against you is unfounded.”

Meanwhile the day was passing over. The streets were lined with people, who, unable to obtain ingress to the court house, paraded in the streets, “ nursing their wrath to keep it warm,” until about three o’clock, P.M. when intelligence was brought, that a band of about 5000 men were advancing by the north-western road.

There is little doubt that a general attack on the town had been contemplated, and it is highly probable that the outbreak was to take place when the above body should arrive, and be met by a larger body expected from the southern road. A murmur rose,—the troops with difficulty kept the open space before the court-house clear, whilst the artillerymen stood by the guns with lighted matches. Just then one of the active agitators slipped in amongst the soldiers of the —th Regiment, which had recruited largely in

the south counties, and was believed to contain a number of disaffected young men, and appeared about to harangue, when a powerful soldier of Herculean frame, (the brother-in-law of a king's son) warned him to desist, and received an insulting reply,—whereupon he sprang towards him, and grasping him by the arm, positively swung him into the street.

The officers of two cavalry regiments will recollect with glee the result of this act, when a hostile message was delivered by that agitator's friend, on the same evening, and his answer was a feeling one to him, for he came down a double flight of stairs, more like a flying mercury than when he had ascended.

There were fully 8,000 angry men now congregated in the streets, gradually retiring from the ugly-looking artillery guns, which Col. J. had playfully christened in the morning, in answer to the enquiry—"Arah! what's them?"—"Why, my friend, that 'Freedom of Election,' and this 'Liberty of Conscience.'" All the troops were under arms, when a band of mounted voters, numbering 200, rode into the centre of the town. They were received with vociferous applause. This band consisted of the tenantry of one of the late members of the county, and who had represented it for years. He had been recently borne to his last rest by a concourse, which contained, without respect to party or religion, all who could pay this last tribute to the memory of an honest man.

Scarcely had this band passed on, when twenty long Irish "outside cars" followed, holding each from eight to sixteen persons, escorted by a troop of dragoons. These were the tenantry of another deceased representative of the county, holding opposite opinions;—they were as loudly groaned.

Yet, like the Montagues and Capulets, the names of the two above families are to be seen side by side in the aisle of the old cathedral, built on the property of the first, where the strife of life is over, and political estrangement is at rest.

The court-house was still full, and rival orators lashed themselves into a vituperative froth; but outside, it was evident, the spirit of the mob had flagged sullenly; they looked for the reserve, so long expected, but they had long since been met by a courier, and warned, that the day was not to be theirs, and that the armed force which held the town, precluded all hopes of carrying the election by physical force.

The polling was deferred to the ensuing morning, and it now became the wearied peasants to retire in dudgeon, hungry, and defeated, and to send back the numerous carts which approached the town, to carry off the spoil, which those who had left home that morning, had counted on acquiring from a ransacked town.

Ten thousand wearied bodies must now retrace their long and dusty steps, which they had lightly covered in the morning, elated with hope and regardless of the prospect of defeat.

Where were now the gaudy ribbons which had fluttered at the head of each clan?—where the banners, whereon letters of gold bore the words—“*Erin go bragh*,”—“*Down with the Saxon Tyrant*,”—“*Hurrah for Repeal*,”—“*Freedom—Liberty—and banishment for Tyrants*,”—“*No Tithes*”? and how sadly drooped that Christian device, which we saw waving from a chariot in the morning—the infernal king, bearing on his back a victim—one of the Candidates—with these words,—“*To the devil with B——n!*” written beneath?

Throughout a long calm night, beneath the soft rays of the pitying moon, a houseless, hapless band plodded in silent wretchedness, towards their distant homes, which they had left to carry on by indecent strife, or shedding of their neighbour’s blood; a contest, where the question should be one of reason and deliberation, and characterized by order and decency.

A bloodless victory was thus obtained; for though the war of tongues was carried on,—though voters who had given over public life for years were polled,—though old bedridden men were brought in chaises, supported by their medical attendants,—though persons lying in the gaols were bailed,—though travellers returned from France, Germany, and Italy,—though the county was polled out,—a fearful collision was avoided, and peace maintained by the presence of a powerful military force.

Out of a constituency of 1,414, 1,402 were polled, and the members stood as follows at the termination of the day:—

B.,.....	706		O’C.,.....	696
B.,.....	705		Y.,	695

perhaps unparalleled in the annals of elections, 12 persons only being absent through business, health, or pleasure, from this the most exciting Irish contest of the General Election of 1841.

If this sketch bears the appearance of a close devoid of interest or excitement, we would ask the question, what did the reader expect? Was a fatal fracas looked forward to, ending in a fearful loss of life?

There had been collected more than 10,000 excited persons of the lower orders, whose angry passions had been stirred for months, and who appeared on the eventful day—foiled and powerless—yet they dispersed, without shedding of blood, and bowed to the supremacy of the laws. This is as it should be,—this is a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

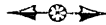
And now, that a recent General Election has passed in quietness,—that temperance has usurped the place of too-general intoxication,—that smiling plenty teems in the late blighted fields of the “green island,” we hope to see the day, when a brave and talented people will practise the arts of peace, and cultivate the lasting benefits of science, with a high and generous emulation.

αιεν αριστευειν και υπεροχον εμμεναι αλλων

When party strife is over, and a peaceful, sober population draws forth the resources of their fertile land, then, indeed, will Ireland be, as she deserves,

“Great, glorious, and free;
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!”

P. V.



A SOLDIERS TRIBUTE.

Hail to the warrior brave,
England resounds his name,
O'er vallies bright and ocean's wave,
There peals a shout to fame,
Amidst the noblest of the state,
Amidst the learned and the great,
In banquet and in hall,
By Wellington's illustrious side,
Another hero claims our pride,
'Tis he, of Alliwai.

Upon the chaplet bright,
Which wreathes his valiant brow,
There shines the name of many a fight
Gainst mighty foes 'ere now.

Where Guadiana's waters gleam,
 Where Ebro winds its mountain stream,
 Spain saw his dauntless form,
 And victory's clarion as it spoke,
 Hail'd him amidst the cannon's smoke,
 In battle and in storm.

How glorious is the deed,
 Enshrin'd in freedom's cause!
 Alike should be its honour'd meed
 Stamped with a world's applause.
 We would not vaunt o'er gallant France,
 Who saw its brave "old guard" advance,
 Where its proud eagles flew:
 They have our praise for feats of war,
 Tho' Albion claims to wear thy star,
 Immortal Waterloo!

On that eventful day
 A humbler crest was seen,
 And time which rolls its years away,
 Still marked that soldier's mien;
 When, lo! where Sutlej sweeps its banks,
 And Britain marshall'd forth her ranks
 To check Sikh's mighty hordes,
 He shines the chieftain of a host,
 His name like *that* of Albion's boast,
 As history's page records.

Does glorious memory
 No bright remembrance yield?
 "England and Harry!"* was the cry
 On Agincourt's proud field!
 Altho' no kingly crest was here
 To lead in victory's career,
 No war-cry's royal call,
 Yet age on age with tribute bright,
 Shall say, "Sir Harry was the knight,
 Who won at Alliwai."

Then welcome's shout once more;
 Chieftain of high renown,
 Our hearts proclaim on Afric's shore,
 Where all thy talent's known.
 In deeds heroic unsurpass'd,
 We see thee as we saw thee last,
 Courteous, and frank, and brave!
 Who shall not honour then thy mind,
 With which fair nature hath entwin'd
 A heart and hand to save.

L.

* Vide Shakspeare's Henry the 5th.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.—No. 3.

Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Noble and busy reader, pardon my interruption, but pray, do for a moment set aside your speculations and calculations. Look, if you can spare one small portion of your *valuable* time, around this our “loop-hole of retreat,” or “mouse-trap for emigrants;” look to this point of the fair earth, by fate our home, in the centre of creation. How glorious the sky above, how grand the mountains, how inimitable the voice and measure of the deep blue ocean; the sun, the moon, the stars, all overflow with refulgent beauty. Wherever we cast our eyes, whether to “the heavens above or the strata beneath,” beauty pervades everywhere, whether prominent on the surface of the whole, or apparent in the order and wisdom of the disposition of the parts,—the God of love and beauty made the universe his temple, and put us in it to be happy in the contemplation of its glory and magnificence. But we, in the face of all this, are the most insensible, the most forgetful and ungrateful! Indeed, it appears as though we were the tenants of some hopeless dungeon!

“Fools, you are nothing even to your earth,
What have you done for honor or for her?
What have you done but made a dreary dearth,
Of love and beauty in her character?”

Verily, if this our region is the dullest of all dull places, it is our own, not nature's fault. Vast and uncountable as are the variety of objects, which are presented to our view, so many are the different tasks and likings of man.

In looking at our nature, we observe that one man loves flowers; another is fond of pictures; a third likes a fine view; and few there are, who are insensible to music, or do not sympathize with the beauties of poetry and the *belles lettres*. Every body finds something in which he admires beauty according to the manner in which we are endowed by nature with a sense or perception of beauty; in every body, who is not created merely a money-getting, “omni-

vorous animal," this feeling lives, however, weak. Though there are some who admire a fine turkey more on the table than in the field, the lustre of jelly more than the brilliancy of the stars, and the froth of champagne more than the foam of the ocean, it is but the plainest fact, that only a very insignificant portion of creation, can be converted into eatables and drinkables, while the whole universe may be turned to account in ministering to the sense of beauty. And this is only what society has ever felt, that something more was necessary than the mere satisfaction of animal wants, that life had a higher aim, and, therefore, temples and palaces were built. Poetry and music came upon earth,—

"Religion rose, man sought repose in the shadow of her wings,
Music for her walk'd harbinger, and genius touched the strings."

And again we came through religion to art, in Italy painting and music took the lead; sculpture gave birth to a Canova and Thorwaldsen; with regard to architecture, a modern Athens rises again in the middle of Germany.*

Here, even the common people partake of a refined taste for music and art in general. France has its brilliant and gorgeous opera. England loves her Shakespeare dearly, and is never tired of his beauties,—imports pillars from Greece, and roams over the whole earth in search of beauty; while at home she improves on horses, oxen, and pigs.

The Cape, never to be forgotten, is not altogether at a stand; here also the spirit of improvement has commenced its work. If we look at the appearance of St. George's Church, we shall at once perceive that we are beginning to understand and appreciate the striking results, which may be produced by such simple means as a pretty enclosure, a few shrubs and flowers, &c. The talk and general interest displayed here, concerning the erection of a sea-wall, and the removal of the unsightly and filthy look along the shore, which cannot but create a very sorry opinion of the Cape, in the minds of foreigners, on their first entrée into the capital of South Africa, is another proof of a refinement of taste and growing sensibility to which we are advancing.

There are those, we doubt not, who,—frivolous enough to conceive no use or good, for example, in Table Mountain, or the sands in the Cape Flats, because they are great hindrances to rail roads,—would call these vain luxuries the value of which is not equal to the price; but such men by their

* Munich in Bavaria, with its Walhalla, etc.

rarity, prove the general prevalence of nobler feelings, of a most admirable endowment of nature, and they are a proof that the light of the age is spreading; that cultivated men cannot endure to be tied to the requirements of strict necessity, and that they are chiefly distinguished from savages by this refinement. Their amusements and recreations, their intercourse and manners, their dress and bodily decorations evince, or always should evince, their sense of the beautiful, their progress in intellectual refinement. Beauty, this "daughter of heaven and mother of earth," as we have said, is hailed by us in whatever form she presents herself; her enjoyments are the purest and most refined; in the words of Channing, beauty is "congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship;" and as we see the germ of this in every human being, he further remarks, that an infinite joy is lost by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

The enjoyment of the beauties of nature are open to every body.—We have shown, in a former number, that these beauties are perceivable, not only by the eye, but also by the ear; that of all arts music is least to be despised, on account of that fascinating power by which it awakens, or creates where it does not awaken, sympathies and feelings, which it lies beyond the reach of either poetry, painting, or any other art, to call into existence; and we see no reason why we could not enjoy it here, almost to its full extent, particularly as there is no want of love or talent for it.

It is already cheering and encouraging to perceive something like a commencement made at this place to spread a knowledge of this art. We witness the head of one of the most flourishing *private* establishments of education, and one than which no other establishment of the same kind is more worthy of flourishing, in Cape Town, recognizing music as essential to the education of "*the whole man.*" Indeed, the subject has lately attracted the attention of the Government of England, and, under sanction of the Educational Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council, several singing classes have been opened, and, as far as we know, with satisfactory results. We doubt not, that, ere long, the Government here will also provide for the wants of the people in this respect. If so, we may confidently indulge in the hope, that the greater diffusion of this source of pleasure and entertainment will be the cause, at no distant day, of banishing completely the slander and evil conversation,

which, for the mere sake of passing the time, is not unfrequently introduced into a mixed company.

One thing, above all, is necessary, in order to arrive at results so desirable. We must begin by taking another view of the art; we must cultivate an understanding of it, and not consider it as an article of manufacture, as is the case in most fashionable boarding-schools, where the ability of playing half-a-dozen tunes constitutes the perfection of musical education.—We must beware of taking the means for the end; this, notwithstanding our utmost exertions, will always give occasion to ridicule.

Musical affairs, in general, at the Cape, are influenced by a remarkable peculiarity,—a certain pedantry, observable not only in these, but in all matters.—There are few great merchants among us, and our commerce is comparatively trifling, but there are not a few mercantile pedants. We have little concern with politics, but are very pedants in discussing them, giving our opinions with an importance of appearance, as if the fate of nations were to be decided by our sentence. It is not, perhaps, becoming in us to speak much of religion, but it is most mortifying to witness the pedantry, not to give it a worse name, existing in some of those, who should be examples of humility and benevolence. It is, indeed, disgusting, to every honest man, to see the evil and profane spirit of rivalry and opposition having full sway even over those who would fain call themselves “men of God.”

Alas! for the narrow sympathies of those souls, who believe wisdom, happiness, and virtue to be the occupants solely of their shops or offices! Alas! for the short-sighted religion of those, who feel the holiness of life only amidst the solemn gloom of the church; who hear the voice of their Creator only through the mouth of the preacher! Alas! for the sordidness and shallowness of those minds, who feed, live, and can rise only on the ignorance of their neighbours!

But we deviate from our theme; we would say that there is also no want of pedantic musicians, nay, even of amateurs, who show their amateurship with a ridiculous degree of pedantry; but experience teaches us, that music cannot bear such affectation, and that, under its auspices, it profits as little as under those of shareholders, committees, &c.

It is already sufficiently to be regretted, that many musicians forget that their art is not a trade; how much, then, it is to be deplored, that more generous and nobler sentiments

are not evinced by those who would aspire to the name of patrons and amateurs; who, themselves placed above the necessity of trading, seize, in order to obtain public influence, on every opportunity to display in eloquent terms their unspeakable interest in the progress of art, (and, indeed, in anything,) but who, by their actions, show a lamentable want of it, and are anything but disinterested; nay, these are the very persons who rather encourage jealousy and envy, and aggravate disunion among professionals as well as *dilettanti*.

But now, as nobody will call a drummer a musician, we scarcely need call it to remembrance, that *he* is not more so, who is able to saw his violoncello through an overture, or can play a number of tunes on his piano; nor need we remember, that the art of talking on everything is widely different from the art of understanding everything.

When we said, music is no trade, we hardly need remark, that this is not to imply, that a musician wants no money, or that it is to be supposed that he can feed on air; it is only to be understood, that it is a shame when he is obliged to inform people of this fact. Indeed, rather than making a demand on the grasping selfishness of illiberal and puny minds, he had better retire, and seeing that the spirit of trade exercises such a preponderating sway, such an overwhelming influence, as to stifle all noble and generous sentiments, he would be acting more prudently, were he to "commence business,"—fail,—begin again,—and become a rich man.

In a civilized state nobody can live without money, which every one, we doubt not, will admit as one of the plainest axioms. The Queen herself would not, without provision in this respect, be over-thankful for the honor of the sovereignty of the mightiest empire. The judge, the military, the secretary, the clerk, all receive their wages for time spent or study gone through, but all these seem to expect from a musician, to spend his time in study and practice, merely for the purpose of amusing them gratis.

In most parts of the civilised world, in fact, such just estimation in form of recompense to professional musicians, is a matter of course, where respect and attention are not denied to his person; therefore, except in the case of a few opera-singers, little is heard now of disgusting negotiations; on the contrary, our most eminent musicians and greatest singers are acknowledged as the most magnanimous and dis-

interested of men. The noble and generous conduct of Jenny Lind, among others, is yet fresh in the memory of her admirers. Benefit concerts for some charitable purpose, by all our first rate artists, are but every day occurrences.

When we speak of art, we must not think exclusively of England, and especially not esteem it an authority in musical matters. Since Dr. Burney, who recorded the arrival of every foreign musician or singer as an event in the history of music, things are only in so far altered, that every year more players and singers go there, and more musicians are invited to come, who naturally make as much money as they can. With occasional exceptions of some frightful blunders of John Bull, such as arranging Mozart's overtures for the organ, or such fanciful tricks, as "white-washing American serenades,"—ballads and songs are still composed as in the doctor's time.

Concerts where dukes and earls are directors, tend not much to improve art; and impartial critics speak therefore truly, though severely of performances of that kind: "There is no need to measure our phrases, nor to mitigate the severe truth with regard to performances so artistically worthless, which withal have such royal means of becoming the reverse, as these ancient concerts."

To come back to this our "happy valley," what are we to do? It appears almost to be a part of a system of colonial politics, to mimic the mother-country in every particular. If it is, then, firstly, we must elect a committee from persons who scarcely know a note, make one of these patron,—another will be kind enough to condescend to take charge of the directorship: then get your secretary and treasurer, a conductor and leader, a few *dilettanti* and a patient audience; when these matters have been all arranged and the instruments tuned after the latest London concert-pitch, we may begin with a vengeance.

That societies, got up in this manner, can at all prosper, common sense directly utters to be impossible. It is a matter of regret, that persons who may be so useful for the cause, which they profess to advocate, so instrumental in widening its sphere, should by the assumption of duties, which nobody expects from them, and the consequent ill-management of affairs which they do not understand, be the cause of retarding that which they want to forward, of ruining that which they want to save.

How would matters change for the better if the whole host of such officious busy-bodies, only meddling just "because they've nothing else to do," would withhold their speeches, motions, rules, and regulations, and, instead of it, would *encourage* in such a manner as to make it impossible to mistake it for anything else but encouragement.

So, our *song* turned out a regular *sermon*, but not *we* are to blame for it. It is our most sincere wish to do what is in our power to effect a better state of things; and flattering ourselves that we have not written in vain, and, by having done so, that we succeed in arresting the tide of error in its precipitous course, we shall rest satisfied; ever rejoicing in the establishment of a "Literary Magazine," through the existence of which we have been stimulated to communicate our thoughts, and through the pages of which we shall be enabled to tune a more melodious strain, we hope, in future.

NN.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The *Atlas* of August 28th, contains the best and most complete list that we have yet seen of the new Parliament, the result of the general election of 1847. The following is the summary :—

Liberals, (or supporters of the present government,)	337
Peelites,.....	115
Protectionists,	203
Sudbury, (disfranchised).....	2
Montgomery, (a double return).....	1

658

From the above statement it appears that Lord John Russell's ministry have a trifling majority over the combined force of the Protectionist and Peel party, but not such a majority as would enable them to carry on the government for any length of time in case of a combination of these two parties. Such a combination, as far as general questions are concerned is certainly not a very probable event; but it is, nevertheless, not likely that such a coalition may take

place on some points. The Irish returns are again subdivided as follows:—

Repealers,	37
Precursors, (or members favorable to an enquiry into the actual consequences of the union and the probable consequences of the Repeal,)	12
Liberals,	17
Peelites,.....	39

105

And of the whole 656 the Times classes 26 as *doubtful*; so that it is evident that the new Parliament cannot but prove a very unmanageable body, and that the Duke of Wellington's old question, "How is the Queen's government to be carried on?" is likely to become more puzzling than ever.

This incongruous state of things is the result of the departure from the old system of *governing by parties*. That system had undoubtedly many disadvantages, but it had likewise some merits which are likely to be seriously missed. If, as in former times ministers are to be expected to dissolve parliament, or resign when first they encounter successful opposition in their endeavours to pass any government measure, the day of a new general election, or of a new ministry, or of both cannot be very distant, and in the present state of England nothing but a frequent recurrence of such events can be looked for on the above supposition. If on the other hand ministers are to be allowed to retain their places in opposition to the expressed opinion of the House of Commons on any particular measure, what security is there for the people, that they will be the subjects of a government virtually of their own choosing? On looking forward to the difficulties which must necessarily arise out of the present state of things, one can scarcely help reverting with a sigh to the days when Her Majesty's ministers and "Her Majesty's opposition" divided the House of Commons between them.

In the present incongruous state of parties it would be vain to speculate on the nature of the measures which will be adopted by the new parliament, or the policy which ministers may think it advisable to pursue; the only matter that appears certain is, that the free-traders have an overwhelming majority, and that the navigation laws, as well as all other remnants of "monopoly," are doomed. It is, beyond question, a subject of gratulation that the free-traders have a majority in the house, inasmuch as it is quite clear

that nothing but the fullest and fairest trial of the new policy will now content the people of the United Kingdom; and, indeed, it is nothing but right that, having been adopted, it should have such a trial; but we do regret that the majority is so large as to render certain the total abolition of protection: we would willingly have taken a little more time to try the effects of the recent experiments, in corn and sugar, before hazarding any more alterations of the same kind.

On every other subject but that of free-trade and protection, the opinions of the majority of the new parliament are so utterly uncertain, that we should be only wasting time were we to indulge in any predictions as to the result; there are, however, some remarkable returns, which, marking as they do, the progress of public opinion, may, without disadvantage, be made the subject of a few observations; and, as any systematic classification of them appears to be utterly impossible, we shall even take the alphabetical lists which make up the general catalogue above referred to, and call the reader's attention to such returns as seem worthy of notice, according to the order in which they occur.

I. ENGLISH CITIES, BOROUGHES, &c.—The return of Mr. W. Cubitt, the eminent engineer, for ANDOVER, is the first illustration of one feature of the new parliament—the number of railway representatives. King Hudson sits, of course, for Sunderland, and, with the exception of Mr. C. Russell, the chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, who was defeated at READING by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, (a gentleman whom, for many reasons, we rejoice to see again in parliament,) nearly every candidate who has come forward on the railway interest has gained his seat. This is significant as a proof of the advancing influence of the great motive power, on all classes of English society. It may further be observed, that several of the most influential London tradesmen have become members of parliament. This is as it should be: colonels, captains, lawyers, officers, and country gentlemen, will not be less efficient governors of the country for receiving the assistance of some representatives of those grades of society, which have not hitherto found easy admission into the legislature; nor will “the lower classes” be any losers by trusting their cause to the sympathy of representatives less removed from their own position, in preference to the interested advocacy of paid pleaders, or the mock enthusiasm of popularity-hunting declaimers.

The next name that arrests our attention is that of BATH, where Lord Ashley has displaced Mr. Roebuck. On many grounds the electors of Bath have reason to be proud and happy at the change. Mr. Roebuck was a notorious member of the late Parliament, always snarling and quarrelling with some one, never contented, picking holes in all his opponents' measures and never proposing anything on his own part, ever snarling and discontented. He never rose to speak without making a bitter, personal, and unprovoked attack upon some other member of the house, and some of our readers may remember a late occasion when, after he had by studied insult extorted a challenge from another member, he brought down the letter to the house and moved that the writer be reprimanded by the speaker at the bar: none knew so well as Mr. Roebuck how to express scorn and insult in strictly *parliamentary* language, and none was more unscrupulous than he in the use of these bitter weapons. Precisely the reverse of all this is the new member Lord Ashley. Gifted with talents of the highest order, he is also possessed of the most unobtrusive private virtues, and of him we may truly write those words so often falsely written, that he is "beloved and respected by all who know him." But it is not for his private virtues that we rejoice to see Lord Ashley again in Parliament: we honor and respect him as a man who by his high example paid a tribute to the doctrine of political consistency and public honesty, at a period when these qualities were least respected. When some 200 gentlemen, more or less, became sudden converts to the principles of free trade, Lord Ashley who like the rest had been elected on protectionist principles at the general election of 1841, disdained to hold as a free trader, the seat which he had gained as a protectionist: he resigned his trust into the hands of the electors of Dorsetshire, and gave the constituency an opportunity of being represented by a man of their own opinions. If every member of the House of Commons who was placed in the same position, had acted in the same manner, the result as regards the free trade measures of last session would probably not have been altered, but the confidence of the people in the honesty of their rulers would not have received so rude a shock. But it is not upon this ground only, that we look upon lord Ashley as a valuable addition to the *personnel* of the new parliament. The noble member for Bath is a practical man: and his practical efforts at legislation have ever been made in a right direction. The temptations to sloth and

idleness naturally presented by his high station, have not availed to prevent his investigating with the most patient industry, the grievances of all the lowest and most oppressed classes of society, and from the humble cottages of the collier, the miner and the factory laborer, prayers rise up to Heaven, night and morning, for the blessings on the head of the people's benefactor.

The next return on the list on which it seems worth while to pause for a moment, is, that of CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, with which we may connect in this notice the sister University of OXFORD. The return of Mr. Goulbourn and Mr. Gladstone, in preference to their Anti-Maynooth opponents Lord Fielding and Mr. Round is a subject for sincere congratulation: not that these gentlemen are such very valuable additions to the House of Commons, (though certainly much more so than their opponents,)—not that the principle of recognising the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is in any danger, (for it is steadily progressing,)—not that the Universities are now-a-days looked upon as very important constituencies (for as men come to know more of these “seats of learning;” they lose the superstitious veneration with which they used to regard them,)—but it is *as a sign of the times* that these returns are valuable. Probably in all the United Kingdom there do not exist two constituencies so prejudiced as those of which we are writing: and that for the simple reason that they are in great measure composed of resident fellows of colleges, and country clergymen—men who have never mixed in the world, and who, having many of them been brought up in the prejudices of half a century ago, have enjoyed no opportunities of rubbing them off by contact of society. Now of all academical prejudices the Anti-Romanist and Anti-Maynooth feeling is perhaps the strongest. The two victories which we have recorded are therefore great moral triumphs, showing that prejudice is fainting even in her strongholds, and that we may look forward to the day as not far distant, when all the constituencies of England will be guided by reason and justice in their choice of representatives.

The question of the freedom of members of parliament from arrest for debt is likely to be raised in the new parliament in connection with the reelection of Mr. T. Duncombe for FINSBURY. It appears that one of the honorable gentleman's creditors has thought it worth while to bring his case before the public by commencing an action for debt against

him; Mr. Duncombe, of course, defended the action on the ground of his privilege as a member of parliament; and the defence was held valid. But an anonymous correspondent of the Times has brought the subject before the public, and has with some justice taunted Mr. Duncombe with his enthusiastic support of the cause of the people, while he was, in fact, using his privilege as a member of parliament to escape from the clutches of two or three individuals belonging to the class whose interests he affected to have most at heart. This was an imputation that was gall and wormwood to the honorable for Finsbury, and he was betrayed by it into one of the most indiscreet acts of his public life, which is not saying little,—a pledge, namely, given in a letter to the Times, that he will bring the whole matter before parliament in the next session. How he can do this, notwithstanding all his ingenuity, without damaging himself, it is difficult to understand; but the pledge will doubtless be redeemed, and thus the House of Commons will have the opportunity of abandoning a privilege which in the present day is nothing but an abuse. It is not to be supposed that there is not a sufficient number of men of talent and ability who are also solvent, to represent England in the House of Commons; and that assembly should no longer be allowed to continue an asylum for gentlemanly bankrupts and insolvent patriots.

The rejection of Mr. Hawes, (the under-secretary to the colonies) at LAMBETH, on the most frivolous grounds is a subject for regret, and will be extensively felt if the government do not provide him with a seat; this, however, will no doubt be done, and in the meantime his able colleague Mr. C. Buller retains his seat for Liskeard. This is not the only ministerial defeat. Sir J. Hobhouse at NOTTINGHAM, Mr. Macaulay at EDINBURGH, and General Fox in the TOWER HAMLETS, being the other victims. Of these the result of the Edinburgh election is most to be regretted, and, indeed, reflects little credit upon the voters of modern Athens, who, with marvellous inconsistency have, while rejecting Mr. Macaulay on Anti-Maynooth grounds, retained his colleague Mr. Gibson Craig, one of the lords of the treasury. While speaking of defeats, we may notice with regret those of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton at Lincoln, Lord John Manners at Liverpool, Sir Fitzroy Kelly at Lyme Regis, and Mr. Fielden at Oldham.

The City of LONDON is the next name that arrests our attention: the following are members in the order of their

election,—Lord John Russell, Mr. Pattison, Baron L. de Rothschild, Mr. Masterman. We are not sorry to see the Premier in this distinguished position, he has earned it by consistent and unwearied exertions, in carrying out the views of the constituency; but the return of the Baron de Rothschild—the most remarkable of the election,—is that, which we wish to notice. The return of a Jew for the city of London, is the greatest triumph of the cause of civil and religious liberty which our days have witnessed: and it is worthy of remark, that this triumph has been effected by argument and moral conviction only: there has been no agitation, no league, no appeal to the mob: there is no class which has laboured under civil disabilities, that has better merited their removal, none that has borne them more patiently than the Jews of England. It is therefore with much pleasure that we record this declaration of the most powerful constituency in England, that such disabilities shall be now entirely abolished. When prejudice has given way in the case of the Jews, we may look for its utter removal. They have had a longer fight for their liberties than the Roman Catholics, or any other oppressed class: and from the time when it was a fashionable amusement for English Barons to draw Jews' teeth, they have been patiently working their way up hill, and gradually winning the respect of their *Christian* persecutors. The victory is now nearly complete. In the present state of the law the newly elected member cannot take his seat in Parliament: what course will be pursued, we cannot say; but there can be no doubt, that the election of the Baron Rothschild for the city of London, is the prelude to the total abolition of religious disabilities.

That the country will gain by this measure as much as the Jews themselves, can scarcely be doubted. Under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and against obstacles almost insuperable, they have raised themselves to a high mercantile position in every nation in Europe, and it is not to be supposed, that the talent and industry which have enabled them to overcome all the difficulties opposed to them in private life will be wholly useless in the field of legislation. But were they as debased as Christians have endeavoured to make them, we should still rejoice at a measure which is in accordance with the liberality and the enlightened spirit of the age.

Lord George Bentinck sits again for LYNN as leader of the Protectionist party. He has of course no intention of

endeavouring to induce the new parliament to undo the work of its predecessor, though he may perhaps try to arrest the course of the free-traders: but time only can decide the truth or falsehood of the principles by which our commercial legislation is now regulated. Meantime the electors of Lynn have no reason to be ashamed of their representative, who displayed, in conducting the case of the protectionists in the late parliament, talent, the existence of which was scarcely suspected.

Lord Dudley Stuart the advocate of the Poles has gained a seat for MARYLEBONE; Mr. J. Walter the proprietor of *The Times*, and Mr. Feargus O'Conner, are the new member for NOTTINGHAM: Mr. W. J. Fox, the anti-corn-law league lecturer takes Mr. Fielden's place at Oldham, (a bad exchange:) Mr. David Urquhart, Lord Palmerston's tormenter, the gnat that stings the lion, comes in for Stafford: the Right Hon. J. C. Herries, newly elected for Stamford, will form a valuable addition to the Protectionist ranks; Mr. Cobden is elected both for Stockport and the West Riding of Yorkshire: Sir Robert Peel is constant to Tamworth; and Lord Palmerston to Tiverton, where he entered into a lengthy vindication of his foreign policy, travelling over the whole world from Peking to Washington.

II. ENGLISH COUNTIES. The BUCKINGHAMSHIRE election is remarkable for the attempt of the new member Mr. Disraeli to divide the political world again into two parties. He puts himself forward as the representative of "popular principles" in opposition to "liberal opinions." He discovers in the professions of liberal legislators much that is at variance with their practice, and believes that a true regard to the interests of the working classes does not necessarily lead to the measures recently adopted. If we understand rightly, he wishes to revive the feelings and some of the institutions of a feudal age, and believes that the best security for the humbler classes of society is a feeling of dependence upon the upper; but how this feeling is to be created and maintained we are not distinctly told. Mr. Disraeli is a very talented but not a very practical man; his powers of eloquence and satire are almost unrivalled, but as a legislator he is less sound than brilliant.

The only other county election which presents results in any way remarkable is WEST GLOUCESTERSHIRE, where Mr. Grantley Berkeley was unsuccessfully opposed by his brother Mr. Grenville Berkeley on the interest of Lord

Fitzhardinge. This has led to a highly edifying family squabble, which has been carried on in the columns of the Times ; but is chiefly noticeable as indicating the decline of lordly influence of which we have another instance in Monmouthshire, where the reigning duke failed in his efforts to persuade the electors to prefer Captain Somerset to Lord Granville Somerset.

We have already noticed the only Scotch election which seems to require any remark, nor is there anything particularly interesting in the Irish returns ; they exhibit a slight gain for the repeal party.

Among the 656 members of the new parliament are men who have pledged themselves to almost every variety of opinions on all the political questions which can come under discussion. Romanists, anti-romanists, anti-state church men, free traders, protectionists, educationists, dissenters, Jews. What will be the result of such a mixture, time only can shew ; in the mean time there is nothing for it but to have patience and shuffle the cards !



LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.

We have only received one parcel of books since our last publication ; our duty, therefore, in reporting progress will be but light this month. We shall first redeem our promise of noticing three novels, which want of space prevented our remarking on in our last.

A Whim, and its Consequences, is the production of an anonymous author, and, although it is not very artistically composed, and is liable to very severe criticism from a critic disposed to be severe, we are inclined to pronounce it, on the whole, a favorable specimen, if considered, as we presume it may be, as the work of a new author. Still it is not to be denied that it abounds in improbable incidents, and is, indeed, founded upon an adventure which could scarcely, under any circumstances, occur in real life. The principal characters are two brothers, who are left by their father in very much the same relative position as Oliver and Orlando

in *As you Like it*. The younger, (the Orlando of the story,) disgusted with his dependent position, takes service as a gardener with a gentleman whose daughter he had previously met, and, of course, fallen in love with, not, however, knowing at the time that he is to meet his lady-love as the daughter of the gentleman under whose roof he has chosen to domesticate himself. This is *the whim*, its consequences are too manifold to be here described. One of them is his becoming the witness to a murder committed by his brother, and being himself accused, and tried for the offence. The trial is very cleverly described, though not, we think, by a lawyer; it results, of course, in an acquittal, and in the end Chandos Winslow (the hero) marries Rose Tracy (the heroine). There is an underplot, founded on the late railway speculations, which have furnished less material to our novelists than might have been expected; perhaps the subject has at present too much reality to be well suited for romance. It must be clear, even from the above slight sketch, that the interest of this novel must rest rather upon the author's powers of description, and portrayal of character, than upon the story; and so it is. In these departments he displays powers which seem to promise better things hereafter, and it is upon this ground that, without having a *very* high opinion of the work itself, we are induced to hope that it is the harbinger of something worthier of approval. Considered upon its own merits, the book is above mediocrity.

And it is pleasant to be able to accord even this slight meed of praise to the work of a new writer, when we find our old favorites sinking into the lower ranks. Mrs. Gore's *Castles in the Air* is a work to which that accomplished authoress should have been ashamed to have put her name. It is a milk and water repetition of *Cecil*. If Mrs. Gore has written herself out she had better *shut up*; and not spoil a well-earned character by the production of another such book as this. A greater reputation than her's could hardly stand the shock of two such productions.

Sheridan Knowles' *Fortescue* has only convinced us of the justice of our remarks on *George Lovell*. The author is, we hear poor, which is a disgrace to England. But poor as he may be, let him beware of injuring the reputation which he has gained as a sterling English dramatist. In that character the author of *Virginus* and *The Hunchback* must live; let us hope that he will find the means of living without having recourse to a line of writing for which he is evidently un-

fitted. Bishop Blomfield might as well try to write poetry. We observe that Shakspeare's house has been purchased by the London and Stratford committees for £3,000, and that it is proposed to appoint a conservator; no one could be so well fitted for the task as Sheridan Knowles, and we hope to see him in a position which might be as properly accepted by him as it would be gracefully offered by the public.

But of the novel of the present day, the best that we have met with is *Grantly Manor*, by Lady Georgiana Fulleston. We would willingly extract a specimen or two, but the book is unfortunately not at hand, nor would we do the authoress the grievous injustice, which would be inevitably inflicted on such a work by any attempt of ours to abridge the story. Habitual novel-readers will consult it for themselves; and those who generally despise and avoid this kind of reading may do worse; for we have seldom met with a book more *Shaksperian* in its illustrations of human nature; and except to those rigid religionists who think all poets sinful except Sternhold and Hopkins, and no prose profitable but that of Dwight and Simeon, such an illustration of modern morals and manners can scarcely fail to be acceptable. This is not a work that will suggest one impure idea or one prejudiced view of the world in which our lot is cast, and if we had sons and daughters, (which heaven be praised we have not,) we would conscientiously recommend it to *both* as a book which might be read with pleasure, and thought of afterwards with advantage.

Of *The Modern Midas*, we should not have spoken at all, were it not the work of an author whose former productions have given promise of better—things, the author of *Emilia Wyndham*. It is, indeed, a sad falling off; and we could scarcely believe it to be by the same author. Instead of the usual careful conduct of story we have here a studied negligence: instead of the usual correctness of language, a glaring disregard of grammar; and we would willingly hope that it is not to be accepted as an omen of what is to come hereafter. It must be the result of either gross carelessness or overstrained power. In either case the error may be corrected, and it is to be hoped that this author will not in future sacrifice his reputation for the eclat of rapid writing, or tax his creative powers too severely, in order to produce a volume every two months.

But some of our more sober readers will think us extremely frivolous if we thus confine our attention to works of ima-

gination ; yet of the last batch of books received from England there is scarcely one of the more serious order which seems to require our notice. Yet we must venture on a passing mention of one chiefly, because we formerly expressed our regret at its non-arrival,—D'Aubigné's *Protector*. This work is in fact a commentary on Carlyle's Cromwell with copious extracts. It was originally intended as an article for a review, but having out-grown the utmost limits which could be granted by the most liberal editor, has been published as a separate volume. Its character will be best explained by its title,—The Protector, a *vindication*. And truly the author does not pause at trifles. With him Cromwell is the incarnation of Protestantism or Protestant dissent, and, therefore, all his actions must be vindicated and represented almost as the result of inspiration drawn direct from heaven. We have not patience here to go through the book and expose a few of the fallacies with which every page is crammed ; we, therefore, select as a specimen the following vindication of that crowning sin, which will suffice to render the name of Cromwell infamous in the judgment of all right-thinking men, even should they be disposed to find excuse for all his other faults :—

“ The manner in which he was at length led to sign Charles's death-warrant has not been sufficiently appreciated. We have already remarked, that his great religious error was his assuming for the mainspring of his actions those inward impulses which he ascribed to God, in preference to the explicit commands of the Holy Scriptures. He believed in what has been denominated “a particular faith.” If while engaged in prayer, or immediately after, he felt a lively conviction in his mind, he thought that this impression proceeded immediately from heaven, and that he ought to follow it as the very voice of God. If, on the contrary, his devotions remained languid, he concluded that he ought to abstain from the meditated act. This is a common error in pious minds, and we might point to one denomination of Christians, celebrated for their spirit of meekness and peace, who partially participate in such sentiments.

“ It was this which guided him in the sentence passed on Charles, and freed him from all his doubts and scruples. John Cromwell, at that time in the Dutch service, had come to England with a message from the Princes of Wales and of Orange, to endeavour to save the King's life. When introduced to his cousin Oliver, he reminded him of the royalist

opinions he had formerly entertained at Hampton Court. The latter, still uncertain as to the line of conduct which he ought to pursue, replied, that he had often fasted and prayed to know the will of God with respect to the king, but that God had not yet pointed out the way. When John had withdrawn, Cromwell and his friends again sought by prayer the path they ought to follow; and it was then the parliamentary hero first felt the conviction, that Charles's death alone could save England. From that moment all was fixed; God had spoken: Oliver's indecision was at an end: it remained now merely to act and accomplish that will, however appalling it might be. At one o'clock in the morning a messenger from the general knocked at the door of the tavern where John Cromwell lodged, and informed him that his cousin had at length dismissed his doubts, and that all the arguments so long put forward by the most decided republicans were now confirmed by the will of the Lord.

"Enthusiasm, then, was the cause of Cromwell's error. This is a serious fault in religion; but may it not extenuate the fault in morals? Is a man who desires to obey God equally guilty with him who is determined to listen to his passions only? Is not God's will the sovereign rule of good and evil?"

Thus is the detestable hypocrisy, which was the most odious feature in the Protector's character, turned into a merit, and we are asked to canonize the regicide, because, forsooth, his crime was the result of enthusiasm. Why, in our own day, a criminal who should successfully plead such an excuse would be only saved from the gallows to be consigned to Newgate. Dr. D'Aubigné does not attempt to conceal or palliate the criminality of the act, but, with strange inconsistency, contends that the character of the man, whom he worships as a saint, is not contaminated by a deed, which, if perpetrated by any other, would stamp him as a murderer, and a traitor. Such an author we hold to be absolutely incapable of performing the duties of an impartial historian, especially of a period, the mere approach to which is calculated to call all one's latent party-feelings into play.

The mention of Dr. D'Aubigné, reminds us of a work to which he is one of the contributors, and which is intended, it would appear, for the drawing-room table, though, by its contents, it is entitled to take a higher place. It is entitled *Orphanhood*, and consists of a series of pieces in prose and verse, all on the one subject of orphanhood, gratuitously

contributed by the several authors for the benefit of the Orphan Working School. That the book, though from its very nature somewhat monotonous, is superior to most collections of the kind, will be easily understood, when we state, that Mrs. S. C. Hall, Agnes Strickland, Horace Smith, Mary Howitt, Miss Pardoe, and Camilla Toulmin, are in the list of authors; and that Weir, Gilbert, Dalziel, and Landells, have contributed to the illustration of the work. The following lines are extracted from a short piece, entitled *A Dream*, not only as a favorable specimen of the entire work, but as being the composition of a gentleman who has recently resumed his residence among us,—Mr. E. B. Watermeyer:—

And if it be that every gentle smile
Was but the reflex of a gentle thought,
And if it be that there could lurk no guile
In the pure tear that started as unsought,
When to her ear a tale of woe was taught
Amidst this dazzling grandeur ;—if the blue
Of loveliness with which those orbs were fraught,
Told but the spirit's faith with their sweet hue,
And if each tone of holy sympathy were true ;—

Then was she blest indeed as blessing all,
A mortal maid with soul of heavenly birth :—
But I was troubled,—well I know that gall
Embittered oft the seeming sweets of earth ;—
That face might smile 'mid happiness and mirth,
Ev'n as the flower that drinketh with delight
The sunbeam's warmth,—and yet be little worth ;
The flower closing, fears th' embrace of night,
That brow perchance may shrink from sad misfortune's blight.

It is pleasant to be able to transfer to our pages something that reads like real poetry, for there is little enough of it now-a-days. That reminds us that we owe a specimen of the last official composition of the laureate,—the installation ode, performed in the Senate House, on occasion of Prince Albert's induction into his new office as Chancellor of Cambridge. The reader must be content to form his own opinion of it from the following extract; our own is not very high :—

That eve the star of Brunswick shone,
With stedfast ray benign,
On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Seine ;
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bohn
And glittered on the Rhine,

Old Camus too on that prophetic night
 Was conscious of the ray,
 And his willows whispered in its light
 Not to the zephyr's sway,
 But with a delphic life in sight
 Of this auspicious day.

As a companion to the prologue, given in our last, we subjoin a farewell address by the same author, which was delivered in the Garrison Theatre, after the last performance of *Othello*.—The Roeland-street company have also given a repetition of the *Castle Spectre*, after which a clever address was well delivered, of which we can only speak from memory.

Music—Enter PROSPERO.

Pros. When daring gamblers try their fate, you'll see
 They always fortune meet in "Number Three,"
 So we, to play, have thrice before you stood,
 Our efforts humble, though our cause was good.
 Your smiles alone caused us to persevere,
 Your plaudits only overcame our fear:
 Receive our grateful thanks, then, for the praise,
 Which could amongst us so much courage raise,
 For one night more to dare the critic's rage,
 "To strut and feet one hour on the stage."
 Still smile on us, 'tis Prospero's self that sues,
 He that was "sometime Milan," can you now refuse?
 From my enchanted island have I come
 Here, to the Drama's temporary home,
 Invited specially by Ariel, sent
 To call me hither from my banishment
 The brotherhood Shaksperian to assist;
 In this their last petition, "list, oh list!"
 Your approbation still has cheered them on,
 Through the three trials they have undergone,
 Oh, yet forbear a while, but for once more,
 And let them safely pass through number four.
 Think but upon the smallness of our means,
 Let the remembrance of our former scenes
 Plead for us with you, but if haply yet,
 Being passed away, their semblance you forget,
 Prospero still holds the power, as of old,
 To bring them back before you. See! behold!

Music—Tableau representing the "Merchant of Venice," Act 4, Scene 1.

Again see Venice' Merchant, and the Jew,
 (Albeit not the one that Shaksper drew)
 Bassanio, Gratiano, Portia fond,—
 Begone! thou standest not now "upon thy bond."

[*Scene closes.*]

Is this sufficient? Must I farther raise
Another picture from our former plays?
'Tis done!

[*Music—Tableau representing "Othello," Act 5, Scene 1.*

The scene, in Venice, as of old,
But not the Merchant now, the Moor behold,
Othello's self, take now your last farewell,
"Of one who loved, not wisely but too well,
Of one not easily jealous," it would seem,
"But being so, perplexed in the extreme."
Deal leniently with this, our last attempt.
Amongst us who from error is exempt?
If haply in it, we have failed in aught,
"Piece out our imperfections with your thought."

[*Scene closes.*

But one task more is left me, and to you
I tender, with our thanks, our last adieu;
"Our revels now are ended;" this, the last,
In one short hour also will have past;
One more endeavour we have yet in store,
And then our company exists no more.
Think of us kindly; with our latest breath
We do beseech you, "speak us fair in death,"
Forgive the aspiring tyros who could dare
With *Shakspeare's* measures your applause to share:
Let not the poet who such plays could write
Be here condemned unfit for ears polite,
Think that *two* virgin queens applause could give
To him whose verses will for ever live.
Though banished from his own, his native land
He has a refuge found on Afric's strand.
Behold!

[*Music—Tableau representing Africa receiving the
works of Shakspeare from the hands of the poet.*

But one more word before we part,
Hear it, and patiently,—"lie there, my art,"
One word from us, whose pleasant labours find,
Indulgent critics, generously blind,
Who blend together in their kind applause
The imperfect effort and its worthy cause.
Take our best wishes, be your dreams to night
By hopeful thoughts of happier days made bright,
May no sad image on your memories dwell,
But thanks and blessings breathed in this

FAREWELL!

We may take this opportunity of mentioning, that the tableaux introduced in the above address were from the pencil of Mr. Baines, and were highly appreciated by the audience. Indeed, no small share of the success of the garri-son company is due to the gratuitous exertions of this gentleman.

INDEX.

- Acrocorinthus, 187.
Acropolis, 406
Adamson, Dr. 102, 124.
Addison, Miss, 126.
Adria, 52.
Agamemnon, tomb of, 302.
Agora, 405.
Ancient world, the, 357.
Andritzena, 314.
Angas, Mr. 192.
Ansted, Professor, 357.
Aquinas, T. 51.
Arachova, 185.
Arcadia, 181, 312.
Archæological Association, 123.
Areopagus, 403.
Argos, 305.
- Barham, Mr. 121.
Barrow, Sir J. 354.
Bassæ, 315.
Battle of Life, 110.
Bontinck, Lord G. 88.
Bentham, J. 19, 29, 31.
Bourcicault, Mr. 126.
Brown's (Rev.) Lectures, 241.
Buckland, Dr. 123.
Butler, Mrs. 126, 232.
- Cæsar Borgia, 114.
Cambridge, 229.
Camel, the, 160.
Cape of Good Hope, 220.
C. G. H. Lit. Gazette, 3.
Cape Press, 5.
Capital Punishment, 19.
Castalian Spring, 182.
Castrì, 181.
Catholic Emancipation, 246.
Central Sun, 124.
Chalmers, Dr. 352.
Clare Election, 253.
Clowes, 110.
Colonization, 214.
Coningsby, 107.
Contrast, the, 58, 137.
Corfu, 53.
- Corinth, 187, 320.
Corycian Cave, 183.
- Daniell, Mr. 120.
Daphne, 189.
Delphi, 181.
Departed Hopes, 34.
Dickens, 107, 110, 114.
Diogenes' Lanthorne, 401.
Donysiac Theatre, 402.
Disraeli, 107, 215, 238.
Dombey and Son, 114, 231, 349.
Douglas Jerrold, 107, 126, 351.
Dumas, A. 109.
Dutch Laws and English Settlers,
332.
Dying Girl the, 293.
- Edinburgh Review, 2, 114, 225.
Education, 69.
,, Clerical, 72.
,, Government, 73.
,, Collegiate, 75.
Egina, 295, 297.
Eland, the 154.
Elephant, the 154.
Eleusis, 188.
Emigrant, the 123.
Epidaurus, 297.
Eugene Aram, 107.
Euphrosyne, 376.
- Fairies, the 321.
Fellows, Sir C. 120.
Forbes, 120.
Frontier Policy and Defence, 129.
- George Lovell, 236.
Good coming out of Evil, 80.
Gore, Mrs. 107, 112.
Grotes History of Greece, 352, 361.
Gun Cotton, 124.
Guy Mannerling, 107.
- Hadrian, arch of 400.
Head, Sir F. 123.
Henry IV. Life of 234.

- Herodotus, 120.
 Herschel, Sir J. 73.
 Hewlett, Rev. J. 228.
 Hiero, 300.
 Holbein, 125.
 Holyrood, 211.
 Homer, 368.
 Hook, Theodore, 122.
 Hooton, C. 226.
 Horace, paraphrase of, 191.
 Hudibras, 51.
 Hugh's overland journey to Lisbon, 231.
 Hume, Mr. 89, 125.

 Iliad, 366.
 Inglis, Sir R. 89.
 Ingoldsby, T. 121.
 Introductory Address, 1.
 Ionian Islands, 53.
 Ireland, 56, 84, 150, 214.

 James, G. P. R. 232.

 Kenilworth, 107.
 Krya Vrysi, 307.

 Last days of Pompeii, 107, 115.
 Leake, Col. 181, 401, 406.
 Legend of Bohemia, 340.
 Lernean Marsh, 302.
 Leverrier, 124.
 Lex talionis, 20.
 Library, Public, 5, 9, 108.
 Life in the Wilderness, 118.
 Lions, Gate of, 305.
 Literarium, 230.
 Literature, Science, and Art, 102
 225, 349.
 Louis XIV. 235.
 Lycia, 120.
 Lysicrates, monument of, 400.
 Lytton, Sir E. B. 114.

 Macaulay, 116.
 Madler, Prof. 124.
 Malta, 49.
 Mantinea, 319.
 Marriage, law of 335.
 Marryat, Capt. 232.
 Maynooth, 97.
 Mauritius, 136.
 Megara, 188.
 Megaspelion, 179.

 Meleda, 51.
 Melville, H. 232.
 Mesmerism, 125.
 Methuen, Mr. 117, 152.
 Michelet, 109.
 Minerva, statue of, 406.
 Missolonghi, 396.
 Mistra, 311.
 Mitford, 362.
 Moonlight, 36, 162, 280, 414.
 Morley Ernstein, 107.
 Murray's handbooks for travellers, 175.
 Museum, 402.
 Musical Sketches, 205, 325, 449.
 Mycenæ, 302.
 My first Campaign, 385.

 Napier, M. 225.
 Natal, 221.
 Nauplia, 301.
 New Planet, the 124.
 New Timon, 116.
 New Zealand, 130, 192.
 Nicholas, Sir H. 231.

 O'Brien, Mr. S. 93.
 O'Connell, 94, 244.
 Olympia, 316.
 Olympieum, 400.
 Omoo, 232.

 Paleocastrizza, 73.
 Pardoe, Miss, 235.
 Parnassus, 184.
 Parthenon, the 408.
 Patras, 175.
 Patrician's Daughter, The, 116.
 Paul, St. 51, 403.
 Penny Magazine, 351.
 Peel, Sir R., 89.
 Peru, Conquest of, 352.
 Pestalozzian system, 73.
 Phelps, Mr. 236.
 Pnyx, The, 403.
 Pine-tree's dirge, The, 77.
 Pomara, 192.
 Pomara's Return, 203.
 Porter, Hon. Mr. 56, 102.
 Prescott's Peru, 352.
 Priest of Isis, 350.
 Propylæa, 407.
 Punch, 107.

- Quagga, The, 154.
 Quarterly Review, The, 110, 114.
 Queen Victoria's Second Parliament, 342.

 Random Thoughts, &c. by H. Me-
 thuen, 152.
 Recollections of a tour in the Le-
 vant, by the Editor, 49, 175, 294,
 394.
 Recollections of childhood, 430.
 Rede, L, 226.
 Repeal Agitation, 259.
 Robin Hood, 231.
 Robben Island, 431.
 Roebuck, Mr. 87.
 Roman Dutch Law, 334.
 Russell, Lord J. 85.

 Santa Maura, 53.
 Scala di Salona, 181, 186.
 Scotland, famine in, 56.
 Schultz, Mr. 126.
 Sharpes London Magazine, 351.
 Sheridan Knowles, 236.
 Signs of the Times, 455.
 South African College, 76.
 South African Journal, 4.
 Spanish Marriages, 80.
 Sparta, 311.
 Spratt, 120.

 Tancred, 238.
 Tempest, the 55.
 Ten hour's Bill, 101.
 Thackeray, Mr. 107.
 Theatre, Cape Town Garrison 127,
 359, 469.
 Theatre, Roeland-street 242, 359.
 Theseus, temple of 404.
 Thirlwall, 362.
 The two Ships, 151.
 Tripolitza, 306.
 Trollope, Mrs. 114.
 Turner, S. 226.
 Typee, 232.

 Valbezen, M. de 350.
 Valetta, 53.
 Vanity Fair, 112.
 Vestiges of the Natural History of
 Creation, 103, 239.
 Victory, Temple of, 407.

 Warner, Capt., 125.
 White, Mr., 126.
 Winds, Tower of the, 405.

 Xanthian marbles, 120.

 Zante, 53
 Zatana, 318.



- 127 Amusements in Cape Town 242
- 129 Frontier Defence
- 152 Methuen on Taming wild Animals
- 220 Colonization, Immigration to (Cape)
- 332 Dutch Laws & English Settlers
- 431 A visit to Robben Island

