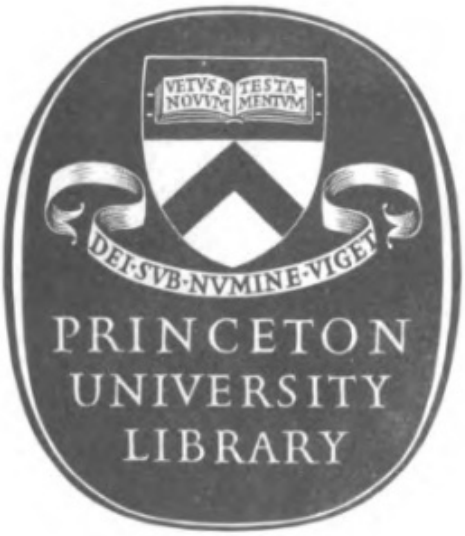

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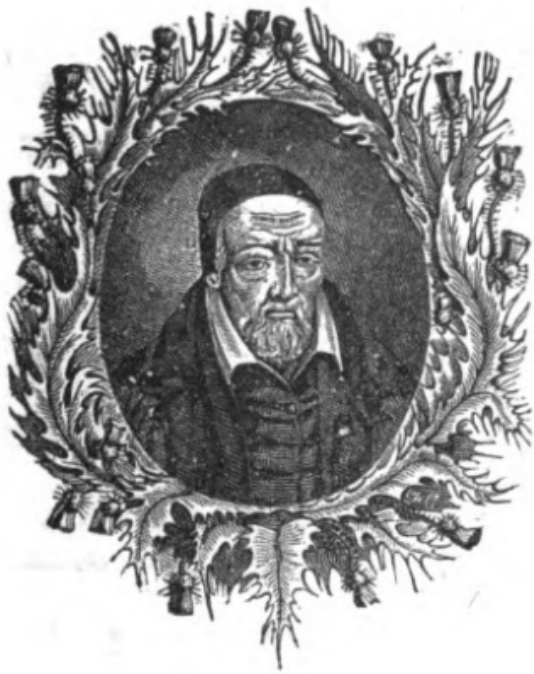

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

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Contents.

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FABLES FROM LA FONTAINE, IN ENGLISH VERSE.

"Full of wise saws and *modern instances*."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I am a nameless man—but I am a friend to my country, and of my country's friends."—IVANHOE.*

A translation is in general a sad dull business. It is like a dish twice dressed, and the flavour is lost in the cooking. The object should be rather to transfuse than translate; to embody, as it were, the spirit of the original in a new language; to give, in short, to *translation*, the same meaning in a literary which it bears in an ecclesiastical sense,—where it always implies an improvement in the thing translated. The mode of conducting this literary operation is as various as the terms by which it is expressed. Sometimes the work is, according to the Dutch phrase, *overgeret*, i. e. *overdone*; sometimes, according to the French phrase, it is *traduit*, i. e. *traduced*; and sometimes, according to our own phrase, it is *done*, i. e. *done for* into English. Dryden has perhaps furnished the most brilliant specimens in our language of successful execution in this line. His tenth Satire of Juvenal almost surpasses the original. What can be more beautifully easy and simple than the opening?—

"Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue."

And yet how he warms with his subject as he advances, pouring forth thoughts that breathe, and words that burn, in the very spirit of the Roman satirist.

But Juvenal was a poet after his own heart, and he translates him *con amore*. His Virgil is less happy. Here he seems to be performing a task,—and indeed we are told that he wrote it for bread. Besides, Dryden had nothing Virgilian in his composition. It would be difficult to imagine anything more opposite than their poetical characters, unless it be those of Homer and Pope, who may be considered as the very antipodes to each other. Still, when an occasion is offered for the display of his power, Dryden takes noble advantage of it. For instance, when Turnus, in his indignant reply to the affected apprehensions of Drauces, says,—

"Nunquam animum talem dextrâ hac (absiste moveri)
Amittes; tecum habitet et sit pectore in isto."

The translator, adds a line, which heightens the sarcasm, and conveys, in the strongest manner, the spirit and temper of the speaker:—

"Let that vile soul in that vile body rest:
The lodging is right worthy of the guest!"

The only poet of modern times capable of translating Virgil—the elegant, the tender Virgil—was Racine. Dryden should have confined himself to Juvenal;—though in saying this, we must not forget his splendid versions of Horace. Here, however, he gives us paraphrase rather than translation; he bears the Lyric Muse of the Latin bard upon his own sublimer pinions, to a loftier heaven of invention, and makes her sing in a higher tone of inspiration. There is nothing in the Odes of Horace that can be compared with "Alexander's Feast;" and we shall seek in vain in the original for

* Octavo. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London. 1820.

the vigour and *verve* of the following translation :—

" Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own !
He who secure within can say—
' To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day !'
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine ;
The joys I have possess'd in spite of fate are mine :
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour."

Lib. III. Ode 29.

But we are straying from the object of our present inquiry,—La Fontaine. Who is there that has not read La Fontaine ? To those who have he need not, and to those who have not, he cannot be described. It is an inviting subject—but there are some things in the world which defy definition or description, and of such are those exquisite peculiarities of style which distinguish the French Fabulist. As, in the case of a beautiful countenance, where the charm resides rather in the expression than in the features themselves, it is in vain that limners endeavour to fix upon canvass the changing " Cynthia of the minute ;" one look in her face makes us forget all their daubs ; so with La Fontaine, a single page of his works will reveal to the reader more of his nameless graces than he would collect from us, even though we were to follow the bent of our inclinations, and discourse most eloquently upon the subject, through a dozen pages. The graces of his style are not only undefinable, but incomparable ; he is a poet absolutely *sui generis*, and we are at a loss for an object of comparison. He sometimes reminds us of Goldsmith, but it is rather in himself than in his writings ; though Goldsmith certainly possesses more than any writer we know, that mixture of tenderness of feeling, with playfulness of humour, which finds its way so irresistibly to the heart. In their individual characters the resemblance is much more striking. What La Bruezere says of the French poet, might *mutato nomine* be applied indifferently to either. " La Fontaine appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid ; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen, but when he wrote he was the model of poetry. All is lightness, elegance, fine natural sentiments, and delicacy of expression, throughout his works. It is very easy, said a humorous observer, to be a man of wit, or a fool ; but to be both, and that too in the extreme, is indeed extraordinary, and only to be found in him."

But, though it might perhaps be easier to convey an idea of La Fontaine by transcription than description, yet we must not shrink from the attempt altogether. But how shall we express in English the *bonhommie*, the *naiveté*, the *badinage*, those characteristic qualities of his poetry, which, like the poetry itself, seem almost out of the reach of translation. Let us try. First then his *bonhommie* is revealed to us in that comprehensive benevolence, which does not confine its sympathy to mankind alone, but embraces all ranks of created beings. He considers the inferior creatures as—

" Hotes de l'univers sous le noms d'animaux ;"

and he seems to entertain some feelings of kindness even for the vegetable inhabitants of our common world, if one may judge from the tone of affectionate regret with which he laments the havoc committed by the stag upon the leaves of the vine which had preserved him,—

" Que de si doux ombrages,
Soient exposés à ces outrages."

His morality is of that indulgent kind which probes the heart without wounding it, and leads us to virtue, by carrying us back to nature. His Fables are, indeed, as it were, the law of nature *in action*. Virtue is represented by him in her most engaging form, as the offspring of sentiment ; and the way to her temple, instead of the customary " steep and thorny road," appears like a " primrose path." In his exposure of vice there is no ill-nature, no rancour, no bitterness of satire ;—he is not one of those who " *ridet et* ODIT." The perusal of his Fables sooths and composes the mind, producing the same sort of refreshment which arises from a quiet stroll in the country,—from which we return with those kindly feelings towards human nature, and that tranquil spirit of resignation to the will of Providence, which are shewn in an indulgent forbearance to the failings of others, and a patient endurance of our own misfortunes ;—and what better lessons than those can we learn from philosophy ?

And next for his *naiveté*, that engaging charm which seems to result from the union of two things which we

fear are seldom found in conjunction, —innocence of heart, and cleverness of head. It is to this mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, archness and unconsciousness, that we owe those charming contrasts between the thought and the expression, which, like a delicate figure in a russet gown, render both more attractive, and constitute "*la grace de la souddainté*" of which he himself speaks. And it is the happy compound of these ingredients that forms "*la grace encore plus belle que la beauté,*" which is the distinguishing quality of his muse. How prettily, for example, does he talk of love,—"*ce mal qui peut-être est un bien.*" There is, indeed, something in his style which may truly be called delicious. He writes as a man might be supposed to write who has just been loosened from the apron strings of nature. Thus, he always awakens the same sort of interest with which one cannot help listening to the artless prattle of childhood. For, we are as much delighted with the ingenuous disclosures of feeling into which he seems to be betrayed in his accidental conversations with the reader, as with the gaiety and spirit with which he animates his narrations. At once simple, tender, and natural, he contrives to leave upon our hearts a permanent impression of all the arguments which he had in the first instance addressed to our understandings. He is, above all others, the Poet of the Graces; and, in his most unstudied and careless effusions, we feel inclined to apply to himself the lines which he addressed to a lady of his own time:—

"La negligence, à mon gre, si requise
Pour cette fois fut sa dame d'atours."

It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that La Fontaine was indebted to nature alone for his poetical excellence. The gifts he owed to her were sensibility and imagination; but no one could be more sedulous than he was in studying the niceties of language, and ransacking the treasures of the older writers, to form picturesque and imitative combinations of expression for his own use. If any one should be so deceived, by the apparent facility of his versification, as to overlook the elaborate pains of the composition, he will in fact be paying the highest compliment to La Fontaine; for "*ars est celare artem.*"

Lastly, we must say a few words of his *badinage*; and we doubt whether we do not enjoy his dry and quaint humour as much as that wanton, playful, sportive strain, in which he so often indulges. With what an appearance of being in earnest does he identify himself with the concerns of the creatures of his fancy! How feelingly he seems to sympathise with the distress of his poor disconsolate bird, who has lost—"*ses œufs, ses tendres œufs, sa plus douce esperance!*" The characters of the different animals are drawn and preserved with a minute attention to nature, that gives to his Fables much of the interest of a drama; and so gravely and completely does he seem to surrender himself to the illusions of his imagination, that it is difficult not to catch the contagion for a moment, and pull down our map to search for the great city of Ratapolis.

But the greatest merit of all in La Fontaine, is the happy art which he possesses of insinuating the most important instruction, while he seems to be only amusing his reader with the details of trifles. For instance, in the dispute between the Rabbit and the Weazle, who had, in the absence of the proprietor of the warren, taken possession of a burrow,—the one defending his title as first occupier, and ridiculing the pretended rights of *Jean Lapin*;—the other claiming by virtue of a regular succession from the aforesaid *Jean*, through Pierre and Simon, his immediate ancestors—we have the cream of the whole controversy on the right of property. The Fables of La Fontaine are not intended exclusively for childhood. He is the poet of common life and common sense. To understand him completely requires an intimate acquaintance with men and with things, and, as often as we return to him, we shall find that he will afford us entertainment and instruction exactly in proportion to the extent of our experience, and the progress of our knowledge.

But it is time to turn from La Fontaine to his Translator, or rather his Imitator; for the writer of the volume before us has taken the French poet as a master rather than as a model; and, as he tells us in his preface, has limited himself to the task of putting some of those Fables which most struck his fancy, into English verse, of various measure, without always copying the thoughts, or attempting the manner of the original, and he has introduced

some allusions to the present times where they were suggested by the subject. We can truly say, that the sample he has given us, would make us anxiously wish for more, if we did not think that his talents might be better employed in original composition. It does not seem to us that it is necessary for him "to steer by the rudder and compass of another man's thoughts;" and indeed we like him best when he is least like the original. Still, if he will be content with the humble office of imitation, we think him eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. In wit and humour, in wanton playful satire, in sportive raillery, he may fairly challenge a comparison with his prototype. We doubt whether La Fontaine himself is more successful in provoking a smile by the happy expression of *inexpressible* ideas, and by those irresistible combinations of language which convey more to the mind than they reveal to the eye or the ear, and that in a way, too, neither to disgust or displease. He is very skilful, too, in the use of those sort of quaint phrases which give force and spirit to the familiar and ludicrous style of composition. He perhaps reminds us sometimes more of Peter Pindar than La Fontaine, and his style combines much of the beauties of both. What we miss most in the English version, is that gentleness of feeling, and tenderness of sentiment, which pervade the French fables. This is perhaps to be attributed to the slight infusion of the gall of party politics with which the work is seasoned; the effects of which upon the milk of human kindness, are, we fear, invariably the same. Our political sentiments are well known, and we cordially approve of the substance of the doctrines which the writer before us so zealously maintains; but there is a time and a place for all things. We fly to poetry as a relief from the angry contentions of the hour, to sooth our imaginations with more pleasing pictures than the world of reality presents to us. It is hard, indeed, if there is to be no neutral ground, no sanctuary to secure us against the intrusion of party hostilities; and, in this light, we consider it as a species of profanation, to make the Fables of La Fontaine the vehicle of political discussion and polemical controversy. It is pity too, that a volume which might please all the world, should be rendered unpalatable to so many, by the introduction of topics which, as far as the merit of the book is concerned, would have been much better omitted altogether. A polemical pamphlet may be a very good thing in its way, but we do not expect to find a polemical pamphlet under the title of "*Fables from La Fontaine, in English Verse.*" We particularly allude to the tone and temper of the note on "*The Woodman and the Forest.*" If it is expedient, for the good of the whole community, that the Catholics should be excluded from political privileges —(the only grounds on which such exclusion can be defended,)—let them be excluded, but let the necessity be clearly made out, and when made out, let it at least be enforced without insulting the feelings of the objects of the exclusion.* To talk of the admission of our Catholic fellow-subjects to an equal participation with ourselves in the blessings of the constitution, as likely to lead to the rekindling of the fires of Smithfield, is to talk in defiance of reason and common sense. To impute to the Catholic Church at present the persecuting spirit which once animated it, is unfair and uncharitable. Persecution belongs exclusively to no particular sect. Henry the Eighth at one time burnt Protestants for denying the real presence; and, at another, cut off the heads of Catholics for denying his own supremacy. Persecution was the spirit of the age, and was practised indiscriminately by either sect that happened to be uppermost. If the Catholics carried it farther than the Protestants, we must at least remember that they had a better excuse for it, believing, as they did, that there was no salvation out of the pale of their own church. If they, however, carried it farther, we have continued it longer. Till very lately, it was a hanging matter for a priest to say mass; and the rest of the code relating to our Catholic brethren, was in the same merciful spirit of enactment. The Catholics, therefore, have as much to forgive and forget as we have. But the

* Swift has somewhere said, that we have only just religion enough to make us hate one another.

question is not what *has been*, but what *is*. Queen Mary and the Pretender are dead. Where is the country in which the persecuting spirit that the author imputes to the Catholic Church, is *now* acted upon? The fact is, that the Catholics only ask from our own government the same indulgence that Catholic governments abroad extend to their Protestant subjects. For our own parts, we have no fancy for the Catholic religion, and should be very sorry to see its influence extended; but we think it a strange complaint to make against men now-a-days, *that they believe too much*; there is surely more danger to be apprehended from those who have no belief at all. We think the doctrine of transubstantiation very absurd, and equally repugnant to the words of Scripture and the evidence of our senses; but we cannot see what *harm* could accrue from such a belief, even supposing it were more general, if, as is probably the case, it impresses the mind with a deeper sense of the solemnity of the ceremony, and implants a stronger feeling of the religious responsibility. Again, if we all believed that marriage was a *sacrament*, might it not tend to strengthen the obligations of the marriage vow by an additional sanction,—a sanction, of which we fear the annals of Doctors' Commons will shew that it stands deplorably in need.

But we gladly leave the polemical for the poetical part of the volume,—upon which last portion we can bestow almost unqualified praise. Let the writer speak for himself. We will begin with one of the *shortest* fables by way of specimen.

"*The Lion and his Associates.*

Once a Lion with three other beasts made alliance,
And set all the quadruped world at defiance.
In the honour of each, every member confided,
That the booty they took should be fairly divided.
It happened the Bear caught a Deer in his toils,
And he sent for the rest to go snacks in his spoils.
They met: the fat prey each was ready to fly on,
But the post of grand carver they left to the Lion."

The Lion executes the task allotted to him very adroitly, while the other high contracting parties,—the Wolf, the Fox, and the Bear,—drew round:—

"And stood licking their lips while the carving went on."

The imitator has, we think, shewn taste in restoring the associates as they are described in the old fable, instead of adopting the new quadruple alliance which La Fontaine had, for no good reason, introduced.

"Quoth the Lion, 'You'll think me a Butcher by trade:
Observe with what skill these allotments are made.
The first to my *rank*, not a beast will refuse;
So this as the Lion's just option I choose.
The second of course as my *right* you'll resign,
By the right of the strongest that portion is mine.
That the third is my own is as certainly true,
To my *courage* can less than a quarter be due?
And now, my good friends, having settled these shares,
Let him lay his paws on the remnant who dares!'"

The imitations abound with a great variety of metre, and there is, throughout, an uncommon facility and spirit in the versification. For instance, the opening stanza of "The Wasps and the Bees:"—

"There happened once a suit between
That insect tribe who serve a queen,
Those quaker-coated flies I mean,
The industrious Bees:—

"And the pert Wasps, that roving pack,
In yellow jackets trimm'd with black,
Who, corsair-like, rob and attack
Whome'er they please."

Or again, in "Love and Folly."

"In the good days of yore, before Cupid was blind,
With eyes keen as arrows he aim'd at each bosom;
Old records of Paphos the cause have assign'd,
How the playful young Deity happen'd to lose 'em;
And they shew, why so small is the portion of bliss,
In the tender connection from that time to this.

"Master Love and Miss Folly were very great cronies;
One minute they kiss'd and another they pouted:
The cause of their frequent discussions unknown is;
Which did the most mischief may fairly be doubted:
But so it fell out, upon one April day,
A terrible quarrel took place at their play."

Folly teazes Love to join together a silly young fop and a superannuated widow. Love hesitates, and at last refuses, when Folly, losing her temper, throws her bauble sceptre at his head, which hitting him full in the eyes, makes him blind ever after. Cupid complains to the council of Olympus:—

"A synod of Gods was conven'd at the place:
Jove patiently heard what was urg'd by each pleader;
For the good of mankind he determin'd the case,
That the culprit should now to the blind boy be leader;
And e'en to this day, thousand instances prove,
Folly still is the guide and the leader of Love."

If our limits would permit us, we should be glad to find room for the "Rat in Retirement," which it seems is from the pen of a friend; and for the "*Address to the Critics*," which is struck off in the author's happiest manner, and which, though the least literal, is perhaps the most *Fontainish* morsel in the whole volume. One more fable, and we have done.

"*The Satyr and the Traveller.*

A Satyr in a rocky den
Lived distant from the haunts of men,
Though half a goat, he seldom ran
To revel in the train of Pan;
But led a quiet sober life
With one fair Dryad for his wife;
And she, engross'd by household matters,
Prepar'd his soup, and brought young Satyrs.
It happen'd on a wintry day
A Traveller had lost his way;
And stiff with cold, and drench'd with rain,
He joy'd the Satyr's cave to gain.
He peeps:—and midst recesses inner,
He sees his horned host at dinner.
He halts, and near the entrance lingers,
And, blowing hard his aching fingers,
He frames apologetic speeches,
To his landlord with the shaggy breeches:
But, ere he could excuse begin,
A hoarse rough voice exclaims—'Come in!
If you can dine without a cloth,
Stranger, you're welcome to my broth.'"

The Satyr then, to satisfy the curiosity of his wife, inquires of his guest for what purpose he had been blowing his fingers so assiduously. The stranger replies—

"'To please your lady I'll inform her,
I blow my hands to make them warmer.'

The mistress of the rocky cottage
Pours for her guest some smoking pottage;
Who to gulp down his mess the quicker,
Blows, ere he tastes, the scalding liquor.
The Satyr, o'er the table leaning,
Surpris'd, once more inquires his meaning."

The Traveller now tells him that he blows his broth *to cool it;* at which reply the Satyr loses all patience, shews him the door, and fairly turns him out:

" 'Whilst I possess this vaulted roof,
(And fiercely then he rais'd his hoof,)
No mouth its mossy sides shall hold
Which blows at once both hot and cold."

We subjoin the conclusion of the fable, with the notes, because it is one of the best and most spirited of the "modern instances," without stepping beyond the bounds of fair and legitimate satire; though we still think this is scarcely the proper place for such topics.

" Tell me, ye Westminster Electors,
Who love political projectors,
Whom cunning state empirics please,
Have you not met with mouths like these?
Mouths which advance assertions bold,
Blow sometimes hot, and sometimes cold?
Have you no smooth-tongued sophist found
Who, Proteus-like, still shifts his ground,
Promulging for the public good
Schemes by no mortal understood?
Whose patriot soul so truly Roman,
Would trust the regal power to no man,
Though check'd and limited it be,
Like Britain's well poised monarchy:
Yet plasters praises thick and hearty
Upon his fav'rite Bonaparté?"

* * * * *

" Who, deeply ting'd with classic lore,
Would now with lofty pigeon soar,
Displaying to our wond'ring sight,
A literary paper-kite!
Giving, as Harold mounts the gale,
Collected scraps to form his tail:—
Now takes a lower road to fame,
Charm'd if the rabble shout his name;
When every zealous wild supporter,
Proves Parliaments are best when shorter,
By windows broke in every quarter:
Whilst fractur'd heads demonstrate clearly,
These sports should be repeated yearly!
When such mad follies meet our eye,
Is't right to laugh—or must we cry?
We smile at such attempts to fob us;
But sigh to find the hoaxer H———.
Electors! midst this horrid clatter,
'Twas well to imitate the Satyr."

" Since the printing of this Fable, the praise here given to the Westminster Electors is no longer due. Panegyric or censure expressed in this place will affect them very little; nor perhaps will their choice, in the present instance, be of much importance to the great council of the nation. This event however, which many persons will consider as the extinction of good sense among the elective body in that city, will be celebrated with appropriate honours by the democratic faction. *Mors janua vitæ,* is a common motto for funereal decora-

ments. Mr H——e with the same antithesis, and complying with the propensity to punning, which heraldic inscriptions often exhibit, may place under his *achievement*,

NEWGATE IS THE NEW GATE TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

The well-known Epigram of a noble Poet, on the same subject, affords one of the many instances of coincidence of thought, where there could be no communication between the writers:

Would you go to the House through the true gate,
Much quicker than ever Whig Charley went;
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate will send you to Parliament!

But we must bring this rambling article to a conclusion. If we had more space, it would be easy to say much more in praise of this amusing volume,—and if we had a whole sheet before us, we should have nothing more to urge in the way of objection. The volume is evidently the work of a scholar and a gentleman, while the happy facility of his numbers as clearly shews that he was born a poet:—for, like La Fontaine, "*il joint a l'art de plaire celui de n'y penser pas.*" Whoever he be, we hope a second edition will soon enable this "*nameless man*" to step boldly forward; and though we cannot promise that he will thereby secure to his descendants the same advantages which, it is said, were conferred upon those of the French Fabulist—a perpetual immunity from taxation; yet he may fairly claim for himself that wreath, which he is so well entitled to wear, from the Tree of Apollo.

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON.

"*Petruchio.* How bright and goodly shines the moon!
Katharine. The moon?—the sun; it is not moonlight now.
Petr. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.—
Evermore cross'd and cross'd! nothing but cross'd.
Kath. Forward, I pray.
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me." *Taming of the Shrew.*

In my last, respected Christopher, I gave vent to some of my spleen at the misconceptions and mal-practices of certain of the poetical tribe in your nether sphere. I have as much reason for wager of battle with another set of dabblers in fiction—I mean those prose writers, who compound Novels and Romances for the entertainment of subscribers to Circulating Libraries, and other gentry who are overburdened with time. What I have to complain of in these authors is, that they take strange liberties with the condition of the Moon—that is, they generally keep her *at the full* throughout their stories. Now, every body knows that the moon —"the inconstant moon"—applicable as this epithet is to her, is "constant in inconstancy"—like a lady of the old French court, she makes her changes very regularly—she waxes and wanes —increases and decreases, with all the precision of a time-piece. Is there not forsooth in every house in the land, a pamphlet of predictions concerning her appearances throughout every night of every month in the year, yclept an Almanack? Has not the cottager the stitched pages of hieroglyphic Moore, with a splashed red stamp in the dexter corner of the title-page? Does not the schoolmaster possess White's Ephemeris, or the Gentleman's Diary, cramm'd to the colophon with crabbed diagrams? What old lady is unpossessed of Goldsmith, or else of that still more diminutive record of red-letter days, and lunar changes, with which the Company of Stationers indulge her, in a fairy quarto, about the size of the good matron's pincushion? Do not the various counties of England and of Scotland too, belike, (although of that I am not so well aware, for when I made almanacks my study it was in England,) and eke the learned universities, send forth the same predictive notices in huge broadside sheets, which make walls and doors, and wainscotting look glorious

where they are hung up? And do not all and every one of those tell more than a year beforehand; nay, and some of them picture to the eye, the very shape which my mistress the Moon will assume on any given night? Do they not mark down, with the accuracy of a prompter's play-book, the very times when she will make her "exits and her entrances," and declare as infallibly as any old tide-waiter, the periods of her influence upon the hour of high-water at our sea-ports? Although she never fails to do what these sapient oracles set down for her, yet is she taxed with mutability—mutable as she is then, it must be granted that she is so methodically, and that any one of tolerable prudence can foresee her mutations. Well, then, is it fair, doing, as she does, just what is prescribed to her, that novelists should so frequently make her stand stock still? Have not I, above all men, reason for incredulous hatred of what I read in their fabrications, when I find Henry and Lucy meeting a-nights, for three weeks together, under an oak tree, and having the round moon shining above them through the branches all the while? It is not, perhaps, requisite that writers of stories should be very minute chronologists, but in a case of this kind, it is obvious to all, that they must be talking of some miraculous appearance in the heavenly bodies, or at least they cannot be speaking of that Moon from which I take my prone descent, plump-down every fortnight. It would be invidious to point out any particular work of fiction; yet surely the multitude of them, in which no observance of the constant variation of the phases of the Moon is paid by the writers of them (the fair ones especially,) is so great, that it cannot have escaped thy keen eye, Christopher, or the observation of thy readers. In fact, our Romancers and Novelists play such vagaries with the moon's appearances and non-appearances, that I become as perplexed as poor Katharine was, and know not whether these tale-tellers, like Petruchio, are talking of the moon, the sun, or of a rush candle; for their description of her doings seems to suit one as little as the other. Canst thou not recal to thy recollection, that, in some delicate narratives, there is a moon visible every night, wherever she is wanted—(a most useful thing it would be, and the Postmasters-General would get a parliamentary reward for the discoverer if he would bring his invention to perfection)—while in others the nights are as invariably dark and moonless? In the romances, I believe, most pranks are played with the "silver deity of the silent hours," for most novels are conducted, if not with "truth," yet by "daylight." But in a romance, where, for instance, the scene is laid on the shores of the Mediterranean, the moon is pressed into the writer's service, and made to beam "sans intermission"—she is made to walk through the sky, and to show the whole of her face without a veil, night after night—for otherwise, how could Paolo and Ninetta dance upon the sands in her golden radiance? But presto, it is all sable gloom again, if a cut-throat is hired to murder the heroine, or even if the heroine is to pry about the Castle in which she is immured, shading a lamp with her taper fingers, though we know very well it must be blown out before she gets back to her chamber again. The moon, in this case, if not altogether obliged to make herself scarce, is at the utmost only allowed to give a sullen gleam, and then shroud herself in tenfold darkness!—and poor Angelina, or Celestina, or Rosalbina (or whatever the forlorn virgin's name may be—only there is a special necessity for its ending in *a*) staggers onward in murky obscurity. There is one thing, however, worth notice, and this is, let the place be ever so ruinous, and full of flights of steps, and crowded with pillars, and dilapidated by very suspicious looking chasms in the side-walls—yet never did I read of one of these young ladies tumbling down stairs, or making her nose bleed by hitting it against an obtrusive pillar, or pitching head over heels down any of the lateral passages, or yawning rents in the mason-work—every one of them an accident most likely to misbetide a damsel who paces about darkling, her lamp out and the moon set. The utmost misfortune which befals, is that she wanders astray a little, and finds herself in a prohibited part of the dwelling perhaps, and possibly she may chance to pick up a rusty dagger by the way, which (the fountain of her heart meanwhile curdling with horror) she perceives to be incrusted with blood long since shed. But thou wilt say—"Marry, how does she perceive all this in the dark?"—ay, that's a problem,

which, from default of intellect on my part, must wait without its solution, and a joyful Q. E. D. at its tail. Not content, however, with making the moon come and go, out of all reasonable calculation, they will not do her justice, when they allow that she is present. Hast thou not in thy multifarious reading, Christopher, met with passages of the same kidney as this? "Maltida rushed towards the Castle, whose sculptured portal was illuminated by the lucid rays of the full orbed moon. Suddenly, to her terror, she saw a muffled figure issuing from the archway, when at once a multitudinous mass of clouds spread over the luminary, and the shuddering Matilda was involved in solid darkness. It became impossible for her to determine on which side to direct her steps—all was black, bewildering, indistinguishable shade—she paused, and listened." Now although, when the moon is "full orbed," I am in it, yet from confidential and credible friends, I am too well aware that a cloudy night upon earth, at the time of the month above indicated, is nothing like a perfectly dark one; and when only broken clouds pass over the moon, there remains a very tolerable degree of glimmer to direct one's steps by, or to discern the objects immediately around one.

This instantaneous, and impenetrable darkness, so often conjured up by romance writers, strongly reminds me of the *dark scenes* on the stage, where although the interlocutors of the drama deplore their being "sand blind" with it, or even "high gravel-blind," (as Lancelot Gobbo hath it) yet do box, pit, and gallery, very plainly distinguish every thing that is going on; and while the actors creep about with faultering foot, that they may not stumble, and with hands dispread, that they may not dash their brains out by jostling against an obstacle haply harder than their skulls—the great wonder would be, if any of the blundering awkwardness which so often happens in the dark were to take place; for no spectator, however simple, can help believing that the "harlotry players" see one another perfectly. I remember seeing a play (for I sometimes go to the theatre when my sovereign lady is "hid in her vacant interlunar cave") which was called, The Wife of Two Husbands, though I fear that both wife and husbands twain are now all laid upon the shelf. In this, some catastrophe was to be brought about by a murder in the dark—the gentleman-villain is to walk on first, and the person who goes second in the line is to be dispatched by a blow from a hired assassin—some one, however, who knows the arrangement, pops in before the leader, and so this worthy gets the blow on his mazzard which he intended for his neighbour at his back. Now, unluckily when I saw it, the stage was so imperfectly darkened, indeed so light was it all the while, that not only the persons of the actors, but even the most trifling distinctions in their dresses were more than merely perceptible, so that the cunning contriver of the plot seemed to us as if he could not possibly fail to see, and even to know the very person who stept forward, and made him play second fiddle, when he did not intend it.

Now, this make-believe theatrical sort of darkness is what I cannot help thinking of, when romancers suddenly wrap up their moon in the mantle of a fleecy cloud, and tell us that not a twinkling of light remains—but despite their asseverations that the blackness is pitchy, palpable, portentous, I am certain there is still a glimmering sufficient to warn Matilda from stepping into a puddle, if she dislikes to wet her white satin slippers, which are, no doubt, prettily edged with silver tinsel, and graced with a spangled rosette in front. She may pause—she may listen—but I will be bound for it, she walks straight to the Castle, if it is needful that she should do so. Even if she wanders, it will only be into some deserted cloister, or ruinous oratory—for sure I am, it is not so dark as to let her go astray into the moat, or through the horse-pond, or among the piggeries, or through a brew-house, a wash-house, or a scullery—all which were actual appendages, although vulgar ones, to the most romantic castles in baronial days of yore. Now, if future constructors of novels and romances will take my advice, (though I am half afraid they will give no heed to it) I should recommend to them, when they have fixed that such or such a fact shall happen at the time of full moon, to remember, that at about three pages onward, (or as many more as will occupy about fourteen days, by a rough guess) it must be a night without a moon—convenient as it may be for Orlando to go home by moonlight, he must be

content to guide his steps by a lantern; and if Charlotte indites a love epistle, when, like the rest of of the house, she ought to be in bed, and asleep, she positively must not indulge in a simile, drawn from any pretended peep-out at the moon, and from affecting to see her image twinkling in the water—for moon there assuredly can be none visible. Again, the dealers in the sublimer style, the romance-inditers, ought, when they have once fixed upon a perfectly moonless night, to allow the moon to be journeying up in the sky after a couple of weeks have elapsed in their narrative. Wish ever so, that it may be as black as thunder, it cannot be allowed them—the current of events must conform to the changes of nature, and they must postpone their dark deeds for a fortnight further on in the work. At this particular period, Rustivisagio cannot be allowed to mutter to his Comrogue Ugglifizio—"Ha, by St Dominic, as murky a night as we could wish for!" No, "the blanket of the dark" will have some holes in it, and through them some lunar rays will penetrate; it is an equal chance too, that the said blanket may be removed altogether.

But enough—you may be sure, connected as I am with the moon, that I cannot read fictitious works, containing these discrepancies, with all the coolness of an unconcerned person. No, I get puzzled—my wits turn topsy-turvy—and I shut up the book in despair. Not, indeed, that all these light troops of the literary squad are guilty of these faults—but since I have been so scrupulous as not to mention those "who are transgressors in this sort," I, on the other hand, shall not call up the blush of modesty on the cheeks of those who either have steered clear of their fellow-fiction-mongers' errors, or else have so dextrously embroiled all marks and notes of time, that the reader finds it impossible to say whether they have adapted their story to the nature of things in this particular or not.

Now I am on the score of novel-reading, and that I may not seem to be altogether morose, (for I must own that my communications to you have almost all been of the find-fault kind,) I will pay a little debt of gratitude for a favour received from one of the novel-writing tribe. In a little tale called "Duty," by the late Margaret Roberts, (of whom it is worth while to read her friend Mrs Opie's account, in which her delightfully feminine character is admirably drawn—a character in which intellect, gentleness, and firmness of principle seem to have been most happily blended)—in this tale, there is a delicate compliment to me, *me*—the Man in the Moon! I said before (although my modesty would not suffer me to expatiate upon it) that I do not so often get any mention made of me, as, upon reasonable consideration of the superabundant panegyric lavished upon the moon, may seem to be natural and right. But in the posthumous novelet of Mrs Roberts I have a whole ode inscribed to me, and, partial as I am aware my judgment must necessarily be in the matter, I still do think that thou, Christopher, wilt allow that many of the stanzas have great merit. I suppose I am to understand that the sentiments are intended to come from the heroine of the tale, rather than the authoress. Be it so. I subjoin most of the poem, allowing myself the benefit of making a running gloss upon it, for the lady is sometimes a little out of her reckoning; but, on the whole, it is exceedingly grateful and flattering to me to have been so noticed. The ode opens thus.

1.

Man of the Moon! enthroned on high,
Bright regent of the midnight sky,
Receive an Earthite's suppliant sigh,
Man of the Moon!

Here, then, my humility makes me confess, that the second line contains the title of my liege mistress the Moon herself, and not an appellation of mine.

2.

Whate'er thy form and nature be,
Long have I loved and worshipped thee,
And been thy humble votary,
Man of the Moon!

3.

For in thy broad and shining face,
Eyes, nose, and mouth, and chin I trace,
With many a soft and smiling grace,
Man of the Moon!

4.

'Tis true, thy head is round and bare,
And seems to mourn the loss of hair,—
A wig, for love of fashion, wear,
Man of the Moon!

In the stanzas above, there is some confusion concerning my looks—indeed, in the last of them, I am fearful that the writer mistakes the moon itself for my head; otherwise I know of no particular deficiency in the outside honors of my brain-pan—but let it pass, the next verse makes up for it all.

5.

But I will love thee as thou art,
And give to thee my truant heart,
And never from my vows depart,
Man of the Moon!

I skip on now over four verses; and here I must beg leave to say, that the inquiry in the 10th and 11th is of too delicate a nature to admit of a public answer.

10.

When Venus in her silver vest,
Nearer thy orb appears to rest,
Does not one sigh escape thy breast,
Man of the Moon!

11.

Dost thou not feel some soft alarms,
And long, whene'er thou view'st her charms,
To stop her *transit* in thy arms,
Man of the Moon?

O, staid and semnologous Christopher! my heart goes pit-a-pat even at the mere transcribing of these exquisitely expressed and bosom-searching queries —but I must not betray myself.

12.

And tell me, dost thou never peep,
When mortals sleep (or *seem* to sleep)
And from thy chamber slily creep,
Man of the Moon,

13.

To watch this busy world below,
To see how joy is mixt with woe,
How often cares from pleasures flow,
Man of the Moon;

14.

And then return unto thy sphere,
Thy eyes bedew'd with pity's tear
For all that thou hast witnessed here,
Man of the Moon?

15.

Oh if thou wert to gossip given,
How many a tale of Earth and Heaven
Thou 'dst tell from rosy morn to even,
Man of the Moon!

To much of this my present and previous letter is a sufficient answer.

18.

Ah who can stop a woman's tongue?
Or, who like her a theme prolong?
One question more then, right or wrong,
Man of the Moon!

19.

Say, hast thou ever yet explored,
Or dost thou guard the sacred hoard,
Where human wits 'tis said are stored,
Man of the Moon?

20.

If such thy office, deign, O deign,
To give me back my wits again,
For long I've search'd for them in vain,
Man of the Moon!

To the lines cited above, the fair poetess annexes an explanatory note.—"It may, perhaps, be unnecessary to remind the reader of the story of Astolpho (as related by Ariosto) who kindly undertook a voyage to the Moon to recover his friend's wits; and when he was there, was surprised to find a phial in which were his own."—It would be entering into too long a disquisition to elucidate the economy of our sphere; but if I ever write to thee, Christopher, on the subject of our *visitors*, I may, perhaps, afford the intelligence here requested. In a verse I shall now quote, the lively lady makes merry in guessing at my proceedings during an eclipse.

22.

When the cold earth shall intervene
Thine and the solar orb between,
Dost thou not squint behind the screen,
Man of the Moon?

And in the concluding lines, she expresses a wish, which was not realized, and I am sure that I have most to deplore that it was not.

23.

With thee to roam through liquid skies,
Where love, 'tis whisper'd, never dies,
How blest, as Cynthia, would I rise,
Man of the Moon!

24.

But if, in love and friendship sweet,
On earth congenial spirits meet,
Soon may I see thee at my feet,
Man of the Moon!

Those who are not much in the way of receiving favours put a great (perhaps an undue) value on them, when they are kindly offered. I hope, however, that the intrinsic value of the style in which the one above, so prettily bestowed on me, is conveyed, will induce thy admirers, most popular Christopher, to look upon it with an eye of benignity;—and if the poem should have the effect of giving a hint that I am a personage, though rather gone out of fashion to be sure, yet not altogether deserving of the slights I have experienced, I cannot say I shall be sorry for it. My modesty will not be shocked, if I should see myself alluded to more frequently, either in prose or in verse. But I am arrived at the end of my paper—and, perchance, Christopher, of thy patience too—be this so or not, I subscribe myself thine,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR,

Inclosing Revery in the Garden of Plants; with Ode, written in the Cemetery of Pere La Chaise, at Paris.

MR EDITOR,

You will no doubt be wondering who wrote this, and why it was sent to you, and wherefore the person who sent it did not tell you who he is, and so forth.

But I will soon explain all this to you. With regard to the *why*, I will tell you plainly, that it was sent for the amusement of your readers;—as to the *who*, the writer would not permit me to tell his name;—and for the *wherefore*, I durst not, until I know how you like the pieces, not being permitted to send them on any other terms.

The truth is, they were composed by my particular friend, (of whom I am very fond, and so is he of me; but you need not say any thing of this,) who is apt to indulge in reveries, making verses, and such trumpery; but who, so far from having any inclination hitherto to have any of them printed, scarcely even writes them. However, finding these upon subjects that might interest, or at least amuse some of your readers, I have prevailed with him to let me send them to you, for the purpose of being inserted in your Magazine, should it please you to do so. And to prove to you how very disinterested he is, and how very little he thinks of either praise or blame in these said reveries of his, I will here give you the copy of a song, which I snatched from him one evening as he came home from viewing the setting-sun "descending on his glorious cloudy throne," as he expresses it. This will let you know better his manner of thinking than any thing I can tell you.

My lonely silent thought
I would not sell
For all the brilliant glory bought
By deeds of arms,
Or all that fame can tell
Of pageantry's alluring charms.

Fame cannot yield me joy;
Her trump may sound
For who her fickle breath employ
To spread their praise;
I only hope that, crown'd
With peace, will end my humble days.

Nature, divinely drest
In rich attire,
Wakes, with her music, in the breast
A softer glow,
And makes the soul respire
A purer bliss than all below.

Ah! when I must expire,
Beside a grove
Could I be laid to see retire
Sol's parting ray!
Alone with her I love,
In nature's hymns to sigh my soul away!

You see, Mr Editor, that this song is somewhat extravagant in its way, and seems to indicate an excessive attachment to natural scenes, not very common to those who have spent the greater part of their time in towns. I think the mechanism of it is also more complicated than that of our songs generally is, though it does not appear less smooth on that account. However, as I seldom sing, and may be mistaken, I leave this to your better knowledge.

And I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

AMICUS.

P. S.—Should this please you, it is possible I may induce my friend to let me send you some more of his *scribbles*.

A REVERY IN THE GARDEN OF PLANTS;

WITH AN ODE, WRITTEN IN THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE, AT PARIS.

THESE miry streets, enclosed by gloomy walls and towering houses, chase every pleasant thought away. I'll enter into this garden, or rather, into this store-house of nature. Here every thing seems to be collected that can please the eye, or gratify the imagination. These pleasant walks, with overarching trees, that yield delightful shade and shelter against the summer sun and winter blast, seem to invite the studious and the melancholy to contemplation and wild revery.—Here inhabits every plant that springs from nature's bosom,—from the lofty, towering cedar, that lifts his head, and spreads out his arms in glorious majesty, scorning alike the winter's blasting storm, and the sweet-scented gale of spring, even to the humble, modest, sweet-smelling violet, that spreads around its unassuming odours, itself unseen;—so humble and obscure virtue sheds around her happiness and peace, though, unobtrusive, often unperceived.

No care is wanting here. The hardy plant of Europe breathes free its native air; the tender, delicate plant of African, or Indian soil, rejoices in the agreeable climate of the hot-house. Even the aquatic plants here spread, and wind, and twine, in seeming confusion, in their natural element, presenting to innumerable insects a humid couch and tender nourishment. But that cabinet contains within its precious walls a still more rare assemblage of wonders. There the black volcanic rocks display their regular prismatic forms to the astonished vulgar, and discriminating sage, and ask investigation. Here are the various petrifactions,—there, the common, the rare, and precious crystals present themselves in systematic order, shining in native splendour, pure, and unsullied from the womb of nature,—she seems to have formed them in her freaks, to gratify herself alone. The hand of art has likewise here been busy,—these brilliant agates testify its power. There are the various marbles, earths, and stones.—The primitive rocks, whose mighty columns of four thousand miles rest on the dark profound of nature's centre, spread here some tiny fragments of their tops to gratify our wondering gaze. The metals, crystallized in combination with the powerful acids, present in groups and clusters their various forms and hues, that mock the power of art, and set it at defiance.

There, preserved in alcohol, or hanging pendant from the roof or walls, the deadly serpent is displayed, of every race or tribe; from that small asp, whose deadly chilling venom froze the warm, voluptuous stream that flowed in Cleopatra's veins, to the horrific boa, that, undaunted, with proud and daring crest, waged single war against a Roman army. Though harmless and innocent, their very figure seems to chase the stream of life back to its source, and fills the mind with horror. Even the eye, as if sympathetic, refuses to be pleased with brilliant colours attached to a form that inspires terror to the mind, and moves the heart with unutterable disgust.

The finny race display their various wondrous forms beside them. The mighty trackless wave, the deep abyss, and ocean's thousand caves, give up their gregarious or solitary inhabitants, that nothing may be wanting to complete this assemblage. Here they are all, formed for attack, defence, or flight, according to their various natures and their uses. Some winged, quit for a momentary space their native element; some spread their little sail upon the glassy surface of the wave, and wanton sport along, when zephyr's mildest breath scarce ripples o'er the deep; others sit, chained upon their native rock, scarcely endowed with motion or with life, and finish their existence where it began; whilst others, impelled by their organic locomotion, or eager sport, or ravenous desire, move unimpeded through the mighty deep, outstripping the velocity of Indian ships moving before the constant winds that fill their crowded sails. Their forms, or round, or flat, or smooth, or prickly, are all with regularity arranged, according to their race, or tribe, or family.

The monkey world attracts our curious eye. Though dead, and silent,

and motionless, their various attitudes are so well feigned, that yet they seem to play their imitative tricks, and gaze on us with a malignant sneer, as though they scorned the second place in animated nature. But this is not doubtful, their place is fixed; ye doubting philosophers, we ask not your opinion: we have a monitor within our bosoms, a brilliant spark of ever-living fire, that lights the way to everlasting truth.—Now fierce, as if in life, the monarch of the woods darts his appalling glare; and near him the ferocious tiger seems to breathe unutterable rage over the bleeding tender fawn, yet struggling in the pangs of parting life. The polar bear, the fierce hyæna, and the ravenous wolf, seem all to live, and gnash their horrid jaws at the beholders, as though they could not brook delay. The elephant stands there, strongest of animals, the glory and the strength of Indian kings. Beside the sleek Arabian, stands the small Tartar horse, with shaggy coat; hither he travelled from the Ural mountains, bearing his quivered warrior to the fight, through heaps of slain, and rivers tinged with blood, stunned with the thunder of contending nations; the way was much too distant to return, he could no longer fight, and so he gave himself to science. The other animals, or wild or tame, or fleet or slow, have all their place, their forms and attitudes, as nature made them in their native climes. The world has been ransacked from utmost oriental isles, to where the Andes heaves his lofty head to gaze alone upon Aurora's blushes, while yet the lower world lies wrapped in sleep; from Terra Australis to the frozen Pole, where nature, laid in chains, denies existence to organic being.

The many-peopled air has sent her delegates to this assembly, from all her nations, families, and tribes. Their ranks are full and overflowing. Of all that mount on bold and daring, on timorous or tardy wing, here sits the representative to answer for his race. The travelling swallow seems, in its native language, to talk of foreign lands, and long fatiguing flights; the lively wren, just springing from the twig, presents a picture of animation. The little humming-bird, drest out in all the resplendence of those colours first stolen by its ancestors from the rainbow, challenges the artist to imitate its hues. The faithful turtles, seated side by side, seem not to have forgot that they were chosen by the queen of love to represent her amorous dalliance; though not more tender, faithful more than she. The halcyon here, betokening happy days, displays his beauty. The ostrich, strongest of the feathered race, and fleetest in the course of all that timid fly or bold pursue, displays those plumes that have so long time waved upon the warrior's crest, and lent a grace to heighten female charms. The stock-dove seems to coo his plaintive note; and, seated on his branch, with elevated bill, the charming nightingale, the prince of song, seems yet to challenge ocean, earth, and air, to imitate his lovely plaintive strain, that lulls the feathered nations to repose—that steals delightful on the charmed ear, inspiring dreams of bliss. That charming gentle bird, that dwells so much upon the wing, seems a fit habitant for paradisian groves, wherein to build its happy nest, and sip the essence of ambrosial dews. The lofty bird of Jove looks round him with audacious eye, holding the innocent lamb beneath his claw, as though secure that none dare come to rob him of his prey. But why this particularity? Nor space, nor length of days, has scarcely been sufficient to keep the rarities of nature from this abode of wonders. There, a few feathers, tied together, seem more sacred than the rest. What are they? What virtue can there be in a handful of feathers? Why they are nothing less than feathers of the Ibis,—the sacred Ibis, from the land of Egypt,—that worshipper of every beast and bird, ravished from the chambers of the silent tomb, where light had never penetrated until four thousand years had rolled away. Four thousand years! By this amazing flood of days, how many cities, with their people, and their sacred shrines,—even nations, with their impotent and lying Gods, have been swept down into the awful ocean of oblivion!

The insect nations are not here neglected, though some of them so small the visual orb scarce deigns to recognize them. Shells too, of every kind, are here, common and rare, that deck the margin of the Indian sea, or Afric's burning shores. Our milder climates furnish their share, nor are Columbia's shores exempted from the tribute.

The provident sagacious bee dwells

here in state; the noisy idle cricket dwells beside her: but how unlike each other! The locust, that sad scourge of nations, has quitted his destructive occupation. The dragon-fly spreads out his double wings, that radiant shine with green and gold. The industrious silk-worm, that, like the careful bee, labours for creation's lord, is seen beside the gaudy butterfly, and foolish moth,—the silly moth, that flutters round the flame, with many a turn and wheel, nor can perceive the danger until it is consumed! Attracted by the glare of regal pomp, what are you better, vain ambitious man, who headlong drive to join the splendid blaze? It only brighter shines in fierce combustion, and you are quite extinguished by its beams.

The gloomy bull, and savage buffalo together stand, with stern defiance graven on their front: and, over all these children of nature, great and small, the mild giraffe raises aloft his towering front, and seems to gaze across his native plains.

But is this all, this house of wonders? No; yonder stands another, where nature, stript of all her ornaments, her gaudy clothing, and her pleasing forms, shows only naked bones, and monstrous shapes that chill the mind with horror. That tawny beauty from Cafrarian land, here finishes her travels and her shame; nor needs she now a silken veil to cover what her vile possessor only wished to show. There stands the assassin, under whose ruthless dagger the celebrated Kleber closed his eyes; his high enthusiasm for his country brooked not to let escape even one solitary sigh to gratify the ear of his cruel tormentors. There other ghastly shapes of animals and men, avariciously withheld by grasping science from the craving tomb, and those unseemly, hideous abortions of nature, that never were intended to look upon the sacred light of day, are there preserved, to gratify the view of prying wisdom, or the empty gaze of idle folly: folly that looks with equal unconcern on nature's beautiful and frightful things.

Here are the halls of wisdom, where science keeps her court; where every tree, and shrub, and animating odoriferous flower, and microscopic plant, are carefully explained to all who choose to hear. And, not an opening bud, or fibre, colour, or shade, or sexual intercourse by subtile penetrating dust, lies concealed.

There, too, is traced, and openly displayed, through all its secret springs and deep recesses, the mechanism of that beautiful, graceful, and noble being, man. That man, whose limbs at once combine both strength and grace; whose expressive visage displays his penetrating, lofty, soaring soul, that scorns the narrow bounds of space and time, marks him the image of his great Creator, and lord of all below. And you too, tender, soft, endearing woman, his better half; whose bosom heaves with warm benevolence, whose modest love, and animating smile, inspire him to deeds of valour and of fame; nurse of his tottering old age and tender infancy, the partner of his cares, hope of his youth, and fountain whence his purest pleasure flows. Why do you ever wear the face of sadness! or, like the siren, smile but to deceive!

Say then, ye sages, after ye have traced each bone, tendon, and nerve, and named them all, and pointed out their uses, where dwells the soul? How does she impress her arbitrary commands, that are, and must be obeyed? How can pure and immaterial being act upon matter gross, impure? I find you cannot answer this, or answering, only shew how extravagant and vain are all your wild conjectures. Employ your wisdom then on mortal things, to heal our wounds, to lessen mortal woe, and leave the rest to worlds beyond the grave.

This iron railing, and that little grove that skirts the margin of that hollow pool, yield a protection and solace to these winged prisoners. The garrulous duck, the sea-gull, and the diver, or press the rapid race, or flounce along, or in an instant disappear, then, rising quickly to the surface, flap their oily wings, and in their eager sport seem to forget they are no longer free. The bold majestic swan, arrayed in virgin white, spotless and pure, sails proudly forward like a barge of state, looks with contempt upon these petty crew paddling around him; half raising up his wings, and giving to his neck a better curve, he seems to swell with pride and self-complacency. Some in the grove or on the margin of the lake repose. The slender peacock walks amongst

them. Then, after kindly billing with his spouse, he raises up his splendid circling fan, the most magnificent the universe can boast, observes it with an eye that sparkles with delight, looks at it, looks again, then shakes his wings, and screeches out his hoarse repulsive note to testify his ecstacy of pleasure.

Yonder sits the raven, that sad portentous bird, and croaks his frightful note, foreboding woes to come: the mighty vulture hears the welcome sound, looks round with eyes of flame, and sharps his claws preparing for the prey. The chattering jay, the screeching parrot, and the siren linnet, mind not these ominous forebodings. The winking stupid owl, that hates the light of day, sits solitary sighing for the moon. The powerful falcon sits upon his perch, lively, as though prepared to wing his airy course after the rapid whirls of flying partridge, or hasty timorous hare.

These small inclosures all have their inhabitants. Some browse upon their native herbs, and find solace under those trees that grow spontaneous on their native plains, or shady wave upon their mountain tops.

There grazes at his ease the noble stag, and spreads the branchy honours of his head; here dwells the fleet, the gentle, timid, mountain roe, that seems to have forgot its Alpine solitudes, and flies no longer from the face of man. The audacious goat presents his horny head, and learns the little ones to butt and play. The sheep, of various races, various lands, like travellers in their native costume, here appear. This comes from where the overflowing Nile rolls over his slimy bed his thousand waves, backward beating the sea with such recoil, that Neptune's emerald throne owns for a moment the tremendous shock. The other owns a far more distant land: his fathers dwelt where Africa presents, in proud disdain, a towering barrier to the Southern Ocean; and spreads a table high and broad, where all the Gods that on Olympus dwelt, or wild imagination ever knew, might feast and revel in licentious mood, nor want sufficient space.

Within that hollow den the tusky boar lives with his family; he wallows in the mire, like all his filthy race, to cool his burning skin, then shakes himself, displays his horrid teeth, and bristles up his mane, to show how terrible he is when roused. Near him the bear plays off his clumsy tricks: he gently tumbles down upon his back, and grasps his hinder paws, and mounting on his pole up to the very top, stands like a mighty lubber looking round to find applause; then, slow and cautiously descending, after he has reached the ground, he drags along his great unwieldy bulk, and like some petty lap-dog, sits him down with arms extended wide, and gaping jaws, to catch the little morsel he has earned. How mild and docile he seems! and yet he pardoned not the daring soldier who went into his den for love of gain.

That loud tremendous roar of Afric's brindled lion, mixed with the yelping of the eager fox, and howling of the hungry, discontented wolf, thrills on the vital chords that touch the heart, inspiring terror. How awful, were it heard on Afric's burning plains, rousing the weary traveller from his short repose, with humid brow, with parched and trembling lip, with burning veins and hollow languid eye, without a shelter or the means of flight! though here it is harmless and innocent as the bleating of the lamb, the troubled air forgets not to perform her functions in giving notice of the dreadful sound.

But let me have one glimpse of these terrific forms, whose awful voice makes animated nature tremble. The restless leopard walks from side to side, shows his spotted clothing, then stops short, and sets his piercing eyes, and squats him down as though prepared to take the murderous spring. No, children, do not fly, there is no danger; these bars would hold him though his powerful muscles were strong enough to raise him to the clouds. The porcupine embattled sits encircled with his spears, ready at once for close attack or distant missile war. The rest, except that grumbling fierce hyæna, are hushed in silence. What cannot time and human art perform! Look how that mighty lion, with horrid shaggy mane and outstretched paws, lies slumbering in his den, and in his bosom fearless lies the dog: man's mightiest enemy, and kindest truest friend of all the animals in nature's wide domain, united in the cordial bonds of peace.

What is this ticket larger than the others that bear the names of all these plants? "These Medicinal Plants are

cultivated here for the use of the Poor." This is good indeed! In this immense profusion of nature's stores and rarities, how kind to think but for a moment of the poor! How few in this wide world of pride, of tyranny, of grasping avaricious selfishness, think of the sorrows of the suffering poor! who, swelling in their gorgeous shows of state, groaning beneath the burthen of their wealth, the produce of the poor man's sweat, and labour of his hands, dare think at all of such a despicable being? Yet there are some who see with purer light, who see that men are equal in their nature and their rights; that those who enjoy a brighter intellect or more liberal fortune, must use their influence to make men happy, or be unjust. And could you, laurelled Blucher, think but for a moment, to place your lawless army on this sacred spot! Alas, your laurels here had perished like opening buds before the northern blast! Here wisdom has laid up her stores, here sages long have toiled, and bright persuasive eloquence has flowed to spread the light of science over the world.

There, keeper, take your fee, and let me pass the bridge of Austerlitz. It has no fault except the name.

Strange, must it for ever be, that one man's honour is another's shame! Must these proud monuments of one nation's glory be raised to throw disgrace upon another? Where is the merit, if we can only boast the weakness, or the crimes, or the mistakes of our opponents in the race of fame and strife for empire? I fear the merit is but small on either side. For he who loses lays the blame on fate; and he who gains applauds himself, his well-laid schemes, and daring execution. So thus alternately we own *free will and fate*, according as they suit our purpose.

There, there is the place where stood that dreadful pile that frowned on groaning France, unable to sustain the load of slavery. But Liberty once roused—O glorious Liberty! the Bastile sunk a mass of ruins, and all her dungeons, dark resounding cells, and clanking chains, and sounds of woe, ceased to exist for ever. No man now with an iron mask is there complaining of the cruelty of his inexorable tyrants, who, not content to rob him of his liberty, permitted not even his visage to be seen, except by dark and gloomy walls, that tell no tales of sufferings or crimes. No miserable wretch is now dividing his small pittance with the mice, in kind return for their welcome company: No lonely sorrowing soul, within his solitary loathsome dungeon, obliged to spend his weary lingering days in training spiders on the dusty walls, to keep the mind from losing all its powers, or bursting into madness. How well for man were all these dreadful ills banished for ever from our mortal sphere, to visit it no more! But tyrants still will reign, by whatsoever name they may be called; and suffering humanity still will weep, and give its plaintive murmurs to the winds, that dare not whisper them too loud on the oppressor's ear, because he is engaged, and must not be disturbed.

Here is a funeral; come, let me follow it to where the wicked cease from troubling. How few the mourners are! and even those few do not seem sad. They only wear the garb of sorrow. Perhaps the departed was poor, or little known, or useless to society. Perhaps he was a stranger; like me, a poor neglected solitary stranger, a lonely wanderer in a foreign land; deprived of all the ties of blood, and claims of friendship, that sweeten social life, that fondly try to throw a veil upon our errors, and eagerly attempt to render less severe the rugged gloomy passage to the tomb. Perhaps he was—but no, no more; conjectures here are vain: the *Cemetery* of *Pere la Chaise* presents a place of rest and silence to the benighted pilgrim, to whom all other cares are now superfluous. The narrow house now opens to receive its new inhabitant. Our mother earth, like a kind parent, receives again her weary child into her lap, and spreads around his head such solemn stillness, that bursting worlds might roar in wild convulsive thunders round his bed, without infringing on his deep repose. Yes; here is one friend still left. See how that spaniel leaps into the grave, and will not quit his master. Menaces are not enough; he will not stir: he must be torn out by force. The grave is closed, and yet he will not quit it. He scrapes away the earth, and mourns with such a lamentable voice, he almost makes me weep. Now, though bound, and drawn away by force, he still looks back with eager eye upon the spot. What strange fidelity is this! It seems

beyond the powers of instinct. I do not understand it. I leave it then to you, ye mighty reasoners, who count, or think you count, the links of that infinite chain, from man up to the great First Cause, and down again to the smallest atoms of uninformed matter.

This place is singular; I feel oppressed with reverential awe, and mournful thoughts that crowd upon my soul.

Ode written in the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise.

The evening mild, the sky serene,
The zephyrs through these poplars whispering low,
And all around this solemn scene
That gives the mind a melancholy glow,
My weary, wandering steps retain,
Where peace, and rest, and silence reign.

Declining nature feels decay,
Touch'd by October's ever-withering hand;
Her fruits, her flowers, her foliage gay,
That Spring disclosed, and Summer saw expand,
She sheds, and soon her smiling face
Turns pale in Winter's cold embrace.

Paris, expanded to the eye,
Her barriers wide and palaces displays;
Her lofty towers that kiss the sky,
Receive the tribute of a parting blaze,
Ere yet the sinking sun retires
To western worlds with all his fires.

Paris, thou type of ancient Rome,
Thou haughty queen of arts and nurse of war,
In thee bright science finds a home,
Youth enveloped in clouds, a leading star,
Whose rays the mystic paths explore
Of wondrous worlds unknown before.

In thee the gamester dwells secure;
Venus, led by the dance, the song, the lyre,
Unblushing vends her joys impure,
And many virtues in her arms expire:
But here no more her incense burns
Midst graves and monumental urns.

Paris, behold thy kindred dust!
Here poets, heroes, friends, and lovers sleep.
Canst thou a tear spare for the just?
Or hast thou charged the stone for thee to weep?
And taught with care the doleful yew
To bear thy sorrows ever new?

Here sleeps Delille, his harp at rest:
There Heloisa, with her sage of yore,
Their loves rejoin'd, their wrongs redrest,
By envy's poison'd shafts assail'd no more.
Oppression here in vain would try
To draw a tear or force a sigh.

That little cross, that snow-white rose,
Emblem of virtue, innocence, and youth,
Tell where the mortal spoils repose,
Of beauty adorn'd by piety and truth:
A simple tomb! but want could spare
No more to tell a mother's care,
A mother's hope, a mother's woe;
Reft of her last sad hold to life—her child,
And, like a reed amid the snow,
Bending beneath the storms of winter wild.
Real, undisguised affliction here,
Sheds on the grave a bitter tear.

That sculptured figure seems to weep,
In graceful attitude of studied grief
Watching a husband's final sleep;
But gilded sorrows often find relief
Where graves must never spread alarms,
To wound a youthful widow's charms.

What dost thou here, imperious pride?
Must then the virtues of the dead be told
In this abode where worms reside
And reign supreme, in letters writ with gold?
No pious rites thy labours crave
To gild the borders of the grave.

Death mocks thy care, and scorns thy rage;
He clips ambition's wing, and lays him low;
Gathers the spoils of age to age,
Heaps up confused the wreck of friend and foe,
And from amid the ruins high
He throws his dart, and nations die.

What marble tomb attracts my view,
That seems to scorn the wasting hand of time,
Bearing its sculptured honours new,
And solid pyramidal front sublime?
Ah! is Massena then no more,
His sword then sheathed, his battles o'er?

And so thou scaled the Alps, and bore
Terror and ruin o'er Italia's plains,
Saw proud Germania drunk with gore,
And trembling Lusitania dread thy chains:
For what? to hide thee here, and never
Wake more the voice of war for ever.

Here, too, the bravest of the brave
Lies low, wrapp'd in obscurity and shame;
No flower breathes fragrance o'er his grave,
Nor simplest monument relates his name:
He rose, he shone, his course was bright
As meteor's glare on brow of night.

What sound is that I hear? the sigh
Plaintive it seems of some departed shade:
Ah no! look there; the smother'd cry
Yet heaves the bosom of that love-sick maid.
See how, convulsed, her tender heart
Laments its better, dearer part.

The garland wove with tender hand
She lays upon her lover's lowly bed:
Hoping with time it may expand,
She plants the honour'd laurel o'er his head.
What hand pourtray, what tongue could tell
The anguish of that last farewell!

She quits the grave as if unseen.
Now let me read who silent dwells below.
"Sleep, my Eugenio—thou hast been
The brightness of my soul—that now shall know
Nor ray of hope, nor pleasure shine
Till Julia's heart is cold as thine."

O simple, pleasing Lafontaine,
O Moliere, prince of the comic muse,
Before your tombs who can refrain,
Or who the tribute of a sigh refuse
To brilliant genius slumbering laid
In night's impenetrable shade!

The stars of night advance apace,
In silent majesty they make their way.
My prying eyes can hardly trace
These names of generations pass'd away,
Here in oblivion's mantle roll'd,
Forgot—as tales that have been told.

But ye are not forgot, ye few
Whose modest virtues, from the world retired,
Sought not the glare of public view;
Whose deeds of purest charity inspired
Th' afflicted soul, the poor to bear
Their load of misery and care.

To heavenly harps your lofty praise,
Amid the silence of your sleep profound,
Angelic voices pure shall raise;
And you shall be with lasting glory crown'd,
Glory immortal, as your beings pure,
When these material worlds no more endure.

GRAHAM'S MEMOIRS OF POUSSIN.*

THIS is an interesting and instructive little volume, and ought to be read with attention by every student of painting, who is anxious to rise to distinction in his art. It is written in an easy and familiar manner, and reflects credit on Mrs Graham's good taste and critical discrimination. To these qualifications, so necessary to the success of her undertaking, the authoress appears to add, in speaking of British artists, a degree of candour and liberality, which it is not often our good fortune to meet with in the strictures of modern connoiseurs; it was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we perused the following passage, which, coming from a person who appears so well qualified to judge in such matters, we select with real satisfaction from the preface.—"The English school of painting, though far inferior to either the first or second splendid periods of Italian art, is now the best in Europe. It has fewer faults. For the truth of this the Academy may appeal with confidence to the thousands of Englishmen who have lately visited the continent, and looked impartially at the foreign exhibitions. The German artists have the best feeling abroad; they imitate the old masters, but have mistaken reverse of wrong for right; and avoiding the extravagant action, glaring colour, and false feeling of the French, they have adopted babyish simplicity. The Italians are nothing in painting. The example of Canova has drawn all the rising talent of his countrymen towards sculpture; and there is not a painter in Italy, who, in the various provinces of art, can compare with any one of our academicians; not to speak of the splendid talents we possess unconnected with the Academy."

In writing the memoirs of so illustrious and excellent a man, as Nicholas Poussin, we can readily imagine that our authoress required no other stimulus than the "pleasure" she must have derived from the employment, and the consciousness she must have felt of the utility of her labours to the rising generation of artists in her own country, by placing before their view, in strong and vivid colours, the bright example of one of the most eminent characters that has ever adorned the art of painting. With the single exception of colouring, we know of no artist, either modern or ancient, who can be so safely relied on, by the young student, as a faithful and unerring guide in the devious and perilous road to excellence; in saying this, however, we would not be understood as recommending the mere copying of his works, nor the imitation of his manner, nor the adoption of the peculiar medium through which he was accustomed to view the

* Memoirs of the Life of Nicholas Poussin. By Maria Graham. 8vo. Longman and Co. London, 1820.

various objects of art and nature. We wish to direct the attention of the student merely to a deep study of his works, to the principles on which they are composed, and above all to the diligence and patient perseverance which, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, enabled him finally to triumph over the various obstacles, by which caprice, bad taste, and malevolence, attempted to arrest his course. Those artists who are anxious to acquire the general rudiments of art, will derive one great advantage from serious reflection on the works and example of Poussin—whatever they may acquire from him may be considered as *real gain*, for they will at least have nothing of it to *unlearn* in their after progress. His style indeed does not abound with many of those captivating graces which distinguish the Flemish, Venetian, and some other schools; but it is founded on the solid basis of industry and nature, and is admirably adapted to restrain, within due bounds, the exuberance and impatience of the youthful mind, always prone to catch at every faithless guide, whose flowery path allures by its facility, and the hope of gaining a shorter and more pleasurable road to excellence. Warmly, however, as we admire the works of Poussin, and sincerely as we respect his memory, we hope we shall not be suspected, from any thing we have said, of a wish to overrate his talents and genius, by placing them on a level with the far mightier powers of Angelo, Raphael, and some others of the great Italian masters; we are viewing him, in the *present instance*, more in the light of a safe instructor of genius, than as possessing *first* rate genius himself, and we totally disagree with Mrs Graham in thinking that his works at all prove that "grandeur of thought and design, expression and correctness, are independent on the size of the canvas on which he was to work." The fact is, if we except correctness, few pictures of Poussin possess any of these qualities in an eminent degree. His landscapes undoubtedly shew, in many instances, considerable grandeur of thought and design; but in the great mass of his historical compositions, few of his individual figures rise above common nature; and perhaps, in the majority of his subjects, and in the walk of art which he followed, for the most part purely historical, it was not necessary, and probably would have been improper, to have introduced into *his* compositions the ideal forms and lofty conceptions of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Poussin has been called the "*Painter of Philosophers.*" He might have been designated with more truth *The Painter of Propriety.* He did not fix his standard on the highest pinacle of art, but having selected a more humble station, it is his great praise that he accomplished more completely, than almost any other artist, the objects which it was his ambition to attain. From his earliest years he appears to have been blessed with a calm philosophical mind, free from strong passions, but replete with energy, and with an amiable and contented disposition, which enabled him to live in amity with his fellow men, to circumscribe his wants, and to concentrate the whole force of his mind upon his professional pursuits. These rare endowments appear at an early age to have afforded him an almost intuitive power of discovering that line of art best suited to his capacity, from the strength and simplicity of which he was never led aside, either by the blandishments of colouring and effect, or the more dignified attractions of the highest departments of painting. From the study of the works of almost every artist of eminence, he appears indeed to have obtained occasionally useful hints, which he dexterously interwove with his own peculiar style, but without in the slightest degree diminishing its originality. His pictures, with the exception of those of a very few distinguished artists, possess greater unison, in their respective parts, than the productions of any other painter. Whether his subject partook of the "gay, the lively, or severe," he uniformly made it his successful care not to impair the general character, that ought to pervade the whole, by the introduction of extraneous or inconsistent matter. Perhaps he occasionally carried this principle too far; when, with a view of giving his picture locality and an air of antiquity, he has been led, as in his exposing of Moses, into anachronisms, for which his greatest admirers find it difficult to assign an excuse.

We perfectly agree with our authoress and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in thinking that Poussin's genius is displayed

to the greatest advantage when employed upon subjects taken from the tales and bacchanalian fables of the ancient authors. In these luxurious scenes, his imagination seems to "wanton at will." His nymphs, satyrs, and bacchanals are the very natives of the woods and wilds described in classic story,—nothing reminds us of civilization, or of modern customs and manners. The whole scene is jollity, animation, and liberty, while the excellent and appropriate landscapes, which he uniformly introduces in his backgrounds, give a charm, and a classical truth to the representation, which is perhaps not to be met with in the works of any other artist in similar subjects. Rubens and Julio Romano in stories of this nature, may possibly have displayed in their *figures* equal, if not superior, genius; but they are frequently so grossly indelicate and licentious, that the spectator turns from their productions with horror. The good taste and refinement of Poussin, preserved him from falling into such inexcusable faults, and render his pictures generally unexceptionable, in subjects even where there exists the greatest danger of violating propriety. His serious subjects, from profane and sacred history, discover the profound knowledge he possessed of the principles of his art. In no one of its departments can he be said to be greatly defective; for though his colour is often dark and crude, and sometimes offensively so, yet many brilliant exceptions occur in his works, in which it is not only light and harmonious, but admirably adapted to the subject. It is, indeed, very difficult to account for this singular inequality, which is too apparent in the works of Poussin, to escape the observation of the most careless observer. In landscape, his tones and colouring are almost invariably excellent, and we can, therefore, scarcely attribute to a defect of age, this strange disregard of every principle of colour, which occasionally injures and disfigures his happiest compositions. In all other respects he must be considered as an artist of a superior, if not of the highest, order. His style, indeed, does not admit of the daring flights of the Florentine and Roman schools; but, as far as it goes, it combines a greater number of excellencies, with fewer defects, than that of most other painters. His works and example may be regarded as an academy in themselves alone, for any one who has the capacity to understand their great and various merit, and courage enough to persevere in his principles of study. Poussin's forms, in both sexes, seldom, if ever, rise above common nature. The countenances of his women are rarely beautiful, and their expression not unfrequently partakes, too largely, of the affectation and grimace of his own countrywomen, to harmonize with the antique and philosophical cast of many of his serious subjects. Perhaps, too, in some of his compositions, he falls under the censure which our authoress has passed, somewhat justly, upon many of our English artists; though she assigns a reason for their practice which cannot apply to Poussin. "Hitherto, with the exception of very few instances, our English artists have been too much a people by themselves. If they look to nature for action or expression, it is to the *exaggerated* action and expression of the *stage*, or the *mean and sordid* action and expression of vulgar life, that they have been driven. Hence, in part, the failure in most of our historical pictures; exaggeration on the one hand, and want of dignity on the other." P. 23. It must, however, be acknowledged, that several of Poussin's best works are quite exempt from the charge of theatrical effect, though, speaking generally of them, we think he has not altogether escaped the contagion of the French school, which, from its first establishment down to the present day, has been uniformly marked by a mean servility to fashion and theatrical pageantry, to the total exclusion nearly of elevated thought, and of the simple and general principles of nature. This being the case, it is not surprising that Poussin should have reached his 45th year before he was called to any employment in his native country worthy of his great talents, or that, during his stay, his life should have been embittered, and all his plans thwarted, by the intrigues, the jealousies, and cabals which finally drove him out of France. It is really melancholy to follow Mrs Graham in her detail of the many vexatious circumstances, and petty persecutions, which assailed this great and excellent man during what may almost be denominated his *exile* in his native land.—"They employ me," says Poussin, "for ever in trifles, such as frontispieces for books, designs for orna-

mental cabinets, chimney-pieces, bindings for books, and other nonsense. Sometimes, indeed, they propose grander subjects; but, *fair words butter no parsnips!*" And again;—"I assure you, that if I stay long in this country, I must turn dauber like the rest here; as to study and observation, either of the antique or any thing else, they are unknown; and whoever wishes to study or excel must go far from hence." —"I am now at work upon the picture for the noviciate of the Jesuits; it is very large, containing fourteen figures larger than nature,—and this they want me to finish in two months." To a mind constituted like Poussin's, we can conceive nothing more insupportable than this eternal whirl of hurry, impertinence, and frivolity; nor ought it to be wondered at, that, so circumstanced, he should have felt eager, in spite of the royal favour, to quit so irksome a scene for the calm and dignified quiet that awaited his arrival at Rome, and which it was his good fortune to enjoy, undisturbed, throughout the remainder of his distinguished and honourable life. To the Memoirs, our authoress has added two dialogues by Fenelon on two of Poussin's pictures, together with a catalogue of his principal paintings. The latter is a valuable and useful addition to the work: as to the former, they might have been very well spared; they do not contain an accurate "description" even of the pictures which it was the author's intention to have *criticised*.

Upon the whole, however, we have received much pleasure and instruction from Mrs Graham's book, and have no hesitation in recommending it to the attention of artists, and to the generality of our readers.

ON THE CULTIVATION AND PATRONAGE OF BRITISH ART.

Letter First.

Sir,

The fine arts are, unquestionably, among the sources of happiness which it was the gracious intention of Providence that man should possess; and therefore we are bound to believe that, as genius is one of the most precious gifts of Heaven, it is a duty religiously incumbent on those to whom it has been imparted, or who are entrusted with its early direction, to see that the divine present be neither lost by a total neglect of timely cultivation, nor wasted by the misapplication of its wonderful powers. As the opinions of men of high reputation in the arts on this important subject, must be allowed to have great weight, perhaps what I have now to communicate, may not be unworthy of attention.

It is my good fortune, Mr Editor, to have a son who has been thus favoured, being possessed of talents, which, if carefully cultivated, would, I have no doubt, ensure to him a name among the most distinguished artists of this, or, I will not scruple to say, of any other country. Under this conviction, and urged by the entreaties of my dear boy, I lately applied to an Artist of eminence to request the favour of his advice, as to the most prudent mode of proceeding, so as to make sure of the accomplishment of my hopes. Having explained to him the purpose of my visit, I produced several specimens of my son's abilities in drawing, in painting, and also, in order to shew the strength and fertility of his imagination, several attempts in original composition. He appeared to be much pleased; acknowledged they contained incontestible evidence of very superior endowments, and entirely concurred with me in thinking, that, with due cultivation, aided, as he expressed it, "with such advantages as were necessary to their complete developement and full effect," the result must be honourable to himself and his country.

Delighted and encouraged with the favourable issue of this examination, I took the liberty to request the obliging professor to tell me briefly what course he would advise us to take, and particularly what should be our *first* steps, that future success might not be endangered by an injudicious commencement. "That I will do,' said he, "with pleasure, and I account myself fortunate in the opportunity you afford me to be useful to you and your ingenious son, in a concern of such importance. Much," continued he, "depends on early impressions: let him therefore have the benefit of the best advice at

his outset; for by which, not only much good will be done, but much harm prevented.—I trust the young gentleman has been liberally educated?" "Sir," said I, "most liberally. In his education, no expence or trouble has been spared on my part, nor application on his. He is familiar with ancient literature, and Homer is his idol." "You have done well, sir," said he, "in storing his mind with the treasures of ancient lore; let him not be deficient in the languages of the living: for in the prosecution of his professional studies, he will have much occasion for the information they contain, as well as the means they afford of general communication." I assured him that these had not been neglected; and whatever could be done to improve my son yet more in that species of knowledge, should certainly not be omitted.

Continuing the thread of his instructions, he said, "Be mindful, as I observed before, that no time be lost in placing the youth under a master of high professional reputation; one who shall be not less distinguished for his genius and good taste, than a sound understanding: for then he will have at once the important advantages of wise instruction, practically illustrated by the best examples of modern art, at a time when they will be most efficacious. During the early period of his studies, he will derive great and lasting benefits from his access to the schools of the Royal Academy. In that noble Institution he will have an opportunity to copy the finest remains of ancient sculpture; he will have the same facilities in the study of the human body, from choice examples of living nature; he will hear the lectures of the several Professors on painting, sculpture, and architecture; and in the library of that establishment, he will find books and prints of great value, whence he will collect a fund of useful and interesting information on a variety of subjects connected with his main object.—No doubt," added he, "you intend your son shall pursue the art in its highest department—that of historical painting?" "Certainly," I replied, "I wish him—and it is also his ambition, presumptuous as it may seem, to be the rival of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael; and if there should be others yet more eminent, those, I trust, it will be his endeavour to equal, and, if possible, to excel." "Such desires," said he, "are no evidence of presumption; they are natural, and what is more, they are wise. Whoever does not propose to attain the summit of Parnassus, will never reach the mid-way. It would be cruel in fortune not to reward as richly as they deserve, talents so promising, and ambition so laudable. The Royal Establishment, sir, which I mentioned, confers honorary tokens—medals of gold and silver, upon its meritorious students; these your son will doubtless receive; they will be a gratifying earnest of his final success; they will be gratifying also to you, and moreover be a passport into the world: the public will be prepared to approve the more mature works of a genius which, in its early career, had been honoured by those who were best able to discover and appreciate its claims. Advancing in his academical studies, another source of improvement offers in the Greek marbles of the National Museum, in which he will find rare examples of beautiful form and beautiful composition, in the purest taste. Those wonderful fragments seem to have been preserved expressly for the regeneration of art. The world has nothing in sculpture of equal value.

"We will now suppose your son to have completed his academical labours; completed also the stipulated period of tuition under the direction of a master, and to have arrived at the commencement of a new course of study, in which, I conclude, you are prepared to support him,—I mean his travels on the Continent, in order to behold with his own eyes those wonders of genius, which he has hitherto only heard of in the reports of artists, or faintly seen in wretched imitations." "It is my determination, sir," I replied, "not to subject myself to the reproach of having withheld any thing that I can command, that shall be recommended by you, as either useful or necessary to the honourable termination of our united endeavours:—for I consider myself as embarked in the same vessel with my son; at the same time, I confess I was not prepared to expect such an addition to expences, which, even without it, almost alarm me with their probable amount. But, sir, if travel be necessary, my son shall

certainly be enabled to go wherever instruction may be found."

"Sir," said he, "the grandeur of mountain scenery cannot be conceived by those who have not beheld it with their own eyes. The vast expanse of the ocean produces an effect on the mind of the actual observer which mocks all the powers of description. Equally inconceivable are the mighty productions of Italian genius in times past; and to comprehend truly what is there shewn to be within the grasp of human capacity, nothing short of ocular evidence will suffice. It is possible to believe what is extraordinary without sensible proof, but such credulity has nothing of the life of conviction; besides, it is the sight, not the report of great works, by which we are at once animated and instructed; your son, sir, must go and view the stupendous labours of Michael Angelo, in the Sestine Chapel; he must actually behold the enchantments of the Vatican, and indeed, all that the Imperial City contains of the divine Raphael, and especially that miracle of art, and last of his labours on earth, the Transfiguration.

"At Rome, your enraptured son will revel in the luxuries of art; he will quaff the beverage of inspiration, and lave his faculties in the purest waters of genius, issuing from innumerable fountains. Although the Pontifical City will be the chief, it will not be his only school. Naples is rich in art; but in the romantic, the grand, and beautiful scenery of nature, it is, with its surrounding vicinity, a region of wonders. Florence contains many a gem of 'purest ray serene;' the constellation of Bologna must not be viewed by him with a careless eye; the miracles of Corregio at Parma, prove that he was indeed '*also a painter*,' though placed side by side with the most *divine* of artists. At Mantua he will be ravished with the pencil of the energetic Giulio; and at Venice, the glorious works of Titian, Tintoretti, and Paul Veronese, will at once captivate and astonish him. Day after day, month after month, he will dwell on the gorgeous scene: for there alone he will see the energetic and grand in composition, combined with all that is beautiful and splendid in colour, or powerful and harmonious in light and shade.

"On quitting Italy, the university of art, he will not hasten direct to his native land, but visit the wealth of genius treasured up in many a continental city. Germany can boast of numerous collections that must not be passed unexamined. Belgium, too, may be proud of its Rembrandt and Reubens, whose extraordinary productions claim the admiration of the world. From both of those artists, the judicious student will derive much; and his taste having been purified in higher schools, he will know at once how to separate what is of an exquisite quality from what is base, and leave those great but dangerous examples, enriched by their beauties, and, at the same time, untainted by their faults.

"Arrived at length in the bosom of his much-loved country, he presents himself before a delighted parent, full of gratitude for the innumerable benefits which he has received through his means, and eager to prove that the affection he had experienced, had not been unworthily placed."

Here the artist paused: having, as he conceived, fully complied with my request. I therefore politely expressed my acknowledgments for his great kindness, and added, that I hoped, and indeed confidently trusted, he would have the satisfaction of witnessing the excellence of his instructions in the example of my dear son, who should certainly follow them to the very letter. "But lest I might by any unfortunate accident," I added, "be deprived of an opportunity of consulting you on his return from the Continent, I entreat that you will further oblige me with your directions as to what steps will be most proper for him to take at his entrance into the world; being, it must not be forgotten, henceforth destined to subsist by the honourable employment of the talents with which Heaven has blessed him."

"Sir," said the venerable artist, "I have lived long, and I know much of art, of artists, and what is more, of the state of public feeling towards both. By this knowledge and experience I am happily enabled to give a decided answer to your question, which, relying on your good sense and paternal affection, I am sure will be satisfactory. You are fully sensible of its importance, and therefore, I request your serious attention." I assured him, that,

deeply impressed as I was, with the kind interest which he took in my concerns, and convinced of the value of his counsel, it was impossible I should be either inattentive or ungrateful. "In the voyage of life," I added, "our vessel should not only be well prepared, but well conducted, and also our embarkation well timed; you, sir, who know all the requisites of equipment, know also exactly how to chuse the fortunate moment of commencement, the true course, and all that may be hoped and feared in that perilous navigation." "My counsel," said he, "be assured, shall not fail you.—Listen, sir, I beseech you. Far to the south, where the great Peninsula of Africa projects its lofty cape into the ocean, at some distance in the interior, the provident care of Government has assigned an extensive tract of beautiful and fertile land, expressly for the use of citizens under particular circumstances.—To that far distant region let your ingenious son, when his studies in art shall be completed, transport himself; there let him dig;—the earth, equally grateful and generous, will liberally reward his talents and his toil:—a return which neither will meet with from the soil on which he was born, with no better implement of cultivation than his pencil. There, I say, let him dig; there he may get wealth, and honour, and furthermore, he may be the happy parent of sons no less happy than their father: because they will neither be tempted by an unfortunate ambition to solicit the rewards due to merit, by occupations for which they may have no talents, nor by excellent talents, for which they will find no occupation."

My venerable counsellor now concluded; and being suddenly called away on other business, he apologized and left me to meditate on the "decided answer" he had given to my last question. How far I thought it prudent to be regulated by his advice, I shall take an early opportunity to inform you. In the mean time,

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A. Z.

BRITISH ART AND PATRONAGE.

Letter Second.

Sir,

At the close of my former letter, I promised to inform you what steps I pursued in consequence of my interview with the venerable person whom I lately consulted, respecting my son's desire to embrace the profession of an artist. The apparent inconsistency—not to say absurdity, of that gentleman's final instructions, must, I am persuaded, have reminded you of the well-known receipt for dressing a cucumber in perfection: the most remarkable particulars in that process being very similar, which was, that after carefully combining a given quantity of the sliced fruit, with due portions of oil and vinegar, salt, pepper, mustard, and other ingredients, the whole composition, so prepared for the table, should be thrown out of the window into the street. Indeed his royal receipt, for preparing and dishing up an artist, brought this cucumber-prescription so strongly to my mind, that I was restrained from smiling in the face of my obliging counsellor, only by the earnest and grave manner in which his recommendation was conveyed.

That genius is more or less intimately allied to madness, has been long imagined; and although that notion may be wholly groundless, I confess the directions I had just received for the cultivation of talents, intended for the highest exertions of art, with their ultimate application, seemed to countenance the general opinion; and fearing that the respectable artist whom I had been consulting, was actually suffering under that calamity, I thought it advisable to try my fortune again, by applying to some other professional man, who, though not quite so great a genius, might have his intellects under better regulation.

I accordingly waited upon a gentleman, whom fame reported to be the person exactly suited to my purpose. To him, therefore, I opened my case, produced many specimens of my son's abilities, as I had done before, and mentioned his passion for the arts, and anxious desire to excel in that department which was accounted the most honourable: on all which his observations were in the highest degree satisfactory. Perhaps I was blameable, but I thought it only fair to repeat the

conversation I had just before held with another artist, and expressed my surprise at the singular conclusion of his instructions, in a way that intimated my suspicions as to the deranged state of his mental faculty.

My new friend, however, seemed entirely to approve the advice I had received, with the exception of the turn which had been given to its conclusion; "to account for which," he said, "it was not necessary to suppose the artist *mad;* he had only taken that mode of discouraging your son's inclination to adopt a profession which he believed to have neither public nor private patronage in that species of art which the young gentleman seemed to prefer. That opinion," continued he, "was no proof of insanity; it simply proved an erroneous mode of thinking. If the misconception of a fact, or a false inference from it, be thought a symptom of derangement, nine-tenths of the world would be in danger of a strait-waistcoat.

"When the gentleman consulted by you first presented himself to the public, it is well remembered that few men could produce stronger claims upon its favour and protection. Though his hopes were high, he was not presumptuous; conscious of talents which all acknowledged, he expected only that nourishing kindness which he conceived the country owed to its ingenious youth, and which alone was wanting to enable him to return the favour with immeasureable interest. Like many others, he had deceived himself with accounts of *ancient patronage*, and fondly anticipated no less from what was proudly called an enlightened and opulent nation; therefore, when the first tinkling of his bell failed to collect around him the legitimate patrons of art—the rich and great, his surprise and disappointment were exactly what might have been expected from his ignorance of the real state of national feeling towards the object in which he was so deeply interested. Disheartened by that neglect which he regarded as a proof either of public ingratitude, or a general insensibility to the higher works of genius, after struggling for a time without vigour, and consequently without effect, he gradually retired from the public eye, as if preferring that his excellent talents should wither and die, rather than bloom by any other means of culture than those which his own particular conceptions of the art required.

"But, sir, though neither the great nor wealthy are here the liberal patrons to whom the arts must look for effective and permanent support, we are not therefore without patronage. Though in other countries, and other times, the chiefs of the state were, by rank and inheritance, the protectors of genius, *here* that duty is confined to no particular class of society; *here* every citizen, without distinction, male and female, young and old, is such a protector; and if, comparatively, but few of the number have their *thousands* to lavish on deserving merit, they each have their *mite;* and when great acts are proposed, what good, and indeed what evil, may not be wrought by *numbers?* If the man of genius may not here be honoured and enriched by the *few*, it must be owing to his own perverse and impracticable spirit, if he receive not those just rewards from the combined liberality of the *many*. And who shall say that the latter is a less honourable source of patronage than the former? When the arch-patron—our country—is deceived in its legitimate agents, their duty reverts to the principal, to be performed not by delegation, but *individually*. Let your son therefore, my dear sir, proceed immediately, and without fear, to the cultivation of his fine talents, agreeably to the judicious advice you have already received; let him have all that his own country can supply, and then let him enter the great schools of the Continent, and become, as it were, the pupil of the most illustrious masters of ancient times; nor fear that, on his return, rich in the stores of art, and anxious for distinction, he shall be compelled to relinquish both the art and his country, to *dig* the earth for a scurvy subsistence in the wilds of Africa."

I could not help taking the advantage of a pause here, to express the pleasure which my friendly counsellor gave me, and the delightful hope his interesting communication inspired; but as he had not clearly explained himself concerning the *nature* of the patronage my son was hereafter to expect, I requested he would have the goodness to describe how, on the completion of his studies, he should proceed, so as to secure to himself those honours and rich rewards which an

approving and grateful country would doubtless be eager in some way to bestow. "That is the very point, sir, he replied, "on which I am proceeding to instruct you. I must confess, notwithstanding my eulogiums on the actual state of art, it were much to be desired that the extraordinary merit of your son should, by its own intrinsic excellence, command that deep respect and universal attention which it will certainly deserve, without other effort on his part than merely presenting his works to the judicious few, whose circulated reports might give the tone to public opinion; but when it is found that this high sanction, however estimable, operating only on a confined circle, and therefore leading to no *productive glory*, is in this case nugatory, means, more energetic, must be employed to move the general body, and turn the current of popular curiosity into the desired channel. If that *passion* for art which would of itself produce an efficient patronage be wanting, it is not the part of wisdom to repine, but to supply the deficiency by such expedients as our knowledge of the world may suggest. That important duty being, as I have just informed you, not confined to a class, but shared by the whole community, it is to the *people* in the aggregate that the man of genius, who expects either fame or emolument from his labours, must address himself; and the mode by which that appeal is made, will readily be conceived by you, sir, when I remind you of the practice of some artists of an inferior order, to whom you probably have often been a useful, though an unconscious benefactor.

"An ingenious man, for instance, in quest of matter for his pencil, visits Constantinople, Venice, or any other renowned city; and wishing to produce an extended representation of it, he does not, however excellent his talents, wait until some grandee, or wealthy citizen, shall give him a commission for that purpose;—no, he immediately paints his picture of an ample size, spreads it on the walls of a circular edifice, under the name of a *Panorama*, and invites all the town to view his finished work. Accordingly, all the town crowd to the new spectacle, and simply by dropping a slight fee at the door, are improved by his information, and delighted, or at least amused, by his genius; and thus, in a short time, his accumulated gains amount to a liberal reward for his labour, far exceeding what he could have demanded from any single patron.

"This, sir, is *British patronage*, a kind of protection suited to almost every purpose that can be imagined; but it is the life-blood of modern art, in that high class to which your son proposes to dedicate his talents. By this kind of patronage, you will remark, the artist is not only recompensed on his first appeal, but his work remains in his possession, to be either again exhibited after the proper interval, reserved for the gratification of his family, or presented by him to some public hall, church, or college, there to remain a lasting memorial of his generosity. By this kind of patronage, too, the artist, after receiving an important benefit, is not burthened for life by the favours of a single protector; he is nobly rewarded, yet he is independent.

"Formerly, hospitals, schools, colleges, and other useful establishments, were erected and endowed by the liberality of certain well-disposed individuals; such effects no longer flow from that cause. Liberality, however, is not extinguished, it is diffused; public institutions are no longer to be regarded as monuments of the munificence of particular persons, but testimonies of the public spirit, actuated by various motives. Thus it is, sir, that our most celebrated artists are formed, and thus also are they enabled to cover themselves with glory, even in the highest exertions of their genius;—even in that elevated line which immortalized the names of Raphael and Michael Angelo. In our times, sir, no man desires to possess a work of this kind produced by his contemporary, but every man has just sufficient curiosity to take a passing glance at such works in a public exhibition, and just liberality sufficient to comply with the easy conditions on which that hasty glance is to be obtained, and thus what one man, or several, cannot be induced to perform, thousands, by a voluntary impulse, accomplish with ease. Do not fear, therefore, that your son shall, after giving his admirable talents all the perfection and polish of which they are capable, be compelled to bury them in an African grave dug by himself."

"That would be a consummation,

sir," said I, "much as I respect the laudable employment of the husbandman, I hope never to witness; nor indeed can I persuade myself that it could have entered into the views of Providence, after making him so rich a present, to place him where it must be for ever concealed from the world. There is nothing, as it appears to me, professionally dishonourable, nor derogatory to genius, either in the open appeal to public judgment, or the modest claim to public liberality, which you have described, although it is true, as you acknowledge, the rich meed of praise and profit might be conveyed in a more desirable form; but if the public feeling towards the arts allows of no alternative, the candidates for either must submit to the only conditions on which they can hope to *gain* them. Had the arts, as in ancient times, been interwoven with the sacred and civil institutions of the country, the artists might have prescribed their own terms; as it is, those who engage in a profession, neither popular nor necessary, must practise it as they find it, and as circumstances have ordered; all that is required of them, is to proceed honestly and fairly in the performance of that which is in itself fair and honest. It is on that point, sir, I am anxious to be satisfied; I would fain be informed," said I, "how a youth, whose talents are unknown to the world, shall be able to attract the favourable notice of those who are to be his future patrons. The "stream of popular curiosity," as you term it, is not to be directed into the "desired channel" without some previous steps, some active measures, and of what nature these may be, I own I am unable to conceive." "Nothing is better known," he replied, "nor more easily made, than that preparatory arrangement, with all the measures necessary to ensure the success of such enterprizes. You are an Englishman, sir, and therefore know that in this country a thousand channels are continually open, by which its whole population are informed of whatever is passing in the world, even to the most minute circumstances. By these channels, sir, on your son's preparing for action, means well known to the experienced in these matters, are taken, to inform the public of his return from his Continental studies; which notice must be accompanied with such highly wrought commendations as are best calculated to raise expectation and ensure applause. While this prelude is still fresh on the mind, the commencement of a '*great work*' is announced, 'which promises,' it is said, 'in the opinion of the most accomplished judges, to be a prodigy of art—a work in which will be seen all the excellencies of the most excellent masters of forme rtimes united;' and much more of the same kind of stimulating intelligence. These necessary preparations, judiciously varied, must be continued from time to time during the progress of the work, which should by no means advance too rapidly; for a production of this kind should seem to be a mountainous issue—the effect of a mighty struggle, in which the mind has to contend with all the toils and all the difficulties of a wonderful birth. A nice judgment will neither allow it to appear before the whole country shall be inflated with expectation, nor be delayed till that eager desire be tinctured with gall, which may ruin the project.

"At this critical moment, sir, the great desideratum is *notoriety*, and to attain which, a variety of expedients will suggest themselves to minds that are active and acute. Among others, *biography* should not be neglected. The monotonous life of a student promises few materials of interest, yet, in the hands of an author expert in that department, your son's *memoirs*, graced with his *effigy*, might be made to produce a 'powerful sensation' in the pages of a periodical register extensively circulated. He might find no incidents, no events of importance, but many topics of *panegyric*—which is the thing most needful in the supposed emergency.

"This, however, is only *one* of the numerous engines that, with more or less effect, the prudent artist will employ, as opportunities offer in the course of his labour; nor, indeed, should they be discontinued as long as fame and fortune remain the objects of his ambition. The great work is at length completed. A shower of notices dispersed through the town, immediately declares the day when it will be uncurtained and placed before the general eye. That momentous event takes place, whereupon, instantly, every journalist *kindly*, and, it must be supposed, *disinterestedly*, undertakes the pleasing task of describing the work, and its enthusiastic reception. All the

world, but especially all the *great world*, are said to have been present, when 'the most rapturous applause dwelt on every tongue, and the most exquisite delight sparkled in every eye.'

"But though the commencement has been auspicious and favourable 'beyond the most sanguine expectations,' the exertions of the ingenious author are not to stop here, lest the ignorant, if left to themselves, should mar all that had been done. The public opinion must still be supported, and liberally supplied with criticisms expressly suited to every class of visitors; so that none may be deficient, either in a perfect knowledge of the subject of the work, or in terms of appropriate praise. This critical aid, besides imparting instruction where it may be necessary, will have the further advantage of counteracting the mischievous influence of that envy and malignity which, although they prove its existence, continually follow to persecute superior merit. In addition to what is done by the vehicles of daily intelligence, the town must also be placarded in every part, and locomotive advertisements, in huge characters, mounted upon poles, must wade the stream of population, and continually move about from place to place, during the whole time the work is before the public, so that it shall be kept in perpetual remembrance. The wonderous novelty being in this manner incessantly proclaimed in every form and situation, an impulse is given to the general mind, which never fails, in these particular cases, to supply the want of native feeling for art so well, that it is impossible the effect of the reality itself should be more complete.

"This hasty sketch, sir, while it explains the nature of *British patronage*, and shews the manner in which it is used by those who know how to employ it to the best advantage, will give you at least a faint idea of the noble resources of our art, and of its health and strength at the very time when most people imagine it to be at the point of death. We are a generous people, sir, and expend our money freely upon objects that have our affections. We love horses, and women, and wine, and conviviality, and hunting, and gambling, and fisty-cuffs, and some other praise-worthy matters—to these, sir, we have a natural attachment, and therefore need not be set upon them by artificial excitements; but of the arts of design we know little more than the name. Any carpenter may be our architect—painting and sculpture we neither feel nor understand; and therefore, had it not been for the admirable contrivances I have briefly enumerated, we should not, excepting those who chronicle our faces, or perpetuate the remembrance of our dogs and horses, have had an artist amongst us. But with these commanding advantages, all of which are the inventions of modern ingenuity, and purely British, I know not what may not be expected; especially when time and our well-known zeal for improvement, shall have developed all the capacities of the system concerning which I have something more to add.

"Let us now, sir, imagine that the town-exhibition of your son's inestimable work is brought to a close, which must sooner or later, as circumstances shall ordain, take place. Not, however, without having frequently alarmed the public with the formal notice of that event, and as frequently announcing that it would be protracted in compliance with 'the irresistible importunities of unsated multitudes.' But although no longer exposed in the metropolis; and though, if skilfully conducted, it must have been greatly productive both in fame and solid emolument, our patronage is not yet exhausted—the provincial cities cry loudly for the same indulgence, and insist upon sharing the felicity of the capital, in terms so flattering, that the *obliging* artist is utterly unable to refuse his consent. The great work being accordingly removed to its country destination, the same expedients which I have already mentioned, must be again resorted to; for although the example of the metropolis will do much, it will not do all. After congratulating the inhabitants on their approaching happiness, the same course of public announcement by the daily prints, and street-placards, must be attended to; and the same critical information distributed with a bountiful hand, for the benefit of the rustic circles; nor should anything be omitted that can either excite curiosity, or invigorate admiration. When the public ardour is observed to cool in one place, others must be selected; and town-halls, assembly-rooms, inns, booths, and even barns, are successively honoured in the tem-

porary possession of a work declared by every voice to be the 'Eighth Wonder of the World!' and thus, sir, would the ball of fortune increase as it rolled.!

"Do not, sir, I pray you," continued he, "let this kind of appeal to the country at large be thought unworthy of your son's character, either as an artist or a gentleman. Homer, we are well assured, travelled from town to town, reciting or singing the several portions of his noble poem to his countrymen, and, doubtless, for the two-fold purpose of fame and profit. If such a proceeding was not derogatory to the high character of that ancient bard, the prince and father of poets, much less would the vagrant artist of modern times be disgraced by a similar practice. If Raphael, less fortunately circumstanced, and born among barbarians or shop-keepers, or where a shop-keeping spirit pervaded all ranks of his fellow-citizens, had been compelled to display his Cartoons, or any other of his incomparable works, on the walls of a temporary booth; placing himself at the door to receive in his cap the small fee required of the visitors, would those Cartoons have been less worthy of their situation in a royal palace than they now are with a more honourable origin, or the author of such works less deserving of our respect?"—"Pardon me, sir," said I, hastily, "the sublime readings or chantings of Homer in different parts of Greece, at a time when the poet always recited or sung the inspirations of his muse to assembled crowds, and when works of literature could not be circulated by the press, afford no parallel case to the exhibitions of an itinerant artist in these days; and the resemblance will appear still more remote when it is recollected that we have no evidence that the bard of antiquity took any other means to increase and extend his fame than the simple promulgation of his poems. Homer, sir, travelled with his budget of poesy, not as a circulating adventurer, merely to levy contributions on the ignorant, but as a benefactor to his country; to delight the lovers of heroic song, to animate public spirit, and to improve and exalt the national character; and for these advantages, besides the pleasure of pleasing, just and honourable praise was the only reward he sought. The great works of Raphael you have named would doubtless have lost none of their excellence, if, when produced, they had been exposed to the multitude in a booth, and their author had accepted the contributions of individuals for the exquisite feast he had placed before them; but the probability is, that, if such had then been the only mode of rewarding the labours of artists, and encouraging their exertions in the grand style, no such works as the Cartoons would have been produced. Born among barbarians or shopkeepers, with no better incitements to the talents which Heaven had bestowed upon him than rabble patronage, and mountebank celebrity, his name would never have received the addition of *Divine*, nor would he have left behind him works which, three hundred years after his death, were the admiration of the world.

"It is possible—I will allow, that empyricism may subsist, and even thrive by practices upon the folly and ignorance of the world; but the success of the empyrical artist is not the lofty aim of the honourable professor. Because a dexterous impostor can collect around him a senseless multitude, ready with their pence and plaudits, the man of real talents, modest as he is meritorious, is not, therefore, to defile the art of which he is the ornament, with the unclean practices of the charlatan; to drug all the springs of public intelligence; to blow his horn, and scatter about his billets, to draw into his booth a babbling crowd, whose praise is death to the pride of genius, and whose censure their best commendation. When such men, urged by necessity, or misled by sordid advisers, have descended to these low artifices, the offence must always have been regarded as a public and professional misfortune; and if the offenders were deserving of pity, still more was it due to an art suffering under their inflictions. Important benefits, I will admit, may accrue from your system of *popular contributions*, and many useful projects be promoted by it; but if, when applied to the arts, it cannot be separated from the multifarious contrivances of empyricism; if to establish and support the reputation of every considerable work submitted to public inspection, it is necessary that the artist should attach to his service a motley band of printers, editors, pamphlet paragraph and placardeers, as the bell-

men, trumpeters, and jack-puddings of his train, I fear it will never be myson's happy destiny to add to the glories of our national school.

"In fine, sir, although I cannot act upon your advice to its full extent, the information you have so kindly communicated is most valuable, and entitled to my best thanks. What course I shall pursue with respect to my dear son, remains to be considered. Possibly before that great question is settled, my opinions may alter, but at present I confess I am inclined to the *spade*."

On concluding my animadversions on what this gentleman had termed *British patronage*, he smiled, no doubt at my "erroneous mode of thinking," and too wise to make any reply to observations attributed either to ignorance or folly, and too polite to resent their freedom, very civilly said,—"Perhaps, sir, you may be perfectly right in preferring the *spade* to the *pencil;* but as my opinion is not requested on that point, I shall leave it to be decided by your own good sense. I have answered your questions with frankness, and, let me add, with a conscientious regard to truth; for, much as I honour my country, convinced, as I am, that, as a nation, it is brave, and wise, and generous, and just, beyond all others, I would by no means go so far as to affirm that it cares one rush about the arts; and therefore, sir, if we do not think alike, I believe that difference turns chiefly on the question of expediency, namely, whether an artist of the rank which your son aspires to, not having the kind of patronage he might prefer, should lay down his profession, or accept of that which offers, and condescend to use it in the only way in which it is found to be effectual."

Here we parted. You see, Mr Editor, the dilemma in which I am left, in consequence of my having unfortunately consulted *two* doctors instead of *one*. In truth, sir, your good counsel at this moment would be inestimable. "Between two stools," it is said, "the breech often comes to the ground." Save me, I beseech you, from so unseemly a catastrophe.

I am, Sir,
Your faithful servant,
A. Z.

BRITISH ECLOGUES. No. II.

The Mariner's Last Visit.

He hath ta'en farewell
Of his native stream, and hill and dell;
The last long lingering look is given,
The shuddering start,—the inward groan,—
And the Pilgrim on his way hath gone.

WILSON.

How beautiful upon this verdant bank
The sunshine slumbers! how the vernal trees
Expand their foliage fresh and young! how clear
Through yonder vale glitters the silver stream!
How pleasant 'tis to mark the labouring ploughs
Traverse the field, and leave a sable track,
While merrily behind the driver stalks,
Whistling in thoughtless vacancy of mind;
The small birds, as it were a holiday,
Sing forth, with carol sweet, from every bough;
And larks, ascending to the clear blue sky,
Suffuse the air with music.

None can feel
But those, above whose head misfortune's clouds
Have muster'd in their gloom, how sweet it is,
Thus,—after long years spent in the rough world,
'Mid scenes, in which affection has small share,—
To stand, as I do now, and gaze upon
The landscape, graven on the youthful mind
In all its beauty; render'd far more dear

By thousand thoughts with boyhood's glowing years
Close intertwined; and thus remaining still,
Heedless of all the tempests that have pass'd,
In sunshine, and in vernal beauty dress'd.
And thou, lone church-yard, with thy yew-trees dark,
The children of departed centuries,
Often, in absence, have I seen thy sward
With mountain daisies, and with natural blooms
Prank'd sweetly; these white monumental stones,
And that retired and unassuming church,
Which, like a pious man, amid the mob
Of cities, and the bustle of the world,
Dwells in the beauty of its holiness,
Untainted, undefiled.—Oh, quiet spot!
How often have my visions pictured thee!
How often have I deem'd that, when at length
These eyes shall in their mortal slumbers close,
Here—here, above all other spots of earth,
My body would take up its last abode;
No marvel!—but be still my throbbing heart;
Be tranquil, and resign'd:—now to my task.

Green sward, that in thy bosom hidest deep
The form, that never more can bless mine eyes
Again;—with bursting heart, and tearful gaze,
I stand with thee; and, on the iron rails
That compass thee about, I, leaning, muse
Upon my past, and ship-wreck'd happiness.—
Oh where art thou, the dove, that, to mine ark,
Brought duly home the olive-bough of peace?
Oh where art thou, of whom in youth I dream'd
(Nor erring in my thought,) that, without thee,
This world could be a mockery alone,
A scene of desolation, cold and bleak,
And cheerless, as the everlasting gloom
Of hyperborean realms?—Elizabeth!
Dear name that, now, art but an empty sound,
And hast, at least for my deluded heart,
No meaning, save that for a talisman
It served me once, and turn'd all thoughts to joy!

When thou wert drooping on thy death-bed laid,
And Sickness like a Demon haunted thee,
Turning all feelings, and all thoughts to pain,
I was not near to hang beside thy couch
In tenderness, and in anxiety; to sooth
The unrepining ills; to press thy hand
Against my lips, and tell that all my hopes
Of happiness on earth were fix'd in thee!
To mention o'er the many happy scenes
Which we have view'd together; and to say,
Surely the same might be enjoy'd again!
I was not near to watch, in tenderness,
Life's fluttering, dying spark; to mark the set
Of thy too rapid day's descending sun;
To catch thy latest sigh; and bid thee hear,
That though on earth a thousand years were mine,
One only love my heart would ever own!

When last I left my home, what wert thou then?
A very picture of all loveliness:—
The glow of health play'd on the varying cheek,

And round thy ruby lips; thy hazel eye,
Through its long silken lashes, sparkled bright;
And I have gazed upon thy snowy brow;
And on the brightness of thine auburn hair;
And thought ('twas but a dream,) that many days
Of joy—and sunshine—and prosperity—
Would bless thee, and that thy reflected smile,
Through many years, would make me blest indeed.
In hope we parted;—'twas a summer eve,
And the long lines of the decaying light
Fell sombrely upon the crimson'd trees;
And, ever and anon, a murmuring sound
Rose from the falling stream. The blackbird, perch'd
On the tall sycamore, its pensive hymn
Chaunted to usher in the shades of eve.
Yea! even then, as the last lingering look
I fix'd on thee, departing, something pass'd—
As if a shadow—o'er my drooping heart,
To omen that I ne'er should see thee more!

Amid the flap of the distending sails,
Mid social converse, and the roar of waves,
And the long vista of the ocean green,
And the blue beauty of receding isles,
I strove to overcome my sinking heart,
And hush my fears to peace. Yet, often-times,
As coastways we pursued, and cape and bay
Alternately appeared, and pass'd behind;
While soar'd the sea-gull with a wailing shriek,
My gaze hath westward follow'd it, and wish'd—
What fondness will not lovers when they love!—
That it could bear a blessing unto thee,
And bring me thine, returning.
Months pass'd o'er;
Time with a healing touch did salve my fears;
And Friendship wooed me through the livelong day:
Yet, oft-times, when I paced the midnight deck,
And, save the murmuring billows, all was still;
When plaintively, amid the cordage, piped
The loud-breath'd winds, and, twinkling overhead,
Ten thousand lustres studded the blue arch,
Elizabeth, my thoughts did wander home,—
To thee they stray'd, they dwelt on thee alone!
I thought me of our sweet autumnal walks
By the green wood, or o'er the yellow sands;
Of our long cherish'd, and unfaded love;
Of the vows pledg'd in early youth:—I thought—
Alas! it was a mockery of hope!—
That, when again our keel did touch the strand
Of Scotland, I should clasp thee in the flush
Of beauty, and should hail my wedded wife!

Long on the Indian strand our steps delay'd;
And I (for still a supernatural dread
Did haunt me night and day!) did pine in heart,
Yea long to traverse the wide seas again,
To brave the adverse elements, and thus
From these external impulses subdue
The agitations of the heart; we plough'd
Month after month the interminable main,
Saw but the sun, and sky, and the long clouds
That sometimes floated o'er the hemisphere,

And pass'd beneath the horizon; sometimes too,—
I loved the sight—a lightning sheet would gild
The pale front of the evening sky, and come
With bright reiteration suddenly.—
Sometimes the watery pillar, huge and vast,
Touching the clouds, and walking on the sea,
Approach'd us like a giant, to enwrap
Our vessel, and o'erwhelm us—till the ball
Sent from the cannon's throat did pierce its side,
And the whole mass, a deluge, thundering fell.
Any thing—any thing that broke the calm,
And caused a moment's thought, was dear to me,
For my heart's load it lighten'd. Day by day,
I strove to comfort me,—I strove to dash
The mantle of despondency, that wrapt
My thoughts in gloom, aside; yet, even then,
I sometimes deem'd, that I should find thee well,
And happy; and that thus my heavy fears,
Like clouds, would melt in that clear heaven of joy;
That would o'erarch my soul at meeting thee!

Oh! who shall tell my bosom's agony,—
Words cannot paint it—language is in vain—
The misery, that like the fiery bolt,
Did fall; and, with an overwhelming sweep,
Pass'd through, and sear'd my unresisting heart!
When, scarcely had our keen prow touched the strand,
Then to my fond inquiry,—Oh, dread fate!—
I heard that thou wert in the land of rest!!
Stunn'd to the soul,—and stupified,—and drugg'd
To misery, and to loathing, with this draught
From grief's most bitter chalice, for a while,
Beyond the sway of reason I did lie;
And said not—heard not—heeded not; the sun
Shone not for me; the summer of my life
Was wasted—wither'd, as by magic spell,
Into the leafless bough, and frosty wind!

As stills the tempest of a winter day
Into a sombre shade, a gloomy calm,
So hath the hurricane, that rent my heart,
Wasted its force, yet only left behind
Ruins, and all the silence of despair;
And I have come, this once, before I leave
This land for ever, thus to throw me down
Upon thy grave,—this green and silent grave,
Lose for an hour the manhood of my soul,
And weep in solitude and bitterness.

* * * * * * *

Lo! 'tis the crimson sun, whose western rays
Burn on the wall: I must away—away.
Farewell! already are our sails unfurl'd,
And, flapping, woo the breeze to bear us on:
Farewell! oh dim, and silent field of graves!
My native land, farewell!—now to the sea;
And then a wild and desolate abode,
In lands unknown,—upon some woody isle,
Upon the other side of this round world!

ON THE NEGLECT OF FOOTE AS A DRAMATIC WRITER.

It is, perhaps, one of the best signs of the literary taste of the day, that what has been oddly called "the carelessness of Mr Warburton's servant," but which ought to be styled the carelessness of Mr Warburton himself, could scarcely occur at present. Four manuscript plays of Beaumont and Fletcher would not now be thrust into the drawer to which the cook-maid was accustomed to come for singeing paper. Nay, if they were, I am by no means sure that "cooky" might not smell roast-meat, and have some idea, that documents with such names affixed, might haply be something better than mere "paltry blurred sheets of paper." Thanks to the universal diffusion of Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, and to the public writers who have, of late, so successfully laboured to re-open those "wells of pure English undefiled," the dramatists of the Elizabethan age, the true Augustan age of English literature, the satire of "*High life below stairs*" has, so far, evaporated. If Mrs Kitty, my lady's lady, or Mr Philip, my lord's gentleman, be asked, now a days, "who wrote Shikspur," the answer will not be "Ben Jonson." Yet, at the time when the farce was written, I suspect the bolt might sometimes take effect in quarters much above the intention of the author. The early dramatists, however, ought not exclusively to occupy this salutary retrospection. At the same time that the "reading public" (a phrase which excites such wonderment in Mr Coleridge,) is dieted upon new editions of Ford, Massinger, Shirley, and Marlow, it would be well if some critic would now and then oblige the *play-going public*, and reform and re-edite the managerial lists of what are technically called "stock-plays." These lists are of no little consequence; and, being the sole work of managers of theatres, are, for the most part, compiled in the most absurd manner. This is natural enough —but the evil is not less on that account. The omission from these lists is a sort of negative stamp of inferiority; and with this stigma upon their heads, plays slide out of remembrance without the chance of appeal to the matured judgment of the public, whilst others, of not half the value, are preserved, and acted, and read, and published in sixpenny editions, for the edification of tasteful bankers' clerks, and shrewd cabinet-makers' apprentices. Those plays which, at their first coming out, happen to have the longest run, are the most approved stock-plays. Nor is it, in all probability, ever adverted to, that peculiar circumstances, unconnected with the intrinsic merits of the piece, often combine to alter and influence the test of approval. Who does not know that political feelings induced both Tories and Whigs to endeavour to out-noise each other in clapping Addison's Cato? and who does not know that a better play, Brookes' Gustavus Vasa, was in a manner suppressed from the same cause? Foote is, perhaps, of the more modern dramatic writers, the one who has been most flagrantly neglected by the public, certainly not for the causes which have been enumerated, but for causes that ought not to have been efficient.

It is, no doubt true, that the judgment of the public is, in the long run, never wrong. But then it is in the long run. There lies the mischief—for certain it is, that the public is not seldom most dreadfully tardy in coming to the right decision. In the meantime, all sorts of vagaries are played off, at the expence of the poor author or projector. That is the way, to be sure, in Chancery—and why art thou "my public," it may be said—with the many heads, to be less dubitant and circumlocutory, than the single noddle of the "keeper of the king's conscience?" Be it as it may; there are many things, besides the writings of Foote, to which thou hast yet, one way or other, to do justice. For instance there is Mr Kean, called "undignified," because he is five feet five inches high; and decried as ungentlemanly, because he does not make Othello as strutting and as stiff as a gold stick at court, or a herald at a coronation; then, Scottish airs, with Burns' verses to them, are styled "vulgar," whilst songs about "roses" and "posies," are encored in the same breath. Nay, fiddlers call Avison on Musical Expression, a profound and explanatory book, and nobody contradicts them. It is downright heresy to think that a man may not write better English, for having his head stuffed full of Greek and Latin idioms. *Don Juan* is recommended to the notice of the Society for

the Suppression of Vice, by those who passed over *Beppo*, as one of the pleasantest light productions of the time; and Boswell is laughed at and abused by everybody, as an egotist and an absurd fellow, for having written one of the most valuable and interesting books in the English language. Lastly,—for the list gets long—the subject of the present paper, Foote, passes with the many, as a man of disreputable character, who had a sort of knack at writing libellous farces.

Various causes have united to produce the low estimation in which the writings of Foote are held. Amongst these, the enmity of Dr Johnson, as displayed in the entertaining volumes before referred to, was not one of the least. Foote complained, and justly, of the crabbed moralist's harsh and contemptuous way of speaking of him, and had he, in return, exhibited the uncouth censor on the stage, it certainly would not have been the most unprovoked of his outrages on private feelings. He has been called the English Aristophanes. The Greek wit, however, actually caricatured Socrates on the Athenian boards, and that without any provocation at all. It would be useless to deny, that the personalities which gave temporary attractions to the dramas of Foote, were in the highest degree reprehensible. Still, it must be granted that these pieces embody a vein of wit, a natural display of character, and an elegance of style, which should ensure them readers, long after the immediate personal causes of attraction have been forgotten.

Samuel Foote is the prince of the lighter dramatists. He is in the drama what Butler is in epic poetry. He is the most elegant of farce-writers. There cannot be a greater contrast than that of his style and the style of O'Keefe, whose farces are, after all, the most popular on the English stage. The writings of the Irishman, full of the richest, although most extravagant humour, are altogether slovenly and inelegant. The coarseness of the dialogue is only carried through by the continued and intense exhibition of the ludicrous; as the rough etchings of Hogarth are redeemed by the force of the expression. On the contrary, the style of Foote is the last in the world to give the reader the idea of a licentious buffoon, who, himself destitute of any feeling but that of self-interest, makes no scruple of exciting the laughter of an audience by outraging the feelings of another. There is a subdued ease and scholarlike elegance in his diction, which no occasion ever tempts him to desert. The gentleman is never sunk in the satirist, nor the man of education in the droll. His wit is not often licentious, nor ever gross. It has always the air of being suppressed rather than forced. His thoughts, if they did not flow easily, seem to have been systematically rejected; and he appears to have resolved not to say anything, however keen, which could not be said with a graceful and unperturbed propriety—such is the style of Foote. If he was a buffoon in conversation, he certainly is not so in literature. That he was a buffoon at all, I must be permitted to doubt. The strong prejudice against him, which his writings were no doubt calculated to excite, has probably left a load upon his memory, at once undeserved and irremediable. That this has been the case with many others is undeniable. Boccacio passes for a mere profligate; Hobbes, for an atheist; Priestley, for a deist; and Machiavel for a fiend. With what reason, let those who are familiar with their works bear witness.

Some Jacobin wit—probably on the hustings at Covent-garden—has asserted, that the best sample of English government was to be found within the rules of the King's Bench—and of English prosperity at the settlement of Botany-bay. It is, perhaps, equally odd, and quite as true, to say that some of the best specimens of moral satire and of English style, are to be selected from the dramas of Foote. The personal eccentricities upon which many of his characters more or less depend; and which, at first, were perhaps their principal attraction, have ultimately been their greatest injury. Thus—

> "Return the ingredients of the poison'd chalice
> To our own lips————."

That his characters, however, included the representation of individual particularities and obliquities, ought not to detract from their other merits. They are singular, but still faithful representations of human nature. The talent which seized and delineated their superficial peculiarities, has not omitted to embody that substratum of natural

sentiment and feeling, which is common to our experience, and which "comes home to our business and our bosoms." Who knows but that Hamlet, that natural yet almost inexplicable mixture of passion and reflection; or that Shallow, or that Falstaff, or that Overreach, or that Volponè, or that Mr Hardcastle, or, to quit the drama, that Parson Adams, or Trulliber, or Morgan, or Whiffle, or Pallet, or Paulus Pleydell, Esq.; was drawn from some individual, in the author's eye, at the very time of his writing? Who does not know that some of these characters were so drawn? yet this does not detract from their general interest and acknowledged merit, nor ought it to do so. Foote's disadvantage is, that the public knew the individuals from whom he drew, in the other cases this was known only to the author.

It has happened to Foote, as to many other dramatic writers, that those of his pieces which keep possession of the stage are by no means his best. In the Mayor of Garrat, Sturgeon and Sneak, though sufficiently laughable, are coarse caricatures; and the Lyar is perhaps carried off more by the sprightliness of the action, than by originality of character or humour of dialogue. It has always appeared to me that the Minor is his best *acting play;* although some other of his pieces undoubtedly contain characters more artfully drawn than the best in this comedy, excellent as they are. It is impossible that any scene can be more amusing—more airily hit off—than that in which Shift personates Mr Smirk. Nor does it at all detract from the pleasure of the reader to be told that Smirk was drawn from the celebrated Mr Cock the auctioneer. The absurd self-importance, whim, and flippancy, will always tell, whether Cock, Smirk, or Shift be the vehicle. His panegyric on his predecessor Mr Prig cannot itself be too much panegyrized. It may be a burlesque, but the tints, though rather more vivid, are little less delicate than those of nature. It is to the truth, what the solar is to the lunar rainbow. His account of his own rise is not less whimsical and spirited. "One flower," says he, "flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember Dr Trifle called it enthusiastic, and pronounced it a presage to my future greatness.—The lot was a Guido; a single figure; a marvellous fine performance, well preserved and highly finished.—It stuck at five and forty; I, charmed with the picture, and piqued at the people—a-going at five and forty—nobody more than five and forty? pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece—quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus to start from the canvass, and fall a-bidding!—A general plaudit ensued; I bowed, and in three minutes knocked it down at sixty-three, ten." "That (observes Sir George) was a stroke at least equal to your master." "O dear me! you did not know that great man; alike in every thing; he had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael.—His manner was inimitably fine. I remember they took him off at the Play-house some time ago;—pleasant,—but wrong. Public characters are not to be sported with—they are sacred. But we lose time. There will be a world of company. I shall please you——but the great nicety of our art is—the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and advance only with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three—four—five; you will be surprised—ha ha! heigh-ho!" Mrs Cole is a powerful though somewhat coarse delineation of one of those strange jumbles of the flesh and the spirit, half repentance and half vice; half hypocrisy, half fear; half cant, half feeling—which the early and more fanatical days of methodism produced. The composition is a most unaccountable one; and when Loader the *black-leg* exclaims "may I lose a deal with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring the tears into my eyes," we feel it is impossible that the heterogeneous can be carried further.

The farce of Taste is a happy effort. Garrick's Lethe, which is something similar, as to the species of satire, is not to be compared to it. Foote never let the antiquaries and virtuosi alone; and he has here added hit after hit to his numerous catalogue, at which, though they are repeated in almost every variety of form, it is difficult to refuse a smile. When the mock "Mynheer Baron de Groningen" asks Novice of his bust, "but where is de nose?" the replication of the irritated connoisseur is what a Frenchman would call superb. "The nose! what care I for the nose? where is de nose!—why, Sir, if it had a nose, I would not give sixpence for it. How the devil should we distinguish the works of the an-

cients, if they were perfect? the nose, indeed,—why I don't suppose now but, barring the nose, Roubiliac could cut as good a head, every whit.—Brush,—who is this man, with his nose?"

"The Commissary" is another good acting play, and was, I believe, for many years very popular. The story of "the Patron" has been more than once dramatized in English. Tobin left a farce on the same subject, which, however, is much inferior to Foote's. Sir Thomas Lofty, the patron, is depicted with great truth: and Rust, the old antiquary, who falls in love because the lady's nose is turned up like that of the bust of the Empress Poppæa, "*the chaste moiety of the amiable Nero,*" is very amusing. It has always appeared to me, however, that the characters in which he has been most successful are Sir Luke Limp, in the Lame Lover, and Sir Christopher Cripple, in the Maid of Bath. He seems to have written them in order to display his own acting, after the misfortune of his broken limb, and exhibit that nicely balanced union of humour, licentiousness, cleverness, and absurdity, in which he delighted. That his own character was of this cast there is no doubt; and they are evidently written *con amore*. Sir Luke Limp ("not to speak it profanely") is in farce, very much what Hamlet is in tragedy, and Falstaff in comedy. At once attractive, odd, clever, weak, and vain: in short, a natural, and yet rather inexplicable, composition. His halting activity is not his worst part. He has "a thousand things to do, for half a million of people,—positively. Promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the City to borrow a thousand for young Atall at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese, by the stage, to Sir Timothy Tankard, in Suffolk, and get at the Herald's Office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived: so you see (he adds) I have not a moment to lose." Nothing, in farce, can be better than his shifts to change his engagements, when he is invited to dinner, first by Sir Gregory Goose, then by Lord Brentford, and lastly, by his Grace the Duke of ——, whose title he never waits to have repeated—"Grace where is he, where ——" but scuttles out, after he has got Lord Brentford's engagement disposed of, with "I beg ten thousand pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor——." The concluding scenes, in which they plead as they think before the Sergeant's gown and wig, whilst he himself is hidden under them; and in which the knight and the lawyer make each other tipsey with such ludicrous success, are not easy to be outdone.

It would be tedious to particularize further. The genius of Foote, like that of all other writers of farces, and many writers of comedies, sometimes runs wild, and deviates into downright extravagance. Sir Peter Pepperpot's account of his getting a turtle down to one of his boroughs, at election time, by putting on it a Capuchin, and taking it a seat in the fly, though it is hardly possible to read it with gravity, is a glaring instance. His names, like those of the author of Waverley, though sometimes a little too ludicrous, have always a happiness about them. We have "the part of Othello by Lord Catastrophe's butler,"—"Lord Gorman's fat Cook,"—"Mynheer Vancaper, the Dutch figure dancer at the Opera-house in the Haymarket;" and we are told of the match between "the Marquis of Cully and Fanny Flipflap, the French dancer."

His "Trip to Calais" does him least honour. The piece itself is indifferent, and the transactions to which it gave rise, to say the truth, had better be left in the cloud which envelopes them. The attack upon the Duchess of Kingston was decidedly the most unfortunate action of his unguarded and volatile life. In that unaccountable woman he met with his match. *Lady Kitty Crocodile* was, in the end, too hard for him. His laxity of principle could not contend against her entire disregard of it: and to her vindictive intrigues was owing the prosecution which is thought to have shortened his days. That it did so, is a proof that he was possessed of strong feelings, although they might not always have been excited when they ought. With all his knowledge of the world, it would seem that he attained to know only by bitter experience "Furens quid Fœmina possit."

In a notice of Foote's works, it would be unpardonable to omit mentioning his excellent "Comic Theatre from the French." There is not room, however, to do more than mention it.

T. D.

HORÆ DANICÆ.

No. V.

Masaniello; a Tragedy.

BY B. S. INGEMAN.

Kiobenhavn. 1815.

Of the tragedies of Ingeman, so far as we can learn, no translation has yet appeared in this country; nor indeed have we ever observed his name noticed by any of our pretenders to foreign scholarship. One of his plays—but one only—("The Shepherd of Tolosa") has been rendered very faithfully into German; and if we mistake not, a version of the "Blanca," by an English gentleman, has been printed at Rome; but we have not seen it, nor do we know even the translator's name. To such readers, therefore, as may be unacquainted with the fame of Ingeman, it may be proper to observe, that he is yet but a young man, from whose riper genius much may be expected. His first long work was a metrical romance, entitled the "Black Knights," (one of the best of its class) which appeared in 1814. Mere romance, however, whether in verse or prose, was not so suitable to his genius as dramatic composition; accordingly, in 1815 appeared his "Blanca" and "Masaniello," which (as our friend Counsellor Hell observes) excited a "furor" of applause among the Copenhageners. These were quickly followed by the "Lion Knight" and the "Shepherd of Tolosa," which appeared in 1816. Since that time, Mr Ingeman has been not merely resting on his laurels, but sedulously improving his mind by travels in Italy, and by tranquil and laborious study, of which the fruits may soon be looked for. Of the four regular tragedies already mentioned, his countrymen are not determined which deserves the preference—at present, associations, which will probably occur to our readers, have led us to "Masaniello," of whose real history a long prefatory memoir might be given; but we have not for some time looked into Giraffi, or his translator Howell.—In their entertaining history, every circumstance, however minute, is detailed,—but luckily the mere *outline* of the story will be sufficient for the clear understanding and due appreciation of the work before us.—We have here, indeed, a forcible example of the modifying, conferring, and creative power of genius;—for in Masaniello's character, there was but little to tempt the poet. He was a fisherman of the lowest class at Naples, who, as if supernaturally strengthened, headed an insurrection of, we believe, not fewer than 200,000 men, about the year 1646, and, after a tumultuous career of ten or twelve days, was killed in an accidental skirmish. Ingeman, however, has imparted to his hero all those attributes most likely to render him interesting. He has drawn him as a husband and a father, —finely contrasted him with Genuino, a hypocritical priest, and with Peronne, a robber,—and finally, has ascribed to him those gifts of imagination, and independent energies of soul, which a poet only could evince; —gifts, indeed, which, as if to prove their divine origin, are sometimes found in individuals to whom fortune has denied every external advantage; while, in the abodes of wealth, luxury, and splendour, they are sought for in vain. What we chiefly regret, with regard to Ingeman's style, is, "that there are no lookings abroad on nature,"—no blendings of the magnificent scenery of Naples with delineation of the mind's internal conflicts. Here, again, Ingeman, like Oehlanschlager, is unfavourably contrasted with some of the modern writers of Germany; but, perhaps, he was led into this error by his Italian studies. It may not be improbable, that he took Alfieri for a model, in whom no one mood of mind or frame seems ever to have been excited, that might not have existed as well in a crowded theatre, as on the most romantic spot of the Neapolitan shore, fanned by the softest breezes, and illuminated by the loveliest sunbeams. But enough of these remarks. The play before us is long, and our prefatory notice ought therefore to be concise.

We pass over even without analysis some of the introductory scenes. The play opens with a view of the Bay of Naples. Masaniello is leaning on a ruin-

ed fountain on one side of the stage,—on the other is his cottage. He is discontentedly murmuring some stanzas of a revolutionary ballad, which lead to a confused disputation with his brother Lazaroni, varied by interruptions of the monk Genuino, the robber Peronne, a physician, &c. &c.; but the assemblage is instantly dispersed on the appearance of one of the magistrates, whom Masaniello always stigmatizes with the name of oppressors, or executioners. The second scene presents a long dialogue between the viceroy (Duke of Arcos) and Filmarino, a venerable archbishop, in which the latter endeavours to gain the duke's attention to the present state of public affairs, and to prevail on him to make some change in his mode of government. The third scene brings again Masaniello before us. He is still dwelling on the revolutionary ballad which he had before sung; and with his first soliloquy we shall begin our extracts. Our readers may think (and with justice) that the style here is low-toned;—but the author must not be accused of "missing a mark at which he had not aimed."—His intention through the scenes where Masaniello appears in the first act, was naturally to delineate the thoughts of a poor and uneducated fisherman.

(*Masaniello, alone, and mending his nets.*) How strange!—Whene'er
I thus am left alone,
That song revives,—and yet, as by some spell,
Mysterious bound, I cannot bring to mind
Its tragic end!—What influence thus hath changed me?—
Scarcely can I remember who I am!—
There was a time, when first I wove this net,
I thought but of the profits it might gain
To gladden Laura's and the children's hearts!
Now doth it seem, as if a voice from heaven
Said,—"Follow me, and think of trade no more.
A Fisher, henceforth, shalt thou be—*of men!*"
Yet still along the accustom'd path I tread,
Disturb'd indeed and anxious;—yet I move
Within the wonted circle,—weave again
This net-work when 'tis broken,—and at eve
Lay myself down to rest,—though sleep indeed
Flies from me, and the waking dreamer scorns.
Ha! cursed inaction!—Indolence that longs
For rest, upon the ocean's troubled wave,
When wreck awaits the vessel! Yet, alas!
What can I do?—Oh gracious heaven! if sleep
Indeed falls on me, wake me with thy thunder;
Or if I wake not,—with thy lightening's glare,
Point out my path of duty, or destroy me!
"I for the avenging scourge of Heaven am chosen!"
So Genuino spoke—and *so* indeed,
Mine own disquiet every moment tells me—
Yet am I undecided still—nor know
Which way to turn. Full gladly would I go,
And prostrate fall before King Philip's throne,
And tell the story of our miseries.
But thither have our executioners
Barr'd all approach—Well—let us then complain
Before the throne of Heaven!—This is indeed
A holiday—or should be so—yet seems
A work-day.—(*Bells at a distance.*)
Yet, hear now!—How sweet that sound!
'Tis the church bells!—This only consolation
Our tyrants cannot us deny. My Laura!
Good—pious—simple-hearted! Thou art gone
Already with thy children reverently
To join in praise of God—Thither at last,

If earth should burn beneath our feet, can we
Still fly for refuge.

(*Choir of Monks, without.*)

Te summe rogamus Pater!—
Ut corda nostra suscites—
Ut vere possint credere—
Johannis testimonio, &c.

Masan. I hear
The slow procession nearer move,—I hear
The solemn hymns rise through the stilly air,
Banishing from our bosoms earthly cares,
And leaving them for heavenly raptures free!
Thus, for a space, my country, may thy wrongs
And sufferings be forgot.

Choir of People (without.)

St Johannes lovet være,
At han Vidne vilde bære,—
Om den Frelse som er nær, &c. &c.

Masan. So powerfully
Those notes attract me,—I too, with the band
Of pious souls must join, and pray to Heaven,
Whose aid can rescue us, even if we stood
On the dread brink of hell.—Our voices here
Can reach beyond the starry spheres.—From prayer
The powers of darkness cannot all withhold us.—

[*He is about to go, when the music suddenly ceases.—A great tumult, with shrieks of terror and lamentation, is heard without; and Laura soon after rushes in, pale and dishevelled, with her children in her arms.*]

Laura. Oh, heaven!—Masaniello!—
Masan. What a shriek!
Thou tremblest, and art deadly pale!—
People (*without.*) Woe! woe!—
Oh miserable day!—
Masan. Tell me, I pray—
For heaven's sake, what has happened?
Laura. Where on earth
Is peace or rest, if thus the sanctuary
May be profaned?—If in the holiest place
Violence assails us?
Masan. Apprehensions dread
O'ercome me.—Yet, it surely cannot be—
Impossible! The tyrant could not venture!
Laura. Ay, he has more than ventured all thou fear st,—
With impious force and worldly power defied us—
Profaned the holy spirit!
Masan. This is then
Thy thunderbolt, oh Heaven! and I awake!
Laura. Full reverently, a peaceful band we went,—
Priests,—old men,—women, and our little ones,
To solemnize this anniversary
Of blest St John. Then suddenly there came
A band of horsemen on us, even like wolves,
Bloodthirsty, on a harmless flock.—They spared
Nor priests, nor women;—shamefully they us'd us:—
Even cast on earth the church's holiest emblems;
Dispersed the crowd with unrelenting blows,
And horrid imprecations. All the while,
Our haughty nobles urged them on:—"Strike! Strike!"
They cried, "and spare not! Tread them under foot!

For this is the command of royal Arcos!"—
We fled in terror; our poor children here,
Within an hair's breadth of their horses' feet,—
Almost were crushed.
Children (*Weeping.*)
Oh, father, father,—save us!
The cruel, fearful men!
Masan. (*With frightful composure.*) It is resolved!—
Now do I know the path which I must climb:
Laura, go cast that net into the fire,—
Henceforth our wonted toil is at an end.
Laura. Why glare thine eyes so fiercely? Oh be calm!
Why clench thy hand and knit thy brows so sternly?
What would'st thou do? These men indeed were hirelings,
And but fulfill'd their duty.
Masan. *This* I know:
My vengeance is not aim'd at *them*. A child
Alone is angry with the rod that struck him:
I crush the arm who wielded it.
Laura. Oh Heaven!
Masaniello, art thou then insane?
One word presumptuous now, would cost thy life.
Masan. With *words* indeed I shall not rest contented—
Now let me go!—
Laura. Again I say, what would'st thou?
Thy looks are terrible.—*So* have I ne'er
Beheld thee till this day.
Masan. 'Tis true—Till now
Thou saw'st me not awake—I was a dreamer;
Now first I know myself—I am indeed
But a poor fisherman: A man of might,
And dignity is held our Duke of Arcos—
But *I* am the avenging scourge of heaven!
(*He rushes out.*)
Laura. Ye saints protect us! Never till this hour
His eyes have roll'd so wildly.—Now the fire
Has broken forth, that I so long have striven
Within his bosom to repress: The flame
Now fiercely rages—and my words, alas!
Unwittingly have fann'd it into fury!

We have said that the language in the preceding scene is but tame; but this was at the commencement of the play, in all probability, systematically *intended* by the author, and it will be found, that the style improves as the action advances.—The next scene exhibits two robbers, Peronne and Pietro, who hold a spirited dialogue on the mysteries of their own profession, Peronne giving lessons to his less experienced comrade. Their conversation, which occupies six pages, takes place in the interior of a church, where they walk aside, when Masaniello again appears, and watch him while he utters the following prayer or soliloquy:—

Masan. Now do I know my duty, heavenly Father!
I have not woke in vain! I know at last,
Who is Masaniello! But if woe
Or happiness, my portion is appointed,
Thou only know'st! To guard thy sanctuary,
Place me even like a tower of strength; or change
Thy servant to a sword of wrath, to strike
Where'er thou mark'st thy victims;—and when thus
My duty is fulfill'd, I gladly die!
But all alone, I cannot here succeed:
Oh grant me then assistance! Hither send
Spirits of death and murder, for blest angels

Where wickedness so foully taints the air,
Would ne'er descend. Therefore from realms accurs'd,
Send if thou wilt a demon of destruction!—
But hear my solemn vows:—If I in vain
Have thus been chosen,—if I from duty shrink,
Nor hope nor succour then be mine! I claim
Fit punishment—eternal condemnation!

(He rises from the altar,—stands silently, and looking wildly forward.)

Peronne (drawing nearer.) Why starest thou thus into the vacant air?
Would'st thou catch motes that in the sunbeams play?
Or strivest thou here with angels, while on earth,
To make acquaintance?

Pietro. Nay, disturb him not;
He prays. If he beholds an angel's form,
Let him not look on thine. He cannot choose,
But deem thou art a devil.

Peronne. Flattering words!—
Ho, friend, What see'st thou there?—He stands unmoved,
And speechless as a statue; yet, one way
Remains to rouse him.

(Strikes him on the shoulder.)

Comrade! art thou dumb?

Masan. *(With cold sternness.)* By Heaven, the wretched State
I shall restore!
It *shall* be free,—if on the scaffold I
Should perish!— *(Peronne laughs at him scornfully.)*
Laugh'st thou?—If all hell should laugh,
My purpose were unchanged—It *shall* be so!

Peron. *(Scornfully.)* A humorous brother this!—Thou speak'st indeed
Beyond thyself—Look at thy garments, friend!—
Thou hast not well for thine own wants provided,—
And thou, forsooth, would'st free the state?

Masan. Seek'st thou
For strength or courage, then, in brave attire?
Had I but one or two to stand by me,
Thou should'st ere long know what I can achieve,
And who I am!

Peron. Stranger, thy words and looks
Indeed amaze me. But think not thou speak'st
With cowards here. Know'st thou my name?—Peronne
Has never earn'd a craven's reputation.
Say, friend, what would'st thou do?—Here thou behold'st
Two faithful brethren, whom the torturing wheel
May not appall. *We* shall unite with thee!
Lack'st thou such aid as ours?—daggers well proved?—
See how they glisten!

(The robbers draw their daggers.)

Masan. Murderers—Banditti!
With *such* must then my glorious deeds be shared?
Well—in your hands the dagger brightly gleams,
While in the earth neglected, rusting lies
The battle-sword of heroes! Not in vain,
At such a moment, hast thou proffer'd me
A bloody hand, and, though from hell it came,
Thus would I grasp it!—But our compact still
(As Heaven and freedom to my heart are dear)
Shall solemnly be ratified—Peronne,
Give me thy hand—

(They shake hands.)

Now shalt thou know 'gainst whom
My rage has been excited—'Tis no foe
That aims against *my* life or humble fortune—
Him could I not thus hate—It is the serpent
That sucks away the life blood of our state,
And *all* to lingering misery would devote.
Villains! I know, you, for base lucre's sake,
Have murder'd the defenceless—Women, babes,
You would relentless sacrifice! But *you*
Are angels, when contrasted with the fiends
Who rule us here. To our good king am I
Faithful to death—His representative
Who wrongs him, and our executioners—
Them do I hate, how proud soe'er their names—
Them into justice and humanity
I shall compel, or crush them!
Pietro. (*Aside*) Till this hour
I have not known such confidence!
Peron. Thy language
And fiery glances, with thy mean attire,
Are strangely match'd—But I have seen ere now
Bright diamonds glitter from ignoble moulds.
I am thy man!
Pietro. And I!
Masan. Thy name, Peronne,
Is bail for thee, that in a murderous deed,
Conceal'd and base, thou would'st be firm and faithful!
But here our deeds are noble and heroic—
To *such* thou art unused, and therefore now
Solemnly shalt thou swear. Murderers, I know,
Heed little what is sacred—yet shalt thou
Kneel down and swear. The worm that never dies,
The fire that never quenches—*these* shall be
The perjurer's recompense—Even unto thee
Such things are fearful!

Masaniello now exacts a solemn oath of fidelity from each of the robbers; and the monk Genuino (a base hypocrite) ratifies their partnership by his holy presence. This concludes the first act.

The second act opens, just before the break of day, in Masaniello's cottage, where the four conspirators—Masaniello, the robbers, and Genuino, enter disguised with masks, and large hoods over their heads,—though this plan of concealment is highly disapproved of by Masaniello. Then follows a very effective scene, in which he produces an ancient battle-sword, given to him by St Januarius in a supernatural visitation. He is now joined by other conspirators, among the disaffected citizens, and hands the sword to them, to prove if any one has strength to draw it from the scabbard; but they all fail in this attempt. He then takes it himself, draws and wields it with the greatest facility. They all acknowledge him for their chosen leader, and, after some farther consultation, retire. Masaniello is then joined by Laura, who had been awoke by the tumult; and the succeeding dialogue shall be transcribed entire.

LAURA (*Enters pale and dishevelled.*)

Ah me! what horrid voices all around!
Who has been here?
Masan. 'Tis I, my love! Fear nothing!
Laura. Thou here, my heart's beloved, and all alone?—
But with thyself thou would'st not speak so loudly:
Or is it all a dream? Methought I heard
Such hollow whispers, and such rough hoarse voices,—
Nay, swords and daggers clashing all the night.

Masan. Nay, dearest, be composed and calm. The din
Of arms thou should'st not blame,—'tis better far
Than rattling chains.
Laura. Oh Heaven! what mean these words?
Masan. Ask not,—I scarcely know myself their import!
Laura. Oh Heaven! I recognize that sword! methinks
It is the same that in my dream I saw;
It issued from a grave; you seized it then,
And your own heart relentless pierced; then forth
You drew the murderous brand, and planted it
Deep in the earth—straight it became a tree—
A palm tree green and spreading,—with thy blood
'Twas fed and nourished. Then a verdant bough
Fell from the tree, and veil'd thee from my sight;
A scream awoke me,—'twas our children's cry,
That in their sleep were scar'd.
Masan. A blessed dream
Was this. Oh Laura! if the palm tree grows
Green on my grave, full gladly with my blood
Will I sustain it.
Laura. Heaven—what mean these words?
Masan. Laura, the sounds that through this night thou heard'st
Were not the work of dreams,—for murderers here
Have secretly held council. Yet I call'd
On Heaven to be the witness of our bond,
And shall not rest till all has been fulfill'd.
Laura. Unhappy night! Oh horrible!
Masan. 'Tis past!
The morn of freedom now begins to dawn:
Those that our oath has bound now wait for me.
Thou tremblest—Is it hope or fear that moves thee?
Laura. Nay, think not I can all a woman's fears
Abjure. O let me weep upon thy breast,——
Once more, but for *one* moment there enjoy
A dream of wonted rest—even in the *next*
Thy Laura with her children may go forth,
Lost and forlorn, to seek thy lifeless frame!
(*Sinks into his arms.*)
Masan. Be calm and brave, my Laura! I have need
Of all my strength,—O melt it not by tears!
Heaven is my witness I do hold thee dearer
Even than the heart thou rendest, or the life
That not to me belongs, but Him who gave it.
I am the avenging Scourge of Heaven!—Know'st thou
What mean these words? Lo! now my native land
Is like a wreck that, by the storm-waves driven,
Breaks on the distant rocks, my brethren stand;—
Lamenting on the shore;—shall I not aid them?
No!—To the deep I must unshrinking steer,
And with the storm contend, even if I go
But to my grave!
Laura. Oh generous, noble heart!
How mean must I appear, by thee contrasted!
Hasten and save! Thy Laura must not blame thee;
Yet can I not repress dread apprehensions!
See *there* our children! In their dreams, to thee,
They stretch their arms imploring. Woe to them—
The fatherless!
Masan. This combat too! Ah, nature,
I must now rend thee from my heart,—though life
Itself were therewith torn away.—Weep not
(*Embracing the children.*)

If I too strongly clasp you—Heaven alone
Knows if on earth I shall again behold you!
Laura! farewell! farewell!—Heaven strengthen you!
(*Rushes out.*)

Laura. Ay—hear him, Heaven! Forgive, and strengthen me,
That I may not in anguish of my heart,
Follow his steps, and leave these little ones!
Poor innocents! you draw my spirit down,
And hold it here. If heaven's gates were thrown open,
And angel forms appeared to welcome me,
Proffering a martyr's wreath, I could not grasp it,
And leave you helpless here, and unprotected!
But why should I *that* soaring spirit strive
To chain down like mine own upon this earth?
Why should I be his enemy, and by tears
Make every conflict heavier to be borne?
Rather should I, like his good angel, aid him;
And now, methinks, I am his evil genius.
Forgive me, heaven! And yet, I am a mother!
No parent could condemn me, If I sought
To check him, and his anger to divert,
By tears and supplications. Yet I shall not—
I seek not this! Go then, Masaniello!
Pursue thy path of glory! I indeed
Would gladly follow thee, if ties like these
Withheld me not! Henceforth one trace of grief
Thou shalt not in these eyes behold again,
Till all has been fulfill'd.—What sounds are these,
(*Tumult without.*)
The clash of swords, and angry shouts! woe, woe!
(*Exit.*)

The rest of this act would, on the stage, prove highly effective; it exhibits the progress and first consequences of the conspiracy. The sounds heard by Laura proceeded from the market-place, where a skirmish takes place between the conspirators, with Masaniello at their head, and the Spanish guard. Afterwards Filmarino, the venerable arch-bishop, re-appears, and holds a conversation with Genuino (the Jesuit monk,) and afterwards with Masaniello, upon which occasion the latter asserts his importance as the chosen "Scourge of Heaven," (a title which used to be conferred on Attila.)—To this, follows an effective scene with Matalone, a nobleman who has for some time been imprisoned as a revolutionist, but has now been chosen by the Duke of Arcos, as a favourite of the people, to convey to them a renovation of their old charter—the Magna Charta of King Philip. He is listened to with great attention by Masaniello, but the monk Genuino desires to look at the manuscript, and immediately pronounces it to be a forgery. This instantly produces a great tumult, and the people wish to punish Matalone with instant death; but Masaniello represents to them that the crime rests wholly on the Duke of Arcos, and orders Matalone to be taken into custody, and led away to prison, which orders are immediately executed by Peronne and others. Masaniello then makes a long speech to the people, which we should willingly transcribe, if long extracts were not requisite from the fourth and fifth acts. There is next a scene with the Duke of Arcos, who runs an equal risk with his agent Matalone, and is saved only by taking refuge in a church, and the interposition of Filmarino. This act is wound up with a dialogue between Matalone, now a prisoner, and Peronne, in a subterraneous cavern. In the course of this conversation, Matalone is skilful enough to persuade the villain Peronne to join with him in a *new and separate* conspiracy, involving the ruin and death of Masaniello. Thus a counter-plot is formed, exhibiting the first (in this play) of these masterstrokes, by which the inventive genius of Ingeman is distinguished, of which more will appear as we advance.

We must now post rapidly through the third act. It opens with a soliloquy of the Duke of Arcos, who after-

wards holds long consultations with Genuino and with Filmarino. The piety and wisdom of the latter are finely contrasted with the low cunning, hypocrisy, and utter villainy of the former, but on these dialogues we must not pause to dwell. Nothing being more tiresome to the reader (or to ourselves,) than mere analysis, we shall give the next scene entire.

SCENE III.

Interior of a Church.—MASANIELLO, GENUINO.

Gen. Now, let me wish thee joy! Methinks, great hero,
Thy work ere long shall be fulfill'd—and I
Shall hail in thee the Brutus of our land!
Masan. That greeting will attend me on the scaffold!
But 'tis no matter! If the seeds now sown
With bloody hand shall rise on high, mine eyes
Full gladly will I close—though they have not
Beheld the happy fruits.
Gen. Why with such thoughts
Torment thyself?
Masan. Father, such thoughts to me
Are joyful, and exalt my soul to Heaven!
If yonder I behold my Saviour's form,
With thorns upon his meekly bending head,
And blood upon his agonizing breast,
I envy even the robber, who by him
Forgiven in his last hour, was borne away
To Paradise.
Gen. Nay, thither by the grace
Of Heaven we all shall come. Truly 'tis great
This life to sacrifice; but greater still
To use it well on earth.
Masan. Therefore to-day
I *use* my life—to-morrow, I perchance
Am call'd to offer it in sacrifice.
Gen. Nay, *this* I hope not.—In the rolls of fame
Thy name will shine magnificently blazon'd;—
And when the people, with their chains, as now,
Are struggling, they will cry with voices hoarse,
In vain for Masaniello!—Yet, to thee
Splendour is not in thine own times denied.
Masan. Speak not thus proudly. From approving Heaven
Alone can honour flow. The dust which here
The Almighty has employed shall be like chaff
Cast to the winds, and be no more remember'd.
Gen. But therefore should the flowers that spring on earth
Be cropt before the storm winds come to tear them!—
Even this life is a treasure,—and if thou
Scorn'st its enjoyments, thou disdain'st indeed
The works of Heaven.
Masan. Such words, in Paradise,
The serpent might have used.
Gen. (*Aside*). Ha! have I then
Betray'd myself?—(*Aloud.*) Well, be it as thou wilt—
We differ in our *language*, not in *thought*.
If now the Viceroy all our claims has granted,
And all thy plans have fairly been fulfill'd,
Thy noble deeds must not be under-rated.
Lift up thyself from poverty to wealth—
From mean estate to power and dignity!
Thou wilt not now refuse, in minor points,
To humour the great Duke, nor lightly shed
The blood of innocent men.

Masan. What blood must here
Be shed I know not—*that* let Heaven determine:
But *this* I know—that if upon the throne
The haughty Duke should place me by his side,
I would but stand there, still with sword in hand,
Until the people from their chains were free,
And *then* unto my humble cot return.
Gen. How! wouldst thou then reject the gifts of fortune?
Masan. What call'st thou fortune? If I live to see
Our country's freedom won, then happiness
In our poor cottage, in my Laura's arms,
Amid our children, waits me. If I fall,
Then angels welcome me to realms of light,
Where even that robber has more dignity,
Than *here* the mightiest hero.
Gen. See'st thou not
That thou art call'd to better services
Than catching fish and mending nets?—Wert thou
So fortunate as from the deep to drag
A rare and costly pearl, that might for thee
Rich luxuries obtain, and aid thy friend,
Would'st thou then cast it from thee?
Masan. Holy father,
I understand thee:—Thou would'st share with me
The luxuries from that pearl derived. So oft
Have I to thee confess'd, now let me be
Confessor in my turn.
Gen. I call it not
A sin, to set a proper value here
On this life's blessings; freely I confess
That as I have my share of sufferings borne,
I would partake thy fortune,—but thy name
And well-earn'd glory still remain thine own.
Think! thou hast promised that when first thy plans
Were all fulfill'd, thou would'st not then forget
My faithful services.
Masan. I would that now
I could forget the monk who stands before me,
For he is like the accurs'd and crafty snake!—
Hence! From my sight—Ne'er hast thou understood me!
Gen. Nay, friend, for thine own good I counsell'd thee,
And merit not thine anger. I indeed
Have understood thee better than thou think'st,
But now no more must aid the vision wild
That first inspired thee. True 'twas amiable,
And shew'd at once a soul that could be fired
By *one* great thought and reigning principle,
Whether correct or false it matter'd not,—
Nor will the stream of passion pause for reason.
Thou deem'dst it greater life to sacrifice,
Than here to *use* it, for the weal of men;
I did encourage thee—for I foresaw
Without the visionary confidence
That thou wert chosen the avenging scourge of Heaven,
Thou would'st not for our liberties contend;
But now, as I believe the goal is won—
'Tis time that I should from thy sight withdraw
The darkening veil, and from such dreams awake thee;
That in reality thou should'st rejoice,
And grasp the treasure, whereon foolishly
Thou seek'st to close thine eyes.—Go, seize it boldly,
For it is thine!

Masan. **Thou Satan, get behind me!**
Go from my sight—I hate and I despise thee!—
These **were thy pious hopes, and I forsooth**
Was in thy hands a pipe to play upon,
And at thy music my poor soul to hell
Should dance before thee! Thou hast err'd. From dreams
Thou hast indeed awoke me. While thou tear'st
The dark veil from my sight, thy mask hath fall'n;
Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised,
Of all earth's grovelling crew the most accursed.
Thou worm! thou viper! to thy native earth
Return!—Go hide within thy kindred mud
Thy loathsome form!—Thou art too base for man
To tread upon.—Thy words have not deceived me.
I am indeed the avenging scourge of Heaven,
And in Heaven's name I swear, if thou again
Comest in my sight, even were it at the altar,
This arm shall hurl thee straight to hell. Away—
Thou scum! thou reptile!

With this fine burst of indignation from Masaniello, it seems as if the genius of Ingeman had in this tragedy thoroughly awoke; and all that follows is animated and powerful. Indeed, from this point, the chief interest first commences. The monk Genuino is henceforth established as the personification of that evil principle, on which all tragic interest directly or indirectly depends; and we almost regret that in this article we did not begin with the third act, and leave out the comparatively tame composition by which it is preceded. To the conversation with the monk just now quoted follows a rapid succession of scenes, which, for variety and stage effect, have seldom been equalled. There is an affecting dialogue with Laura, then a tumultuous assemblage of the people, where the archbishop Filmarino again appears, and where Masaniello's power and importance are fully established. Then the counterplot of Matalone and Peronne is brought forward. The latter rushes on Masaniello, and endeavours to stab him to the heart; but the hero receives only a slight wound, strikes Peronne to the earth, and points his sword to his throat. He spares his life for the moment, however, but orders him into custody, and to execution. There is then a long beautiful dialogue with Laura, which winds up this third act.

Through the fourth act, the play continues to rise in interest. It begins with a long consultation between the Viceroy and Genuino, in which the former appears now fully sensible of the power of Masaniello, and the necessity of granting to the people a full renovation of their rights, and the latter betrays his stedfast purposes of treachery and revenge. Accordingly he proposes, that when Masaniello comes to receive the ratification of the charter, an end shall be put to his career by means of poison. The Duke hears this not without astonishment and indignation; and the monk then darkly alleges that there are varieties of poison, some that kill immediately, others that produce lingering distempers—above all, Madness. The Duke refuses to listen to proposals so mean and diabolical, but the monk covertly persists in his own plans. There is next another assemblage of the people, at the Church of St Ludivico, where Masaniello appears, no longer as a humble fisherman, but in a dress of princely splendour, and makes several speeches to the assembly, on which we regret not having time to dwell.

After this we find ourselves again in the audience hall of the palace; Masaniello, still in his princely attire, is received by the Duke with respect and kindness, having now come only to obtain the final grants for which he had stipulated, and then peaceably to lay down his arms, and submit henceforth to the regular government. Accordingly, after an amicable dialogue of four or five pages, the Duke offers him a parting cup of wine, which has been craftily drugged by Genuino, (who has been watching all that goes forward.) Masaniello empties the cup, and to the astonishment of the Duke, even before he leaves the palace, draws

his sword, and betrays all the symptoms of incipient rage and insanity! He knows intuitively that he has been injured, though he knows not by whom, nor how, but declares that murderers lurk in every corner. His situation is afterwards fully developed in the following interview with Laura, at his own cottage.

SCENE IV.

Masaniello's hut. Laura, alone.

Where atay'st thou? I have waited thee so long
And anxiously! With such unquiet thoughts
I struggled not, even when thy bark was lost
On the wild waves,—when threatening clouds arose;
Or even when earth itself, with murmurings deep,
Beneath our footsteps trembled;—when the smoke
Around Vesuvius roll'd in blacker wreaths,
And screaming birds fled from th' approaching storm;
Anxious I was indeed, but not as *now*,
For ocean is not fearful, as the sea
Of blood, whereon thou now art driven. More firm
Thy footsteps were even on the trembling earth,
Than *now*, when fires rage in the breasts of men,
When every heart, like a volcano, hides
Within its folds internal rage and woe.
Where art thou? Now I hear him! (*Goes to the door.*)
Heaven be praised!

SCENE V.

LAURA, MASANIELLO.

Laura. Come to my arms!
(*Masaniello stands silently, leaning on his drawn sword.*)
Nay, how is this? Thou stand'st
Dark—silent—motionless! And look'st on earth,
As if before thee an abyss were yawning!
See'st thou not thine own Laura? Silent still!
Tell me, for God's sake, what has happened?—Speak!
Masan. (*Suddenly starting, and with wild looks.*) Ha! haste thee! haste! Give me another dress!
This burns me—tortures all my frame like fire,—
Nay, hell itself is burning in my soul!
Laura. Heaven! What has thus disturbed thee!
Masan. Nothing—nothing—
But I shall never be a man again!
Haste—haste, I say! These garments make me mad!
Laura. Oh heaven, what mean'st thou?
Masan. See'st thou not the wreath
Of hideous serpents they have twin'd around me,
Who scorch me with a thousand fiery tongues?—
Now am I cooler! *Now* shall it be proved,
If, when these rags are gone, aught can appall
The soul of Masaniello!— (*Tearing his dress.*)
Thus no more
Shall you pollute our atmosphere—no more
Shall I have fire or water—no, nor air
In common with the serpents; Laura, go,—
Call the Centurion who keeps watch to-day!
Laura. (*Going.*) Oh woe! He has been dreadfully incens'd!
Masan. At last, these gilded villains shall be taught,
That justice will not ever sleep,—that I
Am not in vain the avenging scourge of Heaven!

Captain enters.

Capt. What has our Ruler to propose?
Masan. Go straight—

Command the people all to kindle torches;
This is an holiday—it shall be kept
With splendour, as becomes a festival!
But for the lights our people shall not pay;
That is the kingdom's and our Viceroy's part!
Hasten! Fire every palace!—It will gleam
O'er all the city!—Haste thee!—Now away!— (*Exit Captain.*)
Laura. That was a horrid mandate! But to think
Of deeds like these, I tremble. Oh, have pity!
Have pity on the people. Where is now
Thy wonted clemency?
Masan. 'Tis where I am
Myself,—Masaniello!—Thine old friend!
Can'st thou remember him? The man indeed
Who stand'st before thee is no more the calm,
Contented, humble fisherman,—but great
In power and dignity. *Not* therefore blest—
Not quiet and confiding—but a stern
Administrator of relentless justice,
With bloody sword in hand.
Laur. Oh, dearest husband!
Thy looks are now so wild and horrible.
Masan. Ay, truly!—are mine eyes not eager, searching,—
And my lips parch'd and burning?—'Tis for blood
I strongly thirst—and lo! my hands are knit
Convulsively, like tiger claws—In truth
I am a tiger, Laura! But not, therefore,
I persecute the tame and innocent flocks—
I seek wild beasts of prey—devourers fierce—
Who feed upon the weak and the defenceless—
Them prostrate at my feet, I shall behold.
Laura. Oh, dearest! when hast thou been thus perturb'd?
Masan. *That* I know not! Nor can I *much* remember!
I am but newly changed to what I am—
But to such moods thou must be us'd—Hereafter
I shall not change again! Listen! (*Tumult without.*)
Dost hear
Those acclamations? Hark! This I do love!
The festival, when sword and fire unite
Is double—See'st thou not that ruddy gleam
Already spread on high? Thus shall we read
Even in the vault of heaven, our liberty!
Laura. Woe, woe! Have mercy! See the palace yonder
Already all in flames!
Masan. And art thou not
Rejoiced by such a sight? It is the mansion
Of the proud Matalone! He indeed
Would have blown up in the air for his diversion
Some hundred thousand citizens. Now comes
The time of vengeance. Ho! centurion—
(*A soldier enters.*)
Let criminal judges straightway be appointed,
(Chosen from the best of the people,) and a scaffold
Erected in Toledo-street. Henceforth
Shall executioners be stationed there,
Our sentence to fulfil on the condemn'd—
Justice too long has slept!
Laura. Masaniello!
By all our love, I charge thee!
Masan. Name no more
That word of mildness! To mine ear it sounds
Like flute tones in a darksome grave. No more

Bring the lost lovely paintings to my sight,
Of banish'd hope and joy; an evil hand
Hath marr'd their beauty, now one only hue
Can I behold—'tis blood-red.
Laura. Heaven protect us! (*Filmarino enters hastily.*)
Filmar. Masaniello! knowest thou that thy people
Rage all abroad with fire and sword?
Masan. Ay, truly,
With fire and sword—so should it be!
Filmar. What say'st thou?
Masaniello, was it thou who gave
These raging men the firebrands?
Masan. Ay, it was—
'Twas I! When robbers' dens and murderers
Are blazing—is not this a pleasant sight?
Filmar. (*Confounded.*) Impossible! Is this Masaniello?
Masan. Who told thee so? 'tis all indeed that now
Remains of what he was; thou say'st the town
Is burning bravely—But, feel *here*,——the fire
(*Pointing to his forehead.*)
Rages more fiercely!
Filmar. Heaven, he is insane!
Laura. He's mad—he's mad—help—help! (*Rushes out.*)
Filmar. Masaniello,
Thou hast been—thou art ill.
Masan. How say'st thou? ill?
It seems to me, that many will bear witness—
I am now for the first time thoroughly well!
When saw'st thou me more powerful?
Filmar. Far more power
I saw thee prove, when thy dominion
Extended o'er thyself—no farther. *Now*
Through weakness thou art violent!
Masan. No! I tell thee
That I have more than all my wonted strength,
And I can crush them who do point at me!
Perchance it is a devil who thus aids me;
Conjure him then, I pray thee!
Filmar. I conjure
Thee,—even Masaniello, by the love
Thou bear'st to heaven, be calm, regain thyself,
And stop the flames that rage throughout the city;
Let fire and sword leave but one day in peace—
Hast, thou forgot—this is an holyday?
Masan. What would'st thou with thy crosses in the air,
Confessor,—holy father? *He*, indeed,
Was but himself a devil.—But I know,
I know *thee*, friend,—thou surely art a good
And guiltless spirit,—from whose presence fly
The powers of darkness.—True, 'tis Sunday,—Ho!
(*A Soldier enters.*)
Centurion! warn the people, it is Sunday;
Let fire and sword until to-morrow rest!
Film. Thy blood is heated,—Pray thee, go to sleep,—
And may the fiends of darkness fly from thee!
Masan. The fiends! nay, let them come, I fear them not;
Even with all hell *now*, boldly shall I combat;
I shall not sleep—a ruler must not sleep,—
No, I shall roam abroad, and watch for those
Who slumber.

He now reverts again to the fragment of a revolutionary ballad, which we have already mentioned, and remembers at last its tragic conclusion. He then rushes out with drawn sword in hand,—and the act concludes with a short soliloquy of Filmarino.

We now come to the fifth and last act of this singular production, which, whatever may be its defects, certainly affords high expectation of what the author may, with more experience, be able to accomplish. This last act opens with a dialogue between the Duke of Arcos and Sebastiano, one of his chief nobles,—where the madness and outrageous conduct of Masaniello are commented on. Various citizens also come in, complaining of injuries they have sustained from the insurgents. Genuino is also present on this occasion; and in the midst of their consultation, Masaniello himself, to the great terror of the monk, suddenly appears in the audience room, and an highly effective scene occurs, which we have not left time even to analyse. In the course of it, Genuino, who has been sculking in a corner, attracts suddenly the notice of Masaniello. They converse together; and the latter fully recollecting, in his madness, the enormous wickedness of the monk, is at last roused to a sudden paroxysm of rage, and stabs him, as he believes, to the heart. The monk falls; but the wound though severe, is not mortal. The duke instantly calls for his guards, who declare that they were unable to prevent the entrance of the maniac; Genuino and Masaniello are then borne away severally.

The next scene, (probably the most poetical of the whole play), is in the church-yard of St Maria del Carmino; a grave is by chance newly opened, and a skeleton lies by its side. The moon palely gleams. The church is illuminated, and now and then are heard deep notes of the organ.

The first dialogue here is between Filmarino and Laura, who is now wandering about in search of her husband, who has broke away from his guards, and has gone no one knows whither. The good archbishop administers to her all the advice and consolation in his power,—and they retire. Then Masaniello appears, and we gladly break the course of tiresome analysis by transcribing the scene.

SCENE V.

The church-yard of St Maria del Carmino.—An open grave, and a Skeleton on the side of it—Moonlight.

Masan. (*Alone.*) Darker it grows at every step I take;
Soon then must it be wholly night.—So long
The deepening clouds have hung around my brow,
Scarce can I recollect how look'd of yore
The smiling face of day! yet unto light
Through darkness must we pass,—'tis but transition!—
Perhaps, perhaps!—But dreadful is that hour!
Would it were past! (*Looking back.*) I am not here alone!
Still follow me, tried countrymen, and friends!
Our march is through a darksome country here,—
But light ere long will dawn.—Ha! now look there:
(*With gladness on perceiving the grave.*)
Look, and rejoice. We had gone far astray:
But here, at last, a friendly port awaits us,—
An inn of rest. I was already tired,
And sought for shelter,—now I find this hut;
Truly 'tis somewhat dusky, low and narrow;
No matter! 'Tis enough,—we want no more.
(*Observes the skeleton.*)
Ha, ha! here lies the owner of the cottage,
And soundly sleeps,—Hollo! wake up my friend!
How worn he looks! How hollow are his cheeks!
Hu! and how pale when moonlight gleams upon him!
He has upon our freedom thought so deeply,
And on the blood which it would cost,—that he

Is turn'd himself to naked joints and bones.* (*Shakes the skeleton.*)
Friend! may I go into thy hut a while,
And rest me there? Thou see'st that I am weary,—
Yet choose not like thyself to lay me down,
And bask here in the moonshine—He is silent—
Yet hark!—There was a sound—a strange vibration,
That touched me like a spirit's cooling wing—
Who whisper'd thus?—Haply it was the wind,
Or was it *he* who spoke so? He, perchance,†
Has lost his voice too, by long inward strife,
And whispers thus, even like the night wind's rustling.
(*Looks round surprised.*)
Ha, ha! Masaniello, thou'rt deceived!
This is a grave—this man is dead—and here,
Around thee are the realms of death. How strangely
One's senses are beguiled—Hush, hush!
(*Music of the choir from the church.*)
Who sings
In tones so deep and hollow 'mid the graves?
It seems as if night-wandering spirits woke
A death song.—Ha! there's light, too, in the church;
I shall go there and pray. Long time has past,
And I have wander'd fearfully; my heart
Is now so heavy, I must pray! (*Exit into the church.*)

To this succeed dialogues between several citizens and soldiers of the Spanish guard, who are anxious to secure Masaniello, but look on him with a superstitious terror, and dare not follow him into the church. Then comes the death-scene of Genuino, who is finally cut off by an accidental use of poison, which he had designed for Masaniello, and which is inflicted on the monk by the mistake of his physician. Next follows a very beautiful scene in the interior of the church, where Masaniello, by prayer, and the assistance of Filmarino, has once more regained his faculties of memory and reason. Filmarino having solemnly pronounced his blessing over him, retires, leaving Masaniello, as he believes, in perfect safety. Scarcely, however, has he time to utter another affecting soliloquy, which we must not pause to transcribe, when three of the Spanish guard rush armed into the church. Believing them to be friends, Masaniello advances to meet them, when they instantly discharge their carabines, and shoot him through the heart, disappearing immediately, and leaving him to die unattended. His last words have just been uttered, when Laura enters with her children.

Laura. Where shall I seek him?
Children. Father—father! hear us!
Laura. He wanders all alone, so weak and wilder'd—
Oh Heaven, let me but find him! (*Sees the body.*)
Woe! woe! woe!
Hast thou then heard my prayer, but to destroy
All earthly hope for ever! Masaniello—
Love! dearest! art thou gone?
(*Kneeling with the children over the body.*)

FILMARINO *enters.*

Film. Have murderers then

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* The ingenious translator of "Sintram," will here be reminded again of Lear's
"What—have his daughters brought him to this pass?"

† We despair'd of rendering the original here. It stands thus:—

"Hm! det er vist en *Brystsotig*,
Som alt har stænnet Talen's Redskab ud,
Og hvidsker som et windpust igiennem Natten."

Profaned the holiest place? Then woe to them!
Such crime meets no forgiveness. Ay, he is fall'n!
Close, Laura, then his eyes. Be calm,—and now
Let him in peace repose. He has indeed
Encounter'd his last earthly strife,—and triumph'd.
Listen! He charged me, when we parted last,
With benedictions for thee,—and for *him*
I shall not fail in every solemn rite.
What crimes soe'er in madness he committed,
Against him are not reckon'd. Peace be with thee,
Thou greatest man of Naples!—Heaven's avenger!
Still let the people for whom thou hast fought
Ungrateful, rage against thee, even in death.
Yet thou hast won a glorious wreath, whose light
Will shine in future ages, nor decay
Long as the heart of man holds Freedom dear—
And when her last faint traces we behold,
Masaniello's loss shall be deplored.

(*The curtain falls.*)

Thus ends the Tragedy of Masaniello. We cannot expect that the admirers of our "Horæ *Germanicæ*" will in a like degree approve the productions of the *Danish* School. There is a wide difference indeed in the style and taste of the two nations. Yet from the meagre story of Masaniello, Ingeman has originated a work to which it is impossible to deny the praise of high inventive powers; and it is probable that, like Oehlenschlager, he has, in this instance, written too rapidly to allow time for the developement of imagination. Of his poetical romance the "Black Knights," or the Tragedy of "Blanca," we shall perhaps give an abstract in some future number.

LETTER FROM * * * * * *,

Inclosing Hymn to Christopher North, Esq.

SIR,

I LOOK upon it to be the duty of every liege poet of these realms, such as I flatter myself I am, to follow in the eternal campaign of poetry his anointed King, with as much devotion as in old times the feudal retainers followed their barons bold to the wars. He must be obtuse indeed, who does not perceive that the poetical monarch of merry England is the Poet Laureate, and to him our allegiance is due. Now, Sir, Dr Southey has lately made an incursion into the ancient territory of the hexameter, and in so doing, has quitted himself as a man. It, therefore, is manifest that we, who are his subjects, should instantly march after him, to show our obedience. The instant I read his "Vision of Judgment," I was determined to do so; and, after long pondering on a subject fit for my muse, I decided on one, which, whatever may be thought of the execution, must be allowed to be one of the fittest subjects for poetry. I prepared myself for my task, in the manner narrated in the hymn (l. 12-47.) Until I got warm, I had no notion I could go on so well, but by the time I came to the conclusion, I waxed so valiant as to throw out the challenge (l. 161.) to the Laureate himself. I do not repent it, bold as it may seem, but I hope it will not appear a kind of petty treason: I wish you would lay the case before Mr Jeffrey before you print the poem. I shall not detain you any longer, but remain,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

HYMN TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQUIRE.

Contents. Exordium.—Immense merits of the hero.—An ocean and continent not to be found in Pinkerton, or Malte Brun.—Agreement with Miss Holford with respect to the Muses.—Agreement also with an ancient Comic.—Source of inspiration.—Allusion to Lord Byron, and a learned Theban.—Beautiful picture of a murmuring streamlet.—Mr Wordsworth.—Picturesque description of a grove on the banks of the Tagus.—Benefit derived from the Slave Trade in Jamaica.—Cheering account of the internal state of France.

An operation of high moment detains the auditory.—Chemistry.—Sir Humphry Davy.—Ulysses.—Polyphemus.—Homer.—Inishowen.—Hymn resumed.—Hero applauded to the disparagement of other persons.—Consternation of Baldwin and Co.—Vain attempt of Sir Pythagoras to rally Buonaparte.—Small value of the beasts of a certain ancient concern.—High compliment to Mr Campbell.—Small do. to Dr Polidori.—General massacre of the other Magazines.—Mr Nichols saved and applauded.—Compared with the hero.—Catalogue of heroes in the manner of Homer.—[In catalogue a compliment to the Times.]—Hero compared to Agamemnon.—Preferred to the son of Atreus for his more complete manner of doing business.—King of Dahomey.—Awe-stricken men.—Woe to the Whigs.—Reform of the toddy-drinkers.—What work now patronized by very old women.—A Knight of the Hogstye makes his appearance.—Amadis of Gaul.—Don Belianis of Greece.—Hector of Troy.—Tom Crib of England.

Cause of speed.—Various panegyrics on the Hero.—Geographical description of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, United States, Upper and Lower Canada, West Indies, Hindostan, Australasia.—Patriotic behaviour of the friends of the Scotsman Newspaper.—Catalogue of Rivers, in imitation of the Fairy Queen.—Luff up for land.—End as beginning.

L'Envoy. Appeal to the Universe.—Difference between the God of Homer, and the God of Cockaigne.—A Challenge to Dr Southey.—Bet of a rump and dozen.—Conclusion.

HAIL TO THEE, PRIDE OF THE NORTH, HAIL, CHRISTOPHER, STAR OF EDINA!
Who from thy hill-seated throne, in thine own most romantic of cities,
Show'ring, with liberal hand, spread'st jollity all through the nations.
How shall I speak thy renown? how utter the half of thy praises?
Had I an ocean of ink, and a continent made into paper,
Yet would the ocean be drained, and the continent scribbled all over,
Ere I had told thy fame, thou wonderful worthy of Scotland!

I'll not invoke you for help, fair maids of Parnassian mountain;
No, I despise ye, my girls, in the manner of pretty Miss Holford; (1)
For I agree with the thought of that comical worthy Cratinus, (2)
Who swore none ever throve on the wish-washy draughts of the Muses.
Ho! my boy, step to the corner and fetch me a sneaker of brandy;
Drinkers of water avaunt! I care not a fig for your preaching:
I shall get drunk as a lord, and then follow on with my poem,
Drunk as a lord I shall get, as drunk as his lordship of Byron, (3)
When he sat boozing in Thebes with the sixbottle Solyman Pacha.

Where is the water to mix? The water that once in the streamlet,
Murmuring sung o'er the pebbles, now sings its low song in the kettle,
(Which Mr Wordsworth and I hold in supreme veneration). (4)
Here are the lemons at hand, which all on the banks of the Tagus,
Grew in a beautiful grove, shedding round it their delicate perfume;
There by the light of the moon a poetical lover might wander,
Chanting a sweet canzonet to the honour of Donna Maria.
(Little he thought that the fruit, which there was hanging above him,
Would be sent over the sea to inspire so famous a poet.)
Here is the sugar beside, which the hands of the sooterkin negro
Reared for the sake of my punch in the island of sweaty Jamaica.
Then there's the stingo itself sweet-smelling, balmy, delicious,

Drink that is fit for the gods, or the heavenly writers of Blackwood!
Gay were the Frenchmen who made it in Nantz, an illustrious city,
Merry they sung at their work, when they gathered the grapes in the vineyard,
Merry they sung at their work, when they trampled them down in the wine-vat,
Merry they sung at their work, when forth came the brandy distilling;
Merrily I too shall sing when I swallow the fruit of their labours.
Stop for a moment, ye crowds, who list to my hymn in amazement,
First till I mingle my punch, and then for a while till I drink it.
Now that I've tempered the stuff in a most scientifical manner,
Shewing a chemical skill, that even Sir Humphry might envy,
I shall proceed with the task of discussing a dozen of tumblers.
Glorious, sublime is the draught! The wine that the crafty Ulysses (5)
Gave with a deadly intent to monoptical Squire Polyphemus,
Though it belonged to a priest, and priests know the smack of good liquor,
Though it is praised as divine by that honest old wine-bibber Homer, (6)
Though it sent forth such a scent as fairly perfumed the apartment, (7)
Though it required to be mixt with almost two dozen of waters,
Never was better than this, which I at this moment am drinking.
Once on a time, it is true, I came across liquor superior,
Swallowing a lot of potsheen in the hills about far Inishowen. (8)
Well then, the business is done. A glorious poetical fury
Seizes my soul on the spot; I'll keep you no longer a-waiting:
Hail to thee, pride of the North, hail, Christopher, star of Edina!
Thou art the lad of the lads, who handle the pen of the writer: (9)
None dare withstand thy award; none dare dispute thy dominion.
Sweet is the smile in thy joy, and dread is thy frown when in anger.
Whom shall I equal to thee, thou chief of all Magaziners?
Look round, merry men all, and see the rest are but asses,
If they be named in a day with thee, Destroyer of Dunces!
Joyless is poor Mr Joy, confounded are Baldwin and Cradock,
When they reflect on thy strength, and think of their own petty yelpers,
Janus can't shew any face, and Lamb is led off to the slaughter.
Sad is the sapient heart of Sir Dick, the devourer of cabbage,
Vainly he calls to the fight old Capel Loft, and Napoleon. (10)
Constable trembles in soul, when he finds he has none to oppose thee
Save a collection of beasts, not worth a penny a dozen.
Campbell himself, the sweet, the beautiful poet of Gertrude,
Shrinks at the sound of thy name, and turning away from H. Colburn,
Wishes he'd left the concern to Jack Polidori the Vampire.
Why should I mention the rest? unheard of perish the cattle!
But as I go along, I gladly pay thee a tribute,
Eldest of all Magazines, the Gentleman's, properly so called.
Pleasant art thou to read, ay, pleasant even in quaintness;
Long may thy Editor live, long live, and scatter around him
Tales of the days of old, and sentiments honest and loyal.
(Christopher's nearly as old, he being sexagenarian;
Never arise there a row 'twixt these two worshipful elders.)
Hail to thee, pride of the North! Hail, Christopher, star of Edina!
Great is thy strength, O Kit, and valiant thy men are in battle.
Wastle, the laird of that ilk, who wrote of the crazy-pate banker,
Delta, triangular bard, both Hugh and Malachi Mullion,

Scott—Jamie Scott—Doctor Scott, the poetic uprooter of Grinders;
Timothy Tickler so brave, and the couple of grave-looking Germans,
He that's as great as a host, O'Doherty, knight of the standard,
Seward and Buller from Isis, and Hogg the Shepherd of Ettrick,
Cicero Dowden from Cork, Tom Jennings the poet of Soda, (12)
Petre of Trinity, Dublin,—O'Fogarty, dwelling in Blarney;
Gruff-looking Z. is there, wet with the blood of the Cockneys,
So is the ancient Sage, whom the men of Chaldea delight in.
How can I sum them all? Go count the sands of the ocean,
Number the lies of the Times, or reckon the motes of the sunbeam,
Num'rous as they are the bands, who draw the goose-quill for Maga.
Over them all is North, as great as King Agamemnon,
When he led forward his Greeks to the sacred city of Priam.
Surely as Pergamus fell by Pelasgian valour and fury,
So shall his enemies fall, if once they do battle against him.
Only the hosts of the king were ten years doing the business,
While he in slaughtering his foes scarce spends ten minutes about it.
Hail to thee, pride of the North! Hail, Christopher, star of Edina!
Many a man has been slain by thy trenchant and truculent falchion.
Thou, if thou wouldst, could build a hall like the kings of Dahomey,
All of the skulls of the dead, on whom thy sword has descended;
Wonder not then if thy name is heard by many with terror.
Pale is the cheek of Leigh Hunt, and pale is the Anti-Malthusian;
Hazlitt I own is not pale, because of his rubicund swandrops,
But he is sick in his soul at the visage of Georgy Buchanan; (13)
Webb is a trifle afraid, the heavy-horse Lieutenant shaketh,
Grim is the sage-looking phiz of the bacon-fly Macvey Neperus;
Joy does not reign in the soul of sweet Missy Spence, and the Bagman,
Nor of some hundred beside, whose names 'twould tire me to mention,
When they are told ev'ry month, lo! terrible Christopher cometh!
Thou hast for ever put down the rascally Whig population;
Muzzled by thee is the mouth of Jeffrey's oracular journal;
Onion and onionet there have suffered a vast degradation. (14)
Nobody minds them now, not even the drinkers of toddy, (15)
Who in the days of old, in garrets loftily seated,
Thought it a wonderful feat to be able to read through its pages:
Nobody minds them now, save awfully ancient old women.
But I should never be done, did I tell even half of thy slaughters.
Amadis, hero of Gaul, nor the Grecian Don Belianis,
Hector the champion of Troy, or Cribb the champion of England,
Floor'd never have such a lot as thou in the days of thine anger.
Though I have much to say, I shall soon bring my song to an ending,
Almost out is my candle, my punch is out altogether.
Hail to thee, pride of the North! hail, Christopher, star of Edina!
Joyous am I, when I read thy soul-enlivening pages,
Cramm'd with delicious prose, and verses full as delicious;
Whether thy theme be grave, sublime, abstruse, or pathetic,
Merry, jocose, or slang, quiz, humbug, gay or satiric,
Equally thou in all soar'st over the rest of creation.
Still are thy efforts devote to the honour and glory of Britain;
Then be thou read where'er the language of Britain is heard of,

Through merry England herself, the much-honour'd land of the mighty,
Over the kingdom of Scotland, north and south, highland and lowland,
Over the hills and dales of Cambria, region delightful,
And in the green-mantled island of Erin, the land of potato.
Then thou shalt cross the sea to the Yankee dominion of Monroe, (16)
On to the regions of Canada, snow-covered, upper and lower.
Southward away to the islands discover'd by Christopher Colon,
Which the blundering name of the Western Indies delight in.
Off to the East, thou fliest to the realms of the Marquis of Hastings, (17)
Where the wild natives of Ind regard thee with much veneration,
Placing thee there with the gods, next after Brama and Seeva.
Thence to the Austral land, where fly the friends of the Scotsman,
Leaving their native soil, at the nod of judge or recorder,
Like patriotical folks, all for the good of their country.
There thou art somewhat read by the honest Botany Bayers,
Who at the ends of the earth live under the sway of Macquarie; (18)
Severn, and Trent, and Thames, Forth, Tweed, and Teviot, and Leven,
Dovey, and Towey, and Neath, Lee, Liffy, Slaney, and Shannon,
Lawrence, Potowmac, Missouri, Indus, and Ganges, and Oxley,
Wander through countries possess'd by jolly-faced readers of Blackwood.
Thus have I sail'd round the earth, like Captain Cook or Vancouver,
Here then I luff to the land, and haul in my bellying canvas,
Ending my elegant hymn with the self-same line that began it,
HAIL TO THEE, PRIDE OF THE NORTH, HAIL, CHRISTOPHER, STAR OF EDINA!

L'Envoy.

NATIONS OF EARTH! who have heard my hymn so gloriously chaunted,
Answer, as honest men, did you ever hear any thing like it?
Never! I swear, by the God, whom Homer calls Argyrotoxos,
And whom the bards of Cockaigne address by the name of Apollor!
Come, and contend, if you dare, great laurel-crown'd Bard of Kehama!
Come, and contend if you dare, in the metre of dactyle and spondée!
That I should beat you in song, I bet you a rump and a dozen,
A rump and a dozen I bet,—and there is an end of the matter.

(1.) "Wake not for me, ye maids of Helicon," quoth Miss Holford. I am more polite; for I call them "*fair* maids."—(2.) *Rideo si credis*, &c.—(3.) Lord Byron commemorates this adventure in a note on one of his poems, Childe Harold, I believe.—(4.) "The kettle singing its low undersong," W. W. also, "A fig for your languages, German and Norse, &c. (5.) Od. IX. l. 221. &c. I give Cowper's translation as the most literal I can find, though it does not do any thing like justice to the raciness of the original.

"I went; but not without a goatskin filled
With richest wine, from Maron erst received;
The offspring of Evanthes, and the priest
Of Phœbus, whom in Ismarus I saved,
And with himself, his children, and his wife,
Through reverence of Apollo; for he dwelt
Amid the laurel sacred to his God,
He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him
Seven talents I received of beaten gold;
A beaker, urgent all, and after these,
No fewer than twelve jars, with wine replete,
Rich, unadult'rate, drink for gods; nor knew
One servant, male or female, of that wine
In all his house, none knew it, save himself,
His wife, and the intendant of his stores;

Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he slaked
A single cup with twenty from the stream;
And even then the beaker breathed abroad
A scent celestial, which, whoever smelt,
Henceforth no pleasure found it to abstain.

(6.) Vinosus Homerus. He deserves the title. None but a wine-bibber could have so joyously described the wine as ἡδὺν. ἀκηράσιον, ΘΕΙΟΝ ποτόν.—(7.) Οἶμὴ δηδίῃσι ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ὀδώδει Θεσπεσίη; which is very flatly rendered by Cowper. If I mistake not, the Landlord, in the beginning of the Antiquary, panegyrizes his claret in the same manner, which I throw out as a hint to the future collector of parallel passages, such as Mr C. Metellus and Mr Watts.—(8.) With General Hart.—(9.) A Chaldean phrase. See Chal. MS.—(10.) Sir Richard's contributors. Vid. Hour's Tete-a-Tete with the Public. Indeed that admirable work should be carefully studied by those who wish duly to appreciate my hymn.—(11.) Vid. Chal. MS. again.—(12.) See No. 38. Luctus over Sir D. D. He is there called Demosthenes Dowden, but I could not get Demosthenes to scan. I therefore substituted Cicero, which I hope Mr Dowden will be satisfied with.—(13.) He, it appears, does not agree with an elegant, and judicious poet of the Literary Gazette, who sings concerning the cover of the Magazine;

On that calm mild face I doat,
Which is on thy back impressed.

(14.) Again to the Hour's Tete-a-tete.—(15.) Ibid.—(16.) We are not overpopular among the Yankees, but Munroe, who is a man of gumption, spoke rather civilly of us in his last message to the Senate. It is a good omen, that America will not long be altogether so barbarous as Tommy Moore represents her. C. N.—(17.) Marquis of Hastings, and (18) Governor Macquarie—two particular friends and contributors of ours. C. N.

P. S. I hope a sense of modesty will not hinder you from printing this hymn of mine.*

P. S. Concerning the scansion of the hymn, it was my intention to have dissertated somewhat, but I fear I should trespass too much on your pages. Send it over to Professor Dunbar, and he will settle the matter for you in a minute. He can apply his new canon of Homeric poetry to it, and if that will not make it scan, nothing that I know of, will. For instance, see l. 99. Thŏu, if thoŭ, &c. which he could account for on the same principle as he does ἄρες ἄρες, and all other lines in an equally luminous manner. Give me, however, a verse-mouth to read my poetry, and I despise all the gew-gaw work of the prosodians. Indeed, I think the rule of the learned Merlinus Cocaius, or Macaronicus, might be well transferred to English Hexameter—"Denique sicut Virgilius, ac ceteri vates in arte poetica potuerunt alterare sillabas auctoritate suâ, verbi gratiâ, Relliquias, ita Macaronicus poeta non minus hanc auctoritatem possidet circa scientiam, et doctrinam propriam,"—it being a mighty convenient regulation, and tending to save much trouble.

P. S. There is not a figure of rhetoric, from Metaphor or Apostrophe, down to Paragoge or Anadiplosis, which the learned will not find in my poem. I have not time to enlarge on the subject, but I cannot help throwing out a hint to the ingenious.

* We never have any objection to print *truth*; of course we publish this hymn.—C. N.

MANCHESTER POETRY.†

HERE is a book of poetry, good reader, written and published in Manchester. The phenomenon has absolutely astounded us! We protest we should as soon have expected a second edition of the miracle performed in the desert for appeasing the thirsty Israelites, as to find a Hippocrene bubbling up amidst the factories of that smoky town. There is something in the very name itself which puts to flight all poetical associations. Only couple, for instance, in your mind the ideas of Manchester and Wordsworth, and see if, by any mental process, you can reduce them into any sort of union. The genius of that great man would have been absolutely clouded for ever by one week's residence in the fogs of Manchester! Poetry from Manchester! why, we should as soon have expected a Miltonian epic from the monosyllabical Tims. The only association we have connected with this very

† The Muse in Idleness. By W. D. Paynter, author of the Tragedy of "Eurypilus." 8vo. Manchester, 1819.

commercial town is the abstract idea of a little whey-faced man, in a brown frock-coat and dirty coloured neck-cloth, smelling—not of perfumes or cassia, but of cotton and callicoes; talking—not of poetry or the Stagyrite, but of nine-eights and fustians; and writing—not of Shakespeare or Pope, but "Your's of the 11th ult. duly came to hand, in which per advice, &c. &c." We have heard, to be sure, thanks to their intelligent brethren who travel northward, that such things are even to be found as poetical bagmen, who are favoured with clandestine visits of the Muse. This, however, may, we think, be accounted for on the principle of locomotion, and the great assistance afforded to them by the trotting of horses and the rumbling of wheels in the concoction of their poetical elevations. The flattest small beer will, we all know, by continual agitation, effervesce: what marvel, then, that bagmen should write poetry, under the influence of a like inspiration. Were the labours of these meritorious persons confined to Manchester, we apprehend the afflatus would be found to cease. These instances, then, and we believe they are rare, do not affect the general rule. Yet we would not be uncharitable; and we are willing to allow, that amidst the labours of the counting-house and sale-room, a few stationary individuals may be found who are competent, upon emergencies, to supply their friends with a gratuitous sonnet or Valentine, which, bating their necessary want of rhyme and assaults on Priscian, may pass for a very respectable and decent compilation.

These are, however, but poor triumphs; and though to the gaping clerks, and literary warehousemen, of that intelligent town, they may appear the very highest achievements of human intellect,—fruits only growing on the top and pinnacle of Parnassus, the very *ne plus ultra* of the endowments of the Muse; yet we must whisper softly into their ears, that it is by other performances than these that their poetical credit is to be established. Let them not mistake the bottom for the top of the two forked hill. Not that we expect all things at once of them; we are not such hard taskmasters. We know, that in poetry as well as in other things, progress can only be made slowly, and by degrees. To borrow an illustration from another valuable endowment, who ever could think that the modesty of the Scotsman could be attained all at once? The thing is impossible, as Dr Johnson said of Sheridan's stupidity, such modesty is not in nature. It could only have come by constant and assiduous cultivation and practice, by laying hold of every opportunity of adding to the good gift which nature originally bestowed, till that frame of mind was procured, which at once enchants and amazes us.—But to return to our Manchester friends: Let them not think we are inclined to be harsh or severe with them. We have long eyed them with benignity, not unmixed however with some compassion for their intellectual darkness. But let them not despair. We have known cures to have been effected when the via mater was even in a less promising state. Much may be done by a persevering in a course of study, and reading Blackwood's Magazine, which excellent Publication, ye Manchester Neophytes,

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

There is one thing however, which even our indulgence, great as it is, cannot excuse, and that is their utter neglect of the great field which has recently been presented to them for exercising their poetical powers,—need we say, in the far-famed massacre of Peterloo. Such a shameful insensibility we never before witnessed. Here was absolutely a niche vacant in the temple of Fame, and not a soul of them had time or courage to step into it. The Chronicler of the enormities of the Manchester magistrates, might have taken his seat with the utmost composure, by the side of Virgil or Homer, yet no struggle has been manifested for this glorious distinction! What species of poetry is there to which this inexhaustible theme would not have been adapted? First for the Epic.—Could any thing have been better fitted, from which to build the lofty rhyme, than the adventures of that "pious Æneas," Orator Hunt? Manifold were his afflictions, and various and singular his mishaps, "multum jactatus;" indeed, he was miserably shaken by the rude hands of constables, and catchpoles; yet, amidst all, he persevered unmoved and undejected, mindful of his "Lavina Littora," where now he has at length arrived; and long, may we say, may he

remain in the asylum to which the gods have sent him! Then for the Elegiac.—Is it possible for more pathetic examples to be found any where than the poor creatures, whose ears and noses were cut off by the unrelenting swords of those valiant men-at-arms, the Manchester Yeomanry? If the ancient author thought the loss of his hair of so much consequence as to lament it in an elegy, how many elegies would the deprivation of his ears or his nose have elicited! We leave the matter to be determined by a jury of Dandies. Then for the Ode.—What exquisite lyrical invocations might have been composed to the deceased Major Cartwright, or the spirit of Tom Paine, evoking from their elysium, those worthies departed, to return to earth accompanied by Astrea, (excellent society for her by the bye,) and view the bloodshed and carnage committed under the eyes of those modern Neros, the Manchester quorum. Peterloo might have been compared to Marathon or Thermopylæ, and the victims of the yeomanry, to the patriots who expired on those memorable plains. And for the Epigram.—But we are launching out too far; it is useless further to shew what capabilities the subject presented. The golden opportunity is gone, the brazen head has uttered the last monition; and even the ground of Peterloo, after having, for some time, been daily visited by patriotic bagmen, and other devotees to the great cause, is quickly losing its hallowed sanctity; and within a short period, factories may be erected on that distinguished spot where liberty exalted her cap, and patriotism poured forth its blood.

Such is the nature of things, and therefore it was incumbent on our good friends to have seized time by the forelock. But to return to our subject. Seriously we are inclined to believe that Manchester is not overburdened with that unmarketable article literature. At least, we are pretty certain, it has now hardly any person of acknowledged literary abilities and character to boast of. Dr Ferriar, whose elegant mind and varied researches, could at all times give interest to the subject to which they were applied, is long since dead, and has left no one behind him competent to fill his place. Such a man as Roscoe we should hardly ever expect from the level of Manchester merchants,—gentlemen, whose erudition, we believe, consists in the playing whist, drinking port, and damning "form," as unceremoniously as Ensign Northerton himself. More learning than this we think they would be ashamed to possess; and of more learning we would not willingly accuse them. If five or six have the rare ability to get through a few sentences of mawkish common-place, at some public meeting, we apprehend that is the extent of their powers, and the summit of their ambition. With respect to the society, which goes under the name of the Manchester* Literary and Philosophical Society, we understand, that like all other venerable institutions, it is now falling to decay, or at least principally directed to mechanics and commercial speculations. Its name now reminds us of no eminent abilities or extraordinary talents connected and associated with it; and we should augur that it has participated in that misfortune of old age, to outlive its efficiency and reputation. Besides this, we believe, there are other minor societies, much on the plan of the Edinburgh Speculative, to be met with in Manchester, where nonsense is spouted by the hour; and attornies' clerks, and commercial book-keepers, disinterestedly labour for each other's benefit and improvement. Here are to be found, orators and rhetoricians in embryo, reasoners on free-will, predestination, and other lofty and mysterious topics, in whose disputations, however, nothing is concluded; and the person who generally comes off the worst, is the unfortunate Lindley Murray.—There are, too, Manchester newspapers, where there is occasionally a poetical sketch by Juvenis, or a stanza to Miss E. by Modestus, or an address to the Princess by Euphemia, respectively written and indited by grocers' apprentices, milliners' protegées, and young scholars of the Porch,

> "Who pen a stanza when they should engross."

Or perhaps on some suitable and extraordinary occasions, there may be a letter from Mr A. to Mr B. on the conduct of Mr C. with respect to parish

* Lucus a non lucendo. The only readable papers in the Transactions of this Society, are those of Dr Ferriar, Dr Henry, and a very few others. The rest is a mere caput mortuum.

affairs, or some facetious and happy morsels of wit, which only want intelligibility to complete them, by Andrew Birchbottom, a personage, who, as his name imports, is in the habit of administering discipline. These literary bodies, and literary performers, with an occasional pamphlet, which the emergencies of the times may strike out of the crack-brained noddle of some reforming politician, big with official documents and letters of moment,—or some dramatic performance, which may be extorted from the unquiet conscience of some printer or printer's devil—or some prologue or epilogue, volunteered by the pitiful heart of some young limb of the law, panting after immortality—or some lecture published at the desire of the auditors, utterly disproving the Devil and all his works—or some sermon, published at the like desire of the congregation, and which, to shew its good effects, has procured sleep even when laudanum has failed—or some handbill, in large and visible characters, containing words "full of fire and fury, signifying nothing"—or some public address, which like Elkanah Settle's Epithalamium, with a new facing, serves for all occasions equally, and is excogitated with much trouble, and perused with more—constitute the sum total and aggregate of what Manchester is producing, or is likely to produce, in the way of literature.

Our readers will, we think, be inclined to wonder at the accuracy and completeness of our information. It is indeed perfect omniscience. There is not, in fact, a town in this large kingdom of which we have not a full and complete literary and civil account regularly transmitted to us by our emissaries, who are in number as countless as the sands of the sea, or the motes in the sunbeams. Not one silly thing is said of our Magazine of which we have not instantly knowledge. A very whisper comes to our ears, increased to the loudness of cannon. Let, therefore, the evil tremble within themselves, and quake with the consciousness of their guilt. We hold but the rod over them, which may be inflicted when they are least prepared. We have at this moment a room entirely devoted to these official communications, which we are now keeping for some future continuation of Camden. Did not our advanced age and infirmities prevent us, we ourselves should, in all probability, undertake this laborious work. In Manchester, we have no less than ten different scribes, who each take different departments of the town, and attend to their vocation with unremitting diligence. We give them handsome salaries, but are extremely select in the persons whom we thus constitute our reporters. On their first outset, not being accustomed to the climate, the fogs and the effluvia proceeding from the cotton were so potent in their effects, that the intellects of our unfortunate Juvenals were most grievously discomposed. When the communications came to our hands, they were absolutely of such a nature that we could neither make head nor tail of them. Instead of a summary of Manchester literature, one sent us an abstract of a Manchester ledger. Another, after informing us of the state of the market, ended by modestly requiring of us some orders—for what dost thou think, good reader! For demities and plates! Orders from us, Christopher North, for plates and demities!!! Heard ever man the like? We were, accordingly, much perplexed. In time, however, our messengers became completely accustomed to the fogs and the etcetera of a Manchester life, and having lost the unaccountable mania for trafficking, which at first possessed them, are now contented to forward our interests, instead of merely taking care of their own. In addition to these regulars, we now employ another auxiliary, our worthy friend Mr Theophilus Bailey, a nephew by the father's side to Miss Bailey of unfortunate and famous memory, by whom the slumbers of the Halifax captain were so suddenly and so unpleasantly disturbed. Reports indeed have been circulated that he is the illicit offspring of that celebrated connection; but this we considered mere slander on the fair fame of the unfortunate heroine, and therefore intreat our readers not to give it the least credit. Being a native of Manchester, he is of course completely familiarized to the climate, and having the intellectual constitution of a horse, he can bear the conversation even of Manchester cotton spinners without flinching. He is indeed an extraordinary character. The alacrity of the mind is wonderful. So little is he influenced by locality, that we have had letters

from him, dated Gotham, on the Sublime and Beautiful—comments from the Bogs of Tipperary on the Sculpture of the Greeks, and to crown all, disquisitions from Glasgow, on the Influence of Poetical Associations.

But we are wandering from the subject and Mr Paynter. Nothing more, we think, is necessary to establish all that we have said of our intelligence, than the simple fact of our having reviewed the work now before us. We are almost certain it has completely escaped the notice of all our contemporary journalists, and really are afraid of incurring the suspicion, a suspicion which before has attached on us, of reviewing a book not actually in existence. This suspicion, we entreat our readers, in justice to Mr Paynter, and in pity to ourselves, entirely to put away. Our purpose is not to deprive Mr Paynter of one iota of his merited reputation. We profess our incompetence to manufacture any thing like the extracts we are about to adduce. Our business is merely to point out their beauties, and enlarge on their defects. If, nevertheless, our asseverations are of no avail, and the reader shall require a more convincing proof that Mr Paynter is a man of this world, and consequently entitled to the credit of this performance, (though how a person can doubt of the existence of a member of the Manchester Philanthropical Society is to us, we confess, a problem) let him forthwith send to Manchester for a copy of the book, and he will shortly receive a return which will administer much satisfaction to his own mind, and much satisfaction to the mind of the publisher.

The book now before us, as we are informed by the title page, is written by D. W. Paynter, author of the tragedy of Eurypilus. When and where this tragedy was published, the first crepundia of our great author, our most diligent inquiries have been unable to ascertain. As we never heard of it in any way, we can only imagine that it came out "in luminis oras" before we were born, which, good reader, was in the year 1760. According to this supposition, Mr Paynter must now be advanced in years, and therefore in a very proper frame of mind for writing such poems as these, which certainly bear some tokens of senility. On this supposition, however, we cannot account for the long interval of time which has been suffered to elapse from his first publication to this his last and greatest. We therefore apprehend that this conjecture is erroneous, and that this dramatic performance has actually been published within the memory of man, though perhaps only in a confined town, and for the edification of a chosen few. Certes this was a delicacy of which the multitude was not worthy; still it is unchristianlike and illiberal for any one to keep to himself the possession of a common good; and for ourselves therefore, as well as the other lovers of the drama, we beseech the person or persons who may now enjoy to himself the interesting production, to suffer others to be sharers of its beauties, and to transmit it to us without delay, for the purpose of being reviewed in the next number of our Magazine. Such is our well grounded confidence in it, deduced from the perusal of the present work, that we undertake to demonstrate it to be superior to Mirandola, or any other recent dramatical performance.

In hopes shortly of being blessed with the good for which we have petitioned, we proceed to the "Muse in Idleness," and first of all we must notice a very alarming report which has just come to our ears, and which indeed had no small influence with us in inciting us to review this book; namely, that one half of the copies have been lately transmitted to Edinburgh, for the purpose of being employed by the pastry cooks in the little necessary occasions of their business. Now, before sacrilegious hands are laid upon the "Muse in Idleness," we must simply beg leave to ask these worthy persons, for whose manufactures we have always maintained a great affection, if they are aware of the grievous sin they are about to commit, in appropriating to the involution of cakes and comfits, "what was meant for mankind." Let them take heed, for we assure them that even the recreant tailor, who was about to clip the great bulwark of our liberties, Magna Charta, will stand guiltless in comparison with the clipper and mutilator of Mr Paynter's Sybilline leaves. After this notice, we shall not consider ourselves responsible for any suicides which may hereafter happen among the members of this respectable fraternity, from pangs of conscience for such inexpiable poetical sacrilege, and deem ourselves wholly exonerated from the conse-

quences. And now, having eased our mind, as the old casuists used to say, we must turn our attention to the extraordinary frontispiece which stares *us in the face* at the beginning of the book. We regret extremely that we cannot transfer it into our Magazine in its original state, as an everlasting puzzle for the ingenuity of our readers. It is indeed, as Mr Foresight says in the play, very mysterious and hieroglyphical, infinitely more perplexing than any of those yearly enigmas which appear in that prophetical work, Moore's Almanack. Our anxiety to get at the bottom of it has been such, that we have actually passed several nights without sleep, in an endeavour at its elucidation, but our success, we lament to say, has yet been very small. At one time we conceived it a representation of Adam and Eve in a state of innocence, and certainly there is a beast in the corner which is ugly enough for the serpent himself. But, besides that, there is a fourth character in the piece, whom, upon this supposition, we cannot make out; Adam would then be represented with a bowl of punch in his hand, which perhaps would hardly be perfectly in character. At one time we interpreted it to delineate Hunt in Ilchester prison, solacing his sorrows with a drop of the good creature in despite of his jailor, adumbrated in the blatant beast in the corner, and of the two persons in the back ground, who appear to be anxiously cheapening a yard of ribband. Unfortunately for this view of the case, there is no appearance of any of these outward and visible signs which "durance vile" generally brings along with it. Here the parties seem quite at ease, and Mr Hunt himself appears as comfortable in every respect as if he were in his own house, (*i. e.* if he have one) with a select party of friends, toasting Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage. This interpretation has, too, another small defect, that it is not entirely consistent with chronology; but this we regard as trivial. Great men are not to be circumscribed by rules, and as Shakespeare went before time, it is not reasonable that Mr Paynter should follow after it. Upon the whole, we are very dubious on the subject, but are inclined to think that the plate has some reference to the Manchester massacre, and perhaps to the part our author performed in it, who might deem it prudent at the approach of the terrible crisis, to fortify his spirits by a copious and genial libation.

But enough of the plate—Our next consideration is the Advertisement which ushers in the delectable poems. We present it to our readers, as a specimen of our author's prose, and an example of metaphorical elegance. Pure must be the taste, and pregnant the fancy, which can deduce matter of illustration from the Quarter Sessions, and the House of Correction.

"The heterogeneous *Children*, disposed herein according to their respective temperaments, having lived for a considerable time, (several of them, indeed, longer than a seven-years' apprenticeship,) idle and unprofitable members of their father's household,—are sent into the world, in order to make some sort of provision for themselves; yet with no other recommendation, (Heaven help them!) than *self-report*,—which, by the way, people of thoughtful discretion and forecast consider but a scurvily-slender loop, whereby to suspend so pretty a gimcrack as Hope!

"However, if all of them prove honest enough to escape *the jail of infamy*,—and even one (be it the veriest dapperling amongst them,) have sufficient address to gain a *settlement* in the Republic of Letters,—the parent's most *lively* expectations will be answered, to the full: and he gives his assurance to the whole Bench of *worshipful* Critics, that it will not *entirely* break his heart, (though, peradventure, 'tis pretty well fraught with *fatherly affection*) to behold the rest of his offspring, each by virtue of a *vagabond's* pass, return—in *rags* —to their native *parish* of Obscurity."

We are afraid there is something more here than meets the eye. It is surely rather an unprecedented introduction to a book of poetry for an author to commence by displaying his accurate knowledge of the vagrant laws. There must certainly be some deep, some inscrutable sense attached to this paragraph, for, in its obvious meaning, we fear it has no sense at all. It cannot surely be that this introduction, though apparently recommendatory of his vagabond offspring, is to be extended to their unfortunate father, who stands in more need of a settlement than his children. It cannot surely be that this great man's labours have been under the inspection and superintendance of parish officers and beadles, those very incompetent cultivators of poetical genius. It cannot surely be that a recommendation so modestly made and delicately insinuated should have been

made and insinuated in vain. Alas! that such things should be. When will genius be rewarded? When will modesty be preferred? Shall Parnassian bards stand in awe of the overseer's whip, or write their eternal poems in their removals from parish to parish, and from township to township, which, now glad to get rid of them, will at one time contend for the honour of their nativity? Shame on ye, men of Manchester! Have ye no bowels, ye cotton spinners and manufacturers? Is there no Mæcenas in your factories, or Buckingham in your courts? no one who wishes to have fame at a cheap rate, and has ambition beyond the calculations of his ledger? No one willing to receive dedications in lieu of bank notes, and immortality in exchange for filthy lucre? Open your purses, and impart of your superfluity to one who stands among ye, willing and ready to receive it. So shall you have a Poet Laureate, who shall dignify your fogs as Pindar did his native Bæotia, who shall blazon forth with laudable perseverance the perfections of your bodies and the excellencies of your minds, who shall exalt your police meetings with his Odes, and your commercial clerks' meetings with his Songs; your deaths with his Monodies, and your marriages with his Epithalamia; your newspapers with his Stanzas, and your Christmas meetings with his Charades; and who may, in the maturity of his powers and the fulness of his gratitude, even write a blank Epic poem, in imitation of Dyer's Fleece, entitled Paynter's Cotton.

But now for the poetry. We are first presented with an imitation of Drayton's Nymphidia, denominated Dwarfish Warfare, or the Battles of the Fairies. The worthy chronicler of these great engagements appears to have been truly impressed with the dignity of his subject. His language, therefore, rises proportionably. Instead of the Dog Days, the term adopted in common parlance, we meet with the Dog's own Days, which we prefer, as more elevated, and as giving the Devil, or rather the Dog, his due. Many other felicities of diction are equally apparent. We, however, entirely abstain from giving a further account of this precious morceau, merely calling the attention of our reader to the following declaration, in which there is something exceedingly awful and championlike:—

> "Let the wolfish king beware,
> Or by the gods I'll make him yell."

In the next piece, the Solitary Bard, a representation, doubtless, of Mr Paynter himself, we discern many delightful outpourings of sensibility. There is a sweet description of his rural abode in Manchester, "seated on the margin of a lake," we presume the reservoir of some factory, near which, like Master Stephen, Mr Paynter is wont to sit upon a stool, and be melancholy like a gentleman. Enviable indeed is the situation of a poet, he can see "silver waves" and majestic swans where the little dirty factory boys about him can discern nothing but a pond of water as black as ink, and a dead dog, perchance, floating at the top of it. The following tribute to the memory of our author's parents it were injustice to suppress; and we cannot but approve of the conduct of his father in debarring his son from classical lore, in order that he might have leisure to cultivate his vernacular tongue with that elegance and effect which his poems display.

> "His Sire, who, in the heyday noon of life,
> Cloy'd with the luxuries of garnish'd pomp,
> Hither retir'd on wreck of princely wealth,
> And with a Yokemate, chaste as Vesta's self,—
> Transfus'd into his mind the hate of pride,—
> Which soon begat a gust for solitude;
> And though himself pre-eminently vers'd
> In the rich fruitage of old Greece and Rome,
> Made him but master of his mother-tongue."

Eastcheap in the Shades next follows, where we are introduced to our old acquaintances Falstaff, Poins, Bardolph, and Dame Quickly, whose very reasonable expostulation with the Fat Knight will fully prove, we think, that Shakespeare must quail to his imitator. Our author subsequently, in a very ingenuous manner, confesses himself guilty of the grievous sin of diffidence. This instance, we are sure, will be sufficient to prove that the fault only exists in the imagination of this solitary and self-accusing bard.

> "Swift as domestic Tiger clutches Mouse,
> Mine Hostess cry'd—'Thou knave,—revile my house!
> Was it for this I bought thee Holland-shirts,—

And mark'd thy filthy name upon the skirts?
Thy Tailor paid, for coats of finest nap,—
For which I ne'er receiv'd a finger-snap?
Did I not give thee, *gratus*, bed and board,
Whilst thou unconscionable reck'nings scor'd?
Was I not by thee, at thy latter end,—
And pray'd the Saints thy broken heart to mend?---
And can'st thou, vassal-slave, use *calamy**
'Gainst one who was so parlous kind to thee?---
Ah, 'fie upon thy naughty varlet's tongue,
Which, like a pismire, has mine honour stung!'"

We are next regaled by an Ode and an Allegory, both of which, though excellent in their way, we are obliged to pass over. The following Tale, which we extract entire, is designed certainly "To ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

It is very sad indeed. Draw out your handkerchief, good reader, for here is matter that would melt a heart of stone.

"*The Lunatic and the Outcast; A Tale.*

By Friendship undone,---by his Mistress betray'd,---
A Bankrupt in Fortune and Happiness made;
Disown'd by his equals,---revil'd by the mean,---
'Midst Pride's bitter taunts, and the clamour of Spleen,
Young Leon his birth-place---a gay Tuscan town—
At twilight abandon'd, with sorrows weigh'd down;—
Fierce tempests of anguish his thoughts rudely hurl'd,
A pennyless Outcast, he fled from the world.

O'er the wild blasted heath, and the bleak barren hill,—
On the cataract's brink,—by the foul sedgy rill,—
'Mid whirlwinds and thunders that shook the firm *Ball*,—
He wander'd and suffer'd,—unpity'd by all!—
Not e'en the poor peasant—(himself sorely press'd,)
With a sigh of compassion his pilgrimage bless'd!—
His head was oft pillow'd by fragments of wood,—
Marshy water his drink, moorland berries his food.

When, afar, he observ'd a proud City's bright spires,
His bosom was heated with opposite fires;
He rail'd at his fellows, with merciless hate,
And tax'd with injustice the rulings of Fate!—
Yet, when the arch'd welkin was tranquil and clear,
The thoughts of the past would engender a tear,—
Which stealing, apace, down his travel-gain'd scars,
He pity'd mankind,—and forgave his ill stars!

One Friend, whom he lov'd, yet remain'd on the earth,—
A Brother that Friend;—from the place of his birth,
An exile for ten weary years he had been,—
By his Country remember'd and honour'd, unseen!—
His spirit was lofty,—(Orsino his name,)—
In the field he had sought and acquir'd honest fame:—
He brav'd a false Noble,—who fell in the strife,—
And valiant Orsino was banish'd for life!

His raiment now tatter'd—the mock of the wind—
Heavy-burthen'd his heart, and all-joyless his mind,—
Young Leon had journey'd through regions unknown,—
Enduring the frigid, and fierce torrid zone;
When, seated one even in sad reverie,
On the measureless beach of the wide Caspian Sea,—
At the foot of a steep frowning cliff, he beheld
A poor naked Maniac, who frightfully yell'd!

Ungracious his aspect,—his eye sternly wild,—
He laugh'd whilst in anger,—and horribly smil'd;—
From his grim boxen-visage, black tresses hung down,—
Dank sea-weed he wore round his head, as a crown.—
On the sharp cragged rocks that defac'd the smooth strand,
He cast himself headlong,—and clutch'd the hot sand;
Then, savag'd by phrensy, sprung up—with void stare,—
And maim'd his swarth forehead,—and tore his lank hair!

When he saw the lone Outcast, he utter'd rude howls,—
Like those of the wolf when in forests he prowls;—

* Calumny.

Advanc'd a few paces,—then paus'd, as in doubt,—
Now, fixing his eye-ball,—now, gazing about.—
At length, with clench'd hands—and quick gasping with rage—
He rush'd fleetly forward, the Stranger t'engage;
And while, with shrewd signals and gestures, he brav'd,
His feet toss'd the sand,—and thus, furious, he rav'd:

'Arch-rebel! com'st thou with intent to purloin
A Monarch's regalia—his jewels and coin?
I'm King o'the Elements—clouds are my steeds—
I grasp all the thunders,—and do mighty deeds!—
The wind is my grandsire—a dormouse my dam—
O' Sundays, I marry the tiger and lamb!
Fly—fly my dominions! or by the three Zones—
I'll pluck out thy sinews,—and rive all thy bones!'
He boisterous spoke,—and all-frantickly tore
A huge fragment of rock from the desolate shore:—
He rais'd it; when Leon his jeopardy saw,
Observ'd, in a trice, gentle Nature's first law,—
And smote the poor Maniac, who, fearfully maim'd,
Toppled down on the waste,—and, scarce breathing, exclaim'd—
'Ah, Leon—sweet Brother—come, lend me thine aid!—
'Tis Orsino who calls—in his winding-sheet laid!'

This said,—with a faint suspiration—he dy'd!—
The horror-struck Outcast, in agony, cry'd—
'O, sorrow of sorrows! too weighty to bear!—
Mine own Brother I've slaughter'd!—Now welcome Despair!"
He wept o'er the body,—and kiss'd its cold cheek,—
Then, piercing the air with a piteous shriek,
Swift fled tow'rd the billows—an *innocent* Cain—
And buried himself—and his griefs—in the Main."

We are now completely overcome, and must exclaim with Lady Frost in the play, "You have conquered, sweet, melting, moving Sir, you have conquered! What heart of marble can refrain to weep, and yield to such sad sayings." Who is there, indeed, whose eyes shall not overflow with tears, and render us the labours of the washer-woman needless, at the sudden evil of this "innocent Cain?" It is verily a most melancholy catastrophe, and should in future be a warning to the keepers of asylums how they suffer their patients to go abroad to the damage of our lord the king, and the fear and consternation of his subjects.

Our author's Bucolical inspirations come next, and Theocritus and Virgil hide their diminished heads. The former has certainly the advantages of place, for what were the banks of the Cydnus or Mincio, to those of the river Mersey, or the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal! Lend us your ears, good folks, and listen to the Bucolics of this Manchester Tityrus. One speech only we can quote.

LYCIDAS.

"O, that this breast were turn'd to lifeless clay!
Yet Wisdom speaks, and I must needs obey.
My truant flocks again shall jointly feed,
And bask at will, in their own verdant mead;
My moping Dog again shall range the lawn,
And, wakeful, guard the fold, from Eve to Dawn:
Tho' sad at heart, I'll seem as blithe a Swain,
As e'er ply'd crook, or pip'd the jocund strain.
But (woe the while!) should Phyllis still pursue
Her cruel scorn, and ne'er appear to rue,—
My Dog may pine; my Lambs deserted, stray;—
My crook and pipe, at once, I'll cast away;
And straight retiring to this silent Vale,
I'll lay me down,—and, dying, end my *Bale*."

Attentive to the last, you see, to the affairs of the warehouse. The eyes of this Lycidas, who, we opine, was a packer, could not be closed in peace till the bale was made up. What a stroke of nature! What excellent consistency of delineation! The author has here contrived to unite the before-deemed-incompatible characters of a Manchester warehouseman and an Arcadian shepherd! He has managed to depict a genius who can tend sheep and pack up bales with equal facility. Henceforth let us no more talk of the breathings of the Doric flute, but more judiciously reserve our admiration for the louder sounds of the Manchester trumpet.

Tales, fables, monodies, odes, elegies, epitaphs, and epigrams, and all the small artillery of the Muses, now fol-

low in formidable array, to excite our wonder and astonishment at the versatility of this Manchester Bard. We are sorry we have not room for a specimen of our author's powers in each of these different lines; but alas, we cannot be for ever transcribing, even from poetry so luscious as Mr Paynter's. This great man appears capable of writing *de omni scibili et de quolibet ente*. There is nothing too great or too little for his wonderful powers. He can wield the sword of Goliah and the missile of David, at one and the same time. His genius absolutely appears co-extensive with poetry itself. His book is a compendium or abstract "of the wisest and best of all other men's books," the very choicest culling of the Hyblæan Honey. Equal in beauty is his prose. His Introduction we have before inserted, but the following note, written apparently to prove that the author of Paradise Lost has pillaged from the author of the Muse on Idleness, it would be unpardonable to omit.

"Not so, the BEE; who quickly found
An access to the *pulp profound*;"

"Think not, most courteous, thrice-gentle, and indulgent Reader, that our Author hath here plagiarised the *Miltonian Idiom*. "*Pulp profound*," independently of its *alliterative elegance*, is undoubtedly a *rare* example of "*The Sublime and Beautiful*;" yet, the *Bard of Eden* hath no more claim to it, than the *Philosopher of China*. 'Twas the *divine* emanation of his own *deep* sagacity, and purely of his own fashioning; *ergo*, according to all the principles of equity, he certainly ought to enjoy the *sole* and *entire* credit of it!"

This is a very clear case indeed. As we understand the note, there is a matter of plagiarism to be settled between Milton and Paynter, about this same "pulp profound," and certainly if the latter gentleman have not pillaged from the former, the former must have pillaged from the latter. Now Mr Paynter comes forward like an honest man, gives us his asseveration, which we regard the same as proof, that the stealing was not on his side, and that these two words are his own sole and exclusive property. After this, it is impossible to doubt where the mal-feasance lies, and accordingly we charge John Milton with petit larceny on Mr Paynter's goods and chattels. Truly it is a strange thing that our great epic poet, dead and departed as he is, cannot keep his hands from picking and stealing, especially from our good author, who had surely every reason to believe he might continue unmolested. We regard the fact as awfully characteristic of the present times. It is come to a pretty pass indeed, when the dead arise to deprive us of our property. We shall not be surprised soon to hear of coaches robbed, and purses rifled, by resuscitated highwaymen and pickpockets.

We are, amongst other interesting pieces, next presented with a very pleasant epistolary communication between the gout and our author; and also with divers songs, &c. spoken before the Manchester Philanthropical Society. How the gout and our author became connected, God knows—they are two of the last persons between whom we should have expected an acquaintance. Probably, however, the latter production may explain the former, and the primitive diet of Parnell's Hermit may not be much in requisition amongst the members of the above-mentioned benevolent institution.

"His food was herbs, his drink the crystal well."

We begin to suspect by the way, from this circumstance, that Mr Paynter's case is not quite so bad as we supposed, in our warm, and we hope eloquent appeal to the benevolence of the Manchester people. We really now have a notion that his residence is not so near to heaven by two stories as we imagined before. Be he, however, near heaven, or near earth, or in Mahomet's Paradise between both, he is a personage who deserves promotion; and if his humility, which, as our readers will hereafter see, is his only failing, confine him at present to the ground-floor, we hope a time will come when he will verify the gospel saying, "That he who humbleth himself shall be exalted."

An epitaph on a lap-dog comes next, commemorating the various virtues and endowments of the deceased. After an interval, the Plain-dealing Lover, in which our author, after recounting the various beauties who have made assaults upon his heart, concludes, as might be expected from the possessor of such poetical powers and intellectual acomplishments, by declaring, that he loves himself the best. And let no one impute this to superabundance of va-

nity or self love. It is not easy for a man to tell what he might say or do, were he equally gifted with Mr Paynter; were we but in that enviable predicament, we should, we are persuaded, be continually absorbed, like the Indian god, in the contemplation of our own excellencies; and this Magazine, and all that therein is, might in that case, go to the Red Sea for aught we should care, any thing Mr Blackwood might say to the contrary thereof, in any wise notwithstanding.

We have before said, that diffidence appears to be the chief foible of our author. There are some who may be inclined perhaps to question this our assertion. Let them therefore listen to the poet himself, who surely ought to know best.

" Distressful state!
Scarce equall'd by the pangs of hopeless Love.
Whilst happier Bards, dismayless, mount on high,
And warble forth their vary'd strains sublime,—
With feeble hand, my Muse attunes her lyre,—
In tame subjection to this Giant Fear;
Which All, through childhood, more or less, endure;
But few, in modern times, save those whose nerves
Are exquisitely wrought, its mast'ry bear
Beyond their boyish and unthoughtful days."

The following lines to the memory of Shakespeare, were delivered to a small party of friends, who assembled to commemorate the day on which that poet died, and gratifying indeed must it have been to have heard such lines pronounced on such an occasion.

" 'Twas on this day, two hundred years ago,
The purple tide of Shakespeare ceas'd to flow;—
This day, grim *Death* o'er Stratford wing'd his flight,—
Resolv'd to show Mankind his keenest spite:—
Swift to its aim his shaft unerring sped,—
The Poet fell——the soul of Genius fled.—
O, star-like Shakespeare! Pride of ev'ry age!
The Prince,—the God,—the Glory of the Stage!—
When, like the lark, aloft thy spirit soars,
The Critic *wonders*,—but the Bard *adores!*
Forgets the sapient *Grecian's classic Rules,
And all the irksome lumber of the schools,—
To cull the honey from thy dædal plays,——
The wildest sweet,—the sweetest past all praise!—
Great Nature's *Minion!* Fancy's fav'rite *Flower!*
The Muse's *Darling!* Foe to Art's frail pow'r!
" We few,—we happy few," with rev'rence free,
This †glass—now *blushing*—consecrate to Thee."

How we envy those happy friends who were included in the select and Shakespeare-loving party! What a feast of reason and flow of soul must have been exhibited here! With what a gusto must the favoured bonvives have discussed their black strap, (unless the port be intended for porter, which we are inclined to believe,) and the works of the commemorated poet, in the presence of his greatest living representative! We fancy we see at this very moment some hulking, butcher-like looking man, with greasy leather breeches and scarlet waistcoat, a face running down with perspiration, and eyes absolutely starting out of their sockets with exertion, rising up to offer some observations to the president, (who in this case can be no other than Mr Paynter himself,) on the character of Romeo, and dilating with extraordinary sensibilty on his unhappy love. He might perchance, be followed by some little mortified man, " one of nine," whose appearance instantly indicated his occupation, and round whose mouth the bees might have swarmed, were it not for the mustard which lingered thereon, discoursing with all the enthusiasm of a kindred spirit, on the exalted character of Coriolanus. Such company as this who would not covet? Alas, why were not we too invited to the feast. It would indeed have been a thing to talk of all our lives, and proud indeed would have been the moment, when, on some future commemoration day of Shakespeare, we could exclaim, " On this day we had the happiness of drinking a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare, with W. D. Paynter, author of the tragedy of Eurypilus!"

But our enthusiasm is carrying us beyond the limits allotted for our review. We must return to the subject

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* Aristotle.

† Port-wine.

and close our extracts by the following, which indeed might have indifferently done, as a beginning, middle, and conclusion.

" NONSENSE.

An Example of Holiday Poesy.

" ——— full of sound and fury,
" Signifying nothing."—*Shakespeare.*

" The shafts of Cupid hurtle in the wind;
The plumy vesture of his mother's doves
Seems sweetly swan-like, to th' enamour'd mind;
And all the graces look ten-thousand *Loves!*"

Really this was completely a work of supererogation. After so many gratuitous specimens of this sort of writing, our good and pains-taking author was really carrying the joke too far, to give us as a new thing, what every page of the book from the first to the last, presented. Besides, where was the need of imitating others in this style, when he writes himself so much with the spirit of an original? But this we impute to the great modesty of our author, who appears not to know what he is capable of doing or has done. It is, of course, incumbent upon us to set him right. Let him, therefore, for the future, give himself no trouble in excogitating titles for his various productions. The general and comprehensive one he has here given to this last, will equally serve for all. We have heard an eminent author say, that it is less difficult to write a poem or play, than it is to find a name for it when it is written. If this be the case, how much is Mr Paynter obliged to us for this felicitous and universal appellation, which, while it will save himself much mental distraction and trouble, will at once be acknowledged by every one who sees it, to be concise, significant, and just.

Such are the prosaical and poetical labours of D. W. Paynter, author of the tragedy of Eurypilus, Commemorator of Shakespeare, Professor of the Vagrant Laws, and Poet Laureat to the Manchester Philanthropical Society. What great things he has achieved in the literary world, we have attempted to shew; what wonderous effects his example may produce, it is not so easy to predict. We hope and trust it will excite an universal spirit of emulation, and that in the minds of all; from the lowest factory-boy to the highest cotton-spinner, the love of poetry may be kindled like a flame. Thus shall arise to this great man a more complete honour than that of Orpheus, the civilizer of barbarous nations, viz. that of having implanted in the very bales and bagmen of Manchester, poetical fervour and feeling. Thus shall Mitchell's Interest Tables, and Lord Byron's Falieri, lie in appropriate juxta-position on the same counter and desk; while in the place of inspiration, shall be visible the Muse in Idleness and the Rhyming Dictionary; and an entry into the Ledger, and the completion of a Stanza, shall follow each other in alternate succession. Thus shall pattern books of prints, and pattern books of poetry, issue from Manchester to the north and to the south, and to the east and to the west, and returned bills and returned plays, be sent back to that place in thousands by the same capacious and comprehensive packet. Thus shall we hear of new Bloomfields, Dermodies, and Clares, starting up in regular and unbroken array, and their poems shall be adorned by a preliminary essay, written by some patronizing oracle of the counter. Nor will the good effects to be produced by Mr Paynter's lucubrations, be confined to the town which has the happiness of possessing that great bard. We also—we speak it with exultation—shall reap of the plenteous harvest. The commercial book-keepers, printers' devils, and attorneys' clerks of Manchester, will dispose themselves through our pages in all the varieties of ode, epigram, elegy, satire, and sonnet, and thus our Magazine receive a new impetus from the offerings which shall monthly be brought to us by the commercial travellers from this perennial Fount of the Muses.

THE SEPTEMBER FOREST.

WITHIN a wood I lay reclined,
Upon a dull September day,
And listen'd to the hollow wind,
That shook the frail leaves from the spray.

I thought me of its summer pride,
And how the sod was gemm'd with flowers,
And how the river's azure tide
Was overarch'd with leafy bowers.

And how the small birds caroll'd gay,
And lattice work the sunshine made,
When last, upon a summer day,
I stray'd beneath that woodland shade.

And now!—it was a startling thought,
And flash'd like lightning o'er the mind,—
That like the leaves we pass to nought,
Nor, parting, leave a track behind!

Go—trace the church-yard's hallow'd mound,
And, as among the tombs ye tread,
Read, on the pedestals around,
Memorials of the vanish'd dead.

They lived like us—they breathed like us—
Like us, they loved, and smiled, and wept;
But soon their hour arriving, thus
From earth like autumn leaves were swept.

Who, living, care for them?—not one!
To earth are theirs dissever'd claims;
To new inheritors have gone
Their habitations, and their names!

Think on our childhood—where are they,
The beings that begirt us then?
The lion Death hath dragg'd away
By turns, the victim to his den!

And springing round, like vernal flowers,
Another race with vigour burns,
To bloom a while,—for years or hours,—
And then to perish in their turns!

Then be this wintry grove to me
An emblem of our mortal state;
And from each lone and leafless tree
So wither'd, wild, and desolate,

This moral lesson let me draw,—
That earthly means are vain to fly
Great Nature's universal law,
And that we all must come to die!

However varied, these alone
Abide the lofty and the less,—
Remembrance, and a sculptured stone,
A green grave, and forgetfulness!

Δ.

THE WAIL OF LADY ANNE.

A SHIP came bounding with the gale,
I watch'd with eager gaze the sail,
More near it came—it journied on,—
And on the beech I stood alone!

I heard the sound of horses' feet,—
And out I rush'd my knight to greet;
But fast they gallopp'd past the gate,
And left me standing desolate!—

Oh! when, from foreign climes, shall come,
To part no more, my warrior home?
When, to these halls, a welcome guest,
Shall he return, and I be blest!

At twilight's still, and sombre hour,
Alone I seek the rosy bower,
And think of times when it was sweet,
In secret there with him to meet.

And I will teach his baby fair
To kneel, and lisp a gentle prayer;
And Heaven will hear us, as we pray
In love, nor turn from both away!

Haste—haste across the foaming seas,
Thou tardy ship, and woo the breeze;
With hoofs of speed, and sides of foam,
Speed, barb, and bear Sir William home!

LETTER FROM FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQUIRE,

Inclosing Fourth Canto of Daniel O'Rourke.

DEAR SIR,

I suppose you think I am dead, but I am happy to inform you that I am still in the land of the living. I went out on the shooting-match with Tom Hungerford, as your correspondent H. informs you, (and that is the only word of truth in his letter) and had a very pleasant time of it indeed, for three or four days. 'Twas just at the end of the partridge season, and I flatter myself that I am as fine a shot as my neighbours. I was getting on, knocking down my eight or ten brace a-day, when just on beating up a cover of Lord Carbery's (the same nobleman whose loyal and elegant little pamphlet you have lately noticed) our party was joined by a couple of people from Cork, who had just been emancipated from the counter, I believe, and though mere provincials like myself, were complete Cockneys in sporting. One of these worthies in the first shot that he fired, levelling at a hay-stack, I imagine, for no other object except myself was within range of his piece, but missing it, put the contents of his gun (and they were at least a finger too much) right into the centre of my hand. I have lost two fingers by the accident, (the surgeons here call them metacarpal bones,—I am sure they are fingers) but have recovered the use of my hand again, as you may perceive, though my penmanship is somewhat altered for the worse. You will own then, I had some other fish to fry, beside continuing Daniel O'Rourke for you. I declare, upon ho-

nour, I had not my pen to paper, until the day before yesterday, since I wrote the third canto; and I now send you the fourth, which I hope you will receive in time to make its appearance in your 49th number. You were wrong to print Holts' letter about himself and spider. My poem came into his hands without my knowledge, and I have severely rebuked those who entrusted it to him. I am surprised how you allowed yourself to be humbugg'd by him, but you are not the only Magazine he plays upon, as Professor ——— can tell you. Depend upon it, (save accidents) you shall have Cantos Fifth and Sixth in due course; meanwhile, believe me to be,

Dear Sir,
Yours, &c.
FOGARTY O' FOGARTY.

Blarney, April 1, 1821.

P. S. I am told Mathews has made use of my poem at some of his exhibitions. I am too remote from London to get authentic intelligence on theatrical affairs, but he is quite welcome, particularly as I am sure he has done it justice. I remember supping, after the play, with Mathews when he was last in Dublin, at Tom Lee's of the Shamrock, and a mighty pleasant fellow I found him to be. We were together until four in the morning!

DANIEL O'ROURKE,

An Epic Poem, in Six Cantos,

BY FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

CANTO IV.

THE MOON.

——————— t' inquire
Whether the moon be sea or land

Or charcoal or a quench'd firebrand;
Or if the dark holes that appear
Are only pores, not cities there?
BUTLER.

Lungo sarà, se tutte in verso ordisco
Le cose, che gli fur quivi dimostre,
Chè dopo mille, e mille io non finisco,
E vi son tutte l' occorrenze nostre.
ARIOSTO, Canto 34.

1.

Blessed! thrice blessed was the age of gold,
Of which so much the ancient poets sing;
I laud it not, because the rivers roll'd
In streams of milk, to ocean wandering;
Nor because mountains rose, which we are told
Were built of buns, or many a nicer thing;
Or because oaks distill'd the honey sweet,
And most melodious pigs ran roasted through the street.

2.

These famous glories of old Lubberland,
I own were never yet admired by me;
Milk I ne'er deem'd a beverage o'er grand,
Whether supp'd plain, or dabbled into tea;
For such weak drink, let Cockney bards expand
Their ass-like jaws,—it suits their poetry:
In syllabubs 'twill pass: for to my thinking,
Your syllabub is mighty pleasant drinking.

3.

Honey and buns,—but curse me if I pen
For themes like these, my ever-living rhyme;
But blest, thrice blessed will I say again,
Were the glad ages of the golden time;
For then there lived an honest race of men,
Who would have thought it folly, ay or crime,
Were any one to think himself so bright,
As to refuse due credence to his sight.

4.

These days are gone! this glorious happy age,
When every man believed the things he saw;
Where none sought truth in learning's mystic page,
Or bow'd the knee to philosophic law;
When nature knew not telescope, nor sage
Swallowing down science with omnivorous maw;
Great is the change, but I shall scarce allow,
That things are any better managed now.

5.

In former times, men thought the glorious Moon
Was something near a supper plate in size,
And no one would have ventured to impugn
The man who trusted to his naked eyes;
And all would laugh right fairly at the loon,
Who'd tell of hills and mountains in the skies; (1)
But now, good thanks to telescopic glass,
He who his senses trusts is deem'd an ass.

6.

Who would have dared, except by way of fun,
In times of old, to say that Luna's face
Into some thousand miles in breadth was spun,
And that above she fill'd a monstrous space;
Who'd have believed, that gaily round the sun,
This earth kept moving at a steady pace;
Or that the stars were fill'd with merry creatures,
Just like ourselves in wisdom and in features.

7.

None—no, not one! and they were right, you'll find,
For Newton's self knew nothing of the matter;
Astronomers were either mad or blind,
Thus through the world such heaps of trash to scatter,
For e'er I've done I'll satisfy each mind,
The Moon's not bigger, spite of all their chatter,
Than a round jolly butt of joyous ale,
Or good Sir William's face, or Lady ****'s tail. (2)

8.

For I presume it must appear quite plain,
That Dan advantage had of all before,
For none besides himself, I will maintain,
Did thus into the lunar region soar;
Astronomers, and poets lacking brain,
Against these truths, perhaps, may fume and roar;
But on my word, I mind them not a jot,
But credit Dan;—for Dan was on the spot.

9.

I'll ask what Ariosto could have known,
Who never left this earth for half a minute;
Who never on an eagle's back had flown
To the bright Moon, to see what fun was in it.
I think the poet should at least have shown,
Some proof for what he said was found within it;
But the fact is, (it strikes us with conviction)
That all this bard has sung is purely fiction.

10.

Credit me, gentle reader, that not one
Is true of all the various tales he told,
The Moon contains not the apostle John,
Nor vases made lost senses to enfold;
Milton, who says, that tenements thereon,
Translated saints, and middle spirits hold,
Is just as wrong. (Pope's epic of the Lock,
I quite pass by, because 'tis only mock.)

11.

Now how could Dan have sat at all with ease,
If he had Herschel's mighty Moon to straddle,
Tell me my friend, Sir William, if you please,
How he could cross a thousand miles of saddle.
'Tis evident absurdities like these,
Were humbugs merely,—barely fiddle-faddle;
Something (I mention it without apology)
Meant for mere lies,—like Phillips's Chronology. (3)

12.

Oh! brave Sir Dick!—my pen cannot refrain
From laying down an offering at thy throne;
A foe to Newton, and a friend to Paine;
Rival to Cobbett and to Billy Hone!
Thou who with highest wisdom can maintain
That Nap's a god, and Wellington a drone;
How sages will admire in ages hence,
The uncommon nonsense of thy "Common Sense.'

13.

And now that I have proved these witlings knew
Nought of the essence of that heavenly ball,
I shall endeavour, in a word or two,
Just to explain the matter to you all,
Who grant me patient hearing; and in lieu
Of maudlin epithets, which only pall
On ears of taste, I'll give you, if you please,
In simple terms, its nature:—'Tis a cheese. (4)

14.

A large round cheese, of polish'd silver hue,
(Not as some people fancy, blue or green,)
Measuring across, exactly eight foot two,
From side to side; where wondrous things are seen,
But not more wondrous, than in strictness true,
Which from my readers I'll no longer screen.
Dan was not many minutes there before
In the mid Moon he spied a snug hall door.

15.

This, in the centre, did our friend behold,
But nothing more in that spot could he spy,
A misty vapour here in masses roll'd,
And quite deluded Daniel's prying eye;
But on the surface, on the outer mould,
Muddling in filth, a numerous, nimble fry
Of pigmy animals were here begotten,
And ran about such places as were rotten.

16.

And there were myriads of these little elves,
Tumbling and leaping, jostling, pushing, running,
Types, Dan could see, of beings like ourselves;
Some bent on sport, on business the more cunning—
Some lumpish folios, quartos some, or twelves—
Some joking, crying, laughing, groaning, punning,
In short such mites were here together hurl'd,
Dan view'd the bustle of a mimic world.

17.

The fact is this; whatever mean or base,
Grovelling, or filthy fellow, lives down here,
Is pre-existent in the lunar space,
Like to a maggot in her cheesy sphere;
And 'tis no wonder then, since that's the case,
That the same dirty natures will appear
Here on the globe of our sublunar earth,
As in the upper world, which gave them birth.

18.

By some strange art, I try not to expound,
Dan knew each insect at first glance, as easy
As the tyth proctor, or his pig in pound,
Or as his old companion at the Daisy;
And though you'll say his intellect was drown'd
In brandy, and of course his optics mazy,
Yet the fact's true: He saw three years ago
The types of those who live here now below.

19.

(As for the matter of the Lord of day,
Although 'tis somewhat foreign to my theme,
Yet it, perhaps, is not amiss to say
That 'tis no other than a cheese of cream:
There you will meet superior mites; for they
Who sport and wanton in the solar beam
Typify those predoom'd to be earth's glories,
Great poets, statesmen, warrior, wits, and tories.)

20.

Now aid me, potent ruler of the brain,
Parent of thought and polisher of rhyme,
Whiskey supreme! to send in dulcet strain
What Dan beheld along the stream of time;
For worthier theme there's none, I will maintain,
In any poem, lyric or sublime;
I care not in what pages you may look,
To Morgan Dogherty, from Lalla Rookh.

21.

Why should I go to washy Hippocrene?
I care not for such vapid water's flow!
'Tis you that add a spirit to the scene,
Clear the dull thoughts, and brighten up the brow;
Cowper a bard more jovial would have been,
Had he to mix a jolly bowl known how;
And Hogg, I'm sure, much more admired would be, (5)
Did he swig punch, and leave off drinking tea.

22.

Inspired by punch I've fashion'd many a tale;
Inspired by punch I've counted o'er the past;
Inspired by punch I've weather'd many a gale,
And dared the storm and braved the wintry blast;
Inspired by punch, unless the bowl should fail,
In the next verses I'll unfold the vast
Countless banditti, that our hero found,
Compassing this same mighty cheese around.

23.

Stuck in a corner busy in a debate,
Dan saw a handful of most restless creatures,
Above them something like a bone of meat,
Which all were gazing at with hungry features,
And every tiny maggot at the bait
Strain'd with the utmost vigour of their natures:
But all in vain the luckless rogues endeavour,
Each effort put them farther back than ever.

24.

There he saw Tierney busy as a mouse,
Heading his myrmidons to snatch the bone;
There smart Sir Francis and his man Boghouse, (6)
And Lambton speeching till the lights are gone;
There cranky Newport, not annoyed with vous,
And Mr Creevy standing all alone;
There were the knights of the well-foughten field,
Bawling their spears, and face of brass their shield.

25.

With fundamental features high upraised,
Waddled on gallant Gordon, Knight of B——; (7)
There Peter Moore for wisdom aye be praised;
And there Montrose's glory Joseph Hume; (8)
And he whose wit has all the realm amazed,
Whittington's rival, Waithman's gallant chum.
(As for the Lords, I dare not to repeat 'em,
For fear 'twould be a *scandalum magnatum*.)

26.

To know the next group Dan was forced to pause,
They seem'd so little and so busy too;
Beside, they raked up with their filthy claws,
So much thick dust that it obscured his view;
And froth so fast came sputtering from their jaws,
That he could barely pierce the dulness through;
At length, by dint of toil, our gallant Dan
Saw 'twas the gathering of the Cockney clan.

27.

(But they are all too worthless for my muse,
Such names my epic stanzas sha'nt pollute;
Let them be known to dwellers in the stews,
Where wanton strains their tenants loose embrute.)
There too, he did the other tribes peruse,
Who, or to tinkling lyre or sounding flute,
Perform sweet melody with force endued,
To charm themselves and plague the neighbourhood;

28.

Such as the poet of the sweet Queen's own,
Or snivelling Terrot, bard of common-place;
Or Willy Glass, whose punch-enticing drone (9)
Does the mysterious haunts of Masons grace;
Or else—but why repeat the names unknown,
To us prime heroes of poetic race;
Why post in song the luckless crowds that write,
From Arctic Orkney to Antarctic Wight.

29.

There were the critics, ever-nibbling crew,
Who under various banners criticise;
Those who haunt ancient Humbug's sage review, (10)
Which my dear grandam loves to patronize;
There were the petty monthly praters too;
There Jeffrey's gentlemen, polite and wise:
There Smug S. Smyth traducing *Mater Alma*,
And Goody Barker preaching on ἀγάλμα.

30.

The Irish school of orators was there,
Stuck in a bag of metaphor and trope,
Headed by Phillips with monarchic air,
Phillips with whom no living mortals cope,
In pouring *f*orth a *f*lood of *f*igures *f*air,
*F*rothy, and *f*ine as *b*ubbles *b*lown from soap:
Sorry am I he's sail'd from us afar,
To waste his sweetness on the English bar.

31.

That many an ass from this romantic isle,
Besides the orators, were there 'tis plain;
And once I thought it almost worth my while,
To put some low Corcagians in my strain;
But who would know them? who could know the vile
Junto of prigs that meet in Falk'ner's lane? (12)
Who'd understand me, if I nam'd the ass, who (13)
Swore that small beer inspir'd the muse of Tasso?

There too, he saw—but I had better stop;
A very long cantata I have sung;
The matter, therefore, I shall quickly drop,
And go to bed sweet Blarney's groves among.
I hold that bard no better than a fop,
Who lingers at his story over long,
And keeps the honest people all suspended,
Who wish to know how his narration's ended. (14)

33.

Then to my tale—Dan saw these insects feeding
On all the fodder which they there could find,
Sweet food it was! whatever sort of reading
On this our globe is scorn'd by all mankind,
Is, by a wond'rous system of proceeding,
Whipt to the moon upon the wings of wind,
And being musty, rotten, and strong smelling,
Is proper food for mites in old cheese dwelling.

34.

They feed on novels, by A. Newman sold,
Written by people dwelling near the sky;
On Mr Cobbett's paper *versus* gold,
On the Scots' Magazine—food hard and dry;
On Irish tales, by Lady Morgan told;
On Mr Godwin's elegant reply; (15)
And some have got as fat as any bullock,
By eating down whole columns of M'Culloch.

35.

There they and many more are taken off,
Year after year, in never-ceasing number;
People, perhaps, who are inclined to scoff
May ask me where they stow such lots of lumber:
But if we should their earthly coverings doff,
They'll not be thought, I ween, much space to cumber;
Their *true* contents are all that upwards come,
And they are little more than *vacuum*.

36.

But trifling joy found Daniel in the sight
Of the proceedings of this maggot nation,
He would have thought himself as happy quite
If planted in his own clay habitation:
Said he, "'tis certain that I was not right,
To get into this state of *civilation*; (16)
"Oh! that I was," he adds with sigh deep drawn,
"Off of the back of this big Mullahaun." (17)

37.

While thus he grieves, he hears a sudden sound
Of a door opening with a rusty creak,
And turning very cautiously around,
For dread of tumbling off had blanch'd his cheek,
He saw what might a stouter heart astound,
The very door of which you heard me speak (18)
Thrust violently forth with noise of thunder,
And forth there came—a thing at which you'll wonder!

NOTES.

(1) I must here remark, that your friend who signs himself the Midshipman, and also he who goes under the forgery denomination of the Man in the Moon, are merely gentlemen bent on frolic. Not a word of what they say is authentic. Captain Kater, I am sorry to perceive, is also on the same tack, when he publishes to the world that he has discovered a volcano in the moon. This, as Peter Paragraph says, is pleasant, but wrong. (2) Every man may fill this hiatus as he chuses. (3) A work, the merits of which ought not to be told in a note; suffice it to say in one line, it contains, *at least*, as many lies as pages. For instance, he makes Lord Nelson, who was killed in 1805, take Copenhagen in 1806; *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.* Look, for example, at his account of Waterloo. (4) By this it appears the Welshmen are correct in their Selenology, except as to colour. (5) Since marriage, I understand Mr Hogg has turned tea-drinker, and mark the consequence. See how he has been since reviewed in that competent authority the Edinburgh Review! He had better look to himself.—(6.) Erratum, for *Boghouse*, read *Hobhouse*, vid. Tentamen. (7) See New Whig Guide. He, on his side of the question, somewhat resembles Lord Temple on *his*. Of the latter, it was observed, that he answered the description of the Temple of Jerusalem in Tacitus. *Templum* in modum *arcis*. (8) Put for Hume, by apocope, and for another reason. (9) Willison Glass, Esq. well known in this city of Edinburgh, C. N. (10) Editor of the British Review, well spoken of in the Hour's Tete-a-Tete, and Don Juan. (11) See *Thes*. (12) The Scientific and Literary Society of Cork, who meet in a bye-lane, mentioned in the text. (13) A paper was produced at the above society, to prove something to this effect. (14) Let this be a hint to the story-teller of the Steam-boat. (15) To Malthus. When I heard of this reply, it reminded me of what my friend Jack Curran said to Charley Philips. P. told him he intended to give Grattan a dressing.—Never mind it, says Curran, it would be only *a child throwing a pebble at the leg of a Colossus*. (16) A cant phrase in Cork for a state of intoxication. A worthy orator of ours, who had taken a glass or two too much, was haranguing at a debating society on the state of Ireland before the English invasion; and the whole harangue was this —Sir, the Irish had no civilation—civization—civilation, I mean. Finding, however, his efforts to get *civilization* out impracticable, he sat down with the satisfaction of having added a new word to our language. Every drunken man ever since is here said to be in a state of *civilation*. (17) A soft Irish cheese. (18) St. XIV.

OWEN'S REPORT TO THE COUNTY OF LANARK.*

[We have received, within these few months, several good articles respecting Mr Owen's celebrated system. We select one, written ably and temperately, though we are not prepared to say that we agree with our correspondent in all his arguments. We have much respect for Mr Owen, and think there is important and profound truth in many of his views. To separate his errors from that truth, would be a work of some difficulty; but no man is entitled to treat with ridicule the general reasonings of the Philanthropist, which, while they frequently exhibit no ordinary intellectual power, are always distinguished by an amiable moral spirit. C. N.]

Few names have filled the world's mouth more of late years than Mr Owen's; and few projectors, while their schemes lay yet in theory only, have ever succeeded better in possessing the public with a knowledge of the *objects* of their pursuit. And yet very few, we believe, have ever been so unsuccessful in exciting in others a kindred enthusiasm to their own, or even in communicating distinct ideas of the principles on which they themselves anticipate success. For ourselves at least, we know, that previous to our visit to New Lanark, we neither knew nor cared very much about the matter. Mr Owen's name had frequently sounded in our ears, and we had heard generally of his speculations, sometimes in respect, more frequently in derision;

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* Report to the County of Lanark of a Plan for Relieving Public Distress, and Removing Discontent, by giving Permanent Productive Employment to the Poor and Working Classes, under arrangements which will essentially improve their Character, and ameliorate their Condition, diminish the Expenses of Production and Consumption, and create Markets co-extensive with Production. By Robert Owen. 4to. Wardlaw and Cunninghame. Glasgow. 1821.

but we had no definite notions as to the points about them which excited either sentiment. In like manner, when at the Mills we met a neighbouring clergyman of our acquaintance escorting a party of friends over them, (the fifth or sixth time, as he told us, he had so done their honours,) and conscious of the disadvantages under which, through this ignorance, we were making our observations, we besought him to enlighten us on the subject,—he, alas! we found was not less wandering in the dark than ourselves. And many times since, while either perusing accounts of this establishment in the public newspapers, or conversing with those who have visited it, we have been struck, very much struck, with the degree in which nearly all have seemed attracted by its minute and accessory details, its singing, dancing, machinery, &c., while not one appeared to regard it as other than a curiosity in its way, mighty interesting to look at, but utterly unsound to build upon, and almost unworthy to be reasoned on at all. Why is this? we have said to ourselves more than once. There is here a glittering promise, and nobody cares about it—the theory of a system, and nobody knows about it,—its professed practice, and nobody penetrates it. It is plain that the instinctive common sense of the world is against the thing; but is it on this occasion well founded, or is there indeed ore at the bottom of this shaft, although superficial observers will not stay to pick it up?

On the occasion to which we have alluded, although without other introduction than our curiosity, we had the honour to partake of Mr Owen's general hospitality, and the very great pleasure of conversing with him freely during nearly the whole of a pretty long evening. We are desirous, therefore, of commenting on his system, with the utmost deference towards himself personally; but finding that he has just sent forth a new book on the subject, which therefore we deem it our duty to review, and considering also the greater number of his positions to be extravagant in the greatest possible degree, we cannot compromise the entireness of our dissent from them on any such considerations. We shall first, therefore, briefly state his principles, abstracted from all such details as are accidental merely to them, not integral; (this we shall deem sufficient confutation of them;)—and shall then proceed to answer, after our manner, the questions above proposed,—with more favour, we shall here premise, for much of Mr Owen's practical plans than will be expected from the *exposé* of his theoretical views, with which we begin.

Mr Owen's positions, theoretical and practical, may be arranged, we think, to advantage, in the following order.

1. Man is in no degree whatever a free agent, or accountable for his conduct. "One of the most general sources of error and evil in the world, is the notion that infants, children, and men, are agents governed by a will formed by themselves, and fashioned after their own choice. To those who possess any knowledge on the subject it is known, that man is the creature of circumstances, and that he really is, at every moment of his existence, *precisely* what the circumstances in which he is placed, *combined with his natural qualities*, make him."—Report, p. 41.

2. Every system of government, therefore, which involves the idea of individual reward or punishment, praise or blame, is founded on principles unjust in themselves, and inconsistent with human nature. "Through this science," that, namely, of the influence of circumstances over human nature, "new mental powers will be created, which will place all those circumstances that determine the misery or happiness of man under the immediate controul of the present population of the world, and entirely supersede all necessity for the present truly irrational system of individual rewards and punishments; a system which has ever been opposed to the most obvious dictates of common sense and humanity, and will no longer be permitted than while men continue unenlightened and barbarous."—P. 32.

3. There is no inherent imperfection in man's constitution, his vices in times past have been exclusively owing to the vicious forms of society in which he has been placed. Let these be but judiciously changed, and he is "capable of receiving *unlimited* improvement and knowledge, and, in consequence of experiencing such uninterrupted enjoyment through this life, as will best prepare him for an after-existence."—P. 42.

4. In particular, the prejudice by which men have been hitherto led t

maintain a certain individuality of feeling—preferring their own interests, children, country, &c., to their neighbours', is entirely an excrescence on their original nature, and not only should, but also very easily may be, overcome.

5. In like manner the division of labour, which has hitherto been deemed a source of power in arts and manufactures, is, in truth, detrimental to both. Every man should know a little of every thing. "It has been a popular opinion to recommend a minute division of labour and interests. It will presently appear, however, that this minute division of labour, and division of interests, are only other terms for poverty, ignorance, waste of every kind, universal opposition throughout society, crime, misery, and great bodily and mental debility."—P. 44, to the end of the paragraph.

6. The proper arrangement then of society is to divide the whole country into districts, removing the old land-marks, abandoning the old habitations, and constructing new villages or townships in their stead, on a certain definite plan, as traced by Mr Owen himself. Each of these should contain accommodation for a population averaging 8 or 1200, but varying according to circumstances from 300 to 2600; and to each should be annexed farms, in like manner varying from 150 to 3000 statute acres in extent, to be cultivated by the whole community in strict rotation. Spade cultivation is recommended in preference to using the plough, and the result is given, (page 67,) of some very interesting experiments on this subject, instituted by a gentleman of the name of Falla, near Newcastle.* But the whole produce, according to the plan, must be stored in the public granaries, and issued to individuals only as required; in like manner as the proceeds arising from labour in all other departments must be common good. It were to encourage individuality of feeling to suffer an individual to retain to himself the produce of his own labour.—P. 49, *et pass.*

6. The whole population should also be made to eat together as one family, having their food prepared for them in one establishment. "Various objections have been urged against this practice, but they have come from those only, who, whatever may be their other pretensions, are *mere children in the knowledge of the principles and economy of social life.*"—P. 35.

7. They should all be dressed alike, and the Roman or Highland garb is recommended in preference to any other. "The advantages of this part of the plan will prove to be so great in practice, that fashions will exist for a very short period, and then only among the *most weak and silly part of the creation.*"—Not human beings, we presume, but non-descripts, whom no combination of circumstances could materially improve.—P. 37.

8. The children of these establishments are also to be common good, and all educated together under general inspection. Two schools are to be provided for them, one receiving infants from 2 to 6 years of age, the other those from 6 to 12; and in these schools they are to be lodged, fed, and taught. "Each child will receive a general education early in life that will fit him for the proper purposes of society, make him the most useful to it, and most capable of enjoying it. Before he is 12 years old, he may with ease be trained to a correct view of the outlines of *all the knowledge* which men have yet attained. By this means he will early learn what he is, in relation to past ages—to the period in which he lives—to the circumstances in which he is placed—to the individuals around him, and to future events. He will then only have any pretensions to the name of a rational being."—P. 45.

9. "The peculiar mode of governing these establishments will depend on the parties who form them. Those founded by land owners and capitalists, public companies, parishes or counties, will be under the direction of the individuals whom those powers may appoint to superintend them, and will, of course, be subject to the rules

*Mr Falla's attention, it seems, has been turned to this subject for nearly eighteen years, and he states his result to be, that the expence of cultivating an acre of land by the spade is only 5s. more than that by the plough, while the excess of profit is above £12. This seems worth inquiring about, certainly; and we should be very glad if any practical or theoretical agriculturist would favour us with his opinion on the subject.

and regulations laid down by their founders. Those formed by the middle and working classes upon a complete reciprocity of interests, should be governed by themselves upon principles that will prevent divisions, opposition of interests, jealousies, or any of the common and vulgar passions which a contention for power is sure to generate. Their affairs should be conducted by a committee, composed of all the members of the association between certain ages; for instance, of those between 35 and 45, or between 40 and 50, &c."—P. 48.

10. By these committees accordingly, not only are all matters of internal economy to be arranged, but those also of exchange of surplus of produce with other societies, and of external intercourse generally. The principle, however, according to which these exchanges are to be effected, if we understand it at all, of which we are not very certain, is a novel one. Values are to be estimated not according to any conventional sign, nor any relation to rarity of production, or amount of capital embarked in raising it, but solely by the labour which the article to be valued may have cost. "The natural standard of value is in principle human labour, or the combined manual and mental powers of men called into action." "On the principle by which the average physical power of horses is obtained, that of men may also be learnt; and as it forms the essence of all wealth, its value in every article of produce may also be ascertained, and its exchangeable value with all other value fixed accordingly, the whole to be permanent for a given period. Human labour would thus acquire its natural or intrinsic value, which would increase as science advanced: and this is, in fact, the only really useful object of science. The demand for human labour would be no longer subject to caprice," &c. &c. P. 7.

And this then is Mr Owen's system; this tissue, we must call it, of all that is distempered in fancy, unfounded in fact, rash in assumption, inconclusive in reasoning, unattainable in practice, is, with the addition of a little singing and dancing, the far-famed system which is to renew the fair face of humanity, lost for so many ages; and in the words of the projector himself, to "exchange mens' poverty for wealth, their ignorance for knowledge, their anger for kindness, their division for union; effecting this change too, without subjecting a single individual even to temporary inconvenience." (P. 59.) The incredible blindness of man to the limits of his own powers, the worth of his own inventions!—But we shall not trouble our readers with any formal commentary on it; in very truth, as we have already intimated, we could not say any thing which could bear half so hard on it as this brief and unvarnished summary of it, couched almost every where in its author's own words. We shall pass on rather to consider the causes at once of the sort of mystery in which it has ever, and still is, in some degree, involved to the eye of casual observers, and of the indifference with which, spite of its pretensions, it continues for the most part to be received.

And in the first place it has been overlooked, because nothing can be more opposite to it than Mr Owen's own practice; insomuch, that it were even impossible from examining that to surmise it. It may astonish our readers, perhaps, after what they have just read, but we can assure them that New Lanark is really a very interesting spectacle,—a pattern for manufacturing establishments—and we cannot express the pleasure with which we there contemplated the success of its benevolent proprietor, in disseminating habits of industry, and contented chearfulness among the grown population under his charge, and application and study among the fine children, whose education, almost step by step, he superintends. It were well for the country at large, and most honourable to human nature, if the example he thus sets were imitated by other great manufacturers, and the bond of kindness and consideration, now so much interrupted, between the higher and lower classes of so large a proportion of our population, thus again renewed. But then Mr Owen was the practical conductor of an establishment like New Lanark long before he was a theorist in political economy, and the tact which he thus acquired in early life, adheres to him still amidst all the mist with which his later studies have enveloped him. Here accordingly we find none of those extravagancies introduced, which so abundantly disfigure his paper sys-

tem: on the contrary, a great many most benevolent and beneficent, though not very novel, views are consistently and judiciously reduced to practice. For instance, instead of maxims and opinions opposed to those of our faith, we find at New Lanark, as elsewhere in this Christian country, Sabbath evening schools, and liberal subscriptions, encouraged by the example of the proprietor, in aid of Bible Societies. Instead of man being considered an irresponsible being, journals are kept in every apartment of the conduct, good or bad, of the people employed in it, and we are well persuaded, although we do not know it, that, in cases of flagrant delinquency, reproof would be administered upon the showing of the ledger, even by the good theorist himself. Again, so far from the cotton spinners of New Lanark, being invited to legislate for themselves between any two given ages, we are sure Mr Owen would consider even an offered advice from any of them a most unwarrantable intrusion, and would much rather legislate himself for all the world, than suffer any one to interfere with him in his own peculiar charge at home. Further, there is precisely the same division of labour at these mills as at any other,—not a rood of land is attached to them for any purposes of either gardening or husbandry,*—no eating in common, though we believe that is intended,—no community of goods—but on the contrary, savings banks for the accumulation of individual gains, and Mr Owen boasting that these were established before they were introduced generally by act of parliament, and that several of his workmen have above L.100 vested in them, encouraged to such accumulation by his liberality in allowing them five per cent. on their highest as well as their lowest deposits, in opposition to the principle in the national banks, which he characterizes as sordid, by which that rate of interest is limited to sums under L.10. Again, at New Lanark there is no doubt a public store, and every workman has a weekly credit opened at it under Mr Owen's own hand, to the amount of two-thirds of his own and family's wages; but it is a sale store, and its profits constitute a large portion of the school funds. Lastly, children are there certainly brought within the verge of school discipline so early as two years of age, and it may be that this has a prospective view towards weaning the affection of their parents from them; but then again they are neither fed nor lodged at school,—they are merely there a few hours a day, eight, we think, or ten; during a portion of which, however, they are either at play, or learning to dance, or in some other way engaged, conducive to their health and strength. All most excellent: we repeat it, it is scarcely possible to accord too much praise to nearly all we see done at New Lanark; among other things we may observe, that although these children's education is certainly much better, and more extended than that of most others of their rank, it is yet chiefly out of the Bible and ordinary Collections that they are taught, and not even a pretence is made of giving them before they are twelve years of age, "a correct view of the outline of *all the knowledge* which men have yet attained." But, amidst all this, where is Mr Owen's system, or how is it possible that any one seeing this should have surmised it?

In the second place, however, this system sets out on such extraordinary assumptions, and reasons on them afterwards so loosely and inconclusively, that it has remained in obscurity; and we cannot be surprised at it, because many have thought they could not possibly understand it, when perhaps they did, at the same time that they took little or no interest in clearing up their doubts. We confess that this has been in a good degree the case with ourselves; we have been in possession of our present views on the subject almost a year, but although tolerably convinced of their accuracy, for we had been at considerable pains in drawing Mr Owen out and sounding his real depth, yet we always felt afraid to commit ourselves to print concerning his sys-

* This we are indeed rather sorry for. We are persuaded, that were it possible in all manufactories to give each workman, the head of a family, a separate house, and a little spot of ground annexed to it sufficient to employ his leisure, renovate his health, and form in him habits of neatness and order in his household economy, it would be a great advantage. But, we fear, this is impossible in almost all cases.

tem till his own *litera scripta* appeared to bear us out in our representations of it. We waited, it is true, with great patience, for we thought very little about the matter at all; but this is just another feature of resemblance between us and the many observers to whom we have adverted. Perhaps it may be advisable, however, to notice a point or two in the system, such as may justify this hesitation and indifference. For instance then, let us take the very first position laid down in it, viz.—That man is in no degree an accountable agent, but is the slave of the circstances in which he is placed, *combined with his own natural dispositions.* We marked these last words when we quoted them formerly, and we now mark them again, because they alone redeem the sentence from extravagance altogether; and if to *natural* had been added *acquired* dispositions, and the first clause of the proposition been entirely withdrawn, and the second modified a little in universality of expression, important changes at the same time we must confess, we should not have had much hesitation in subscribing to it. As it stands, it is opposed both to reason and to revelation; but that is not all,—let us notice Mr Owen's inconsistency in it. He here admits that circumstances, over which he may have controul, are combined in their operation with dispositions, over which he has none; and yet in every following sentence of his theory he assumes, that change of circumstances alone will work all the marvellous changes which he contemplates. Again, let us take his second position, that, because man is thus trammelled by circumstances, for already even he has forgotten dispositions, therefore, every system of government which involves the idea of individual rewards or punishments, praise or blame, is necessarily unjust and unnatural; as if, granting even his own premises, these very accidents had not as good a claim to a place as links in our fetters, circumstances by which we are to be controlled, as any of Mr Owen's own arrangements.—And lastly, for it cannot be necessary to go to length on this head, that position, that it is possible to deprive a human individual of all feeling of individuality, to make him love any, or rather every other's interest, offspring,* advancement, as well as his own; and that all this may be effected by a mere community of goods, a common table, an intimately connected public interest!—What could we say to this, contradicted as it is by the private history of every monastic institution, in which, from the want of offspring, there must have been infinitely less scope for selfish feeling than must exist in general society however framed, and where, notwithstanding, all its most noxious productions bloomed fresh and fair even as in the wilderness of the great world—what could we say, we repeat, to this, but just "there must be some mistake here, Mr Owen never could mean this; but it is of no great consequence, let us pass on."——

But in the third place, Mr Owen's system has been neglected, because the world must always have felt that whatever truth there might be in his assumptions, or probability in his conclusions, he was in no sufficient degree qualified, either from experience or personal character, to reason on the one or conduct to the other, in the dogmatical manner which he has uniformly assumed; at least we are sure, that whether the indifference with which his speculations have been received, has arisen in any degree from this source or not, it was certainly well merited upon this score. It is painful to us to express ourselves in this manner—painful, because in his place we really have a high respect for Mr Owen, but we never either knew or heard of pretensions so magnificent as his, so very inadequately borne out. Mr Owen piques himself on his experience—it is in truth very limited, he has only had it in his power to make one experiment on human nature, and even that, as we have seen, is not the experiment on which he reasons. And as to his philosophical talents, granting all his

* We ought here to notice, however, that this particular height of improvement, indifference to our own children, will not be found adverted to in the report from which we have taken almost every other part of our representation of this system. The fact is, it would not print, it is really too monstrous.—But it is a legitimate and necessary consequence of the remainder, and we assert, *nostro periculo*, that in conversation Mr Owen states it as such.

premises unassailable, what can we say of those of one who leaps at his conclusions in the manner he does, without looking to right or to left, or making a single allowance for derangement of any sort, expecting for example, to have floating wealth in his commonwealths, yet no desire in any to appropriate it,—diversities of character in his subjects, yet precisely the same effects produced on all by the same external circumstances,—legislative and executive assemblies, yet no differences of opinion, no rivalry, no collision between their members? We do not wish to wound Mr Owen's feelings, but we cannot but say, that so far from feeling disposed to pin our faith to his *dicta* when he advances propositions like these, they go far to indispose us, and they must have indisposed the world at large, against every thing he might bring forward along with them; and that himself when seriously advancing them, we can compare to nothing more exactly than an inexperienced mariner adrift on a first voyage of discovery, and setting down as land in his chart every fog-bank which rises within his horizon. Or still more nearly perhaps, a raw and rash mechanic, calculating the power of a first supposed invention, and not only laying out of view every allowance for friction or other impediment, but actually decomposing in imagination the materials with which he proposes to work, and saying to their elements, "such and such properties shall you possess in all time to come and no other, for such and such only will suit my purposes and enable me to attain my ends! And although I reason not upon experiment, but rather in its defiance, yet let me but bring forward my own stool to stand on, and I am ready to demonstrate, like the Alchymists of old, that experiment and experience are alike wrong, and ought to have been different."

Lastly, Mr Owen's theory has been overlooked and neglected by the world, pretty much because it has been not less forgotten by himself. We have already shewn that his practice is quite different: but that is not all, his heart is in that practice only, and his system is among the least of all his thoughts, excepting only as associated in his imagination with certain supposed and remote consequences. Every one who has been at New Lanark must know that Mr Owen's life is passed at his mills, and that in superintending their details, displaying these to visitors, and caressing the children at his school, scarcely all the hours of the day are sufficient for him. And we repeat the sentiment,—happy and enviable, and innocent and useful, and even virtuous, are the hours thus spent; his benevolent feelings gratified,—his success, and he is very successful, enjoyed,—his hobby put on all its paces without let or molestation. But meanwhile, where is his theory, or where the arguments by which, not in conjunction with that success, but in opposition to it, he is to recommend it to others?—Why, just where they ought to be,—in oblivion; whence, it is true, we have now for a moment sought to draw them, but whither we cannot but think that the sooner they are again and for ever consigned, the better and the wiser.

We conclude, then—The world has been quite right in neglecting Mr Owen's system; and every attempt like that which we have learnt, with equal surprise and concern, is at present in the contemplation of his country neighbours, to drag it from the shade, and even petition Parliament in its behalf, is not merely wrong—it is ridiculous. Have these gentlemen forgotten Sir W. De Crespigny's failure in the same cause? the precedent had been worth their adverting to, even for their own sakes. But the truth we in charity believe to be, that they have no distinct idea of what they wish to recommend: they have looked at New Lanark, (a seduction to which the one dissentient speaker among them, Lord Belhaven, seems singularly enough never to have exposed himself,) and unaccustomed, probably, to analyze minutely what they read, they have taken for granted that what they saw there was also in the book, somewhere stowed away amid the declamation with which it is chiefly filled. And their hearts, naturally enough warmed by the sight, have carried their heads along with them. But even yet it is not too late to retrace their steps, even yet their monstrous petition may be strangled in its birth; and still they may take New Lanark for their pattern and their guide. We would have all men go there indeed,

who are possessed of even tolerable reasoning powers; and who, as proprietors of great estates, extensive merchants, manufacturers, masters of families, schools, or in any other way, possess either direct authority, or indirect influence over considerable bodies of their fellow men in the lower ranks of life. We would have them go, however, not to listen, but to look; not to have their faith perverted, or their imaginations beguiled by Mr Owen's fancies,—but their understandings enlightened, and their affections kindled by the realities which he has created around him. Amid these they will find much that is valuable to learn, even while they reject the trash with which it is surrounded; for instance they will see it demonstrated, that however fallen in nature or sunk in circumstances, there is still much moral good in man,—that that good will be much more certainly and extensively elicited by kindness than severity, the expression of interest than neglect, education than ignorance, in every case;—finally, for their own encouragement, that independently of all the commands of religion, or the hopes of futurity, there is much worldly wisdom, even, in a spirit of active beneficence; in practice it is generally successful, however theoretically mistaken; in feeling it is always happy, in example always respectable and praiseworthy. And when they have thus got their lesson, let them carry it home, not to prate about it at public meetings, nor yet still less to neglect and forget it, as so many others have done while they thought it inseparably connected with absurdities at which their reason revolted, but to interweave it with principles derived from a far higher source than even the best human speculations, and reduce it patiently and systematically to practice, each within his own *locality*, his own sphere. Laying down, at all events, the following as fundamental axioms of political expediency, whatever the particular conclusions at which they subsequently arrive,—that it is not by embarking in gigantic schemes, not by contemplating violent changes, not by meddling with the *forms* of society, (those crystalline forms, the uniformity of which, in all ages and countries, demonstrates that they are regulated by affinities inherent in our nature and of course beyond our controul,) not by casting doubt on the first principles of the Christian religion,—the religion of the age, had it even no other recommendation,—not by substituting for *its* views of human nature through time and through eternity, the visions of a distempered imagination; not, in a word, by trusting the reins to Mr Owen even for one moment, however they may suffer, and even thank him, to pioneer the road before them; not, we say, by any, or all of these modes, that they can serve their country or their kind.——But, by uniting in a series of minute endeavours to purify and improve the substance of which that country, that kind, morally speaking, are composed, educating the poor, eliciting their kindly feelings, cultivating their religious impressions, tightening thus the silken cords which bind without fettering mankind, discharging every man his own duties, social and domestic, in his own place, cherishing and patronizing his own dependants, loving his own children, pursuing his own best interests both here and hereafter; which, when rightly understood, whatever Mr Owen, or the freeholders of Lanark may think of it, a wise and kind Providence has already sufficiently identified with those of the world at large, in conjunction with the best and strongest feelings of our common nature, without its being necessary for them to endeavour to cement the union, although, in truth, certain in such case to do what may lay in them to destroy it, by their breach.

E.

LORD BYRON'S DOGE OF VENICE.*

THE Edinburgh Reviewers, in their usual tone of self-complacency, said, when the first cantos of Child Harold were published, that the promise of future excellence held out by these cantos was "really quite *comfortable!*" We trust we never have been, and are quite sure we never shall be, guilty of talking in terms of such contemptible ignorance and irreverence concerning any one who has vindicated to himself, (as Lord Byron had most effectually done by any given score of stanzas in his Child Harold) the character of a truly nervous, manly, and classical writer of the English tongue. But we must borrow so far the spirit of Mr Jeffrey's *dictum*, and say, that nothing has for a long while afforded us so much pleasure as the rich promise of *dramatic excellence* unfolded in this new production of our Noble Exile. Lord Byron in his preface says well, that the City of the Plague, the Fall of Jerusalem, and Miss Baillie's De Montfort, are sufficient proof of the present existence of dramatic power *somewhere*: he might with great propriety have added to this list the name of "the Cenci," a very powerfully conceived and powerfully executed tragedy which was published last year by Mr P. B. Shelly. But perhaps his Lordship was withheld from mentioning that work, as we ourselves were from reviewing it at the time when it appeared, by the very disgusting nature of its subject—those vile extravagances, namely, of parricide and incest, by perpetual repititions of which, or of something of the same kind, we begin to fear it is Mr Shelly's mad resolution to destroy the effect of all his genius, and blast all the harvest of his fame. But Lord Byron's own tragedy is infinitely superior to the "Cenci," even in the merits of vigorous conception, and vigorous diction; while it has the happiness to be distinguished both from that and from too many of the productions of his Lordship's own genius, by uniform purity of thought and purpose. Without question, no such tragedy as this of Marino Faliero has appeared in English since the day when Otway also was inspired to his master-piece by the interests of a Venetian story and a Venetian conspiracy.

The story of which Lord Byron has possessed himself is, we think, by fathe finer of the two,—and we say *possessed*, because we believe he has adhered almost to the letter of the transactions as they really took place. In the beginning of the 14th century, when the winged lion of St Mark soared over the Adriatic in all his "pride of place," an old fierce warrior, whose valour had twice saved all but the existence of his country, was, in his own absence, and without solicitation, invested with the ducal dignity. The senate, ever jealous and ever ambitious, curtail his prerogative at the outset,—but he does his duty bravely and wisely. Their jealousy has cut him off, indeed, from the private pleasures in which he had hitherto found the best solace of his public toils—the intimate companionship of friends no longer his equals—no longer, in their patrician jealousy of their prince, willing to be treated by him as his equals. But for these deprivations, and for every evil beside, he finds abundant compensation in the affections of a young, a beautiful, a high-spirited, and yet a most gentle wife. She had been bequeathed to him as a legacy by her father, the dearest friend of his youth. She loves him with a love which is not the less dear to him, because it partakes somewhat of the reverence of filial love,—while he, again, both loves her as his bride, and cherishes her like a daughter. There is something entirely new and altogether admirable in the manner of bringing out these charming varieties of the conjugal passion. Alas! that he who has done this should have ever prostituted his pen to paint, record, or foster the pollution of woman!

The lovely and innocent young wife of the old warrior does not, however, escape the wound of evil tongues. A young patrician, by name Michel Steno, dares to inscribe the ducal throne itself with a vile libel upon her purity. He is detected—and the wrath of the haughty Prince of Venice knows no bounds. He is tried by the Council "of the Forty," and found guilty—and he is condemned—to a month's imprisonment.

The Doge, who conceives himself to be insulted alike as a man, a soldier, a

* Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice, an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts, with Notes. The Prophecy of Dante, a Poem. By Lord Byron. 8vo. Murray, London, 1821.

noble, and a sovereign, by this inadequate punishment inflicted on the ribald Steno, is tempted, at the critical moment when his passions are in their highest state of effervescence, first by the artful condolences, and then by the no less artful solicitations, of one Israel Betruccio, a Venetian citizen, who is at the head of a plot recently formed by the commons of the city against the unbounded and intolerable insolence of the nobles. Faliero enters into the designs of these men, and, though not without many "compunctious visitings," he persists in acting as their leader. Every thing under his direction is prepared for an instant blow. At dawn of day the great bell of St Martin's Church is to be rung; that bell can be sounded only by command of the Doge, and at the sound of it every Venetian noble must hasten to the Council Hall. The conspired plebeian bands are on this occasion to obey the same signal: they are to rush from every district of the city, and occupy the great *place* of St Mark,---and then, says the Doge,——

All the Patricians flocking to the Council,
(Which they dare not refuse, at the dread signal
Pealing from out their patron Saint's proud tower)
Will then be gathered in unto the harvest,—
And we will reap them with the sword for sickle.

The great bell does sound, and all Venice is alarmed; but in the interim between the framing and the execution of the design, the whole has been betrayed by the virtue or the vice of one of the conspirators, who could not permit his own friend and kind patron to share in the destined fate of all the Venetian nobility. The hand is arrested after it has struck but a few blows upon the bell of St Mark's. The Doge is seized in his palace—he is tried---he is beheaded immediately; and in place of his picture in the great Council Hall, where all his predecessors and all his successors are represented, there is a blank space covered with a sable veil, over which still remains the original inscription: "*Heic est locus Marini Faletro decapitati pro criminibus.*" The Duchess seeks refuge in a cloister, there, doubtless, to do more than her modest old lord requests of her in these fine words—

When I *am* nothing, let that which I *was*
Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet lips,
A shadow on thy fancy of a thing
Which would not have thee mourn it, but remember.

Such is the simple outline of the story of Marino Faliero. As the Tragedy must be in the hands almost of all our readers, we shall be contented with quoting a very few specimens of its dialogue, and we shall have no difficulty in choosing specimens that cannot be read too often.

Perhaps the finest scene in the whole play is that in which the Doge first meets his wife after he has been made acquainted with the sentence of Steno, and has listened to the communication of the conspirator Bertuccio. The character of the calm, pure spirited Angiolina is developed in it most admirably;—the great difference between her temper and that of her fiery husband is vividly pourtrayed,—but not less vividly touched is that strong bond of their union which exists in the common nobleness of their deeper natures. There is no spark of jealousy in the old man's thoughts,—he does not expect the fervours of youthful passion in his wife, nor does he find them: but he finds what is far better,—the fearless confidence of one, who being to the heart's core innocent, can scarcely be a believer in the existence of such a thing as guilt. He finds every charm which gratitude, respect, anxious and deep-seated affection can give to the confidential language of a lovely, and a modest, and a pious woman. She has been extremely troubled by her observance of the troubled countenance and gesture of the Doge, ever since the discovery of Steno's guilt; and she does all she can to sooth him from his proud irritation. Strong in her consciousness of purity, she has brought herself to regard without anger, the insult offered to herself, and the yet uncorrected instinct of a noble heart makes her try to persuade her lord, as she is herself persuaded, that Steno, whatever be the sentence of his judges, *must* be punished—more even than they would wish him to be—by the secret suggestions of his own guilty conscience,—the deep blushes of his privacy. At this the Doge, experienced in the ways both of good and evil men, smiles compassionately upon Angiolina. She then goes on thus:—

Angiolina. Heaven bids us to forgive our enemies.

Doge. Does heaven forgive her own? Is Satan sav'd
From wrath eternal!
Ang. Do not speak thus wildly—
Heaven will alike forgive you and your foes.
Doge. Amen! may heaven forgive them.
Ang. And will you?
Doge. Yes, when they are in heaven!
Ang. And not till then?
Doge. What matters my forgiveness? an old man's,
Worn out, scorn'd, spurn'd, abused; what matters then
My pardon more than my resentment? both
Being weak and worthless? I have lived too long.—
But let us change the argument. My child!
My injured wife, the child of Loridano,
The brave, the chivalrous—how little deem'd
Thy father, wedding thee unto his friend,
That he was linking thee to shame! Alas!
Shame without sin, for thou art faultless. Had'st thou
But had a different husband, *any* husband
In Venice save the Doge, this blight, this brand,
This blasphemy had never fall'n upon thee.
So young, so beautiful, so good, so pure,
To suffer this, and yet be unavenged!
Ang. I am too well avenged, for you still love me,
And trust, and honour me; and all men know
That you are just, and I am true: What more
Could I require, or you command?
Doge. 'Tis well,
And may be better; but whate'er betide,
Be thou at least kind to my memory.
Ang. Why speak you thus?
Doge. It is no matter why,
But I would still, whatever others think,
Have your respect both now and in my grave.
Ang. Why should you doubt it—has it ever fail'd?
Doge. Come hither, child, I would a word with you.
Your father was my friend, unequal fortune
Made him my debtor for some courtesies
Which bind the good more firmly; when, opprest
With his last malady, he will'd our union,
It was not to repay me, long repaid
Before by his great loyalty in friendship;
His object was to place your orphan beauty
In honourable safety from the perils,
Which, in this scorpion nest of vice, assail
A lonely and undow'red maid. I did not
Think with him, but would not oppose the thought
Which sooth'd his death-bed.
Ang. I have not forgot
The nobleness with which you bade me speak,
If my young heart held any preference
Which would have made me happier; nor your offer
To make my dowry equal to the rank
Of aught in Venice, and forego all claim
My father's last injunction gave you.
Doge. Thus,
'Twas not a foolish dotard's vile caprice,
Nor the false edge of aged appetite,
Which made me covetous of girlish beauty
And a young bride: for in my fireiest youth
I sway'd such passions; nor was this my age
Infected with that leprosy of lust
Which taints the hoariest years of vicious men,
Making them ransack to the very last
The dregs of pleasure for their vanish'd joys;
Or buy in selfish marriage some young victim,
Too helpless to refuse a state that's honest,
Too feeling not to know herself a wretch.
Our wedlock was not of this sort, you had
Freedom from me to choose, and urged in answer
Your father's choice.
Ang. I did so; I would do so
In face of earth and heaven; for I have never
Repented for my sake; sometimes for yours,
In pondering o'er your late disquietudes.
Doge. I knew my heart would never treat you harshly—
I knew my days could not disturb you long;
And then the daughter of my earliest friend,
His worthier daughter, free to choose again,
Wealthier and wiser in the ripest bloom
Of womanhood, more skilful to select
By passing these probationary years;
Inheriting a prince's name and riches,
Secured by the short penance of enduring
An old man for some summers, against all
That law's chicane or envious kinsman might
Have urged against her right; my best friend's child
Would choose more fitly in respect of years,
And not less truly in a faithful heart.
Ang. My lord, I look'd but to my father's wishes,
Hallow'd by his last words, and to my heart
For doing all its duties, and replying
With faith to him with whom I was affianced.
Ambitious hopes ne'er cross'd my dreams, and should
The hour you speak of come, it will be seen so.
Doge. I do believe you, and I know you true;
For love, romantic love, which, in my youth
I knew to be illusion, and ne'er saw
Lasting, but often fatal, it had been
No lure for me in my most passionate days,
And could not be so now, did such exist.
But such respect, and mildly paid regard
As a true feeling for your welfare, and

A free compliance with all honest wishes,
A kindness to your virtues, watchfulness
Not shown, but shadowing o'er such little failings
As youth is apt in, so as not to check
Rashly, but win you from them ere you knew
You had been won, but thought the change your choice;
A pride not in your beauty, but your conduct,
A trust in you, a patriarchal love,
And not a doting homage; friendship, faith,
Such estimation in your eyes as these
Might claim, I hoped for.

Ang. And have you ever had.

Doge. I think so. For the difference in our years,
You knew it, choosing me, and chose. I trusted
Not to my qualities, nor would have faith
In such, nor outward ornaments of nature,
Were I still in my five-and-twentieth spring;
I trusted to the blood of Loridano,
Pure in your veins; I trusted to the soul
God gave you—to the truths your father taught you—
To your belief in heaven—to your mild virtues—
To your own faith and honour, for my own.

Ang. You have done well.—I thank you for that trust,
Which I have never for one moment ceased
To honour you the more for.

Doge. Where is honour,
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the rock
Of faith connubial; where it is not—where
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know
'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream
Of honesty in such infected blood,
Although 'twere wed to him it covets most:
An incarnation of the poet's god
In all his marble-chisell'd beauty, or
The demi-deity, Alcides, in
His majesty of superhuman manhood,
Would not suffice to bind where virtue is not.
It is consistency which forms and proves it;
Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change.
The once fall'n woman must for ever fall;
Her vice must have variety, while virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory, from her aspect.

Ang. And seeing, feeling thus this truth in others,
(I pray you pardon me,) but wherefore yield you
To the most fierce of fatal passions, and
Disquiet your great thoughts with restless hate
Of such a thing as Steno?

Doge. You mistake me.
It is not Steno who could move me thus:
Had it been so, he should——but let that pass.

Ang. What is't you feel so deeply, then, ev'n now?

Doge. The violated majesty of Venice,
At once insulted in her lord and laws.

Another nobly conceived scene is that at the opening of the third act, where the old Doge is introduced as waiting by himself in the twilight for Bertuccio, who is at that hour to conduct him into the presence of the assembled conspirators. The rendezvous is on the space between the canal and the church *di San Giovanni San Paolo*. In that church repose the ashes of all the Falieri,—and before its gate, right over against where the expecting prince has taken his stand, appears an equestrian statue erected long ago by the senate, to one of his ancestry, who centuries before, filled, under better auspices, the ducal chair of Venice. A gondola lies at some distance on the canal. The Doge alone, and disguised, stands by the water side, and this is his soliloquy.

Doge, solus. I am before the hour, the hour whose voice,
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous tottering,
And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,
Waking the sleepers from some hideous dream
Of indistinct, but awful augury
Of that which will befal them. Yes, proud city!
Thou must be cleansed of the black blood which makes thee
A lazar-house of tyranny: the task
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not;
And therefore was I punish'd, seeing this
Patrician pestilence spread on and on,
Until, at length, it smote me in my slumbers,
And I am tainted, and must wash away
The plague-spots in the healing wave. Fall fane!
Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues shadow
The floor which doth divide us from the dead,
Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood,
Moulder'd into a mite of ashes, hold
In one shrunk heap what once made many heroes,
When what is now a handful, shook the earth——
Fane of the tutelar saints who guard our house!
Vault, where two doges rest——my sires! who died,
The one of toil, the other in the field,

With a long race of other lineal chiefs
And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and state,
I have inherited,—let the graves gape,
Till all thine aisles be peopled with the dead,
And pour them from thy portals to gaze on me!
I call them up, and them and thee to witness
What it hath been which put me to this task;
Their pure high-blood, their blazon roll of glories,
Their mighty name dishonour'd all *in* me,
Not *by* me, but by the ungrateful nobles
We fought to make our equals, not our lords:
And chiefly those, Ordelafo the brave,
Who perish'd in the field, where I since conquer'd,
Battling at Zara, did the hecatombs
Of thine and Venice' foes, there offer'd up
By thy descendant, merit such acquittance?
Spirits! smile down upon me; for my cause
Is yours, in all life now can be of yours,—
Your fame, your name, all mingled up in mine,
And in the future fortunes of our race!
Let me but prosper, and I make this city
Free, and immortal, and our house's name
Worthier of what you were, now and hereafter!

Enter ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Is. Ber. Who goes there?
Doge. A friend to Venice.
Is. Ber. 'Tis he.—
Welcome, my lord,—you are before the time.
Doge. I am ready to proceed to your assembly.
Is. Ber. Have with you. I am proud and pleased to see
Such confident alacrity. Your doubts
Since our last meeting, then, are all dispell'd?
Doge. Not so—but I have set my little left
Of life upon this cast: the die was thrown
When I first listen'd to your treason—Start not!
That is the word; I cannot shape my tongue
To syllable black deeds into smooth names,
Though I be wrought on to commit them. When
I heard you tempt your sovereign, and forbore
To have you dragg'd to prison, I became
Your guiltiest accomplice! now you may,
If it so please you, do as much by me.
Is. Ber. Strange words, my lord, and most unmerited;
I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.
Doge. *We*—*We!*—no matter—you have earn'd the right,
To talk of *us*.—But to the point.—If this
Attempt succeeds, and Venice, render'd free
And flourishing, when we are in our graves,
Conducts her generations to our tombs,
And makes her children with their little hands
Strew flowers o'er her deliverers' ashes then
The consequence will sanctify the deed,
And we shall be like the two Bruti in
The annals of hereafter; but if not,
If we should fail, employing bloody means
And secret plot, although to a good end,
Still we are traitors, honest Israel;—thou
No less than he who was thy sovereign
Six hours ago, and now thy brother rebel.
Is. Ber. 'Tis not the moment to consider thus,
Else I could answer.—Let us to the meeting,
Or we may be observed in lingering here.
Doge. We *are* observed, and have been.
Is. Ber. We observed!
Let me discover—and this steel——
Doge. Put up;
Here are no human witnesses: look there—
What see you?
Is. Ber. Only a tall warrior's statue
Bestriding a proud steed, in the dim light
Of the dull moon.
Doge. That warrior was the sire
Of my sire's fathers, and that statue was
Decreed to him by the twice rescued city:
Think you that he looks down on us, or no?
Is. Ber. My lord, these are mere phantasies; there are
No eyes in marble.
Doge. But there are in death.
I tell thee, man, there is a spirit in
Such things, that acts and sees, unseen, though felt;
And if there be a spell to stir the dead,
'Tis in such deeds as we are now upon.
Deem'st thou the souls of such a race as mine
Can rest, when he, their last descendant chief,
Stands plotting on the brink of their pure graves
With stung plebeians?
Is. Ber. It had been as well
To have ponder'd this before,—ere you embark'd
In our great enterprize. Do you repent?

There is a great deal more of the same natural struggle in the breast of the high-born and haughty Doge, between the resentment with which he burns on the one hand, and the reluctance with which he considers the meanness of the associates with whom he has leagued himself, on the other. The conspiring Doge is not, we think, meant to be ambitious for himself, but he is sternly, proudly, a Venetian