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ART. I.—1. *Anatomie et Physiologie du Système Nerveux en général, et du Cerveau en particulier, &c.* Par F. J. Gall et G. Spurzheim. 4 vols. 4to. avec Atlas in folio. Paris. 1810—1819.

2. *Observations sur la Folie, ou sur les Dérangemens des Fonctions Morales et Intellectuelles de l'Homme.* Par G. Spurzheim, M.D. 8vo. Paris. 1817.

3. *Observations sur la Phrénologie, ou la Connoissance de l'Homme Moral et Intellectuel, fondée sur les Fonctions du Système Nerveux.* Par G. Spurzheim, M.D. 8vo. Paris. 1818.

4. *Essai Philosophique sur la Nature Morale et Intellectuelle de l'Homme.* Par G. Spurzheim, M.D. 8vo. Paris. 1820.

5. *Essai sur les Principes Elémentaires d'Education.* Par G. Spurzheim. 8vo. Paris. 1822.

6. *Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau et sur celles de chacune de ses parties.* Par F. J. Gall. 6 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1822—1825.

TWENTY-FIVE years have nearly elapsed since the question which we are now going to examine was first laid before the British public. Since that period, it has occasionally been brought into notice, or fallen into neglect, as the continental publications have made their way to this island, or as the teachers of the system have thought fit to address themselves directly to Englishmen. The manner in which it was then received was not such as to authorize a belief that it ever could be treated but with contempt. Within a few years, however, it has attracted so large a share of attention, it has been contemplated with so much earnestness, with so much gravity—that we deem it a duty to allot some pages to its serious consideration.

To the serious consideration of phrenology! What then, is the *Foreign Quarterly*, in the very outset of its career, to show itself a feeler of heads, a cranioscopist, a teller of fortunes from cerebral bumps and excrescences! No such thing; but the pages of this Review ever shall be open to any appeal that science makes to it, to any literary subject that comes within its sphere.

Formerly, indeed, our co-mates and brothers in criticism made rather merry with the lucubrations of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; but the thing is now beyond a jest; and as it has so long been left to writhe under the lash of ridicule in vain, it may be well to try it by some other test; and to apply to it some of the philosophic calmness by which phrenology itself professes to be guided.

But, before we proceed one step in this inquiry, we must disclaim all intention to decide upon the truth or fallacy of the pretended science. We do not mean either to discuss or to judge it on our own account, but to let the parties speak for themselves; to give room to phrenologists to state whatever they can in support of their doctrine; and to anti-phrenologists, to refute as much as they can of it; to put our readers in possession of the materials which may enable them to form an opinion, and then leave them to judge for themselves. If, too, we are serious upon the subject, it is because the subject itself is a very serious one. That which threatens the subversion of every moral theory which has been devised since the days of the seven sages of Greece, deserves to be treated with some gravity. In the country of Bacon, all philosophic claims should be canvassed with equity; in the country of Shakspeare, to mention with levity any thing relating to the human heart is derogatory.

The complaints of phrenologists, that their doctrines have been mis-stated, and their opinions purposely mis-represented, have led us to admit the present article, in order to rescue the land of juries from the imputation of condemning any man unheard, still more upon wilful perversions of his own words and meaning. Here then we shall proceed a little differently from the usual method of reviews, and utterly abstain from personal interference. We shall introduce the parties themselves to the bar, and let them severally plead their own cause. The sceptral WE of criticism we shall abdicate, and not once shall we use that plural pronoun in this article, but as appertaining to phrenologists, or to anti-phrenologists, in whose favour the choice spirits of the *Foreign Quarterly* abjure their magic, and become listeners like the public. The only part we take in the trial is to devote some of our pages as an arena in which we allow the combatants to wrestle as they please, but into which we ourselves shall never once descend. The fact is, that the present state of the question ought to be laid before the public candidly; for if the writings of one party have not always been exactly as might be wished, the clamours of the other have done them little credit. The method we adopt appears to us fair, and the use of the first person may a little dramatize the dull discussion. The pleadings shall be opened, on the part of the phrenologists, by a

statement of the case, faithfully collected from the writings of Dr. Gall himself.

"In the ninth year of my age," says our author, "my parents sent me to one of my uncles, who was a clergyman in the Black Forest, and who, in order to inspire me with emulation, gave me a companion in my studies. I was, however, frequently reproached for not learning my lesson as well as he did, particularly as more was expected from me than from him. From my uncle, we were both put to school at Baden, near Rastadt, and there, whenever our task was to learn by heart, I was always surpassed by boys who, in their other exercises, were much my inferiors. As every one of those who were remarkable for this talent, had large and prominent eyes, we gave them the nickname of *ox-eyed.* Three years after this we went to school at Bruchsal, and there again the ox-eyed scholars mortified me as before. Two years later I went to Strasburgh, and still found that, however moderate their abilities in other respects, the pupils with prominent eyes all learnt by heart with great ease.

"Although," continues our author, "I was utterly destitute of previous knowledge, I could not help concluding, that prominent eyes were the mark of a good memory; and the connexion between this external sign and the mental faculty occurred to me. It was not, however, till some time afterwards, that, led on from observation to observation, from reflection to reflection, I began to conceive that, since memory has its external sign, the other faculties might very well have theirs. From that moment every person remarkable for any talent, or for any quality, became the subject of new attention, and all my thoughts were directed to a minute study of the form of their heads. Little by little, I ventured to flatter myself that I could perceive one constant shape in the head of every great painter, of every great musician, of every great mechanic, severally denoting a decided predisposition in the individual to one or other of those arts. In the meantime I had begun the study of medicine, where I heard much about the functions of the muscles, of the viscera, &c.; but not a word about the functions of the brain. My former observations then recurred to me, and led me to suspect what I afterwards proved, that the form of the skull is entirely due to the form of the viscus which is contained in it. From that instant I conceived the hope of being able one day to determine the moral and the intellectual faculties of man, by means of his cerebral organization, and of establishing a physiology of the brain. I therefore resolved to continue my researches, until I should attain my object, or find it impossible. The task would have been less difficult had I abandoned myself entirely to nature. But I had already learned too much of the errors and prejudices then taught upon those subjects, not to be biassed by them, and I was still further entangled by the doctrines of metaphysicians, who teach that all our ideas come from our senses; that all men are born alike, that education and accident alone make them differ. If this be true, said I, no faculty can have an external sign, and to study the brain, its parts, and its functions, is absolute madness. Still I remembered my former observations; I knew that the circumstances in which my brothers and sisters, my

schoolfellows, my playmates, had, from their infancy, been placed, were all alike. I saw that education was bestowed in vain on some persons, that others had talents without it. I observed a proportionate variety in the dispositions of animals. Some dogs are born hunters, while others of the same litter cannot be taught; some are peaceful, some ill-tempered. In birds there is a similar diversity. The whole animal kingdom spoke then in favour of my strong surmises, and I resolved to prosecute my plan. It was not till thirty years had been spent in uninterrupted study, in observing men of every description, and in many countries, men remarkable for some talent or some defect, for some vice or some virtue; in studying inferior animals, domestic or wild, the inhabitants of air or of earth, that I ventured to embody my observations, and publish them in one comprehensive work."

Such is the account which Dr. Gall gives of the origin and progress of his discoveries. It has been stated, not indeed in his own words or order, but the scraps and morsels of which it is composed were fairly picked out of his own works. Now, say the phrenologists, if the doctrine of the relation between cerebral development and mental manifestation,—if, as Dr. Spurzheim has more appositely named it, phrenology, be false—then men cannot sufficiently reprobate the idle nonsense of the little urchin who dared to turn from his rudiments to gaze at the eyes of his condisciples, and call them by a name which the father of poetry applied only to the queen of the gods, the venerable Juno, βοωπις ποτνια Ηρη, ox-eyed; or, as he probably had it in his Hoch-Deutsch dialect, *ochsenaugen*. If it be true, then we (phrenologists) declare that so extraordinary an instance of early sagacity, of premature combination, such an innate spirit of observation and induction, never yet has come to our knowledge. We have seen prodigies of music, of painting, of calculation, of every single talent, in very unripe infancy; we know that wonders of very early learning have existed; but there is not upon record a person who, at the age of nine, caught the first glimpse of a system which he afterwards made the study of his life; of a system which, as Dr. Spurzheim says, must, if true, "absolutely and entirely change the philosophy of the human mind," and make the study of mankind a new study. All that we have read of youth, of childhood, fades before this example; and we know no alternative but for men to admire how the doctor has escaped phlebotomy and venesection; or else to say at once that he ranks high, and very high, among the extraordinary geniuses that have lived to honour the human species.

And this is not the only incident which creates a like dilemma. Young Gall, like many other boys, was very fond of looking for birds' nests; but a point in which he differed from the usual truants "who rob the poor bird of its young," was that his mo-

tive was a love of natural history. His observation of the situations in which each species built, easily led him to discover the place of abode; and he spread his nets successfully, because he had studied the habits of the bird that he wished to ensnare. But what he could not do was to return to the spot in the woods or wilds, over brake, over briar, through devious paths, where his prey was caught; in other words, he was not an adept at finding his way. This deficiency induced him to take with him one of his companions, named Scheidler, who possessed this faculty in a very high degree; for, while Gall, after marking his road with boughs and branches, by making incisions on the trees, by employing many means of technical memory, never could unravel the track, his companion, without any effort, without even any apparent attention, never failed to take the shortest road to every nest and snare. From this arose a brief but interesting colloquy, most characteristic of mankind at large, whose great rule for judging others is self:—" How is it," said Gall, " that you contrive to find your way thus?" " How is it," answered Scheidler, " that you contrive not to find yours?"

Dr. Gall did not immediately perceive anything peculiar in the head of this youth; but, in order to lay it up among the treasures of his observation more faithfully than memory could do, he took an indestructible and rigid transcript of its form, by moulding it in plaster. To this cast he could, at all times, refer; he could study and re-study it; he could compare it with the living and the dead. He was well convinced that a faculty for recognising places, and the ways which lead to them, did exist; and what remained to be done was, to determine the shape of head which was concomitant to this faculty. He, therefore, inquired among his acquaintances for persons distinguished for their local memory, and at length found two. Schenberger, a celebrated landscape-painter, told him that, in his travels, he merely took a sketch of the scenery which he wished to paint, and that afterwards, when he made a more circumstantial drawing of it, every tree, every bush, almost every large stone, came back into his mind. Another was Meyer, the author of Dia-na-sore, whose greatest delight was to wander from place to place, and who, not having the means himself of indulging this propensity, always attached himself to some rich man, in order to travel with him. He, too, had an extraordinary power of recognizing local relations. The heads of these two persons, then, Gall moulded, and compared them with that of Scheidler. He turned and twisted them in every direction, and for a long time found only differences, whereas what he sought was a resemblance. At length, however, he was struck with a coincidence in the region situated on each side of the root

of the nose, and slanting upwards above the eye-brows. From that moment he considered it as probable that the organ of local perceptions was situated in this spot; and, according to his assertion, all his subsequent observations, which have been incredibly numerous, have fully confirmed his opinion.

Dr. Gall, as before mentioned, had many brothers and sisters, all of whom received the same education, and were, in all things, exposed to the same influences; yet their faculties and dispositions were totally dissimilar. One of his brothers showed a very early disposition for devotion; his toys were the ornaments of the Catholic altar, which he made and engraved himself; his pastime was prayer and high mass. His father had intended him for trade, but this profession he peremptorily refused, because, as he said, it would expose him to tell lies. At the age of twenty-three, this young man ran away from his paternal home, and turned hermit. His father, however, recalled him, allowed him to pursue his studies, and five years afterwards he received holy orders, in which he spent a life of mortification and piety. Subsequently to this very juvenile observation, Dr. Gall remarked, that some of his con-disciples had, as he calls it, a receptiveness for religious instruction; while others were totally averse to it. Among the persons who had embraced the clerical profession, he saw some who were studious, pious, and scrupulous; others, who were idle, indolent, and who wished for nothing more than to live at ease, and at the expense of others. He conceived that these tendencies were innate; and, in order to embrace a wide range of experiment, he frequented churches, monasteries, visited religious seminaries, and observed both men and women in the world. One of the first things which struck him was, that the most devout were bald on the summit of the head; "yet," said he, "women are more devout than men, and women are seldom bald. Baldness, therefore, has no connexion with devotion." He then perceived on these bald heads, that the summit was much elevated, sloping as it were from the forehead to the centre; and this shape he found common to both sexes. He then concluded, that an elevation in that region of the brain was the organization which gives a disposition to devotion and religious feelings.

He had not long been in possession of this induction, when a remarkable fact offered itself to his view, imparting a singular conviction to his mind of the accuracy of his conclusion. He remarked that all the pictures of saints, of martyrs, of persons recorded for their religious zeal and sufferings, of our Saviour himself, were high in this region; and that, even in the most remote antiquity, artists had given this peculiar form to all that has been handed down to us of the heads of high priests, of sacrificers, and

of whatever persons they held to be most pious, sacred, and venerable.

Such were the first steps of this, the youngest child that ever caught a glimpse of facts, and drew inferences, which he afterwards called philosophy—which he taught as such, and which has found followers. Who could have supposed, that from the perceptions of a mere brat of nine years old, a system could have ensued, which, in the hands of Dr. Spurzheim, would, in the year 1826, have filled not only the large lecture-room of the London Institution, but all the staircases, corridors, and passages leading to it, with hearers? and, great, indeed, must be the folly or the wisdom of the age.

Another observation of this young man was, that, among his school-fellows, the most adept at learning by heart were not those who retained facts the best; in the same manner as local and verbal memory did not always accompany each other in the same mind. Thus, then, was he led to surmise, that memory was of more kinds than one; that it was not a simple faculty: and to a conclusion which some bearded philosophers had drawn before him, that there is a memory for words, another for places, and another for things; exactly coinciding—but entirely without his knowledge—with the *memoria verbalis*, the *memoria localis*, the *memoria realis*, of his predecessors. He continued to make observations on the world at large respecting this faculty, as he had done respecting the others, and by the same means; and he at length succeeded in assigning the situation of its corresponding organ in the head.

But the most extraordinary instance of folly and presumption, if the system be false, or of sagacity, if it be true, is, that Dr. Gall was not satisfied with observing the talents of his fellow-students; he carried his prying spirit into their moral tendencies, and examined their characters. One of his companions had a head so strangely shaped, that he could not help remarking it. It was particularly broad above the temples, and the boy was renowned for his cunning and his tricks. Another boy, whose countenance bespoke extreme candour—*ars est celare artem*—had a head of the same shape, and Gall immediately mistrusted him. In both cases his conjectures were confirmed, and his observations in later life gave them an additional force. When practising as physician, one of his patients died of consumption; Gall was struck at the breadth of his head in this region; and shortly afterwards a long scene of artifice and swindling came to light. Another person, so notorious as to have been posted as a knave by the police of Vienna, and whose head was of the same

shape, confessed to Dr. Gall that he knew no pleasure equal to deceit.

As Dr. Gall acquired experience in his art, his tact became more sure, and he accumulated observations; but his method of proceeding was alike throughout. It would indeed, have been difficult to devise any better method than that which suggested itself at his first observation; and, be his doctrine true or false, that justice is due to him.

One or two more examples of his mode of discovering faculties and organs must be given. To study what is now called combativeness, he collected persons of the lowest classes in his house, treated them with wine, excited their talkativeness respecting each other, and uniformly found that one shape of the head belonged to the contentious, another to the gentle. He followed the same plan with regard to the propensity to thieving, and with the same success. On one occasion, he was requested to examine the head of a lady who was remarkable for the strength and durability of her friendships, and to take a cast of it; and thus was led to the discovery of the organ of attachment. At Vienna, he knew a man, who, from his eternal doubts and irresolution, was nicknamed Cacadubio; the remarkable form of his head, compared with others, revealed this faculty, together with its local habitation. A servant of one of his friends gave the first idea of an organ of benevolence, at a time when he little thought that what is called a good heart was seated in the brain. Some of the organs became first evident to him in the heads of brutes. Thus the difference between the heads of graminivorous and carnivorous animals pointed out what he then called the carnivorous instinct —murder; and which now is termed by the modified name of destructiveness. The innate love of offspring, so necessary to every breathing thing, he found by the difference which exists between the skulls of males and females in general; although he did not know exactly what faculty the occipital protuberance denoted, until he perceived it most strongly in female monkeys, whose attachment to their young is so extraordinary.

Thus it was that Dr. Gall proceeded in comparing the manifestations of the mind with the development and form of the brain, until he had ascertained the situation and functions of twenty-seven organs; all of which he looks upon to be as clearly demonstrated, as observations multiplied in various bearings, repeated upon an incredible number of individuals, and continued during a long life, can demonstrate anything.

Now, if all these observations are correct, we cannot sufficiently commend the Baconian spirit with which they were conducted. It is not very probable that, when Dr. Gall was a young

student of medicine in a German university, he had acquired much intimacy with the writings of the great English chancellor; yet he certainly adhered to his mode of amassing knowledge as closely as if Lord Bacon had rocked him in his cradle. Not a single fact was assumed without repeated observation and verification; not a truth was admitted without proof; no *a priori* conceptions were greeted as demonstrations. Still less is it credible that when Gall was hunting after birds-nests, led by the local memory of his companion Scheidler; less again, that, when, having seen nine winters in the Schwartzwald, he measured the projecting eyes of his schoolmates, he had heard of the lord of Verulam; yet in no single instance was he found tripping in his researches. By an innate impulse, he followed, unconsciously, the precepts of Bacon, and of nature,—because Bacon, Gall, and nature were the same,—as unerringly as if the *Novum Organum* had been his primer. Thus say the phrenologists.

The system of Dr. Gall, then, they continue, was, as appears in his writings, the result of observation; and to determine its validity nothing was necessary but to verify whether those observations were accurate or not. That a facility for learning by heart is accompanied by prominent eyes is, if true, an independent fact, standing by itself, leaning on no other fact: it is an oak of the forest, not a parasite fungus. Inquiry might stop there, and say, "I know that you can learn by heart with ease, because I see that your eyes are prominent;" and the assertion would not be either more or less true, be the function assigned to what cause, to what member, to what organization, it may. If, however, the physiology of the function can be ascertained—if its connexion with a certain part of the body can be traced—if it can receive the support of anatomy—inasmuch as anatomy can explain any animal function, it must be confessed that assurance becomes doubly sure.

The visible and tangible signs of the twenty-seven faculties, announced by Dr. Gall, were found upon the external surface of the head; but to attribute them to the muscular integuments would be absurd: still more irrational would it be to suppose that the bony covering, the dura or the pia mater, the tunica arachnoides, had any share in the operations of the mind. In the brain only could the seat of the moral powers be placed; and to it the attention of the author was immediately directed.

It is now time to introduce to the reader's acquaintance the second person whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose anatomical labours bear so conspicuous a part in the promotion of phrenology. Little had been done to connect this science with anatomy; and the dissection of the brain by some ap-

propriate method was yet a desideratum, when Dr. Spurzheim, of whom more ample notice shall presently be taken, became the pupil, and afterwards the associate, of Dr. Gall.

The mode of examining this viscus then in practice among anatomists, and not yet entirely abandoned, was, after removing the membranes which enclose it, to cut through it in different directions, to scrape away a large portion of its substance to show the falx cerebri, the corpus callosum, the fissura silvii, the tuberculæ quadrigeminæ, the fornix, and the septum lucidum, together with many other parts, of which the *names* are well known and barbarous, but of which compassion on the reader's jaws and mind forbids the enumeration. To Drs. Gall and Spurzheim this entire method appeared faulty, and they were induced to invent some other mode. Not that they expected anatomy to be more indiscreet in revealing the secrets of nature on this than on any other occasion, or to tell why and how the brain thought and felt, any more than why the liver secreted bile. They knew that the structure of an organ seldom denotes its functions; but they knew also that anatomy and physiology cannot be in contradiction. The most obvious method was to examine, in the dead body, whether the volume of the brain, in the region where an organ was supposed to be situated, bore a settled proportion to the manifestation which the living subject had given of the corresponding power of mind. This question was investigated by experiment; and it was ascertained, by the inspection of a very great number of subjects, that the volume and the faculty were in constant unison.

This was an immense step; but "*nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*," Drs. Gall and Spurzheim were still anxious to obtain more satisfactory knowledge of the structure of the brain. The figures and drawings which transverse cuts of the cerebellum offer, the arbor vitæ, however picturesque, did not content them. A fortunate accident occurred at length, and one more mystery of nature was explained.

A woman who had been afflicted from her youth with hydrocephalus, died of an inflammation of the bowels at the age of fifty-four. Her head was found to contain four pounds of water; and this liquor had so insinuated itself into every little cavity,—had so divided every little vessel from the substance in which it was imbedded, that their texture became immediately visible. Drs. Gall and Spurzheim then endeavoured to find a method which they might substitute at pleasure for that which diseased nature had employed in the case of this woman, and of many other hydrocephali. It was not, indeed, till they reached Paris that, stimulated by some objections made, as shall presently be related, by the

French Institute, they fully assured themselves of the most effectual methods of performing this important operation. There they discovered that if the brain be macerated in nitric acid, diluted with alcohol, or in alcohol alone, if it be boiled for twelve or fifteen minutes in oil; if a small jet of water be projected upon any part of it from a syringe; or if it be blown upon through a blow-pipe, a separation is effected which answers every purpose. By introducing the hand, too, between the convolutions, a division may be operated; and by any of these means the structure of the brain becomes as evident as when it has been macerated for years in the morbid serosity of hydrocephalus.

Previously to these anatomists, the brain was considered as a pulpy mass, in which the whole nervous system had its origin. If by chance any attempt was made to assign a function to any particular part, to explain its use or nature, the success was as small as the epithets by which those parts were named were uncouth. Neither was this extraordinary. Let us suppose that any muscle of the body, the soleus maximus for instance, had always been cut through transversely, it would always have presented a transverse section of its mass; but no such idea as we now have of its fibrous texture could have been formed. But the mere inspection of a muscle at once denotes a fibrous texture, which in the brain is not so evident; and the phrenological anatomists have the merit of a very important discovery, in showing that the white substance of the brain is not less truly fibrous than the soleus maximus. And here would be the place to introduce some anatomical details in support of our doctrine, but in pity to our general readers we shall refrain. We can, however, assure them, that every fact evinced by dissection is in our favour, and we defy our antagonists to the proof. Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have most triumphantly answered every objection on this head, and dread not to encounter any more which can be adduced. Let it be remembered merely that two great facts have been incontrovertibly established:—1st, the possibility of unrolling the convolutions of the brain; 2d, the fibrous texture of the white substance.

Before Dr. Gall had received all the lights which the collateral sciences could throw upon his doctrine, and supported principally by the plain fact, abundantly ascertained, that a certain form of the head constantly accompanied a particular mental power, he began to communicate his knowledge to others. He was at that time established as a physician at Vienna, a city not very remarkable for the brilliancy of its scientific lights. His auditors were not numerous, but they were select; among them were Professors Froriep, Walther, Martens, who published accounts of what they had heard; and lastly, the best of all, Dr. Spurzheim, who,

already advanced in the study of physic, became his pupil in 1800, and in 1804 his associate. Dr. Gall at first spoke only of the elevations and depressions on the cranium, as denoting the presence or the absence of determinate dispositions and talents; neither could he then speak of much more. This imperfect state of his doctrine entailed upon it a disadvantage which it has hardly yet surmounted; and exposed it to very absurd criticism and ridicule, under the names of craniology, cranioscopy, (recollect, gentle reader, that phrenologists, not the *Foreign Quarterly*, speak,) bumps, protuberances, &c. When, however, he became strengthened by the positive conclusions of anatomy, and by the cheering analogies of physiology, he grew more confident in his system; and that confidence imparted to it a form and pressure more worthy of so vast a subject. His conversations at length assumed the appearance of lectures; but he had not continued them long, when the Austrian government took the alarm, conceiving that to explain the functions of the brain, and to improve its anatomy, must be dangerous to society. An order was issued, prohibiting all private lectures, unless by special permission. The doctor was reduced to silence, but as the government was less solicitous about the morality of strangers than of its own subjects, leave was granted to corrupt them by teaching them the pernicious doctrine, and one or two Englishmen thus learnt what the Austrians know not yet, that the brain is of some use. It is not surprising, that they who have the largest portion of this organ should be the most curious to know to what end it is given.

In the year 1805, our masters, warmed with the zeal of proselytism, turning their backs upon the lofty steeple of St. Stephen's Kirche, to find their world elsewhere, sallied forth to attack the reigning cerebral and metaphysical doctrines of their fellow-creatures. They travelled together, pursuing their researches in common, to more than thirty towns of Germany, Holland, and Switzerland, and never stopped till they reached Paris. This itinerancy has been made the subject of reproach to them in this country; but we are all too apt to judge of others by ourselves. The habits of the nations which they wished to convert required such a mode of proceeding. Their own native land, divided into many petty states, has innumerable little points, but no one large focus of light. From the one to the other of these thought travels as slowly as the slumbering note twanged through the twisted horn and snaps-swallowing throat of a Westphalian postboy. In Holland it advances about as rapidly as an Amsterdam Cupid, flying on the wings of Love, in a Dutch trekschuit. In France there is one great metropolis of wit, as flashy as it is frivolous; and in this, words, with the ideas annexed to them, if any there be,

whiffle about from the Faubourg St. Germain to the Faubourg St. Honoré, and back again across the Pont de Louis XVI., in the cutting of a caper; but this emporium stands in the dreary middle of a vast wild, and preaching anywhere but in Paris to the French nation would literally be preaching in the desert. In Britain, on the contrary, a new idea mounts a mail-coach, drawn by four blood-horses, with plated harness, as light as the chariot of Queen Mab, and sweeps along with Macadamized speed and Magna Charta security, from Land's End to John o'Groat's house, in as short a time as Puck would take to "put a girdle round about the earth." Everywhere the fame of our professors had preceded them—everywhere new discoveries awaited them; and they had not gone one half of their round among the German universities, before they had met with more applause and more opposition than they had experienced in all their former lives.

A feature of these memorable travels was the visit of Dr. Gall to the prison of Berlin, and the fortress of Spandau. On the 17th of April, 1805, in the presence of the chiefs of the establishment; of the inquisitors of the criminal department; of various counsellors; and of many other witnesses, he was conducted to the prison at Berlin, where upwards of two hundred culprits, of whom he had never heard till that moment, to whose crimes and dispositions he was a total stranger, were submitted to his inspection. Dr. Gall lays much weight upon this visit, as a very great practical test of the truth of his system; and the result is official, being witnessed by persons in the employment of the Prussian government, and preposed for that purpose.

Dr. Gall immediately pointed out, as a general feature in one of the wards, an extraordinary development in the region of the head where the organ of theft is situated, and in fact every prisoner there was a thief. Some children, also detained for theft, were then shown to him; and in them, too, the same organ was very prominent. In two of them particularly it was excessively large; and the prison-registers confirmed his opinion that these two were most incorrigible. In another room, where the women were kept apart, he distinguished one drest exactly like the others, occupied like them, and differing in no one thing but in the form of her head. "For what reason is this woman here," asked Gall, "for her head announces no propensity to theft?" The answer was, "She is the inspectress of this room." One prisoner had the organs of benevolence and of religion as strongly developed as those of theft and cunning; and his boast was, that he never had committed an act of violence, and that it was repugnant to his feelings to rob a church. In a man named Fritze, detained for the murder of his wife, though his crime was not proved, the organs of cunning and

firmness were fully developed; and it was by these that he had eluded conviction. In Maschke, he found the organ of the mechanical arts, together with a head very well organized in many respects; and his crime was coining. In Troppe he saw the same organ. This man was a shoemaker, who, without instruction, made clocks and watches, to gain a livelihood in his confinement. On a nearer inspection, the organ of imitation was found to be large. "If this man had ever been near a theatre," said Gall, "he would in all probability have turned actor." Troppe, astonished at the accuracy of this sentence, confessed that he had joined a company of strolling-players for six months. His crime, too, was having personated a police-officer, to extort money. The organs of circumspection, prudence, foresight, were sadly deficient in Heisig, who, in a drunken fit, had stabbed his best friend. In some prisoners he found the organ of language, in others of colour, in others of mathematics; and his opinion in no single instance failed to be confirmed by the known talents and dispositions of the individual.

On the 20th of April the visit was made at Spandau, in presence of the privy-councillor Hufeland, one of the most philosophic physicians of his age; and of several other official persons of similar respectability. Four hundred and seventy heads were submitted to inspection. In every robber the organ of theft was highly developed, accompanied by various other organs in the different individuals. In one Dr. Gall perceived the organ of mathematics strongly pronounced; together with others denoting skill in the mechanical arts. This man, Kunisch, had in fact committed several robberies, in which his dexterity had much assisted him, and his address was such, that he was intrusted with the care of the spinning-machines in the house of correction. Gall asked him whether he had any knowledge of calculation? "Do you think I could put together a piece of work like this, if I could not calculate the effects?" An old woman, in whose head theft, theosophy, and love of offspring were the prominent organs, confessed the justice of her punishment, and returned thanks to God for having placed her in that establishment; for since her confinement, her children, whom she herself could not have educated, had been sent to an orphan-house. Albert, distinguished for his haughtiness to his fellow-prisoners, was an example of a strong development of the organ of self-esteem. Regina Dœring, an infanticide, was presented to him among a band of robbers, but he immediately called to Dr. Spurzheim to remark how in one organ her head resembled that of a servant of his at Vienna, a very excellent person in all other respects, but who delighted in killing animals. In Kunow, he found the organ

of music predominant; and it appeared that all the misfortunes of this person proceeded from his having ruined himself by this his ruling passion. Raps had the organs of theft, of murder, and of benevolence, highly developed. His crime was having robbed an old woman, round whose neck he had fastened a rope with intent to strangle her, but having completed his robbery, an emotion of pity prompted him to return and loosen the rope, by which act the life of the old woman was saved. Such is an extract of the narrative of these celebrated visits to the prisons of Berlin and Spandau, which, in their day, attracted much notice throughout Germany.

But the great trial still awaited our travellers at the bar of the French Institute; and there they presented themselves, to receive official support or condemnation, in the face of expectant Europe.

The Institute was then in all its glory. In proportion as Buonaparte had cannonaded, it had grown enlightened. As the hero was the referendary of military justice, so was it the areopagus of scientific truth. The chief of the anatomical department was M. Cuvier; and he was the first member of this learned body to whom Drs. Gall and Spurzheim addressed themselves.

M. Cuvier is a man of known talents and acquirements; and his mind is applicable to many branches of science. But what equally distinguishes him with the versatility of his understanding, is the suppleness of his opinions. He received the German doctors with much politeness. He requested them to dissect a brain privately for him and a few of his learned friends; and he attended a course of lectures given purposely for him and a party of his selection. He listened with much attention, and appeared well-disposed toward the doctrine; and the writer of this article heard him express his approbation of its general features, in a circle which was not particularly private.

About this time, the Institute had committed an act of extraordinary courage, in venturing to ask permission of Buonaparte to award a prize medal to Sir H. Davy, for his admirable galvanic experiments, and was still in amaze at its own heroism. Consent was obtained; but the soreness of national defeat rankled deeply within. When the First Consul was apprized that the greatest of his comparative anatomists had attended a course of lectures by Dr. Gall, he broke out as furiously as he had done against Lord Whitworth; and at his levee he rated the wise men of his land for allowing themselves to be taught chemistry by an Englishman, and anatomy by a German; *sat verbum.* The wary citizen altered his language. A commission was named by the Institute to report upon the labours of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; M.

Cuvier drew up the report. In this he used his efforts, not to proclaim the truth, but to diminish the merits of the learned Germans. Whenever he could find the most distant similarity between the slightest point of their mode of operating, and any thing ever done before, he dwelt upon it with peculiar pleasure; and lightly touched upon what was really new. He even affected to excuse the Institute for having taken the subject into consideration at all, saying that the anatomical researches were entirely distinct from the physiology of the brain, and the doctrine of mental manifestations. Of this part of the subject Buonaparte, and not without cause, had declared his reprobation; and M. Cuvier was too great a lover of liberty not to submit his opinion to that of his Consul. His assertion, too, that the anatomy of the brain had nothing to say to its mental influence, he knew to be in direct opposition to fact; but even the meagre credit which he did dare to allow to the new mode of dissection, he wished to dilute with as much bitterness as he could. So unjust and unsatisfactory, so lame and mutilated did the whole report appear, that the authors of the new method published an answer, in which they accused the commissaries of not having repeated their experiments. Such was the reception which the science, that we (phrenologists) now see spreading over the globe, met with from the Academy of the Great Nation.

In November, 1807, Dr. Gall, assisted by Dr. Spurzheim, delivered his first course of public lectures in Paris; and these the writer of this article heard with intense interest. His assertions were supported by a numerous collection of skulls, heads, casts; by a multiplicity of anatomical, by a multiplicity of physiological facts. Great, indeed, was the ardour excited among the Parisians by the presence of the men, who, as they supposed, could tell their fortunes by their heads, as well as Mademoiselle le Normand could do with a pack of cards; and chiromancy was abandoned for cranioscopy. Every one wanted to get a peep at the necromancers; every one was anxious to give them a dinner or a supper; and the writer of this article actually saw a list on which an eager candidate was delighted to inscribe himself for a breakfast, distant only three months and a half; at which breakfast he sat a wondering guest. But this was nearly all the harvest which phrenology reaped in Paris; and the season was not as long as the roll of festivals which curiosity had cooked. Though Dr. Gall has been a constant resident there, and has delivered lectures whenever an opportunity occurred, the public is not phrenological: though Dr. Spurzheim has done all in his power to diffuse the science there, it has remained recluse. Some periodical publications in England have much overrated the at-

tention paid to it among our neighbours; but in truth the French have thought little upon it, neither will they think upon it, until their minds are more seriously bent upon a study which hitherto they have much neglected,—the study of the human being in other parts besides nerves and muscles. As a proof of this, we will mention that, in 1824, the government of that nation, as wise as that of Austria had been, prohibited the delivery of all lectures without its special permission; and Dr. Spurzheim was obliged to confine himself to private conversations at his own house. This proceeding, which no rulers of a truly enlightened people would have dared to attempt, was the death-blow to all phrenological inquiry in France, and an apt reply to the lucubrations of the New Edinburgh Review, which had pompously stated that the French were greater proficients in phrenology than the British. It must have been sufficient to disgust Dr. Spurzheim with every project of continuing his instructions there; and is most probably the reason why, within the last two years, he has taken this country so entirely under his tuition, and made it most essentially his phrenological domain.

It is probable, however, that, long before this time, a mind like Dr. Spurzheim's must have seen that the soil really appropriated to the seeds of his doctrine was profound, reflecting England, where every power of thought is kept so much within its own province, and is so well employed there, and where so important a branch of philosophy would be received with all due reverence. As soon as the communications were open, he came to this island, and repaired to London. The moment was not propitious. The nation was still smarting with the scars of war. Many things, too, had indisposed it to the lore of Germany; it was jealous and touchy upon the subject of quackery. Mesmer, Mainaduke, Perkins, the morbid sentimentalism of Miss Anne Plumptre's translations, had made it so; and Dr. Spurzheim had to struggle against all these obstacles.

The campaign was opened by a dissection of the brain, at the Medico-Chirurgical Society's in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and the novelty, as well as the truth of the demonstration, that this viscus is composed of fibres, created no small surprise among the learned audience. The choice of such a mode to enter upon the subject was eminently judicious, as it placed it at once upon a respectable footing, by making an appeal to science. The effect in its favour, however, was not so general as might have been expected. When a course of lectures was delivered, not more than forty auditors were present; neither did a second course attract a more numerous circle.

From London, Dr. Spurzheim proceeded to Bath, Bristol,

Cork, and Dublin, where also he delivered lectures. He then proceeded to Scotland. If, during his excursion, the harvest of proselytes was not yet very great, the additions to his observations were extensive and interesting; and it is much to be wished that he may one day publish his remarks upon the different races which he clearly distinguished, spread like horizontal strata over the land through which he travelled. In the Scottish capital another fate attended him, and a decisive moment was approaching. There, as in London, he opened his campaign by the dissection of the nervous mass; but the circumstances of the demonstration were highly piquant.

The writings of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, conjointly and separately, had attracted the attention of our periodical critics, and an article had appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1815, in which these authors were most heartily reviled. Hardly an opprobrious epithet in the language was omitted on their moral, as on their intellectual, characters, and they were roundly called fools and knaves. The conclusion is as follows:—" The writings of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have not added one fact to the stock of our knowledge respecting either the structure or the functions of man; but consist of such a mixture of gross errors, extravagant absurdities, downright mis-statements, and unmeaning quotations from Scripture, as can leave no doubt, we apprehend, in the minds of honest and intelligent men, as to the real ignorance, the real hypocrisy, and the real empiricism of the authors." Should phrenology prove false, the sagacity of this article will be most brilliant, even though, from beginning to end, it attempts no means of refutation but assertion. Should the doctrine prove true, then that production will be held by all men, as it now is by phrenologists, as the most flippant, pert, vulgar, ignorant, and presumptuous, that ever appeared in that able collection; and very wise, or very weak indeed, must be the physiologist to whom the works there criticized can teach nothing.

The intention of Dr. Spurzheim always was to visit the Scottish Athens, but this article confirmed it. He procured one letter of introduction for that city, and but one; that was to the reputed author of the vituperating essay. He visited him, and obtained permission to dissect a brain in his presence. The author himself was a lecturer on anatomy, and the dissection took place in his lecture-room. Some eyes were a little more, or a little less, clear-sighted than others, for they saw, or thought they saw, fibres. A second day was named. The room was as full as it could be, particularly as an intermediate bench was reserved for Dr. Spurzheim to carry round the subject of inquiry to every spectator. There, with the *Edinburgh Review* in one hand, and

a brain in the other, he opposed fact to assertion. The writer of the article still believed the *Edinburgh Review*, but the public believed the anatomist; and that day won over near five hundred witnesses to the fibrous structure of the white substance of the brain, while it drew off a large portion of admiring pupils from the antagonist lecturer.

Thus aided by success, Dr. Spurzheim opened a course of lectures on the anatomy and the functions of the brain, and its connection with mind. He used to say to the Scotch, "You are slow, but you are sure; I must remain some time with you, and then I'll leave the fruit of my labours to ripen in your hands. This is the spot from which, as from a centre, the doctrines of phrenology shall spread over Britain."

These predictions proved true. Converts flocked in on all sides: the incredulous came and were convinced. After a residence of seven months, Dr. Spurzheim returned to London; but the seeds of phrenological folly or wisdom were sown, and so rapidly did they germinate, that it would almost seem there was not a good plant among them.

After an absence of three years from Paris, Dr. Spurzheim returned there, and did not visit England again until 1825. Meanwhile, the voices of phrenologists, the clamours of the enemies of the science, were loud. The doctrine of phrenology had set the Old and the New Town, from the Calton Hill to the Castle, in a brain fever, a cerebral fermentation, which continued to send up bubbles, froth, and ardent spirit in phrenological confusion, until the year 1820, when, on February 22, the ebullition subsided, by the formation of a society, at the head of which stands the name of Mr. G. Combe. This gentleman had begun by being a sceptic, but, by degrees, he was convinced, and is now an ardent sectary. He was, we (phrenologists) believe, the proposer, and is the president of the earliest phrenological society formed in this world; and his zeal and his writings, his perseverance, and his abilities, have placed him very high among British phrenologists.

In the beginning, this society was without heads or brains; and a phrenological society without heads or brains is still poorer than a mineralogical society without quartz or corundum, or a geological society without gneiss or granite. The penury was quickly supplied by ample donations. Not only skulls and masks, but the other necessary appendages just named, poured in from every side, insomuch that never did a learned body exist which had such a profusion of them for its own and others' use. Their collection increased most rapidly, and was liberally left open to public inspection. Their meetings were periodical; and in 1823 they published a volume of phrenological transactions, which, if the

science be not false, will long be esteemed. They gave an example, too, of candour at least, which was soon followed, and similar societies were formed in many other cities. Edinburgh had to wipe away a large offence committed against phrenology, and thus did she make amends.

It would be long to enumerate all the successes and triumphs which this new science now obtained in the shape of societies, collections of busts, lectures fully attended in different parts of the British empire. London, Exeter, Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool, Cork, Hull, Dublin, Paisley, Dundee, vied with each other, according to their means, to learn and diffuse the science; and, in an instant, as soon as the doctrine was fairly stated, more phrenologists sprung up among us than during twenty years in the country where Drs. Gall and Spurzheim had been residing all that time.

In the British colonies, too, phrenology has not been neglected; and Dr. Murray Paterson, in the East India Company's service, delivered lectures at Calcutta, where a phrenological society was about to be formed.

But the freest of nations must always be that in which whatever relates to the study of man will excite the greatest interest. Without such knowledge, indeed, liberty cannot exist. Such is a cause of the warm reception which phrenology has met with among its partisans in England, and of the no less warm opposition of its adversaries. The reverse, too, has procured it a tepid attention in France; for, whatever be the forms of liberty there, its spirit is yet to be born. It is, then, easy to conjecture what may be the mind of the United States of America toward this doctrine. Dr. Caldwell, medical professor in Pensylvania University, has edited "Elements of Phrenology," and delivered lectures in Baltimore, Washington, &c.; and in one of the American Universities, a professor of phrenology is as regularly announced as of moral philosophy, or of anatomy, of chemistry, or of history, Neither have all the European States been heedless of it; and the city of Copenhagen boasts of Drs. Otto and Hoppe.

It must not, however, be supposed, continue the phrenologists, that all this was effected in Britain without opposition or ill-will. The clamour against phrenology was loud and mobbish. The laughing journals scoffed, the weeping ones lamented; some would have put it down by authority, some by ecclesiastical anathema. It would be too long and doleful to tell all the means to which some—few, indeed—resorted, to crush it without a hearing. But it is a principle in British law, because it is a feeling in British justice, that a man taken in the very act of murder shall not be dragged off to the first lantern-post, and there hanged

without judge or jury. The same sentiment pervades all our decisions; and while some roared out that Drs. Gall and Spurzheim should be tied up in a sack with their evil deeds and drowned as witches, others demanded, as did a dying Irish judge —Lord Kilwarden—for his assassins, that they should be tried by the laws of God and of their country. A hearing has been obtained; the trial is now proceeding; and all that we (phrenologists) pretend to do is to address the jury, not for favour or for rigour, not for mercy or for fury—but for justice.

The doctrine, as it is now taught and received in the countries just mentioned, does not exactly coincide with the original ideas of Dr. Gall, neither is his view of some of the details, at this moment, in all respects the same as that which Dr. Spurzheim has taken. Immense as have been the toils and labours of the creator of phrenology, it was decreed that his fate should still be human; and that his life should not close without his learning, that, vast as was his horizon, it was not yet the limits of the earth.

The mind of Dr. Spurzheim, in our opinion (phrenologists), seems to have been cast in a still more metaphysical mould than that of Dr. Gall, who, though he has shown very uncommon acuteness in his abstract inquiries upon mind, has yet left some points so feeble as to endanger the whole system. As an example —and it is the most striking of all—Dr. Gall attributed to the same organs,—pride, the love of authority, self-esteem in man, and the predilection which some animals show for elevated regions, as the wild goat, the eagle, &c. Now this even his best-disposed partisans found rather hard to grant; for it is not easy to admit that moral and physical height are one and the same thing. This piece of doctrine cooled his friends, heated his enemies, and stood in strong opposition to the adoption and diffusion of his system. Dr. Spurzheim felt the necessity of examining it more closely. The part of the brain where this organ is placed by Gall, is prominent sometimes in the upper, sometimes in the under, portion; consequently it is not one organ; for the very essence of an organ is to be one and entire. Hence, then, Dr. Spurzheim inferred two organs; and experience has confirmed his conjecture. To one of these he attributes self-esteem, to the other the love of habitation; and thus has rescued the system from the ridicule thrown upon it by confounding two such opposite sentiments as those which prompt a man to esteem himself, and a chamois to climb a mountain; while, at the same time, he has shown the connection which might have led to the error, as long as the separation was not made.

Another of Dr. Spurzheim's modifications was a similar analysis of the faculty of music. The well-known fact that there are

many excellent harmonists who are but indifferent timeists, and *vice versa*, induced him to conclude that an organ of music must be composed of an organ of tone and an organ of time; and he directed his researches towards the discovery. Experience and observation have authorized him to resolve the former simple organ into the two separate ones just mentioned; and his opinion has been adopted by all the phrenologists of this island.

In like manner it occurred to Dr. Spurzheim that poetry could not depend upon a simple faculty, but that it must have its origin in more powers than one. Besides, there are persons endowed with a large development of the organ to which poetic inspiration is attributed, and who are not poets. A feeling for the grand and beautiful, which gives exaltation and rapture to the mind, Dr. Spurzheim considers to belong to this portion of the brain, and he terms it the organ of ideality, as one of its chief functions is to picture an ideal world of beauty and sublimity; to impart enthusiasm; and, in the fine arts, to accomplish very much of what has usually been attributed to imagination.

Dr. Spurzheim had met with persons in whom the organ of theosophy was large, and yet religious feelings feeble. He observed that some of these were antiquarians, others courtiers; in short, that the object of their respect was not always a Supreme Being. He suspected, then, that the fundamental feeling was not religion, but a mere propensity to respect and venerate. He termed it the organ of veneration, without specifying, in any manner, the thing which it venerates. When joined with the love of property, it may venerate wealth; with ambition, power; with vanity it makes a courtier; with eventuality an historian—an antiquarian. Among the organs enumerated by Dr. Gall, there is one in connection with visions, though none in combination with which veneration would select almighty power and supernatural agency for its object. Dr. Spurzheim, knowing how little man can exist without the knowledge and worship of a Supreme Being, turned his attention to the research of an organ and faculty which might guide him to that end; and in fact discovered one, which he named at first supernaturality, and afterwards marvellousness. This faculty directs veneration towards the worship of one or more supernatural beings, the choice and number of which are more select and noble, in proportion as the higher faculties are more developed and exercised.

Another proof of what we (phrenologists) consider as the superior analytical talent of Dr. Spurzheim, is the discovery he has made of separate organs, each destined to take cognizance of some special physical quality in objects. Dr. Gall had found an organ for the perception of colour; another for number; another

for place: but these discoveries did not lead him to the general conclusion, that all the other properties of bodies, as well as their colour, number, and place, would be bestowed in vain for man, if man had not the faculties by which he could perceive them. The analogies of the science indicated that their situation must be in the vicinity of the other organs destined to similar ends; and they have all been found in the ciliary ridge. They are—size; momentum, in which is included a very long catalogue of properties, once thought distinct from each other, but now known to be in fact but one; and order. The latter Dr. Spurzheim discovered in England, and order certainly is a characteristic of the nation.

The additions which Dr. Spurzheim has made to the number of the simple fundamental faculties of human beings, not before admitted by Dr. Gall, are, including marvellousness, eight. But it is not the number, it is the spirit of these modifications which phrenologists principally admire. If some persons accuse Dr. Spurzheim of having abandoned the Baconian severity of his predecessor, and of indulging himself in *a priori* hypotheses, those very conjectures prove the extent of his analytical sagacity. To do him justice in this respect, it is indispensable to distinguish between inductions and facts. No fact, the existence of no faculty or organ, was admitted by him upon conjectural evidence. Before he adopted any new power of mind, in conjunction with any yet unnoticed cerebral development, he waited, as rigorously as Gall could do, for the result of repeated observation; but to investigate such and such a region of thought, and of the brain—to turn his inquiries in this or that direction—he was, indeed, guided by his previous reflections and inductions. The truth of these time has proved, to his no small honour—if, indeed, they and all the rest be true; and he has the glory, not very common, of anticipating by meditation the prudent march of experiment. Whatever talent Dr. Gall may have shown in his early observations—however acute, and clear, and philosophic he may have been in his investigations, physiological and moral, he does not seem, at any period of his labours, to have been carried forward by preconceived notions respecting the primitive faculties, but to have proceeded from step to step as each successive conviction casually led him. This is not meant as a reproach to Dr. Gall; for the march of his mind was, perhaps, more steady and secure on that account; but the sagacity of Dr. Spurzheim, who, by general reason, foresaw the law of nature before he had proof of it, and afterwards proved it, is of a very high order. When metaphysicians reproached Dr. Gall with his mode of proceeding, and with not first determining what the primitive powers were, and then seeking out their organs in the brain, his constant answer

was, "Do you metaphysicians tell me what the primitive faculties are, and I'll find out the corresponding organs." But this they neither did, nor could do; and Gall continued, as some would say, empirically, to compare mental manifestations with cerebral development, until he determined their mutual dependance.

Another part of the system, which was not without its inconveniences, was its nomenclature. The first observations and conclusions of Dr. Gall could be made only in extreme cases; for, when a faculty and its organ are weak and small, they could not attract an inexperienced eye, as that of Gall, like that of other men, necessarily was, before he had become familiar with them. When, indeed, he had acquired the habit of observing them, their slightest modifications became visible; but the name which had been derived from the exaggeration of the faculty became inapplicable. The first determination of one organ was made in thieves, of another in murderers; and the one was very naturally called the organ of theft—the other the organ of murder. But these faculties exist among mankind in diminished forms, and in various modifications; and to call them constantly by these names would evidently be an abuse of language. In the use of these terms, however, Dr. Gall perseveres; while Dr. Spurzheim has adopted more proportionate epithets, calling the one the organ of acquisitiveness, from its wish to acquire—a wish which, when extreme, and not controlled by the superior sentiments and faculties, does prompt to theft; but which, when under the guidance of the moral sense, and aided by such mental powers as can promote its honest gratification, becomes a motive of most conscientious exertion: the other he calls destructiveness, implying the very first wish of an infant to tear and break an insect or a toy. "I saw," says Valeria to Virgilia in Coriolanus, speaking to her of her son, "his father's son, a very pretty boy,"—"I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it! Oh, I warrant how he mammocked it!" It includes, too, the very last measure of crime—murder, and assumes every intermediate degree, according to its development and its combinations. To call all these by one word certainly is not correct, however difficult it might have been to do otherwise, as long as the range and functions of a faculty were not determined; but the nomenclature of Dr. Spurzheim proceeds upon more philosophical views, although even that has been found subject to some objections. Neology is always displeasing, at least until the ideas on which it is founded are fully esta-

blished; and to embrace the entire scope of a faculty in one word is not easy, particularly as much yet remains to be settled with regard to the metaphysics of the faculties, though their general functions are fully determined. But without new words new ideas cannot be expressed; and without new ideas mankind rests stationary. Hallowed be the vices (the dulcia vitia) of language, which impart a truth unknown before!

To give the reader materials for judging the state of this German candidate for a place in philosophical society, and of knowing the two men to whom it owes its birth and progress, he is here presented with a diagram of the system such as Dr. Gall made, and still makes it; and of another comprising Dr. Spurzheim's latest modifications. As Dr. Gall has not himself translated his names into English, we give them in the original German, with an attempt of our own to explain them:—

No. 1. Zeugungstrieb—the instinct of generation.
No. 2. Jungenliebe, Kinderliebe—the love of offspring.
No. 3. Anhänglichkeit—friendship, attachment.
No. 4. Muth, Raufsinn—courage, self-defence.
No. 5. Würgsinn—murder, the wish to destroy.
No. 6. List, Schlauheit, Klugheit—cunning.
No. 7. Eigenthümsinn—the sentiment of property.
No. 8. Stolz, Hochmuth, Herschsucht—pride, self-esteem, haughtiness.
No. 9. Eitelkeit, Rhumsucht, Ehrgeitz—vanity, ambition.
No. 10. Behütsamkeit, Vorsicht, Vorsichtigkeit—cautiousness, foresight, prudence.
No. 11. Sachgedächtniss, Erziehungs-fähigkeit——the memory of things, educability.
No. 12. Ortsinn, Raumsinn—local memory.
No. 13. Personensinn—the memory of persons.
No. 14. Wortgedächtniss—verbal memory.
No. 15. Sprachforschungssinn—memory for languages.
No. 16. Farbensinn—colours.
No. 17. Tonsinn—music.
No. 18. Zahlensinn—number.
No. 19. Kunstsinn—aptitude for the mechanical arts.
No. 20. Vergleichender Scharfsinn—comparative sagacity, aptitude for drawing comparisons.
No. 21. Metaphysischer Tiefsinn—metaphysical depth of thought, aptitude for drawing conclusions.
No. 22. Witz—wit.
No. 23. Dichtergeist—poetry.
No. 24. Gutmüthigkeit, Mitleiden—good-nature.
No. 25. Darstellungssinn—mimickry.
No. 26. Theosophie—theosophy, religion.
No. 27. Festigkeit—firmness of character.

Dr. Spurzheim's arrangement of the faculties is comprised in orders, genera, &c.: they are:—

ORDER I. *Feelings, or Affective Faculties.*

Genus I. Propensities:—No. 1. Amativeness. No. 2. Philoprogenitiveness. No. 3. Inhabitiveness. No. 4. Adhesiveness. No. 5. Combativeness. No. 6. Destructiveness. No. 7. Secretiveness. No. 8. Acquisitiveness. No. 9. Constructiveness.

Genus II. Sentiments:—No. 10. Self-esteem. No. 11. Approbativeness. No. 12. Cautiousness.

Genus III. Superior Sentiments:—No. 13. Benevolence. No. 14. Veneration. No. 15. Firmness. No. 16. Conscientiousness. No. 17. Hope. No. 18. Marvellousness. No. 19. Ideality. No. 20. Mirthfulness, or Gayness. No. 21. Imitation.

ORDER II. *Understanding, or Intellect. External Senses—Feeling, Taste, Smell, Hearing, Sight.*

Genus II. Perceptive Faculties; the Intellectual Faculties which perceive the existence of external Objects and their physical Qualities:—No. 22. Individuality. No. 23. Configuration. No. 24. Size. No. 25. Weight and Resistance. No. 26. Colour.

Genus III. Intellectual Faculties which perceive the Relations of external Objects:—No. 27. Locality. No. 28. Calculation. No. 29. Order. No. 30. Eventuality. No. 31. Time. No. 32. Melody. No. 33. Language.

Genus IV. Reflective Faculties:—No. 34. Comparison. No. 35. Causality.

It is thus modified that Dr. Spurzheim has disseminated the doctrines of phrenology since he has fixed his residence in this island.

The attacks upon the science, however, have by no means become less virulent during this period; and its old enemy has again entered the lists. The LXXXVIIIth No. of the Edinburgh Review opens with an article which pretends to nothing less than to put down phrenology for ever, but which the sectaries hold to be a still more pitiful production than any that had preceded it in the same Review.

In reading this precious article *once* over, with a pencil in our hands, (say the phrenologists) we were induced no less than one hundred and fifty-three times to mark some passage which struck us as reprehensible, under one or other of the following heads:—1. Ignorance of every principle of phrenology, of the situation, size, functions, and value of the organs, and of the metaphysics of the phrenologists. 2. Ignorance of the general principles of human nature in its widest bearings. 3. Total inaptitude for philosophical pursuits and general science, and a mind the antipode of Baconian. 4. Unsound and confused notions upon every system of metaphysics. 5. Wilful misrepresentation of facts, doctrines, and opinions, *ad libitum.* 6. Phrenological facts

are never opposed by anti-facts, but by an ipse-dixit; by assertions, jokes and quibbles. 7. Some as dull jokes and stupid pleasantries as ever were cracked upon the heads of our German doctors. Time and space do not allow a special notice of this article at present, but until some benevolent critic shall undertake to give it due castigation, to point out all its bad faith, blunders and pretensions, one phrase must be noticed as a specimen of the philosophic mind of the author (page 296, line 20 to 27). "If it were really true that, &c. it is, in the first place, inconceivable that the discovery should have remained to be made in the beginning of the 19th century; and in the second place, still more inconceivable, that, after it was made, there should be anybody who could pretend to doubt of its reality." Admirable critic! profound philosopher! Adieu, then, all that has been brought to light since the year 1800, together with all that anybody doubts about! Nay, more, for if the critic fixes upon the opening of the present century as the æra at which he locks the gate of science, and throws the key into a fiery furnace, we will wall it round in 1700. Some other friend to the progress of truth will stifle it in 1600, and so on till the retrogradation of knowledge is complete. And then adieu Vesta, Juno, Pallas, and Ceres; potassium and sodium; hydrogen and oxygen; steam-engines and mull-jennies; the discoveries of Newton cannot be true, for *somebody* still doubts about them; and in fine, there is not either truth or knowledge upon earth, and none can henceforth ever be disclosed!

This article has drawn a reply from Mr. Combe, against whose work it was principally directed; and although this phrenologist has said more than is necessary to refute the flimsiness of the attack, he has by no means exposed all the weak points of his adversary, or held up the production to the contempt which it merits.

The efforts of the Edinburgh Reviewer, however, have been completely impotent to stop the spreading torrent of truth. On the contrary, they have assisted it so much, that we (phrenologists) hope he may never cease to write against us. About the time when the LXXXVIIIth No. of the Edinburgh Review appeared, Dr. Spurzheim visited Cambridge, and was received in that seat of exact learning with honors seldom bestowed before. By the influence of some of the members of that eminent body, the most distinguished for their characters and talents, permission was granted to deliver a course of lectures on phrenology, in the botanical lecture-room of the University; a favor never conferred on any who are not members of the establishment. The audience was most respectable, and increased as the course advanced; till,

towards the close, it amounted to 130, among whom were 57, partly professors, partly tutors, and fellows of the different colleges. The attentions paid to Dr. Spurzheim, personally, were most gratifying; and the impression made, not merely by his method of dissecting the brain, but by his phrenological doctrines, was as complete a refutation of the lame and impotent conclusions of the Edinburgh Reviewer as candour and science could desire. Now the University of Cambridge will generally be held as high authority as the man who writes that our faculties, viz. the love of approbation, acquisitiveness, cautiousness, &c., arise out of the constitution of human society, and not that human society is the result of human faculties (page 263, last lines); and who considers the ascending affections, as the love of children for parents, &c. to be as necessary and as natural instincts as the love of parents for their offspring (page 269).

From Cambridge Dr. Spurzheim proceeded to Bath and Bristol; and the managers of the literary institutions there have declared that, since those establishments were opened, no lectures had attracted so numerous a class. The London Institution, too, had a weekly lecture, attended by several hundreds of auditors; and the new mode of dissecting the brain was exhibited with entire success at St. Bartholemew's Hospital. Thus Dr. Spurzheim may deride the pert petulance of the ignorant.

But if the Edinburgh Review has not been able to prevent the public attention from being directed to phrenology, and convinced by truth, still less has it been able to arrest the accumulation of facts; and the XVth Number of the Phrenological* Journal (page 467), contains—what, in a certain slang dialect, would be called such a *plumper*, that nothing softer than the Reviewer's fact-proof cranium could resist it,—Mr. Deville's visit to the convict ship England, bound with 148 prisoners for New South Wales. This zealous practitioner, after examining the convicts, gave a memorandum of the inferred characters of each individual, and of the manner in which the propensities of each were likely to manifest themselves. The most desperate were accurately pointed out, and one man in particular, Robert Hughes, was noted as most dangerous, on account of his ferocity and dissimulation. A mutiny, at the head of which was this Hughes, was on the point of breaking out, and the conduct of every prisoner coincided most

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* A Trimestrial publication, as necessary to the lovers of this science as the Journal of the Royal Institution, Professor Jameson's or Dr. Brewster's Edinburgh Journals, &c. are to the friends of chemistry, natural philosophy, &c. This work at present is much superior to what it was in the beginning, and contains many very excellent dissertations on the metaphysics of phrenology, as well as a rich collection of undeniable facts.

accurately with Mr. Deville's predictions. The records of the whole transaction are now officially in the Victualling Office, and the following is extracted from a letter of Mr. Thomson, surgeon to the ship, to whose care the convicts were committed:—

"I have to thank you for your introduction to Deville and phrenology—Deville is right in every case but one, Thomas Jones; but this man can neither read nor write; and, being a sailor, he was induced to join the conspiracy to rise and seize the ship and carry her to South America, being informed by Hughes that he would then get his liberty. Observe how Deville has hit the real character of Hughes, and I will be grateful to Deville all my life, for his report enabled me to shut up in close custody the malcontents, and arrive here not a head minus, which, without the report, it is more than probable I could not have done. All the authorities here are become phrenologists."

Now the man who does not admit that to be a science which errs but once in 148 cases, must have little experience of what human science is. The visit to the convict ship England is the fair appendix to Dr. Gall's visit to the prisons of Germany; and here, at least, the practical use of phrenology cannot be denied. It is known that Mr. Deville has been applied to by some persons in the employment of government to examine another convict ship ready to sail for New South Wales; that he has complied with the request, and that the report of the surgeon, by which his prognostics will be either refuted or confirmed, is daily expected.

The science being thus brought down to its present condition, and the phrenologist having closed his pleadings, the adverse party must now be introduced; at the same time, for the sake of brevity, the answers shall be given. Many of the objections are anatomical, and would fatigue the reader; many of them must be omitted, but the most prominent shall be preserved. The works of the authors, the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, the Phrenological Transactions and Journals, the Report of the French Institute, and the answer to it, contain enough to satisfy the most curious.

To every objection that ever has been, or ever can be, brought against phrenology, one general answer might be given; and if we (phrenologists) were not very good sort of persons, we might dismiss our adversaries with one word: "Come to our schools and collections, and observe along with us, whether mental manifestations are, or are not, in constant proportion to cerebral development; whether a given shape of head is not always accompanied by a certain talent and a certain character. If this be not so, we are in error. If it be true, all that you can say upon this, that, or the other, cannot make it untrue; and our facts, the facts which we compel you to admit, cannot be destroyed by hypotheses or

pre-conceptions. But we will still listen to you, in order to show to the world of what nature your objections are; and because we are so strong in honesty, that your words pass by us as the idle wind.

You do not venture to assert, say the anti-phrenologists, that so soft a substance as the brain can give its form to the skull; or to maintain that it is not the bone which imprints its configuration on the pulpy aggregate. You know, reply the phrenologists, that the cranium is formed *after* the brain; that its bones, at first cartilaginous and soft, follow, as they become hardened, the structure of the cerebral mass, assume its shapes, and very accurately represent its hills and hollows. Observation confirms this fact, and you yourselves know many analogous to it. Are not the bones of adults often warped from their natural shape by the constant action of the muscles? and do not the bones of hydrocephalic skulls expand and recede according to the quantity of water contained in the head?

You know, say the anti-phrenologists, that the internal and the external plates of the bones of the skull are not parallel, consequently the impressions made upon the one are not always perceptible upon the other. Hence then, even admitting that the brain gives its form to the internal plate, you cannot judge of it externally; and all your inductions are false.—We do know that the plates are not always parallel, and that their deviation often amounts to one or two-tenths of an inch. But the difference in heads amounts to one inch, sometimes to two inches; that is to say, to as many inches as the deviation from parallelism does to tenths of an inch. Now, when you prove that a tenth part is equal to the whole, we will admit your objections.

You, continue the opponents, produce the fibrous appearance in the white mass of the brain, by always scraping in the same direction with your dissecting-knife.—Had the dissecting-knife teeth, like a comb, there might be some plausibility in your remark; but, whatever be the process we employ,—maceration, ebullition, congelation,—the fibrous appearance is constantly the same. Now, a result obtained by so many different processes must be in nature, not in any particular method of proceeding.

But the great, the overwhelming objections under which, with Sir Everard Home* at our head, say, thirdly, the anti-phrenologists, we shall bury you and your science for ever, although you think that you can shake them to air like dew-drops from the

* Sir Everard Home is accused by phrenologists, 1st, Of not understanding their doctrines; 2dly. Of wilfully misrepresenting the little which he does know about them; 3dly, Of attempting to appropriate to himself some of the discoveries of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, to which he has not and could not have the slightest pretensions.

lion's mane, are those derived from incidents which have happened to different parts of the brain; while the faculties attached to those parts have not been diminished or impaired. Innumerable cases are quoted of cerebral wounds without any injury to the mental powers, by surgeons in every age and country. In one of these a bullet was found upon the pineal gland, after many years innocuous residence there. A boy lost a piece of his brain as large as a pigeon's egg, but not a jot of his reason. Stones, halberds, pistol-balls, knives, stilettos, abscesses, cysts, steatomous tumours, excrescences, cavities, have been detected after death; while, in the living subject, no diminution of intellect had been perceived. Sometimes a fragment of the right, sometimes of the left hemisphere; at others a good lump of the cerebellum has been carried away, and no harm done; nay, the mental powers have been so tenacious in some individuals, that they have continued to keep their seat, even amid a general ossification of the cerebral mass, or its total solution in the waters of hydrocephalus. The authorities upon which these facts rest are formidable, for among them stand the names of Abernethy, Duvernay, Earle, J. Hunter, Ambrose Paré, Petit, Pringle, &c., with many others, *quos nunc describere longum est*.

If, say Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, and their associates, all these observations were as correct as their authors state them to be, not only phrenology would be subverted *ab imo fundo*, but it would be impossible to maintain that the brain performed any intellectual functions, or indeed any functions except that of terminating the columnar structure of man with a round nob, on which Quakers hang broad-brimmed hats. Were the mass, said to be fibrous, converted to bone, without a loss of any faculty—vital, animal, intellectual; were it really liquid, and addled, as it then might be, and no thought or action weakened, this surely is the inevitable consequence. But the vague indefinite manner in which all these examples are produced, save the head and its contents from the imputation of being useless appendages, and give phrenology a chance of a little longer life than its opponents wish. In order to ascertain whether an injury done to any material organ is followed by the disease of any function, the direct method is to observe whether the function attached to that organ is diseased or not. Thus let locomotion be supposed to depend upon the soleus maximus; to ascertain this, we should observe whether, when this muscle is injured, the power of locomotion be impaired or not. The same process should be followed with the brain. If an ounce or two of the organ of cautiousness be carried away, as in one case it seemed to have been, we should not examine whether the faculty of music, of eventuality, had been

diminished or increased, but whether the poor patient were more or less cautious than he was before. If we confine our inquiry to faculties which do not belong to the part affected of the brain, we shall obtain as satisfactory answers as we should if we were to conclude that, because smell and taste were not directly impaired when the abductor oculi, or the constrictor oris, is cut across, the patient suffered no injury but pain; or that, because he could still walk and hear, he could turn the globe of the eye outwards, or purse up his mouth as well as ever. But this, say the anti-phrenologists, is begging the question, and supposing proved the assertion which we deny; viz., that the brain is a congeries of many organs. It is not begging the question, answer Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; it is merely assuming, for a moment, the fact which we wish to demonstrate, in order the more readily to come to a conclusion; for, if the diminution of the faculty does not accompany the injury done to the organ, we will cease to say that such is the cerebral seat of cautiousness, of music, &c.; and if, by the same mode, what we have asserted of each portion of the brain be disproved, we give up phrenology for ever. What we do maintain is, that our predecessors and opponents did not possess the due means of observing the facts which they have stated; for, instead of looking for the faculties which we attach to the injured parts above quoted, they endeavour to find there, not merely powers which do not belong to those parts, but powers which we do not allow to exist in man as simple fundamental faculties—perception, memory, judgment, imagination, &c. These, indeed, as understood by the doctors of the old school, may very well survive a partial lesion of the brain. We say, too, that those cases have not been adduced against us with fairness, and we give an example of this. Dr. Ferriar quotes the case of the Duc de Guise, mentioned by Ambrose Paré: "A lance entered *under* the right eye, and came out at the neck, between the ear and the vertebræ; a piece of the steel remained there." So says Paré; and, in that direction the brain could hardly have been touched. But Dr. Ferriar says it entered *above* the eye. Besides Paré never says one word either about brain or faculty.

If the brain, say the phrenologists, be one organ, the organ of mind, then mind must be injured exactly in the same proportion as the brain is injured; that is to say, if one-tenth of the brain be destroyed, then one-tenth of each mental power—perception, memory, judgment, &c., must be destroyed along with it. Now we request the old metaphysicians to prove this; while we most satisfactorily account for the loss of one of our acknowledged innate faculties, when all the rest remain entire, by admitting a plurality of organs. And as to the non-destruction of a faculty, even when

its organ on one side of the head has totally disappeared, we explain it, as we do the continuance of the power of vision in a man who of two eyes has lost one. Every organ, every member of the human body is double, and has long been acknowledged to be so. The fact has been doubted, only since it became necessary to oppose phrenology.

The plurality of the organs is in one sweeping condemnation totally denied by the anti-phrenologists, while the assertors of the doctrine pretend to support it by many arguments. 1st, The analogy between the brain and the other portions of the nervous system declare that the former, like the latter, must be composed of parts, each of which has its separate functions. 2ndly, In taking a large view of the subject, and overlooking some partial anomalies, the brain is found to become more complicated in every class of animals, in proportion as that class stands higher in the scale of intellect. Thus, beginning with insects, fishes, proceeding upwards through birds to mammalia, through the most sagacious quadrupeds to man, this viscus is augmented by the addition of new parts. Some animals, indeed, have one portion greater, others another, according to their natures; but the number increases, as do the faculties, till in the most intellectual of all they become the most numerous. Even in the individuals of the human species, proportionate differences are observable; and whoever studies the heads of Bacon and of an idiot, must become half a phrenologist. 3rdly, The cerebral development takes place in all animals exactly in the regions where the faculties for which he is the most distinguished reside. 4thly, The different parts of the brain grow not simultaneously, but one after another; the growth of each part is invariably accompanied by the development of its concomitant faculty; and both organ and faculty are developed according to the demands of nature, at the various periods of our existence. Thus, in children, the perceptive faculties gain strength before the reflective faculties, because we must collect knowledge before we can reason upon it. 5thly, Intense application does not fatigue all the faculties, but only that which is in action, and we repose it by changing the object of our study. When the organ of number has been over-exercised by calculation, the organ of tone may yet be quite fresh, and we may be as well disposed to hear or to make music, as if no part of the brain were weary. Thus it is that gentle descents and risings in a road, as they bring different sets of muscles successively into action, are more advantageous than a dead level. Thus, too, change of posture rests the body. 6thly, When, by the over-excitation of an organ or faculty, monomania is induced, a cure is sometimes performed by exciting the action of another organ or faculty, and thus pro-

curing rest to the inflamed organ. 7thly, A faculty is injured whenever its organ is diseased, and the use of a faculty has been restored by restoring health to the organ. Topical applications to a part of the head have brought back the healthful action of the mental power attached to it. 8thly, The states of sleeping, waking, dreaming, and somnambulism can be satisfactorily explained only in the hypothesis of a plurality of organs. We regret that the space allotted to this article, already very long, prevents us from offering the phrenological theory of these interesting phenomena.

But the objections in which British readers are most likely to take a part, are those founded upon fatalism, materialism, and atheism. If say the anti-phrenologists, you attach the powers of intellect, the feelings, the passions, to the shape and organization of the body, that shape and that organization are decrees of fate. Weak, finite beings, men are no longer masters of their thoughts and actions, but bow before the mass of matter that composes them, as the reed before the storm. If you assert that we think and feel by means of material organs, then matter is our soul, and all the properties of that immortal essence are corruption, death, annihilation. If these be the laws of nature which you expound, then there may be no God, there is need of no God, and your system is as dreary and desolating as the worst that ever attempted to plunge mankind in cheerless scepticism, to root out hope and reason from our creed.

To all this, and to much more, phrenologists reply: Our doctrine does not in the least alter the questions of fatalism and materialism, but leaves them exactly where it found them. If you admit a Creator, you must admit him omnipotent; and, among the attributes of universal power, you must insert omniscience. That the Almighty reads the thoughts of our hearts before we form them, that he knows what every one of his creatures is before he has sent him into the world, is the inevitable consequence of omniscience. The spirit, the essence of all things, flow from his will; and, without it, nothing can be. Now, whether his pleasure be that good and evil, that the mingled nature of man should be inherent in human organization, or should exist independently of it, the fact of their existence is constant; the means alone are different. Whether it be by the fibres of his brain, or by his essential nature, that the created being becomes the perpetrator of harm, harm is not more or less his act—his lot. Whatever is is right. Whatever is is by the will of God. If the will of God be fate, every doctrine which admits a God endowed with will, as ruler of the universe, is fatalism; and divines and moralists are fatalists as we are. If, too, the influence of the Creator

over human thoughts and actions be fatalism, it is fatalism, whether exercised by spirit or by matter.

But it never was in our minds, continue Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, to say that this influence resided in matter, or that any mental faculty was substantial. We have, indeed, discovered innate powers in man, and found the organs by means of which these innate powers are manifested. But we did not, as you allege, ever confound the faculty with the organ. The faculty belongs to the soul, the organ to the body, and until the soul and body be confounded, the faculty and its organ must remain distinct. The muscles, with the bony tubes which stretch them out, and which, in their turn, they move at command, are no more the will to move the faculty which causes motion, than is the organ of benevolence, benevolence. The string which vibrates in the harp, the hand which draws it out of the straight line, and lets it go again, are not the note of music which we hear; neither is the organ of tone, tone. In this we have advanced no more than many philosophers have done before us, who have considered the body as the instrument of the soul; and mind to depend on organization. Solomon, St. Paul, the Fathers of the Church, Heathen Philosophers, Christian Moralists, all have attributed a material residence, an instrument to the soul. Some who called soul the power by which the body grew and was maintained, irritability, life, supposed it to be diffused in every limb and artery, in every atom which composed us. Some divided the soul, and allotted to its parts different regions, analogous to its particular functions in those parts; placing some of it in the thorax, some in the abdomen, some in one part of the head, some in another. Pythagoras, Plato, fixed it in the brain; the Stoics and Aristotle, in the heart; Erasistratus in the menynges; Herophilus in the great ventricles of the brain; Servetto in the aqueduct of Silvius; Suranti in the third ventricle; Van Helmont in the stomach; Descartes in the pineal gland; Schellhammer at the origin of the spinal marrow; Drelincourt in the cerebellum; Lancisi in the corpus callosum, or in the great commissure; Willis in the corpora striata; Vieussens in the centrum ovale; Ackerman in what he calls the Sinneshügel, or tubercules of the senses; Psorri in a very subtle, fragrant juice, which, according to him, is found in the brain; and we should not be surprized to hear one of these days, that some peripatetic had set it off full gallop on the sella turcica. All that is proved by this is, that we know nothing of the nature of the soul, or of its residence; while we see that every philosophy has attached it to some material organ. Yet none of these are accused of materialism; and why then should we, who have attempted no bolder change than merely to proclaim what

are the innate faculties of man, and what the organs by means of which they act, be accused of saying that the soul is matter. We never said so. We no more say this, than do the anatomists, who teach that motion depends on the apparatus of nerves and muscles, say that motion is matter. In our whole doctrine there is not a tenet which alters the position either of fatalism, or of materialism; yet futile minds accuse us of wishing to establish both these heresies.

But, we might say to you anti-phrenologists, suppose that our physiology of the brain does lead to those conclusions, what will you say if our theory be true? What we show you are facts; what you oppose to us are opinions. And what do you know about fatalism and materialism? Who has revealed to you what they are? You scale the heavens too soon when you dare to speak of them, for your best knowledge of them ever must be ignorance. You would interpret the laws of omnipotence according to your own weakness, and make infinity finite; yet you are blind to what your eyes can teach you. Come with us, and see whether what we say be true; and then you must confess that what you once believed is all imagination and hypothesis. You will own that you never understood, that it is not given to you ever to understand, what fatalism means, or what is materialism, any more than to know the nature of your own soul. These are questions not merely of human abstraction; they involve considerations still higher, and touch upon the essence of the Divinity. The most unfortunate objections for our antagonists that ever were started, are those of fatalism and materialism; and the day is near when all men shall say, "How could such absurdity ever have been spoken?"

A question may now be put to phrenologists, which, in a popular point of view, is the most trying of all. What is the use of your science, supposing it to be true? It may be pretty, it may be ingenious, and it is amusing enough, in a circle of bald heads, to pry into hidden dispositions, and hold an infallible key to men's minds. But *cui bono* all this, and have you attained no greater end from all your studies? Certainly, answer these strange folks the phrenologists, we have attained much greater ends, the greatest, perhaps, that ever have been attempted in anthropology; and, if we have not already worn out your patience, we will recount to you what we promise shall be the result of our discoveries.

In the first place, then, TRUTH. We hold it to be in absolute contradiction with the nature of things, that a truth can exist, the knowledge of which is not useful to mankind. The earth contains no poison, the air no pestilence, which Providence has not at the same time endowed with some principle which mankind

will, some day or another, turn to use. All is not, indeed, discovered at once; but let us look at the most deleterious substances known in nature or in art, and see the murderous arsenic, how useful it is in hardening types, and thus ministering to a free press; in forming specula for reflecting telescopes; in making glass; in dyeing; in printing cotton stuffs; nay, in pharmacy, as a tonic. How many lives might a pound of opium not destroy; how many pangs may it not allay? Neither does any substance exist which can do no harm. If a patient will submit to the trial, he will find himself as effectually killed by a sufficient quantity of boiled chicken, as of corrosive sublimate; and the "*question à l'eau*" could be made as unpleasing as any other species of torture, and would still be so were that water Tokay. What we give you is truth; truth, with its bad and with its good, like all other human truths; but in which the useful portion far exceeds, not only the noxious, but even that which malevolence can turn to evil, or folly make ridiculous.

Secondly, The knowledge of individual character is of no mean interest in the life we lead, as it must give security to social intercourse, and make communication prompt and easy. Physiognomy has been thought of some advantage to this end; but how much more will not a science, which has fixed and certain principles, contribute to it. Physiognomy is but the expression which the countenance, and perhaps some other parts of the body, derive from the habitual state of the mind and heart, from the predominant feelings and passions; but it goes no deeper. Many powers which we discover have no tongue for the physiognomist; neither can he lay down a body of doctrine by which he can communicate his acquired knowledge. With him all is tact, mere tact, fugitive and changeable as the fancies of men and women, and more vague than meteorology. But we proceed by rule and compass, armed with all that can repel fantastic feelings; we judge by principles which can be explained. Let any man read the works of our doctors, and those of Lavater; and he will see that the two modes cannot bear comparison. Neither did physiognomy ever pretend to tell what were the original propensities of a man, much less to indicate the simple fundamental faculties of our nature. If, then, some credit was given to this most empirical mode of pronouncing, how much more does not our system deserve to be approved and trusted, since we can, by surer precepts, teach profounder truths. It may be said that phrenology may create repulsive feelings among men, by revealing hidden defects; but will it not reveal hidden virtues also? And unless the false and gloomy system be admitted, that vice is more general than virtue, phrenology must publish more good than evil in the

human species. Besides, when some defect is seen, is there not seen in the same head (unless it be one of those unfortunate cases, so rare in the world,) the quality which corrects it? In a word, phrenology will paint men as they are, and that alone is important; but whether it brings to light more virtue or more vice, must depend, not upon it, but upon mankind. Nay, more, human virtue is likely to be increased by it, for men will be convicted of their faults upon phrenological evidence, from which no self-love, no flattery, can protect them. They will be instructed, too, of the means which Providence has given them to balance those faults; and, joined to destructiveness, for instance, they may find benevolence, or justice, or religion, to stop their murderous hand. In some heads, it is said, no good is found—no weight to counterpoise a vicious propensity. It may be so; but independently of every system, of every hypothesis, Thurtell was a murderer.—The will of God be done!

Nothing that ever was devised by man has put in his hands so powerful an instrument to know himself, as that which we (phrenologists) have given him; for, if he believes in us, he cannot deny the evidence of his own organization. The first key to unlock the hearts of others is that which opens our own; and to know whether we judge our neighbour fairly or not, we should measure the quantity of our own feelings which we mix up in the judgment. But from this acquaintance with ourselves and others may result the greatest benefit that could accrue to social intercourse, mutual indulgence. When we recollect that each has his own particular organization, as we have ours: that it is not easy to control the dispositions which nature has implanted thus in our minds; that we have defects as insupportable, perhaps, as any that we encounter, we shall be more disposed to bear with others' foibles, that they may pardon ours; and mutual necessity will make us tolerant. There are, indeed, those who have reproached our system with inspiring indulgence even for vice; and say, that by it it is unjust to punish the criminal, since he only obeys the impulse of organization. But we must here distinguish between feelings and actions: for the former no man can be taxed; for the latter all are accountable to society; and as to destiny, we have shown that to be among the impenetrable mysteries of Providence.

Another influence which phrenology, say its advocates, will have on individuals, is the mode of treating mania. The whole theory of insanity has hitherto been much too vague, and all its affections and appearances have been considered only as inflammatory and as chronic. Some practitioners, indeed, more happy than others, have struck out particular modes of treatment, which

have been crowned with occasional success. But the knowledge of the innate faculties, and of their seat in the brain, must generalize the hygiène of mental derangement. In erotic mania, in the mania brought on by the excessive development or excitation of the organ and faculty of ambition, of acquisitiveness, of cautiousness, physicians will direct their practice immediately to the part affected, and to its functions; and not, as is now too often the case, apply, as it were, a topic to the leg for a disease in the arm, and scrape away the tibia to extirpate a caries in the humerus.

A still higher function of phrenology, as it relates to mankind at large, not merely to the few unfortunates who labour under malady, is its empire over education. The vast error, that men are alike fitted for all professions, that all can turn their mental powers to the same account and profit, has done much injury to the education of individuals, and consequently to the general progress of the world. But our science (continue Drs. Gall and Spurzheim) shows that all men are not alike fitted for all purposes; that, in one, a receptiveness for musical, in another for mathematical instruction predominates; that some are endowed with the power of prompt perception, and others with that of abstruse induction; in short, that every walk of social life has its destined votaries. Now, it is to be hoped, that when parents have the authority of phrenology for the talents and disposition of their children, they will cultivate those which nature has made the most salient in their cranium, and not torment them with studies for which they have no sufficient organ. Should one of their boys, in defiance of birch-rods and ferulas, neglect his vocabulary to carve his taw, or cut out waggon-wheels with his penknife, let them consult one of us, and we will tell them that all the betula of Windsor forest will not make a scholar of him; we will show that, not being one of the ox-eyed, he can but ill remember words, but that having a fullness in the frontal bone, just above the spheno-temporal suture, he may become an expert mechanic, an engineer, a mill-wright, or a Watt; that it is in vain to thrust in through the gluteus maximus what cannot penetrate the head; and that, flog him as they may, his *propria quæ maribus* will always be covered with chips and chisels. In the same manner we will teach them to oppose the bad propensities of youth, by withholding aliment from self-love, from obstinacy, from cruelty, and by cherishing benevolence, justice, piety; and correcting levity by gently stimulating the reflecting faculties. We can tell, too, why many a school-boy, who has carried away prizes and rewards, sinks into an ordinary adult; and why more than one dunce has burst out like a luminary in later years; for

we can show the organs which make a brilliant infant and a dull man, and those which are of little use at Eton, but most essential to a statesman or a philosopher. Neither shall we allow ourselves to be imposed upon by any urchin's cunning, or mistake ill-will and idleness for inability. The marks by which we judge are registered by nature, indelible, immutable, and clear to every eye.

But individual education is a very small portion of the good which we aspire to teach—(these people really are mad; their ambition is unbounded)! We will educate nations; and nothing can prevent us from fulfilling this mission, but the destruction of the human race. We will tell the men of every country their faults and their vices, their virtues and their talents, and hold them up, as clearly as size and form can be held up, to the notice of mankind. None shall escape us. Already, not only Europeans,—English, French, Germans, Italians,—the most enlightened, the most refined of men, have we scrutinized, but Asiatics under every latitude, Africans thirsting on both sides of the Equator, Americans as wild as Africans, as civilized as Europeans. We have told truths to all, and pointed out the means of improvement. At this moment, indeed, they may not listen to us, but the day will come when they will advance but by us. To us is given to decide the great question of original national propensities, as of individual propensities, and to show how they may be expanded or repressed. We shall instruct rulers how to govern, and subjects how to submit, and strike the just balance —as various as the races and the regions of the earth—between the sovereign and the people; and the first time that we inspire oppressed reason to demand her rights, and to demand no more —that we teach men how much liberty they can bear, how much privation they must yet endure, we shall have our full reward.

So much for the practical pretensions of our science. The reader must now hear our claims to speculative superiority. Dr. Spurzheim has said, and been most heartily abused for saying—and, if the science be false, most heartily deserves to be abused for saying—that the whole philosophy of the mind must be entirely changed; that the study of man in this respect will become a new study, &c. In this dictum—most noble or most arrogant, according to events—we (phrenologists) concur, with the loudest cheers; and in this, do we say, lies the stupendous monument of our science. Since the earliest records of philosophy, sages have speculated on the heart, the mind, the passions, and the understanding. For more than three thousand years systems have flashed, and disappeared without leaving a trace. Some of these, indeed, were abundantly ingenious; but were defective in that

which alone can make them lasting, truth. It would be curious to examine the hypotheses which have grown up, one after another, in the fertile soil of fancy, Arabian, Chinese, Persian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and modern European, and to see how specious and how futile all have been. Not one of them was founded on any thing but conjecture; and, until Gall appeared, it was not supposed that mental philosophy, that psychology, ever could have any other basis. But Gall proceeded entirely upon fact; and those who accuse his system as imaginative, will probably call the "Faërie Queene" an historical poem, and "Lear" an algebraical tragedy. He stalked from brain to brain, from organ to organ, and trampled conjecture under foot. "The man of skulls"—aye, Mr. Edinburgh Reviewer, the *boy* of skulls—endowed, in truth, with not less imagination than his predecessors, had yet more love of fact than they had; and this single faculty has placed him above them all. It is, indeed, most wonderous, that the catalogue of the innate faculties of man should have escaped the grey-haired philosophers of every age and climate, and that its first fold should have been opened to a child of nine years old, who in maturity unrolled it all, except a leaf or two which he left to his followers. Such a discovery, had it been made by a man after so long concealment, and so many attempts to accomplish it, would have been wonderful; but let it never be forgotten that it was the work, and not the accidental work, of an infant.

We (phrenologists) do not say that Dr. Gall has invented the faculties which he attributes to man, or that he even discovered them all. Many of them had a place in ethical science before they were announced by him. Philosophers, the most remote from admitting the connection between the brain and the mind, from adopting innate differences of character, have yet allowed many of the powers which we have recognized, to be simple and fundamental. Thus Mr. D. Stewart, who attributes so much to habit, does not deny an inborn bias to self-esteem, to friendship, nay to pugnacity, as in the case of sudden resentment; he admits, too, conscientiousness, under the much more philosophical name of the moral sense. Many more moralists have done the same, as Cudworth, Hutcheson, Reid, Brown, &c., but still they went on no foundation but conjecture. Neither had they the slightest notion of forming a body of doctrine like that which our masters teach. Others again have asserted, that all the disparity between man and man resulted from later circumstances, for nature had made the individuals of the species alike; and systems of education have been most erroneously founded on this opinion. The British philosopher who, in our days, stands the most remote

from our doctrine in his philosophy of mind is Mr. D. Stewart; whose theory, on this very account, must be the first to become obsolete; and whose works—to the great impoverishment of English literature,—will be remembered only for the beauty of their style, and the benevolence of their philosophy. He who has come the nearest to it is the late Dr. Tho. Brown; and, strange to say, many traces of opinions like ours are to be found in some papers published since 1819, in the Edinburgh Review, and still more in others inserted about the same time in the Quarterly Review, insomuch that of one of these, (Art. XII. of vol. 25,) it has been said, "The observations of the reviewer are so strictly phrenological, as almost to tempt me to believe that he is a phrenologist in disguise." (See Phren. Journal, No. VIII., page 603, note.

It has already been mentioned—to the great dismay of all sober-minded readers,—that we (phrenologists) had entirely rejected the hum-drum faculties of perception, memory, imagination; which mental philosophers have so long been discussing. It must now be added, that taste and judgment—this the reader will easily credit,—have been turned adrift along with the rest: that attention, association, are not simple fundamental powers, that passion is a resident, not in the heart, but in the brain; that pain and pleasure, joy and grief, are affections of the innate faculties, not faculties: that sympathy is the unison of one or more faculties in different persons, &c. It would be as long to detail the philosophical principles of phrenology, as to dissect all the brains of the Royal College of Physicians; it is indispensable, nevertheless, not to pass them by in utter silence.

No mode or action, no quality of mind, do we contend, can be considered as a simple fundamental faculty, if it has not an organ in the brain. Now perception, memory, imagination, with all the above enumerated, have no cerebral seat; nay, they can have no cerebral seat, because not one among them is ONE. Perception is of as many kinds as there are kinds of objects of which it can take cognizance. These kinds are determined by the intellectual faculties which we have found to exist in the brain and mind. Thus there is a perception of time, and a perception of place; a perception of colour, of order, of number, of weight; and the day is forgotten when it was not known that a person who has a very lively perception of one of these, may be totally deprived of the perception of the others. It has always been allowed that a painter who estimates colour most accurately, may not estimate number, and there may be most profound algebraists without a feeling of melody. Seeing, then, that perception is thus necessarily divisible into many parts, one of the most

extraordinary instances of the laziness of the human mind, which, when it falls into a rut, seems incapable for centuries of rising out of it, is, that perception should ever have been considered as a mental element. Some philosophers, indeed, have attempted to resolve the difficulty, by saying, that chance directs the first current of our perceptions, and that habit confirms it. But chance must then be busy with us at a very early moment; and habits must be contracted in our mother's womb. Every nurse at the Foundling Hospital knows this; and that differences of individual dispositions precede the possibility of habit. But even admitting habit, still the fact, that perception is as various as the kinds of things perceptible, stands as firmly as before: and perception is not, cannot be, a simple fundamental faculty. The same reasoning is good with regard to memory. Memories which are most active, most retentive on some subjects, on others are relaxed. One man remembers facts, who forgets dates; another recollects faces and not names; some never lose from their minds the places where they have been, yet have no power to recal a tune; therefore, memory is not a simple fundamental faculty. In the same manner, had Milton taken it into his fancy to imagine fluxions, it is probable that he never would have put a dot upon his $\dot{x}$ or his $\dot{y}$; neither would Newton have produced Adam, Eve, or Satan. Handel never could have been a Rubens; or Michael Angelo a Mozart. Imagination, the creative power of mind, then, is not one; and of these three faculties, which were the great battle-horses of all metaphysicians down to Gall, not one has an independent existence as a simple fundamental power of mind.

What, then, are perception, memory, and imagination, for surely they have an existence somewhere? Certainly every intellectual faculty has its perception, its memory, and its imagination; and these have complete and full existence as modes and qualities of every simple fundamental power of intellect. They are modes of action, and the explanation which follows will make their functions palpable.

Let a series of numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, be presented to the eye, the organ of that external sense which takes cognizance of all that is visible, and the first thing it does is to see the series of numbers, which is thus communicated to the mind, and *perceived* by it. For this operation no great effort of intellect is necessary, and it constitutes the first, the least complicated act of the faculty which receives the impression of number. Let these numbers be now withdrawn from the organ of sight; if any traces of them remain, those traces are not pictured upon the retina, but upon the mind; and some stronger effort is required to call them back

after they have disappeared, than to perceive them when they stood before us. This is a second and higher operation of intellect than mere perception:—it is memory; and that memory is above perception in the mental scale is evident, for in idiots, in drivellers, in the lower animals, perception often remains vigorous when memory fades. Let the person who has seen these numbers be now requested to transpose them, to repeat them, not in the order 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, but in any other order; it is clear that, unless he remembers them, his attempt must be vain. But, should he be able to recal them to his mind, he may, by a new effort, throw them into a different order, thus 4, 2, 5, 1, 3, or into any other order: he may diminish or add to them: he may subtract, divide, or multiply them, and produce an infinity of new combinations. In these operations he is compelled to spin from his own mind. Perception, indeed, collected the materials, and memory furnishes them anew out of her store-house; but all the shapes into which he throws them are the devices of his own understanding. The act which performs all this is imagination; and the tension of mind is greater in imagination than in memory.

From this, then, it follows, that the first degree of activity in the organ of number was to perceive the series of numbers; a second and a higher degree of activity, was to remember them; a third and a still higher, was to produce new forms with them. In the same manner let a painter's pallet be shown to one man, he will perceive the colours; let it be shown to another, he will perceive and remember them; let it be put into the hands of a Titian, and the result will be a San Pietro Martire. One man may hear the notes of the gamut, another may remember tones and tunes; Weber will compose the Hunters' Chorus in the Freischütz. The activity of the faculty of colour, of tone, produces these differences; and so it is with every faculty of the mind. Phrenology, then, does not annihilate perception, memory, or imagination; it denies their existence as simple fundamental faculties, but it assigns them a place as attributes of every intellectual faculty. Every intellectual faculty perceives, every intellectual faculty remembers, every intellectual faculty imagines. No faculty can remember if it has not perceived; no faculty can imagine if it has not remembered: perception is, then, the basis of all the operations of every intellectual faculty.

It may be objected to this system, that memory and imagination are not in constant proportions in different minds; that one man who has a powerful recollection of events, of tones, of colours, cannot combine or unite them in such a manner as to imagine new productions; while another, endowed with the most vivid power of reproduction, has a relaxed and feeble recollection of his past

perceptions; whereas, if the system just expounded were true, one degree of memory should always be accompanied by its corresponding portion of imagination.

In drawing conclusions upon these qualities of mind, the distinctions just made must henceforth be kept in view, viz., that there are as many kinds of memory, as many kinds of imagination, as there are perceptive faculties. Is it true that memory and imagination in these cases are so disproportionate in quantity as in quality? Does not this apparent error often arise from mistaking memory in one shape, for imagination in another? From confounding, for instance, the memory of words with the imagination of events; or the imagination of tone with the memory of colour? From not knowing that neither memory nor imagination is an element of the mind, but an attribute of many of its elements? Future observations must clear up this doubt; for all that have been made before the true nature of the attributes of mind was known, must be considered as equivocal.

Besides, supposing—continue the phrenologists—memory not to be always in the same proportion with imagination in the same faculty, viz., that one man has a strong memory and a weak imagination for numbers, while another has those attributes in reversed proportions in the same faculty; the fact, if ascertained, is easily accounted for by the re-action of every faculty upon its fellows. No power of mind can, for a single instant, act alone, much less determine an habitual state; and when the higher sentiments, as marvellousness, ideality, mirthfulness, or the reflective qualities, as comparison, causality, are very active, they may impart their stimulus to the memory of numbers, and raise it nearer to imagination than it would be if it were dully handed over to the propensities or the senses. Certain it is that, without memory, there is no imagination. Memory is the mine from which imagination takes the ores that fancy shapes and taste refines, to gild its airy castles. Had the good genius of the magic lamp not perceived, not remembered all the elements of which fairy artists fabricate their spells, Aladdin never could have built a palace for his bride.

Having despatched the good old-fashioned faculties of perception, memory and imagination, with as little ceremony as we should our grandmother's high-backed, patchwork arm-chair, we (phrenologists) proceed to the demolition of some other antiquated powers, and assert that, if they trust us, mankind have neither judgment nor taste. Judgment is no faculty; but every faculty of intellect has its judgment. Hence it is correct and common to say, such a man is a good judge of music, such another of painting, &c.; and this could not be so, had not the one the organs of time and tone, the other those of form and colour duly developed; and

were they not moreover endowed, not merely with the power of perceiving, remembering, and imagining, but with another power different from them:—these are modes of quantity. The one now under consideration is a mode of quality, and entirely independent of the others. Before we can judge, indeed, we must perceive; and, if we wish to judge an object once perceived, but no longer present, we must be able to call it back to our minds; but perception alone is sufficient to afford the judgment matter for its exercise.

Beside these special judgments, there is another judgment useful in the affairs of life, constantly talked of under the plain, round name of common-sense; and another, the highest of all, metaphysical judgment. But these and every species of judgment are explicable in the same manner as the special judgments, and are modes of quality belonging to the faculties which preside over the various departments of mind. Thus, as the power of judging melody resides in the organ of tone, so does the power of judging the value of metaphysical speculations reside in the organs of comparison and causality, the highest and grandest of all the human faculties. But the metaphysical faculties would be of as little avail in judging melody, as the organ of tone in judging abstract ideas. Each faculty, then, which procures knowledge, has not only its perception, its memory, and its imagination, which are modes of quantity, but its judgment, which is a mode of quality.

This mode of quality assumes different names, according to the objects upon which it is exercised. In the common concerns of life it is called judgment; in literature, in the fine arts, it is called taste; but judgment and taste are, in fact, one and the same thing, only directed to different ends. What, indeed, is taste but the power of judging a poem, a picture, a statue, any production of the fine arts, any beauty, any deformity of nature? This mode, called judgment when it pronounces on objects whose principal merit is their fitness, and taste when it considers their beauty, belongs to every intellectual faculty, from that which perceives an individual, to that which compares all objects, and inquires into first causes.

To keep this mode of action in its best condition, the equilibrium of all the faculties is indispensably necessary. The great sources of their derangement are the feelings, the propensities, and the sentiments, of Dr. Spurzheim's system. Our perceptions may be just, our reflective faculties may be sound and powerful, and thus far we may be organized for excellent judgment in all its branches. But, if our propensities be strong, our decisions will be influenced by them, and the most preponderant will give its bias to the mind. So is it with the sentiments; and the best of human

feelings may err from too much, as from too small, a development. To judge well, to have good taste, the elements of the mind must all be present, but so balanced that not one shall outweigh another, so mixed that not one of them prevails,—as the best sauce, says the Cuisinier Imperial, is that into which every good ingredient may enter, but where not one of them can be tasted separately. Let a man in whom combativeness is too large, be consulted on a trifling point of honour, he will counsel arms; let a poet of a similar organization write a tragedy, his verse will breathe pugnacity. Let this organ be deficient, both these men will be too tame; and, in either case, better organized heads will blame the judgment of the one and the taste of the other. If benevolence be too strong, it may produce ruin in common life, and mawkishness in literature; if it be too weak, it may give too much scope to the evil propensities in the one as in the other, and in both cases judgment and taste may be offended. It is now easy to understand how the same person may have excellent judgment and excellent taste in some points, and in others be totally deficient, as he may have local memory defective, and the memory of numbers very powerful.

But we (phrenologists) go still further; we annihilate association also as a primitive faculty, and call it merely the influence of the faculties upon each other. Sympathy, too, is the simultaneous action of the same one or more organs, similarly affected, in different persons. Pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, result from the gratification or the sufferings of any faculty. Passion is the over-excitement of a faculty, and when more than one is aroused, as is usually the case, the passion is more complicated. Habit results from the frequent exercise of any faculty, and is more the effect than the cause of strong mental power. Thus, for instance, if a man has not a strong faculty for music, he will be little impelled to practise the art, and will acquire no habit of execution. Should the natural impulse be strong, he will perform music often—music will become habitual to him. Then, indeed, the habit will re-act upon his natural talent, and make him an expert performer; but it is not the less true that the habit was acquired only through the strength of the primitive impulse. Labour as you may to give a person, in whom the organs of comparison and causality are weak, a habit of metaphysical induction, and you will labour in vain.

Man acts and thinks by virtue of the primitive faculties which Providence has implanted in his nature; man can act *but* by these; he can give himself no new power or faculty; within his own limits he is as much confined as the crustaceous animal that lives within its shell, only his limits are larger. Such is the law of creation. But what distinguishes him is the number, the extent, the

elevation of his faculties. Some species of brutes possess one mental power, others another, but none are conspicuously endowed with more than a few of these. In man, not only all that are scattered through the races of the earth are united, but other and higher faculties, peculiar to himself alone, are given him. On these philosophers have proudly bestowed the name of reason; but what is reason in their sense? Can it be anything but the use of those superior, those exclusive faculties, which God has given as the badge of the creature whom he formed in his own likeness? It may, indeed, be improved by practice, as may the faculty of number, form, or tone; but the faculties on which it depends are as much an original gift of Providence as the instinct which prompts the puppy-dog to seek its mother's teats, or the young kid to avoid the herbs that are poisonous. All reason is cultivated instinct. It was by instinct planted by the hand of God, and tutored by human culture, that Newton discovered gravitation and its laws. It was by instinct that Bacon thought; that Addison was witty. By the instinct of ideality, Shakspeare "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;" by marvellousness he peopled them with elves, and spirits, and ghosts, and witches; by individuality, he enumerated all that Puck and Fairy relate (Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii., scene 1.); by melody and time, he threw the words which his instinct of language furnished, into the most melodious cadences; and the steam-engine, which now towers to the clouds, has its origin in instinct. Man is not less a bundle of instincts than were the fasces which were carried before the Roman Consuls a bundle of twigs.

These instincts then, for so do we peremptorily denominate the innate faculties of man, are the source of all that now exists in human society; and their primitive force, succeeded by education, marks all the differences between human beings. The most improved portions of mankind have successively been raised from station to station, by the unremitting action of cultivation. But, in every stage and condition, it is original force which elevates the individual above his age and country. It is this which gives him superiority and power over the minds of men. This is genius; and the greatest that ever lived is he in whom the greatest number of intellectual instincts has been the most completely developed, and the most duly balanced.

Such is a summary of the system by which we (phrenologists) pretend to explain all the phenomena of the human mind and character, and to overthrow all the metaphysical theories yet devised by philosophers. One of these neologists has communicated to us some observations of his own, which, though not in print, are here imparted to the reader. He says, that led by the nature of

his studies to examine, at various periods, the metaphysical systems with which philosophy has swarmed for ages, he could not find in them satisfactory explanations of the facts which he daily witnessed in real life. For many of the faculties which metaphysicians enumerated, he could see no foundation; and others which they did not even mention, he fully admitted as fundamental. He ransacked first one theory, then another, then combined them from the time of Thales the Milesian, who taught all Greece to call the soul the principle of life, down "to him that did but yesterday suspire;" and all he learned was, that he had learned, and could learn, nothing from them, because they knew nothing. This person, however, had been long engaged in meditating a work upon some points of the human character, and finding the doctrines of his predecessors so different from what his observations taught him, he remained at variance as well with the moderns as with the ancients. He had long since attended a course of lectures by Dr. Gall; but some things in the mental philosophy of this master were unsatisfactory, and though he admitted the truth of the general doctrine of the relation between brain and mind, he abandoned the study. Brought back again accidentally to reconsider it in the state to which Dr. Spurzheim has advanced it, the first thing he did was to examine its metaphysics, and these he found so conformable to the ideas which he himself had long held to be the most rational, that he gave it his full assent, not upon a comparison between cerebral and mental development, but upon its fitness to elucidate the phenomena of human character. If, says he, the table of the simple fundamental faculties, as given by Dr. Spurzheim, be weighed merely by the same metaphysical principles as all preceding systems; if all considerations between brain and mind, if craniology, be utterly abstracted from it; if it be considered (like the systems of Hobbes, Mandeville, Paley, Stewart, Brown, &c. &c.) an *a priori* system, conjectural, hypothetical, imaginative, it will be found to explain a greater number of facts than ever have been explained since the days of Anaxagoras, the great ancestor of all moral philosophy, down to the Edinburgh Reviewer.

Let an example be given of this:—There is unfortunately one which has made much noise in the world, and which our adversaries have brought forward to overwhelm us, under the many weights of phrenological, moral, and religious perverseness. It is that of John Thurtell, executed for the murder of Weare. Our doctrine has been reproached with finding, in this head of the assassin, a large development of benevolence, and thus making him out to be a harmless, good-natured person, and not the atrocious,

cool-blooded murderer who could brood for days and nights over iniquity.

Surely the persons who make such an objection as this must have been scared, by their dread of phrenology, out of all they ever knew of human nature, if they cannot perceive that the same man does at one moment an act of kindness, and at another an act of cruelty; that he is at one moment just, at another unjust. What was Augustus, persecuting and proscribing, and Augustus emperor? What was Nero a stripling, and Nero when he saw the city blazing? What is every man whom we have ever known? Is there not a true, but common, cant, about the mingled nature of the human species, about the good and evil of our hearts, which shows the inordinate absurdity of such a remark, and might dispense us from all further answer? But let us examine facts, and see, not from his head, but from his biography, what Thurtell was.

Thurtell, being applied to in behalf of a friend in distress, drew out of his pocket his last remaining half-sovereign, and said "Give him the half of this: but no—he wants it more than I do: he is sick; give it him all." He once innocently caused a quarrel between two friends, and shed tears of tenderness over their reconciliation. His kindness to Hunt excited as much gratitude as Hunt was capable of feeling. His affection toward all his family was extreme, and his attachment to his friends inviolable. His general character, when lieutenant on board the Adamant in the Leith roads, was that of a dashing, thoughtless, good-hearted officer. Yet, from his early youth, he was irascible, and what was called a murderous shot; a very dare-devil, a kind of prize-fighter, a notorious liar, a dupe of all his gambling associates; and he became a predetermined, cold-blooded murderer. These are facts; and let us now put different systems to the test, by attempting to explain them. Unity of mind, its indivisibility into various faculties, feelings, and propensities, can do it nearly as well as the indivisibility of the solar ray can explain the prismatic spectrum and the rainbow. This system then needs not much examination, and recourse must be had to some which admit a plurality of faculties. But which of these must be preferred? One that is hypothetical, or one that is founded on fact? All are subject to the same objection, of admitting contradictory sentiments in man; and if phrenology falls by this objection, all the rest must fall; and so indeed must facts. Whatever system does not admit a sentiment, or a combination of sentiments, to account for Thurtell's irascibility, his benevolence, his pugnacity, his attachment, his lying, his firmness, his tenderness, his cruelty, is defective. Let those who have leisure examine

whether phrenology does not effect this more completely than all the others put together, and better than any that could be fabricated by their means. In truth, no metaphysics but those of phrenology could account for the apparent contradictions in that man's mind; none which reject, as fundamental principles of human nature, benevolence, combativeness, attachment, destructiveness, secretiveness, firmness, can explain the facts of his life and character. If his charitable, generous acts be not totally denied, how would unity of mind reconcile them with the murder he committed? But our (phrenologists) doctrine says, he had large benevolence, and this was sometimes very active; he had large combativeness, large destructiveness, and when circumstances roused these into action, they were the more imperious, because they were aided by a strong development of all the inferior propensities, while the superior faculties were too weakly developed to counteract or counsel them. The cerebral organization of Thurtell, compared with his life, testifies as strongly in favour of phrenology as facts can do; and if the world had been told by any other tongue but that of our science, that he, or any other murderer, had often done kind actions, the thing would have appeared quite simple, quite in conformity with daily observations. But the subterfuges which men take to evade conviction, when they are resolved that they will not be convinced, are wonderful.

One often hears of contradictions in character; and often, too, it is said, that those contradictions are only apparent, because we have not the key of the character in which they seem to be. Now, the general key, which effaces all contradictions from every moral manifestation, is phrenology. Actions, as opposite as cruelty and benevolence, appear to us (phrenologists) as natural, as easily accounted for as that a man should one day calculate by means of his organ of number, and the next day paint by means of his organ of colour.

Although, tried by this test, the metaphysics of phrenology pretend to greater validity than all other systems, yet it is not thus that we—its votaries—maintain it, but by the relation of cerebral development to mental manifestations. It is upon facts confirming this relation that we proceed, and the number which we have collected exceeds all belief. The collection of Dr. Gall, that of Dr. Spurzheim, of Mr. Deville, whose zeal and activity in promoting the practical part of the science cannot be sufficiently commended; those of the Phrenological Societies of London, Edinburgh, and many other places, contain many thousands of facts which are incontrovertible. It is not in the power of any phrenologist to enregister all living examples, but we build our pretensions upon every age of the world, and call not only

moderns, but ancients to our aid. As this is one of the most curious parts of our pretensions, it must be briefly noticed.

Every head which has been handed down to us from antiquity is in as exact conformity with our doctrine, as if we ourselves had moulded it for our own purposes. The bad Roman emperors, Caligula, Nero, Caracalla, have the regions where the inferior faculties reside very much developed; while the antagonist faculties are small. The Antonines have heads that would do honour to any man. Vitellius is a mass of sensuality, deprived of all elevation. The Roman gladiator most powerful in the basilary region, has a narrow and contracted forehead, where little reason could reside. In Homer, the development of ideality is immense, and still greater perhaps in the rapturous Pindar. In Demosthenes there is a fine show of the superior faculties, but the organ of language is not the most prominent, neither were the natural command and flow of words the characteristics of his eloquence. His desire of gain, too, is largely developed. The head of Socrates is such as Drs. Gall and Spurzheim would model to demonstrate the organ of marvellousness, and a mind of visions; and so is a head, more modern, that of Torquato Tasso. The head of Zeno is that of a profound and moral thinker, as he was. That of Seneca has much bad, but more good; so balanced, that a struggle between them will be necessary, but the latter will generally prevail. The head of Cicero, larger on one side than on the other, has more language than Demosthenes, with large reflecting faculties—vanity, the desire of gain and of fame, and cautiousness great, with little hope and little courage. In short, the examples of antique statues in our favour are innumerable. Now, either these heads are genuine casts, or they are not. If casts, their perfect coincidence with the respective characters most phrenologically proclaims, what all men indeed have long since known, that nature has acted in all ages by immutable laws. If they are not casts, but ideal heads, then the ancients had observed the fact, that a certain form of head regularly accompanied such a power of mind; and their sculptors, without accounting for it, registered it in their works.

But the heads of Venus and Jupiter necessarily are ideal. Now, the head of the Venus de Medici—supposed, indeed, to be a modern addition to the original mutilated statue—is, like that of many a belle, too small to contain much mind, but sufficient, perhaps, for the goddess of beauty. The front of Jove is exactly what we would give to the creator of the world—locality, space, immense; form, size, weight, colour, order, number, phenomena, very large; with prodigious reflecting faculties. One single faculty, indeed, is small, and that was the least necessary of all to

the maker of the world—wit. The occupation of shaking the earth, the sun, moon, and stars out of chaos, certainly was not one which could excite the creator to crack jokes; yet it seems he could rally his consort—whom, by-the-by, her ox-eyes must have made insufferably verbose—when she read him one of her long curtain-lectures. The ancients were at least as good seers, as good observers, as the moderns, though they but ill accounted for the phenomena which they perceived.

It is with hosts of alleged facts that we (phrenologists) have taken the field; and the way to beat us out of it is evident: it is to bring a very small number of counter-facts to overthrow our fabric. A very small number indeed would be sufficient; for the arch which is built of many stones falls when but two or three are removed. This is the method which anti-phrenologists should long since have tried, instead of abuse,—of allowing themselves to become irritated, or endeavouring to outface us by ridicule or anathema. Not scorn or irony, not force or tyranny, can smother truth in the nineteenth century; for even in the seventeenth, the prisons of the Inquisition, though they could silence Galileo, could not restore to the sun the supposed motion which this philosopher had destroyed. But we are men of good composition; and since so many persons are desirous of becoming our exterminators, and of sharing in the glory of dispelling error, we will put into their hands the only weapons by which they can hope to succeed; and instruct them in the marches and the countermarches by which they may the most vigorously assail us. To this end we must begin by telling them that smiles, sneers, contempt, fall from us, like drops of pelting rain from an armour of oiled silk, and the shafts of authority would lose their points upon our hardened corslets. We must be out-facted;—such a number of well-ascertained truths must be brought against us, as, in all fair proportion to human certainty, may overbalance our observations; and these truths must rest upon such evidence as a jury of unbiassed experts would allow to be fair and admissible.

It is not every person who has studied, or who has leisure and disposition to study, the forms of heads and their coincidence with mind; and we do not think it presumptuous to request all such to hold their tongues. But let any man or woman of liberal education, endowed with average mental powers, purchase (for about five shillings) one of the casts on which the organs are marked, and let him thereon assiduously study the topography of the head, until he can lay his finger on the place of each organ, as surely as upon the islands of Sumatra or Borneo on the terrestrial sphere. Let him then divide the head by imaginary lines, as Dr. Spurzheim has done in his "Phrenology in connexion with the study

of Physiognomy," into four regions; first, by a line drawn from the ear (the meatus auditorius externus) to the point where the frontal and the sagittal sutures unite,—into an anterior, the frontal, and a posterior, the occipital region; secondly, by another line crossing this, and drawn from the middle of the forehead to the point where the parietal and the occipital bones unite into an inferior or basilary, and a superior or sincipital region. Let him study the organs, and their import, which are situated in each of these districts, and know in which of them the inferior propensities, the higher sentiments, the perceptive, the reflective faculties reside. Let him, thus accoutred, sally forth to observation, and slily cast his eye on all the heads he meets; not yet to examine their organs and faculties, but to reconnoitre the general shapes of heads, to ascertain whether there really is so much difference as we assert, and to obtain terms of comparison with regard to the development of the various regions. When his tact has been exercised upon these general points, he may give a glance at the particular organs; but let him not be in a hurry to verify their relation to the character of the individual. He must begin with the larger organs,—with those which occupy the most room on the head, and consequently modify its shape the most—as cautiousness, for instance; and when he has fully learned to appreciate the size of these, he may proceed to the smaller organs, ending with those of which no less than five are situated in the ciliary ridge. When his eye is well exercised, and his tact thoroughly formed, he may begin to apply his knowledge. He must lay his friends and intimates—the persons with whose characters and talents he is the best acquainted—under contribution, and scan their foreheads with his eye, or, better still, lay his hand, widely extended, on their sinciput, embracing all the organs of that region in one grasp, and afterwards pass it down upon the occiput and the basilary region. His friends, indeed, may not be very sincere upon all points of their characters, and many inaccuracies in the current ideas and current language of society will be embarrassing, but the observer must supply the deficiency; and, in the circle of his acquaintance, he will find many whose talents—as music, drawing, calculation, manual dexterity, &c.—or whose avarice, benevolence, cruelty, timidity, or courage, are too well defined to admit of denial. The examination of the heads of children, too, will do much to confirm or refute our doctrine; for parents avow many things of them which they would not say of themselves; and boys and girls tell tales of each other, which are often just keys to character. Visiting schools, then, if our antagonists have it in their power, and prisons, if that be not repugnant, will give them boundless means to refute us; and

they will be much assisted by having access to the collections of phrenological societies now largely diffused over the kingdom—those of Dr. Spurzheim, and of Mr. Deville, in London, and to Mr. O'Neil's, in Edinburgh,* &c. As they advance in knowledge, and become experienced, opportunities will multiply around them. Public meetings will rejoice them; private assemblies will gladden their hearts: in ball-rooms they will look for brains—in churches for devotion; in Westminster-hall for justice; in the navy and the army for courage; and if they find them not, we avow ourselves defeated. And if we are defeated, may our enemies, when they stand exulting over our crushed and prostrate organs, inherit from us the only boon we have to bequeath to them—a delight unknown to all but phrenologists—the raptures which a bald-head—once the field of our glories, now of theirs—inspires! and curse the pernicious age of the Grand Monarch who buried craniology in periwigs!

It is fair, however, to tell our adversaries, that this precious knowledge is not to be acquired in a day; neither do we know of any science that can. To estimate the mere size of an organ of a head, may not be very difficult, though even that requires some practice; but to appreciate the entire development of the brain, in all its parts,—their proportions, their relation to each other, their combinations, requires time and exercise. The tact must be formed, and a minute knowledge of the shapes, general and particular, which compose such and such a character, and give this or that talent, must be acquired. They among us who have had the good fortune to see Dr. Spurzheim exercise his art in a numerous assembly of subjects, to witness the promptness as well as the certainty of his judgments, would be inclined to attribute it to supernatural agency. The writer of this article lately saw him, in a school of fifty-eight boys, not one of whom he had ever beheld till that moment, run his eye rapidly over every head, touch some which appeared to possess eminently any defect or quality, and, in less than an hour, deliver his opinion upon the most remarkable subjects—for good or for bad, without committing a single mistake; for all his opinions coincided most accurately with the testimony of the masters, to whom the scholars were well known. The same trial was made, the same day, and with the same success, in a school of thirty-four girls, and gave miraculous evidence of the truth of our doctrine. A course of practical—if we may so call them, of clinical lectures, as a compli-

* It is much to be desired that the persons who possess collections would add to them the heads of animals. Comparative phrenology is one of the most interesting and amusing branches of the science.

ment to phrenological study, has long been desired, to form practical students: and Dr. Spurzheim now delivers such courses in London, for the further instruction of those who already possess the rudiments of the science. In this he analyzes known heads; compares their cerebral development with their mental manifestations; discusses the reasons why, according to their organizations, they evinced such a talent, such a tendency; and explains the combinations—for in them reside the pith and marrow of the science—the final consequence of which is the general assemblage of qualities called character. Such a course as this he never thought of in France, for the attempt would have been vain.

By all these helps, it is to be hoped that observations will be multiplied, that the science will be diffused, and its truth ascertained; and the public opinion of England is of much more value than the decisions of learned bodies in any other country. Some say that phrenology should be handed over to one class of men, some to another; and physicians have been named as the most fit persons to determine the question. But we cannot see what requisites they possess more than other men, unless they are at the same time, what does not necessarily follow, good moral observers. The requisites for a practical phrenologist are, the power of appreciating size and form, accompanied by a talent for estimating moral phenomena. Now these medicine does not bestow; neither does the study of theology, of the *legum legumque*, or the study of anything but of themselves, bestow them: and all we request is, that phrenology may not be sentenced to annihilation by those who know nothing of the subject. This prayer, we trust, is not more extraordinary than those which mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, nay, which shoemakers, would proffer.

We (phrenologists) are fully aware of the many motives which militate against us, and the adoption of our doctrines. Every thing new is, and ought to be, received with caution; but how much more caution than usual must be used before men who have long been in the habit of supposing the brain to be useless can admit that a spherical excrescence like the head is that which makes them think and feel. And all this, too, comes from a German: a man, who was obliged to learn English, presumes to teach Englishmen why and how they are the greatest nation on the globe. This is too much; and we are too wise, say some, to believe the Doctor. We have an un-take-in-able sagacity which will not be his dupe: we are too much upon our guard even to listen to him. Others, again, are ashamed to own their convic-

tion; and very sensible men are known to be phrenologists, yet who are afraid to declare themselves openly, as long as ridicule dares point his waggish finger at their approbativeness. One word to quiet the self-love of those who fear to commit their sagacity in this trial. Sagacity does not consist either in doubting or in believing: as much, or as little of it may be shown in the one as in the other. Sagacity is proved by distinguishing truth from falsehood. Now, the first step to this is inquiry; and this step, unlike that which St. Denis made with his head in his hand —*c'est le premier pas qui coute*—is the easiest of all. This is the step which we (phrenologists) invite our foes to make, giving them up entirely to their own wisdom to make the last, assuring them that the true test of sagacity is truth.

Another calamity is, that phrenology has not been protected by the fashionables in science; and that its chief supporters have been among the lower ranks of the learned. We really do not understand what fashion is in science; neither do we conceive how truth is to be chosen as a *petite-maîtresse* chooses her gown, or a dandy his mustachios. If persons of fashion will not believe in phrenology, so much the worse for them; phrenology can do without them. If fashion and respectability be the same thing however, the University of Cambridge may count for something, and save the blushes of many who now fear to be called quizzes by avowing their conviction.

The transition from the old to the new mental doctrines certainly requires some force of mind; and the change is great from one metaphysical catalogue to the other. It reminds us of a revolution which, in the memory of many living, took place in the chemical sciences, when the pneumatic doctrines were first published. The Aristotelians, the Cartesians, the Stahlians of ancient days, were the many-coloured metaphysicians of former schools;—fire, air, earth, water, were perception, memory, judgment, imagination; and phlogiston was the soul. Long had these elements continued to furnish out the material world, when a simple appeal to weight and measure put them all to flight. Long had hypothetic principles explained every phenomenon of mind, when experiment and observation proved their non-existence. The Stahlians, who long had reigned unmolested, shuddered when they heard of oxygen; and would rather that the ocean had swallowed them up, than have seen one drop of water decomposed. Athanors waxed dim, caput-mortuums looked aghast, as phlogiston took its nether flight, and hydrogen lorded it over metallic resurrections. Even so do Lockeites and Reidites now grow pale, when any one of the thirty-five innate facul-

ties is named, and when the element of general memory bows before the powers which have rent its empire into fourteen sad dependancies. It is not that the names of Stahl and Locke are not venerable in science, but, fact *versus* man, man must be nonsuited.

The reasons, too, why error so long prevailed in both these sciences, are not without analogy to each other; and they who have examined both sides of both questions, and have finally been guided by experiment, find in them much subject of reflection upon the general march of the human mind. In the Stahlian doctrine, the increase of weight in metallic oxides was entirely overlooked, as was their loss of weight upon revivification; and phlogiston was a body endowed with positive levity, one which took away from the absolute weight of the substance with which it was combined, yet augmented its specific gravity. No account either was taken of the volatile products of an operation, of those which, when not allowed to escape, burst every vessel which would confine them. Not much more than half a century ago, the art of perforating air-tight bolt-heads was taught in chemical lectures; that is to say, the means of perpetuating ignorance; but the art of making impermeable lutes succeeded to it. All that was necessary to demonstrate the errors of Stahlism was, to weigh a metal and its oxide; to collect the aëriform products, and to examine them; to see that combustion could not take place without oxygen. These observations were made at length, and the science changed its whole hypothesis. All that was wanting to create phrenology, was, to know that all in metaphysics was conjecture; that not a single fact existed to prove that perception, memory, imagination, were simple fundamental faculties, but many to prove that they were not; that the various systems which had succeeded each other explained nothing; and that all we knew about the brain was, how to slice it. What future progress and vicissitudes remain to each of these sciences we shall not determine, for they are beyond our speculations. Chemistry embraces the most subtle properties of nature; but is not the mind of man a universe, and are not its relations infinite? Far greater, in our opinions, are the dependancies of human feeling and reason, of passion and intellect, than those which elaborate matter, or guide the world through space.

The facts adduced in favour of our science rest principally on the authorities of its great founders, and it is but fair that the objections should be brought forward by men whose endowments bear some proportion to theirs; or else that they be supported by an adequate number of competent witnesses. Although the

Edinburgh Reviewer could collect no information from the volumes of Dr. Gall, yet we (phrenologists) look upon them to be as extraordinary, in point of erudition, new facts, and new observations, as any that have honoured the present age; and Dr. Spurzheim has shown, in all his writings, a mind far above the common level of observing moralists and philosophers. These two men have devoted their lives to the study, and it would be unjust to overturn their doctrines by the hasty conclusions of a tyro. We do not, indeed, require so long and severe an apprenticeship in our opponents, as the masters of the science have undergone; but we exact a fair and honest competition.

One claim we must make in favour of our science, and this distinguishes it from all the branches of physiology which have been cultivated to this day,—it has cost no blood: not a single act of cruelty has dishonoured it; while Messrs. Majendie, Flourens and others, have been torturing animals, to teach their pupils but little, and repeating their tortures, to learn that little over and over again, our masters have not mutilated a single insect while alive, or shortened the existence of a single being, to have its brain a few days sooner under their scalpel. Yet phrenologists might feel as much interest in scraping away a piece of cautiousness, and then observing how dauntless the animal would become; or of excavating an organ of locality, to make him lose his way, as any physiological butcher could do: or they might be as curious as Vesalius was to take a peep into the living organs of some human subject. But they have abstained from every act of cruelty, and shown that anatomy and physiology may receive some of its best additions without becoming inhuman.

"The bantling which but a few years since we ushered into the world," say the phrenologists, "is now become a giant; and as well might you attempt to smother him as to entangle a lion in the gossamer, or drown him in the morning dew." "Your giant," say the anti-phrenologists, "is a butterfly: to-day he roams on gilded wing, to-morrow he will show his hideousness and be forgotten."

Dixit the phrenologist. Dixit the anti-phrenologist. And now the Foreign Quarterly resumes its wonted *we*, to repeat our assurances to our readers, that not one word of what precedes has been said by us, but by the advocates of the contending parties. *Fiat justitia*.

**Art. II.**—*Teatro Comico dell' Avvocato Alberto Nota.* 5 Vols. Livorno. 1822.

When we consider how little affinity appears to exist between the church and the stage, nay with what abhorrent reprobation such devotees as profess any degree of austerity regard the delicious, though hitherto unexplained, emotions, and wilful illusion created by the union of the powers of the poet and the actor, we cannot but deem it a whimsical anomaly that the theatre, wherever we are acquainted with its origin, should have uniformly arisen amidst, and from, religious ceremonies. Choral hymns sung at the sacrifices offered to Bacchus, may not indeed seem altogether inappropriate parents for the comedies of Aristophanes, whatever we may say of their relation to the tragedies of Sophocles. But when we think of the severely pure spirit of Christianity as having, ever so remotely, given birth to the licentious ribaldry that has at times disgraced the scenic pleasures of, we believe, all nations, we are actually confounded by the apparent impossibility of what we nevertheless know to be matter of fact. We have, however, no present intention of investigating this strange incongruity; our business being with a theatre which, forming an exception to the general rule, sprang more from imitation of the admired and admirable remains of classical antiquity, than from the mysteries and moralities presented by ecclesiastical confraternities, in honor of the different festivals of the Christian church. In Italy, the nurse rather than the mother of the arts, literature has never, to the best of our knowledge, been a spontaneous growth. The orators and the poets, lyric, epic, and dramatic, of ancient Rome, were the disciples and copyists of the conquered Greeks; and at the epoch of the revival of letters, the younger sons of the fair, and then flourishing Ausonian peninsula, became in like manner disciples and copyists of their renowned elder brethren.

Owing to this difference of origin, the regular drama did not, in Italy, as in other countries, bear from its earliest infancy the strong, and always interesting stamp of nationality. It had nothing of the raciness which distinguishes the natural produce of every soil. Coldly and dully imitative, it seems to have been equally uncongenial to author, actor, and audience. Hence it was, that unfostered by public favour, it improved but slowly, if at all, whilst the genius of the clime burst forth in other forms. One of these forms is the opera; but in those splendid exhibitions, the poet's part is held so subordinate to the musical composer's, that notwithstanding the acknowledged beauties of Metastasio, we name the opera only to observe how detrimental its unbounded

popularity must have proved to the legitimate drama. Of another of these forms, a species of comedy, original and national as heart can wish, but little calculated either to exalt the talent and reputation of the class of comic writers, or to cultivate a chastened dramatic taste, we shall presently have occasion to speak; our intention being to preface our review of Nota's Comedies, with a slight historical sketch of the earlier *Teatro Comico* of Italy.

Ariosto's are amongst the oldest Italian comedies that have fallen in our way, and cruelly indeed do they disappoint the admirer of the *Orlando Furioso*. They in fact possess no beauties capable of affording any sort of compensation for their intolerable grossness. In fable and conduct they are mere copies of Latin models. Their plots, like those of Terence, mainly turn upon the difficulty experienced by youths, whom parsimonious fathers keep short of cash, in finding means to purchase some beautiful slave-girl, profitably employed, meanwhile, by her trading owner as a courtezan. And this object of—we will not say love, but—all the intrigues of the play, frequently remains behind the scene throughout the five acts. In comedies of a somewhat later date, the fable so far approximates towards those of other modern theatres, that lawful wedlock with a virtuous and well-born maiden is the end in view: but in these likewise, the heroine—if the term be applicable to an unknown damsel—is kept so completely in the back-ground, as in some instances not even to appear in the *dramatis personæ* of plays deriving their title from her name; and in others, where we are indulged with a glimpse of her in whose fortunes we are expected to take an interest, it is but a glimpse, at a door or window, or during a transient flitting across the stage at the *denouement*.

Macchiavelli's comedies are far more dramatic, and replete with drollery; they bear indeed the decided impress of a master's hand. This able, and in our opinion, calumniated statesman first taught his countrymen to emulate the spirit, instead of copying the letter of classic dramatists; to depict and satirize contemporaneous, instead of obsolete manners and vices. But his plays neither develope a story that can excite anxious curiosity, nor display characters that can awaken sympathy. The main drift of the plot is the deceiving a jealous husband, in order to effect an interview between his guilty wife and her libertine paramour. The extravagant absurdity of the means employed, and the imbecile credulity of the conjugal dupe of preposterous stratagems, constitute the chief source of the comic humour, or rather of the broad farcical buffoonery in which the Italian delights. Notwithstanding the immorality and indecency of these pieces,

which wholly unfit them for general perusal, it might have been hoped that the superior school thus introduced would have flourished, gradually acquiring interest and purity, as the progress of refinement demanded such improvements. But of the numerous authors who followed in Macchiavelli's track, none, with the exception we believe of *l'unico Aretino*, have left aught deserving notice; and the school itself seems to have sunk before the singular rival we are now to describe.

The species of comedy already alluded to as peculiar to Italy, and long the sole pretender to the epithet *national*, is that known by the name of *Commedie dell' Arte*. One essential characteristic of these plays is, that only the story and its conduct appertain to the poet, the dialogue being intrusted wholly to the care of *improvvisatori* actors. The English reader will probably inquire to which department belongs the conception of the various characters, whose adventures are to command the eager interest of a sympathizing audience. The answer is, to neither. The characters are determined by long-established custom; and the sole variety required to diversify the numerous comedies, represented in all the equally numerous states into which the country was divided, was sought, in addition to the constant novelty of the jests, in the methods employed by the self-same parents, rivals, and menial confidants, to thwart or to promote the loves of the self-same Lelios and Rosauras. The four principal personages, denominated *le maschere*, the masks, are Pantaloon, a Venetian merchant, a Bolognese doctor of laws, and two Bergamese servants, Brighella and Arlecchino; the first, the father of the French Scapin, himself probably a descendant from the classical intriguing slave; the second a whimsical compound of simplicity, amounting to *niaiserie*, and of waggery. Add to these immutable personages a couple of sons, one profligate and one virtuous, a couple of daughters of similarly dissimilar dispositions, and a pert, intriguing chambermaid, and we have nearly the whole *dramatis personæ* of these unwritten plays; which, as far as the author is concerned, bear more analogy to our pantomime, than to any other familiar drama. Indeed considering the names of the indispensable characters in these last marvellous and mute entertainments, we incline to regard them as the degenerate offspring of the *Commedie dell' Arte*, from which they differ chiefly by relying for their principal attractions upon the machinist and scene-painter, and requiring from the performers agility instead of that extraordinary species of talent, the need of which must, it might be supposed, have rendered a play a very rare amusement. But either the *improvvisatore* talent actually is natural to, and frequent amongst, the natives of Italy, or even in genius,—accord-

ing to the laws which political economists tell us regulate such matters in more tangible articles—demand necessarily produces supply. Certain it is, that, whilst we can scarcely conceive the possibility of forming one such gifted company of comedians in any other part of modern Europe, they were to be found in every considerable town throughout Italy. We are moreover assured, that the dialogue so composed was not merely sprightly, but almost invariably abounded in wit and drollery.

These unchangeable personages had obtained such absolute possession of the stage, that they intruded even into the more legitimate drama; thus sparing the comic author the labour of inventing his characters, but robbing him at the same time of the pleasure of a paternal interest in the children of his fancy. By much the greater part of Goldoni's numerous plays afford little addition to the previously enumerated *dramatis personæ*, although he did occasionally vary all but the masks, and in a very few instances omitted even these, including the most pertinaciously adhering of all, Arlecchino himself. But Goldoni had too little force or wit for a successful innovator. He worked for bread, as the hireling writer of a theatrical company, whom he was bound to supply with a certain number of new plays annually. So far were his productions from being the overflowings of a full mind, that he tells us, in his auto-biography, of one season when, the muse being coy, the day fixed for delivering a new comedy had like to have dawned, whilst even the subject was unthought of. Impelled by necessity, and recollecting probably that 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' he resolutely snatched his pen, and saying 'The new comedy must have a name;' wrote down '*The Incognita:*'—'Somebody must open the play;'—*Enter Incognita:* 'To be unknown she must be in a strange place; thereupon shall she soliloquize.' And thus he actually began to indite a play, by no means one of his worst, without a notion of the story he was about to dramatize.

We have said that Goldoni possessed not faculties for bold and happy innovation; and we apprehend that the idea of getting rid of the four masks and their *suite* originated with a contemporary and rival of very different mental powers. This was Gozzi; an author who, without being what we should call a great dramatist, has some remote affinity to the mighty spirits of our Elizabethan age; and was assuredly much better adapted than Goldoni to found a new school. Gozzi flung aside at once all the usurping possessors of the stage, and permitted his imagination to range at will over the face of the earth in search of subjects whereupon to exercise itself. In the management of such subjects when discovered, he seems to have acknowledged no law save his

own pleasure; sometimes representing faithfully the manners of the nations amongst whom he laid his scene; sometimes investing other climes and ages with the Italian *costume*, in order thus the more unrestrainedly to lash and laugh at his countrymen; sometimes treating wild subjects with accordant extravagance, and thus producing a comic effect peculiarly relished by his compatriots.

When Gozzi and Goldoni disappeared from the arena, many years elapsed during which we are not aware that their native land beheld any aspirant successor to their honors. But of late, a whole swarm of authors of all descriptions, including dramatists both tragic and comic, have burst into life, generated we apprehend by the fermentation excited in the human intellect—and nowhere more than in Italy—by the French revolution, the consequent triumphs of French arms, and the prodigious changes those triumphs brought in their train. Amongst the new race of comic authors, the *Avvocato* Alberto Nota stands pre-eminent, we understand, in the esteem of those who should be the best judges of, at least, his relative abilities; and his plays indisputably possess considerable merit. If they must be confessed inferior to the German drama in deep feeling and passion, to the Spanish in profusion of incident and a stimulating complexity of fable, to the French in playfulness and sentimental elegance, to the English in sterling wit and dramatic humor, and to the Macchiavellian in strong portraiture and command over the risible muscles, they are not destitute of any of these qualities, and, asserting the best privilege of Thalia, assume the important office of "holding a mirror up to nature," exhibiting national manners, morals, and feelings, and applying the scourge of satire, gay or severe as occasion may require, to the prevalent follies, faults, and vices. We are not quite sure whether it may not be as a picture of Italian society, that, despite Nota's high reputation, his plays will prove most generally interesting. We, at least, must acknowledge that they are, for the most part, too didactic for our notions of the temper and character proper to Comedy.

The five little volumes of Nota's *Teatro Comico* now before us contain thirteen of his comedies; the complement of the fifth volume being made out with two plays by other esteemed writers. From these thirteen we shall select such as we think best in themselves, and most characteristically national; giving a brief abstract of their stories, together with some extracts, calculated to illustrate our opinion of Nota's merits and demerits.

*La Donna Ambiziosa*, the Ambitious Woman, the first that offers itself, is one of those best deserving our notice. The *protagonista* is a merchant's second wife, who, raised by her marriage

from abject poverty, suffers her mother and sisters to pine in actual want, whilst she lavishes the wealth of her husband—whom she induces gradually to withdraw from trade—in idly emulating, or rather striving to eclipse, the pomp and splendor of the higher ranks in the provincial town to which she has persuaded her husband to remove from their former humble residence,—where, scandal alleges, that he kept a pork shop. Her grand object is the obtaining a title for her husband, and admission at court for herself; two points which she expects to carry through the interest of one Faribo, a receiver-general, whose friendship she has endeavoured to secure by prevailing upon her husband to give security for him. Most of these circumstances are happily enough disclosed in the first three or four scenes between Cellina, the waiting maid, Riccardo, the secretary—*anglicè*, we imagine, clerk—of Eustachio the merchant, the worthy trader himself, his daughter Silvia, and Premoletti, a gentleman whose sole occupation appears to be worming out the secrets of all his acquaintance, reporting them to those from whom it is most important to the weakly confiding party to conceal them, and generally collecting and propagating all possible scandal, great and small. From the discourse of these persons we further learn, that Eustachio is held in absolute subjection, and at a somewhat unconjugal distance by his new wife, Laura, and that his daughter Silvia, who is in love with, and beloved by Riccardo, is about to be married to the Contino Roberto, an extravagant and profligate young noble, so soon as he, the said Contino, can obtain the consent of his family. Laura joins the party, attended by her *cavalière servente* Fernando, a personage chiefly distinguished by his taciturnity. It can hardly be requisite to inform our readers that the *cavalière servente*, an indispensable appendage to a lady of fashion, is by no means necessarily a favoured gallant, although it may be conceived that opportunity will often have thus depraved the nature of the connection; ostensibly, his office is merely to render those public attentions to his lady, which custom prohibits, under pain of ridicule, a husband from paying to his wife. Nota, although in the comedy we are now examining he represents *la servitù*, better known here as *cicisbeism*, in a very favourable light, evidently thinks it a practice habitually as dangerous and reprehensible as it is absurd; since another play, of which we shall next speak, is devoted chiefly to its reprobation. To return to our ambitious dame.—She describes her numerous and splendid preparations for Silvia's nuptials, and reproving her dejected but unresisting step-daughter for coldness towards her intended bridegroom, dismisses her. We translate what follows, as illustrative of Laura's character, and of the duties of the *cavalière servente*.

"*Laura.* My dear husband, your first wife educated that girl shockingly.

*Eustachio.* And yet I really thought—

*Lau.* Depend upon it; but I trust I shall improve her.—Signor Ferdinando!

*Ferdinando.* Madam?

*Lau.* If you have no pressing affairs—

*Ferd.* I am at your command.

*Lau.* I should be glad if you would step to my jeweller's, and inquire whether he has cleaned my diamonds and put them in order.

*Ferd.* Immediately.

*Lau.* There is nothing pleases me like a handsome set of diamonds.

*Ferd.* I shall obey your wishes.

*Lau.* At noon, provided it does not inconvenience you—

*Ferd.* By no means.

*Lau.* We shall try the new carriage and horses upon the Corso.

*Ferd.* Pardon me if I say that these exhibitions look something like affectation.

*Lau.* How! affectation? I wish the Prefect's lady and the Marchioness to approve my taste and my husband's.

*Eust.* Yours, love; *I* have not interfered.

*Ferd.* They will laugh instead of approving.

*Lau.* If they laugh, it will be with the wrong side of their mouths.

*Ferd.* Be assured of my sincerity—

*Lau.* *(with great dignity).* I shall expect you at noon.

*Ferd.* I am ever at your devotion. [*Exit.*

*Riccardo (to Eustachio).* Sir, these accounts—

*Eust.* Ah, true! My love, suppose we were to examine last month's accounts?

*Lau.* How! Do you think this a proper day for examining accounts?

*Eust.* Why according to the maxims of sound economy—

*Lau.* After Silvia's marriage we will look to such matters.

*Eust.* *(to Riccardo).* You hear?

*Ric.* If we go on thus—

*Lau,* Enough.

*Ric.* Be assured, and it is a point upon which I can give you ocular demonstration, that this excessive expenditure—

*Lau.* Enough.

*Eust.* Enough. Did you not hear?

*Lau.* What have you in hand?

*Ric.* Five thousand sequins prepared for Signora Silvia's portion, and two thousand for current expenses.

*Lau.* Then you see, my dear, there is no such urgent need of boring our heads with accounts just now.

*Ric.* Your ladyship is mistaken, and I could—

*Eust.* Pr'ythee be silent.

*Ric.* I have done. *(Aside)* Oh were it not for Silvia!—

*Lau.* You will pay the Upholsterer, Cabinet-maker, and Coachmaker.

*Ric.* Very well.

*Lau.* *(to Eustachio).* As few debts as possible.

*Eust.* You are an angel!

*Lau.* It will be proper to make some present to the singers who obliged us the other evening. *(To Riccardo.)* Do you know what the prefect gave?

*Ric.* Yes, madam. Twenty sequins to the *prima donna*, and ten apiece to the tenor and *buffo*.

*Lau.* Then you will give thirty to the *prima donna*, and fifteen apiece to the other two.

*Eust.* Would it not do to pay like the prefect?

*Lau.* Excuse me. Should the prefect and we invite them for the same day, they will henceforward give us the preference.

*Eust.* You are in the right, and I am satisfied.

*Lau.* There is nothing else to pay for the present.

*Ric.* Your pardon. With your leave I would say—

*Lau.* What?

*Ric.* That two quarters of your ladyship's mother's pension are due.

*Lau.* Two quarters!

*Eust.* It is very true, my Laura; and indeed I have a letter upon the subject from the village apothecary.

*Lau.* And why was not the last quarter paid?

*Ric.* If your ladyship will please to recollect, you yourself told me, that the half year should be paid at once in the beginning of this month.

*Lau.* That is very true; and have you no further funds?

*Ric.* We have nothing to receive till next month.

*Lau.* I am sorry; but according to our calculations there is nothing to spare, and a trifle must be kept in hand against casualties.

*Ric.* If you thought fit, something might be retrenched from the singers.

*Lau.* I have no need of your tutoring; what I do is not through ambition, but for the honor and credit of the family.

*Eust.* Who doubts it, sweet wife?

*Lau.* Besides, it is to be considered, that my mother and sisters, living in the country, can have no great calls for money. We will pay their pension the beginning of next month. You will remind us of it.

*Ric.* Yes, madam. *(Aside)* She must be reminded of supporting her mother!"

The secretary is now dismissed, when the wedded pair discuss their past and present state, and their future prospects. Letters are brought from the receiver-general, announcing the privy-councillor Alfonso's full consent to his nephew, Contino Roberto's marriage, and his intended arrival in the evening, together with Faribo himself, and other grandees, to assist at the ceremony of affiancing the young couple. This delightful intelligence is accompanied with presents, and followed by a request for the loan of 6000 sequins for a few hours, with a requisite explanation of the why and the wherefore, and a promise of repayment in the evening, when he shall come with the privy-councillor. Eustachio demurs; but Laura, who dares not risk offending so

important a friend, proposes taking Silvia's portion to make-up the sum, overpowering, by her urgency, Eustachio's reluctance, and even his wish to carry the cash himself, which would, she thinks, look offensively distrustful.

In the Second Act, Premoletti artfully extorts from Roberto the confession, that his uncle, the privy-councillor, has not even answered his letters touching the projected *mésalliance*; that should the great man continue thus contumacious, it is intended to solemnize the marriage privately; that the prefect has been exhorting him, probably by his uncle's desire, to quit the town where the scene lies, and return to the capital; and that he, Roberto, has persuaded Donna Clorinda, whose *cavalière servente* he is, that he contracts such a marriage only in obedience to his family. All this Premoletti forthwith imparts to Donna Clorinda, whose indignation at her *cavaliere*'s perfidy is yet further exasperated in the following scene, which we translate, as characteristic of the state of Italian society, and as a sample of Nota's comic powers. Laura is led on the stage by the Barone di Torrida, a newly arrived general commandant, and says, in a tone of dignity,

"Your pardon, my dear friend, the servants had not announced you.

*Clo.* No apologies I entreat. [*They embrace very formally.*

*Rob.* Fair Silvia, accept my respectful homage.

*Sil.* Your servant, Signor Count.

*Rob. (to Ferdinando).* My friend! [*Ferdinando bows in silence.*

*Lau.* This, Signor Baron, is the Contino Roberto, Silvia's bridegroom elect, and nephew to Count Commendatore Alfonso, the privy-councillor.

*Rob.* Your servant, Signor General.

*Baron.* I am happy to make acquaintance with the nephew of a man who enjoys the favor of his prince, and the esteem of his country. I had the honor of paying my respects to your uncle the day before yesterday.

*Rob. (aside after bowing his thanks).* Provided my uncle has not commissioned him, as well as the prefect, to lecture me!

*Clo.* The wedding draws near then, Signora Laura?

*Lau.* The ceremony of affiancement will take place this evening.

*Rob. (aside).* This evening!

*Lau.* You will find an invitation when you return home.

*Clo.* Allow me to wish you joy, Signora Silvia. [*Silvia curtsies.*

*Rob.* And me too, Donna Clorinda.

*Clo.* You, and all the family. *(Aside)* Insolent! I fly to the prefect.

*Lau.* I give you notice, ladies and gentlemen, that we shall be honored this evening with the company of Contino Roberto's uncle, the privy-councillor.

*Rob. (involuntarily).* My uncle coming?

*Clo.* How? does that astonish you?

*Lau.* He designed his nephew an agreeable surprise. Read that, Contino. [*Giving him Faribo's letter.*

*Prem.* (*aside*). Could I read it too! [*Tries to read over Roberto's shoulder.*

*Lau.* He will be accompanied by ten or twelve other cavaliers and courtiers.

*Clo.* I rejoice to hear it.

*Lau.* You will do us the pleasure?——

*Clo.* I shall be a delighted witness.

*Lau.* And you, Signor General?

*Baron.* Can you doubt it?

*Eust.* (*aside to Laura*). You are sure of Faribo's punctuality?

*Lau.* (*aside to Eustachio*). What unworthy apprehensions! His servant was off like a shot.

*Eust.* (*aside to Laura*). I thought—but it's best so—Yes, I am satisfied.

*Rob.* (*returning the letter*). I had no doubt of my uncle's sanction.

*Prem.* (*aside to Roberto*). What says your uncle?

*Rob.* (*aside to Premoletti*). You learn nothing more from me.

*Clo.* (*aside to Premoletti*). Have you discovered anything?

*Prem.* (*aside to Clorinda*). Nothing at all.

*Clo.* (*aside*). I shall presently make it out. (*Aloud*) My dear friend, I will intrude no longer.

*Lau.* Will you not partake our *déjeuner*?

*Clo.* I am expecting a person to call.

*Lau.* Farewell then till evening.

*Clo.* This evening.

*Lau.* You know it is usual to be in full dress.

*Clo.* I know the custom upon such occasions.

*Lau.* Silk, lace, and diamonds. If you like to see the court directions, Silvia can show them to you.

*Clo.* It is needless, I thank you. I have attended at court festivals.

*Lau.* Your pardon.

*Baron.* Who is this lady?

*Lau.* Donna Clorinda dal Poggio; a lady of the greatest merit.

*Clo.* Signora Laura flatters.

*Baron.* With your permission, madam, I shall have the honour of offering you my homage at your own house.

*Clo.* I shall esteem myself fortunate. Indeed were not the Signor General engaged elsewhere, I could offer him apartments.

*Baron.* I sincerely thank you, but—

*Lau.* Signor General, you know that my husband has placed our house at your disposal.

*Baron.* Too polite.

*Eust.* And with the utmost pleasure.

*Lau.* He entreats you to accept a *suite* of seven apartments, all elegantly furnished, and looking upon the great square.

*Clo.* (*aside*). Impertinent. (*Aloud*) I dare not urge my offer in opposition to one so superior.

*Prem. (aside to Ferdinand).* Admirable! I am diverted.

*Ferd. (aside to Premoletti).* And I am half mad.

*Baron.* Ladies, I am grateful to both for your goodness, but cannot for the moment accept your obliging offers. There are reasons which compel me to remain at the inn.

*Clo.* Signora Laura, gentlemen, your servant.

*Lau.* Husband, attend Donna Clorinda.

*Clo.* Do not disturb him. *(Aside)* Will not the brute stir?

*Eust.* It is my duty—Permit me—

*Lau.* If you do not dislike passing through my apartment, you will see the new bed *à l'Augusta*, and I shall have the advantage of your opinion. It was designed, and the execution superintended, by the prince's upholsterer.

*Clo.* So, so. Let us see it.

*Ferd. (aside)* She will make herself ridiculous."

Most of the party accompany Clorinda to the bed-chamber. The *déjeuner* is soon afterwards announced, when Ferdinando asks Laura—

Signora, after the *déjeuner* do we try the new horses?

*Lau.* I really do not know. If you have business I will not interfere with your engagements. Should I resolve to go, I will intreat the Signor General's company.

*Baron.* Most willingly.

*Ferd.* If so, Signora Laura, I take my leave. *(Going.)*

*Baron.* Stay, Sir. Madam, with all my heart I offer you my arm and my service; but I am a man of honour, and a man of the world; I will give offence to no one. If Signor Ferdinando be your *cavalière*, it is but just—

*Lau.* Oh, Signor Ferdinando knows that I do not bind myself to any individual *cavalière*.

*Ferd.* I came hither, however, at your particular request."

The Baron is called out upon business, when a sort of quarrel ensues between Ferdinando and Laura; he speaks to her rather as a friend than as a *cavalière servente*, and she resents his judicious remonstrances upon the absurdity of her conduct. She leaves him, and the Baron returns, with whom Ferdinando is half inclined to quarrel, when he discovers that they were old schoolfellows and friends. A full explanation on the Baron's part is prevented by Eustachio's entrance to summon both to the *déjeuner*.

We shall despatch the three remaining Acts more rapidly. In the next, a tender parting interview betwixt Riccardo and Silvia, who do not make so much effort in favour of their attachment, or against an odious marriage, as even to reveal their sentiments to Eustachio, is detected and interrupted by Premoletti, who instantly imparts a falsified version of what he has witnessed to

Roberto. The bridegroom is tempted to cut the connection, but a dunning letter determines him not to lose the portion. Silvia joins him, confesses the state of her heart, and proposes to break off the treaty, but he asserts his satisfaction with her virtuous sentiments, and she retires, promising duty and fidelity. Premoletti meanwhile has carried his tidings to Laura, who hastens to appease the future husband's imagined rage, with the assurance that Riccardo is already discharged. The Baron joins them, enchants Laura by proffering himself as her *cavalière*, and expresses some uneasiness about a female relation who is coming to visit him, and whom he is reluctant to leave at the inn. Laura offers the lady an apartment, which he accepts, and retires to meet her. Amidst all this grandeur and felicity, Cellina announces the inopportune and most unexpected arrival of Laura's indigent mother and sisters. In the utmost alarm lest they should be seen, Laura commissions her husband to hurry off these unsuitable visitors, by back ways, to a distant inn, whilst she occupies the attention of their more dignified company, to prevent all danger of the discovery of such disgraceful relations. Her mother is to be pacified with the promise of a visit next day.

The 4th Act brings the ambitious Laura's punishment. The first scene opens with the anxiety called forth by the non-arrival of the privy-councillor and his party. Laura, annoyed that some of her guests display more diamonds than herself, directs the improvement of her head-dress, whilst listening to Eustachio's account of her mother's weariness, illness, distress, and resentment. The approach of the expected privy-councillor is now announced, and Eustachio hastens with Roberto to welcome him, whilst most of the *dramatis personæ* join Laura, to witness his entrance. But he is come, not to assist at the nuptials, but to prevent their celebration, by carrying off his worthless nephew, in consequence, probably, of Clorinda's communication to the prefect. The indignant Laura proposes to seek redress through the influence of Faribo, and learns from the Baron, that this friend on whom she relied has absconded with the public money in his hands; and that he, the General, has despatched a party of dragoons in his pursuit. Eustachio, in his agony, discloses the ruin into which Faribo's delinquency must plunge him, and the wedding guests depart without a word of leave-taking or condolence. Laura appeals to the Baron and Ferdinando, but receives from the former only reproaches for her treatment of her own family. She denies the charge; when the door of the room allotted to the Baron's relation is thrown open, and she beholds her ill-used mother and sisters in the garb of absolute poverty. She attempts to accost them, but they repulse her; and the

Baron, saying that he and Ferdinando will take charge of them, leads them away.

The 5th Act exhibits the despair, the repentance, and the reformation of Laura. The first proof she gives of her improvement is, determining to go forth, seek her mother, and implore forgiveness, notwithstanding all the impertinence and insults she must expect to encounter upon crossing her own threshold. She is stopped by the Baron, who comes, in the prefect's name, to inquire the character of the discarded secretary. Laura does Riccardo ample justice, blaming herself for his dismissal. The Baron is touched with this; but tells her, nevertheless, that her mother and sisters are going away, resolved not to see her, and lectures her rather austerely upon her offences, adding, that soldiers value honor and duty above all things. As she sinks into a chair, overwhelmed with shame and contrition, Ferdinando enters, in obedience to her summons. She apologizes for her ingratitude towards him, and requests one last favour. Upon his professing his readiness to serve her, she fetches her jewel box, and says, with suppressed anguish,

"Signor Ferdinando, these jewels are mine; I am entitled to dispose of them at my pleasure. I intreat you to present them to my mother from me, that she may, by their sale, provide for her own, and my sisters' wants. This is the only favour I implore. Prevail upon her to accept them.

*Ferd.* You shall be obeyed.—I will do my utmost. [*taking the casket.*

*Baron.* How! Will you part with your jewels? Have patience—preserve them. You may yet find friends to assist you. I have said that I can do nothing for you; but if it is for your mother's relief, I offer you——

*Ferd.* And so do I——

*Laura.* I do not accept. The sacrifice of these idle ornaments costs me no pain. May my mother receive the offer as the first proof of my restoration to better feelings! I recommend myself to you.

*Ferd.* I hasten——

*Laura.* Touch my mother's heart; propitiate her.

*Ferd.* I will.

*Laura (with increasing emotion.)* Tell her that the day will come in which she shall be convinced of my reformation, and then I hope she will permit me to fall at her feet—will open her arms to me.

*Ferd.* You shall have a prompt answer. [*Exit.*

*Baron.* Signora Laura, this action is worthy of you.

*Laura (with modest seriousness.)* Signor General, if soldiers esteem honour and duty above all things, I trust you will in time acknowledge that a woman deceived by her own vanity, seconded by a weakly indulgent husband, and stimulated by flattery, may recover her senses, see her errors, blush at, and correct them.

*Baron.* I begin to hope it—and am gratified—Yes, I am gratified."

Eustachio now enters with information that the friends from whom he has, by Laura's advice, sought help, far from aiding him by a loan of money, giving security, or even by applying to the prefect to suspend the enforcement of such harsh measures as the immediate sale of their palace and effects, have repulsed himself and his requests with contumely. Premoletti and Clorinda come to taunt and insult the fallen intruders into their society with refusals of assistance, professions of pity, and offers to purchase their property. But Laura scarcely heeds their paltry triumph; for Ferdinando now returns, bringing her mother's acceptance of the jewels and affectionate pardon. As she is flying to the feet of her reconciled parent, her progress is arrested by Silvia, with a rapturous annunciation of good news. Silvia is followed by Riccardo, the bearer of an order from the prefect to suspend all rigorous proceedings against Eustachio, in consideration of security having been given for him by Ferdinando, Riccardo, and Laura's brother, Carlo Strenui. The astonishment excited by this last name produces a full explanation, when it appears that the brother of whom Laura, when pressed by the Baron's questions, had spoken slightingly, as a runaway scapegrace, probably killed in Spain, concerning whose fate it was not worth while to trouble the Baron to inquire, as he proposed doing, is the Baron himself in *propriâ personâ*. Of course, Laura's repentance and shame are redoubled; she obtains a second pardon, with the tidings of Faribo's capture with a good sum of money. Riccardo and Silvia are married; and a new household is arranged in the small town Eustachio had formerly inhabited, of which the neglected mother and sisters are to form part.

We think our readers will consider this comedy as confirming the general opinion we have given of Nota's dramatic works, and agree with us, that it is very moral, but, although offering a lively and amusing portraiture of the state of Italian society, not very witty, very interesting, or very pathetic. But lest our fair countrywomen should be misled by the innocent and even honourable light in which *servitù* has been placed by the conduct of Ferdinando, we shall, though more briefly, allow Nota to display the danger of such connections in "*I primi passi al mal costume*"—"The first steps towards guilt." In this play the principal characters are a lawyer, Don Fulgenzio,—his young wife Cammilla,—her father, a rough old soldier,—the lawyer's sister, a sanctified prude,—a heartless coxcomb, Lieutenant Guglielmi, who is a candidate for the office of Cammilla's *cavalière servente*, —and the lady he has previously served. Donna Cammilla, although only a few months married, is already plunging into the

utmost extravagance in dress, and into all sorts of dissipation, including gaming; she moreover encourages the assiduities of the Lieutenant, which, we gather from the piece, is esteemed incorrect in the first year of wedlock, and which she justifies by telling her intriguing attendant Paolina, that she does so merely to mortify her intimate friend Donna Flamminia, by robbing her of her *cavalière servente*. Fulgenzio is not blind to his wife's faults, but hopes gradually to correct them by kindness and forbearance. Her father, the Colonel, having heard of them from Donna Cristina, the prude, comes in a rage to lecture her; but is easily persuaded by Paolina's lies, silently confirmed by Cammilla, that the latter is slandered by her hypocritical sister-in-law. We translate part of a dialogue between this last personage and Fulgenzio, as showing both Nota's style of painting character, and the prevalent feelings and opinions touching cicisbeism.

Cristina has just found, and given to her brother, a *billet doux* concealed in a nosegay, which Paolina had persuaded her lady to accept from the Lieutenant.

"*Fulgenzio.* Why thus disturbed? There is nothing suspicious here, save your temper. Who shall prevent a young cavalier from writing in a strain of gallantry to a beautiful woman? My wife has not even perceived anything; so certain is it that she maintains no unbecoming correspondence; otherwise this billet had not been left amongst the flowers. This accident is to me an additional proof that Donna Cammilla's affections are solely mine, and that if any one presumes to sigh for her, it is in vain.

*Cristina.* Charity commands us, it is true, to put the best interpretation upon every thing; and it was but yesterday that, chancing to be in the anti-chamber when the Signor Lieutenant was taking leave, I saw him kiss Donna Cammilla's hand.

*Fulg.* Kissing the hand is an expression of respect.

*Crist.* Methought, nevertheless, your wife looked somewhat complacently upon him.

*Fulg.* You mistook; civility forbids our looking away when in conversation with any one.

*Crist.* However, I very distinctly heard the Lieutenant ask for a certain portrait——

*Fulg.* A portrait?—

*Crist.* Yes, her picture; but, as I abstain from rash judgments, I will not, without professing some portion of doubt, assert that she promised it him.

*Fulg. (with suppressed anguish).* It is impossible.

*Crist.* And yet——

*Fulg.* I tell you it is impossible.

*Crist.* You seem to be losing your temper. I had, perhaps, done better to have held my tongue?

*Fulg.* Much better. And, Sister, I see that this house is no longer a suitable abode for you.

*Crist.* How? Is this the reward of my salutary warnings?

*Fulg.* I give no credit to your words, because you are wont to misunderstand, and yet more to misrepresent.

*Crist.* I swear to you, upon my conscience, that my zeal for your good——

*Fulg.* Yes, yes, the usual zeal of envious bigots like yourself, who, under colour of virtue, and a pretended desire to do good, indulge concealed malevolence, and foment family dissensions.

*Crist.* I am surprised at you.—I am no such person——

*Fulg.* Then prove it to me by quitting this room.

*Crist.* Ask any thing else, my dear brother."

It should have been stated that this dialogue passes in a room which Cammilla has just appropriated to her private use, by placing her toilet in it, but which Cristina will not give up. After some altercation upon the subject, Fulgenzio retires in anger, and she, saying—'I have conquered him by my patience, here comes my sister-in-law, neither shall she disturb my equanimity'—remains, till, after a good deal of civil altercation, Cammilla drives her away by means of strong perfumes.*

In the first scene between Cammilla and the lieutenant, she betrays jealousy of Donna Flamminia, whereupon he says,

"Why talk to me of Donna Flamminia? I have no intercourse with her beyond an occasional visit of compliment. Heaven's lightning blast me if I ever spoke to her of love!

*Cam.* She flatters herself, nevertheless that you are enamoured of her.

*Lieut.* Oh no! she is well aware that I do not even think of it. You alone, beautiful Donna Cammilla, rule my whole heart, and no other, not Venus herself could tear it from you.

[*Draws his chair nearer, and kisses her hand repeatedly.*

*Cam.* Your expressions delight me; yet at the same time they disturb, nay frighten me.

*Lieut.* And why are you disturbed or alarmed? Our friendship is within the bounds of honour; my sentiments are pure, nor do I sigh for more than the purest love from you—a love in which only the heart and spirit are concerned.

*Cam.* Dear Lieutenant, do you speak sincerely?

*Lieut.* Truth is ever upon my lips.

*Cam.* Your words relieve my heart from all uncertainty, all fear. Again I promise myself everything from your honour.

*Lieut.* Let us now speak, if you please, of the portrait which you last night said—."

The conversation is here interrupted by the entrance of Donna Flamminia with an antiquated *cavalière servente*, and other company. Much covert sparring ensues between her and Cammilla, whose nascent inclination for the Lieutenant is fomented and

* An Italian lady will sometimes faint even at the sight of roses, or almost any other fragrant flowers, in her apartment.

stimulated by the manifest jealousy of her friend and rival. The old Colonel detains the Lieutenant to dinner, for the sake of a little military chat; and during the repast, both the lover and the lady are sufficiently unguarded, to convince the husband that it is time to interfere. Another *tête-à-tête* follows however, in which Cammilla is alarmed at her own emotions. The Lieutenant thus soothes her apprehensions.

"Heaven knows, amiable Donna Cammilla, how entirely I respect you, how little I would lead you astray; but you must reflect that you are young and beautiful, and that such as you ought not to be debarred from innocent conversation. If you begin by dreading your husband's jealousy, all will quickly be over for you; you will not have liberty to quit the house; he will become your tyrant, will keep you in perpetual slavery. You see that Donna Octavia, Donna Eugenia, Donna Hortensia, have each her *cavalière*, the world applauds their choice, and their husbands, who are men of sense, do not trouble themselves about such trifles, but let things take their course.

*Cam.* My husband is not of such a disposition.

*Lieut.* He will speedily acquire it.

* * * * * *

*Cam.* At all events I intreat you to leave me now, and return to accompany me to the ball—or half an hour earlier.

*Lieut.* I will go, but upon one condition.

*Cam.* What condition?

*Lieut.* That you give me your picture.

*Cam.* Now?

*Lieut.* I know you have it about you.

*Cam.* I acknowledge it, but still—."

Cammilla long resists his urgency, and during their contest Cristina appears, listening at the door. She hears the conclusion.

"*Cam.* Leave me, leave me! I feel that if I longer listen—

*Lieut.* (*aside*). Now for it! (*throwing himself at her feet*) I will never quit your knees till you grant me this favour!

*Cam.* What a fatal empire you have over me! Rise, rise Lieutenant, do not sport with my honour, do not betray me! Here is the picture."

The triumphant gallant is now about to withdraw, when Don Fulgenzio enters, asserts that Cammilla was evidently feverish, convulsed, even delirious, during dinner, and positively forbids her going to the ball. The lieutenant departs, privately assuring the provoked Cammilla that he will not go either, but pass the evening in contemplating her resemblance. Cammilla's despair at losing this last ball of the carnival, subsequently induces her husband to propose conducting her thither himself, both masked. She there sees the faithless Lieutenant attending upon Donna

Flamminia, exhibiting her picture, and turning her weak attachment to himself into ridicule. She profits by her disguise to snatch away her picture, and escape with it amidst the crowd of masks. In the 5th Act occurs her deep and active repentance—she gives the Lieutenant an order, which she has obtained from the General Commandant, to join his regiment upon the frontiers, and then offers to retire to any convent selected by her husband—conquers Fulgenzio's fixed resolution to separate from her, and wrings her pardon from both him and her father.

We shall add a short sketch of one other play, of a materially different and more comic character, but equally impressed with the stamp of Italian manners and feelings; it is *Il Progettista*, the Projector; and the difference betwixt the schemes of this adventurous personage, and those which might be expected from an Englishman of similar disposition, is both striking and entertaining. We have here neither joint-stock agricultural companies for Central Africa, nor flying steam-engines; neither self-moving carriages, nor loans to the Dictator of Paraguay, Dr. Francia, or the Delai Lama of Tibet; neither sub-marine railways, nor patent tea-urns and penknives. *Il Progettista's* spirit of enterprize expends itself in building porticoes, laying out grounds, collecting pictures and marbles, and converting bed chambers into a gallery for their reception. The sufficient strength of this gallery, constructed upon an architectural design of his own, is disputed by every body through the first four acts, and mathematically demonstrated by him. Its catastrophe, as will be seen, is in fact that of the comedy, or at least its immediately producing cause. Through the celebrity to be acquired by this gallery, Filiberto, the projector, expects to become known at court, and to be eventually raised to the ministry, when he proposes immortalizing himself by wars and conquests. His lucrative speculations are pretty much confined to the enabling silk-worms to dispense with the constant attendance and the shelter of a roof, which, it seems, they require in Italy; and to converting cornfields into gardens. But upon this subject Signor Filiberto shall explain his own views. Even the fawning agent, who profits by his operations, thus objects:—

"But it will be necessary to destroy one of the best fields—

*Filiberto.* What matters the field? The garden will be far more profitable.

*Fabio.* I could not doubt your honour's having duly considered—

*Fili.* Could you suppose me stupid enough to look only to magnificence?

*Fab.* Not even in my dreams.

*Fili.* I manage my sister's affairs during her absence, and whatever I

do, is done with a view to the interests of my beloved niece, and to the strictest and most judicious economy.

*Sophia.* My dear uncle—

*Fili.* Hush! hush!

*Fab.* I have no more to say.

*Fili.* No, sir, no, I chuse to convince you. What return do these four acres yield, taking into account the taxes, the casualties of the seasons, drought, and such like mischances? They do not return twenty crowns annually. On the other hand, by the sale of oranges, lemons, exotic medicinal plants, I reckon upon making at least four hundred crowns a year. To work then on the wall of enclosure; which, by my computation, should be completed in a few months.

*Fab.* I think it may; but meanwhile I should be glad of a hundred or so of sequins upon the old account.

*Fili.* Just now I really cannot—

*Fab.* But I have to pay my people.

*Fili.* Within the month I will settle your old account. My sister must by this time have gained her law-suit at Vienna, and will bring back money to pay everything.

*Fab.* Well, if it be so I must wait, and will give orders for our new job. (*Going, he returns.*) Oh, Signor Filiberto!

*Fili.* What now?

*Fab.* We have thought of many things, and forgotten the principal.

*Fili.* Aye, indeed, let us hear?

*Fab.* Where shall we get water for the garden?

*Fili.* (*striking his head*). By Bacchus! by Bacchus! You are in the right."

Upon this posing difficulty, Marco, the old family steward or bailiff, is called in to the consultation, and says,

" Your honour knows that want of water is our greatest trouble, and that it was but last year—

*Fili.* I don't want to know anything about that: but what the devil, have'n't I seen a little brook in the woods, about three miles off, near Don Fulgenzio's land?

*Marco.* Most assuredly.

*Fili.* And think you I have not spirit to make a canal from Don Fulgenzio's estate? What do you laugh at?

*Marco.* The brook is Don Fulgenzio's property.

*Fili.* We will purchase the right to turn it.

*Marco.* Neither will that do; because after the stream has irrigated Don Fulgenzio's farms, other proprietors enjoy similar rights to it.

*Fili.* What a man of difficulties you are!

*Marco.* Pardon me, but I know what my young lady's grandfather spent in lawsuits, to obtain—

*Fili.* He knew nothing about the matter; I have abundant resources. Fabio, do you attend to my directions, and leave the rest to me.

*Fab.* That is enough. (*Aside*) Let him spend like a fool, doing and undoing, so much the better for me. [*Exit.*

*Fili.* Three miles distance— [*Taking a pencil and scrap of paper.*
*Marco.* Yes, sir, but please to observe—
*Fili.* Don't bore me. Let me see; if they would sell half their water—."

He now, during a long remonstrance from Marco upon the mischief he is doing to Signora Lucinda's property, calculates that half the brook will irrigate the garden and fields, leaving sufficient water for a valuable fish-pond. We have extracted the dialogue as both in Nota's best comic style, and curiously illustrative of Italian country matters. Amongst his multifarious projects, Filiberto has not neglected the education of his niece Sophia, left to his care for the last two years by her absent mother Lucinda. This education he has conducted in a manner which in Italy seems to pass for as wild a scheme as any of his others, though an English reader may see nothing very much out of the way in it. He has provided her with as many masters as an English girl of equal fortune would have had; and, personally superintending her progress, has omitted, through economy, to replace the deceased lady's maid, whom her mother had constituted her nurse, governess, or duenna, we do not exactly know which. But he is far too busy to have discovered, in the course of his superintendance, that Sophia and Valerio, her youthful drawing-master, have fallen mutually and desperately in love. On the contrary, having connubial schemes amongst the rest, he negociates a marriage for Valerio, (without even mentioning the matter to the intended bridegroom,) with a young embroidress; and writes to his friend Count Astolfi, at Rome, to find him a noble husband for his niece, of whose person and accomplishments he gives him, to facilitate the commission, an exact description. In consequence of this proceeding a marquis arrives, in great state, from Rome, and sends a note to Filiberto, requesting permission to wait upon him respecting the young lady. Filiberto assents of course, and finding the German post hour near at hand, to save time prepares and seals a letter, informing his sister of the conclusion of a marriage treaty with the marquis, ready to be despatched should the visit prove agreeable to his expectations. Whilst writing this epistle, and reading to himself what he writes, to prevent mistakes in doing two things at once, he proposes to Valerio the marriage projected for him, but without naming the selected bride; and thus leading him to suppose he is offering him Sophia, obtains his joyful consent. The marquis next presents himself, bringing Filiberto's own letter to Count Astolfi as his sanction, because their common friend, the Count, is too ill to write. He displays family papers, inquires about the lady's portion, and offers her his hand and title. Filiberto, before he even returns an answer, calls

a servant, and despatches his letter to the post. That done, he accepts the marquis's offer, and Sophia, in spite of her reluctance, would be irrevocably married, did not Lucinda's unexpected arrival interrupt the conclusion. Lucinda has gained her lawsuit and got the money in her pocket-book; but being dissatisfied with her brother's operations, both from old Marco's reports, and what she sees upon alighting from her travelling carriage, suffers herself to be supposed unsuccessful. She is accompanied by a wealthy merchant, who is in love with her, and whom she, in return, insists upon uniting to her daughter. The mercantile *inamorato*, more submissive to his liege-lady's will than a buxom English widow might probably relish, with regard either to herself or her daughter, consents, provided the damsel approves. The mother forthwith questions Sophia, first touching the marquis, of whom she readily answers,

"He does not please me in the least, and I should be very sorry to marry him.

*Lucinda.* So much the better; then I will see to the breaking off your uncle's engagement.

*Sophia* (*aside*). So, I shall at least have breathing time.

*Luc.* I will not so far wrong you as to suppose that you can, in my absence, have formed an attachment—?

*Sophia* (*aside*). Oh me! (*aloud*) Who, ma'am, should I—

*Luc.* I know it; I know you have scarcely been out of the house, have been engrossed by your studies. To speak truth though, when I saw that drawing-master, I felt a sort of apprehension—

*Sophia.* How, ma'am?

*Luc.* Do not be uneasy; I know he is to marry Angiolina.

*Sophia* (*aside*). For once I may bless my uncle's schemes.

*Luc.* So now, Heaven be praised, I may provide for your happiness myself.

*Sophia* (*aside*). I am all in a tremor.

*Luc.* The stranger who has accompanied me from Vienna, is one of the first merchants at Trieste, he is otherwise a wealthy man, and would be an excellent match for you.

*Sophia* (*aside*). Oh sad, sad! From one misery into another. (*Aloud*) My dear mother, pray do not think of such things. I had rather remain single.

*Luc.* Nonsense, silly chit! You are now of a proper age, and I must establish you.

*Sophia.* Believe me, I could not bear to be separated from you.

*Luc.* Signor Asturio intends to settle here, at Leghorn.

*Sophia.* Yes, but I prefer my liberty.

*Luc.* This is mere girlish folly. Do you hear? Do not make me angry. Is your heart free? Yes, or no?

*Sophia.* I have told you—

*Luc.* Does Signor Asturio perchance displease you? Is he not handsome enough for your taste?

*Sophia.* No, ma'am.

*Luc.* (*angrily.*) How? You dislike him?

*Sophia.* Oh no! I meant——No, ma'am, I do not dislike him. (*Aside*) She makes me tell fibs whether I will or no.

*Luc.* Very well, that is sufficient. You will soon both esteem and love him. I am sure of it, for he is a man of honourable mind and agreeable manners, with a heart as generous as it is tender.

*Sophia* (*aside*). Oh Heavens! How shall I extricate myself?"

The mother and uncle, with their respective suitors, being unable to come to an understanding, Sophia is referred to. She is now encouraged to speak out, inasmuch as each party, knowing her aversion to the plans of the other, relies upon her favourable decision; when she unequivocally rejects both. In the midst of the tempest excited by this unexpected answer, word is brought that the roof of Filiberto's mathematically built gallery has fallen in, burying under its ruins Valerio, who, although professing himself unacquainted with *al fresco* painting, was preparing, under the directions of the *Progettista's* universal genius, to rival upon its walls the *Loggie del Vaticano.* Sophia's agony betrays her secret, and Asturio, seemingly well pleased at the discovery, hastens to attempt the young artist's deliverance. In the fifth Act, the supposed marquis is discovered to be a common robber, who had stolen the papers from Count Astolfi; and Filiberto, overwhelmed with shame at having been thus duped, as well as at the disaster of his gallery, promises to abstain from future schemes, whereupon Lucinda reveals her legal success, and settles, upon reasonable terms, with his creditors. Meanwhile Valerio is found to have escaped injury in a niche of the wall, and Lucinda tries to get rid of him with a sum of money; when his disinterestedness in rejecting it, and a fine speech he makes, renouncing Sophia if found upon trial and inquiry unworthy of her, so touches the widow's heart, that Asturio prevails upon her to consent to the marriage of the young lovers, and to bestow her own hand upon himself.

This may suffice to afford our readers all needful information concerning the *Teatro Comico* of the Signor Avvocato Alberto Nota; but in taking our leave of this very respectable author, we cannot pass *sub silentio* those comedies of which he has laid the scene in England, and which are apparently intended to exhibit to his countrymen a picture of English manners. His mistakes, if not very important, are sufficiently diverting to deserve notice. In one of these plays a *Miledi* is heinously offended that a fisherman and his ragged brats do not kiss her hand as well as that of the Milord, her brother; and she moreover threatens with the active vengeance of her cousin the prime mi-

nister, such refractory individuals as will not marry according to her commands. In this same play all difficulties and distresses are happily ended by the discovery that the heroine's father, arrested upon vague suspicion, is an English earl who has traitorously borne arms against his country, inasmuch as the good Milord, being the minister's cousin as well as his cross sister, and equally useful, undertakes to have him pardoned. These instances of ministerial and aristocratical power are so good, that it hardly seems worth adding, that every gentleman, who is not a lord, is a sir—Americans included—Sir Charles or Sir Thompson, as it happens; that the housekeepers educate the young ladies, constantly sit with them, watch them in company, and breakfast, and (we conclude) dine, with their masters and mistresses; that married ladies are introduced to strangers, and generally spoken of, as mistress, without the addition of any name whatsoever; and that a *voiturier* undertakes to convey a French marquis with one pair of good horses, from Bath to Dover within the four-and-twenty hours.

The two supplementary plays that fill up the 5th volume, one by the Signor Duperche, and the other anonymous, are more interesting in point of story. But the scene of both is laid in Germany, they contain no representation of national manners, and as they are besides written much in that style of German drama with which the English public is familiarly acquainted, they do not require examination.

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ART. III.—*Le Roman de Rou, et des Ducs de Normandie, par Robert Wace, Poète Normand du XII. Siècle; publié pour la première fois d'après les Manuscrits de France et d'Angleterre; avec des Notes pour servir à l'Intelligence du Texte.* Par Frederic Pluquet, Membre de la Société des Antiquaires de France. 2 tom. 8vo. Rouen. 1827.

No event in all history is more curious in itself, or more important in its consequences, than the irruption of the Scandinavian pirates under their leader ROU, or ROLLO, into Neustria. That a horde of savage adventurers, comparatively few in number, unacquainted with the discipline of war, and accustomed only to irregular contests, should wrest from a successor of Charlemagne one of his fairest provinces; should there lay the foundation of a power that long continued to set at defiance the veteran armies of France,—a power that ultimately subdued England, placed its chief on the throne of Alfred, and changed the manners, the laws, and, in some measure, the language of our country, are results

which no human prudence could ever have foreseen, and which cannot even now be contemplated without wonder.

An event, leading to consequences so stupendous, could not pass without leaving behind it a record more certain and durable than could be supplied by tradition; and we accordingly find that the two countries most interested in it, France and England, have produced historians who minutely describe its progress. But with the causes which gave birth to that great revolution, they were totally unacquainted; nor could they account for the rapidity of its accomplishment on any other principle than the immediate agency of the devil; yet both may, perhaps, be satisfactorily explained by recurring to the then existing state of Scandinavian society. And as the latter is a subject which, independently of its intimate connection with the one we propose to examine, is both interesting and, generally speaking, little understood, we hope no apology will be necessary if we make it the introduction to our present article.

Nothing is more undoubted than that the northern regions of Europe have, at various periods, been unable to support all their inhabitants. They have sometimes been termed the *officina gentium*, or manufactory of nations. This excess of population, however, over the means of subsistence, must not be attributed solely to the barrenness of those countries; it may be partly owing to the frequent irruptions of the Scythians under Odin and other leaders. But whatever may have been the cause, the fact cannot be disputed, that the superabundant population has often been compelled to leave its native shores, to seek a subsistence either by piracy, or by a settlement in more favoured climates. One of the most ancient of those emigrations was from Jutland in the reign of Snio.* Such was the scarcity of corn in that peninsula, that the King forbade its being brewed into ale. Still, as the royal prohibition was disregarded, or at most but partially observed, the national council was convoked to deliberate on the best means of providing for the people. There, we are credibly informed, a resolution was made to destroy the useless portion of the community,—the old and the very young; and this barbarous project would have been executed, had not the voice of nature prompted a mother to recommend a less inhuman expedient,—the expatriation by lot of a number of the inhabitants. In the time of King Olaf, Sweden is said to have resorted to the same expedient; and Denmark also, in the tenth century, decreed the expulsion from its shores of every *third* individual. In all those countries, parents not unfrequently preferred the exposure of

* Saxo Grammaticus, lib. viii., p. 158. Ed. Steph.

their children to certain death, rather than rearing them with so uncertain a prospect of support.

The origin of piracy in the north was very simple, and a necessary consequence of the expulsion of its inhabitants. These, as well as all whom agriculture could not employ, at first betook themselves to the occupation of fishing,—an occupation for which the numerous bays and gulfs of Scandinavia afforded peculiar advantages. Hence boats were multiplied, which, fragile as they were, served to convey the fishermen through seas often tempestuous, and sometimes to a considerable distance. So constantly were they engaged in this way of life, that they might almost be said to have resided on the deep. In time, they acquired greater skill in navigation; they built larger vessels, and extended their voyages. But this peaceful occupation would be susceptible of change. As the inhabitants from one district traversed the wide waste of waters, they would often meet with those of another, whom they could not help regarding as rivals in the same pursuits,—as intruders on privileges they wished to be restricted to themselves. On arriving at some bay which afforded a greater quantity of fish, both would dispute for its undivided possession. And as to plunder vessels when laden with this necessary article of food, would be easier and more expeditious than the slow and uncertain process of catching it, several vessels would soon be furnished with arms, and attacks would be made on such as did not belong to a particular nation or tribe.* Hence contests not of single vessels only, but of many united under some leader of acknowledged bravery, were frequent. So celebrated did some of these leaders become, that the sons of the nobles and princes began to envy both their fame and the possession of their booty; and having provided themselves with vessels, they embarked in the same career. If, moreover, there be any truth in the relation, that owing to the scarcity of provisions on shore, and to a wish that the northern youth should be inured to toil and danger, almost every father, whether noble or peasant, sent away all his sons, except the eldest, who was retained as sole heir, to seek their fortunes by piracy, we need not wonder that the profession became so general, and was considered so honourable. However this may be, certain it is that societies for one common purpose were formed, and that their depredations were not confined to the deep. They landed on the shores adjoining the Baltic and the North Sea; and, having seized all the plunder they could find, they returned to

* Depping, *Histoire des Expéditions Maritimes des Normands*, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1826. This is a work of great research, to which we are indebted for several hints in this introduction.

their ships before any force sufficiently strong could be raised to oppose them. At length, regular engagements between the inhabitants of the sea and land became frequent; and the advantage generally lay on the side of the former. Not satisfied with booty, they sold their prisoners for slaves, until in time the number of those unhappy beings bore no inconsiderable proportion to that of the free population.

The state of society at sea was precisely the same as that which existed on land. All Scandinavia was divided into petty kingdoms, the heads of which were for the most part independent of each other, but sometimes one more powerful was the acknowledged ruler over several others. The nomination to these petty governments was not very clearly defined. Sometimes the reigning chief nominated his own successor, (who was not necessarily his eldest son,) but that nomination seems to have required the sanction of the people; for it was often annulled by them in their general assemblies. On the death of one, they frequently met to elect another ruler, though that election was usually restricted to the family of the deceased. They might appoint any of the sons to the vacant dignity. Those who were excluded from it equipped fleets, and betook themselves to an element which held out objects of ambition equally desirable, and far more gratifying to an adventurous spirit. Accompanied by the young nobility of the kingdom, who in their turn were accompanied by their respective followers, they assumed the title of *sea-kings*. There were not wanting examples of kings who ruled alternately on the land and the ocean; nor was the latter dignity considered at all inferior to the former.

The *vikingr*, or sea-king, was a formidable and even a terrible being. His usual boast was, that he never took shelter beneath the roof, or emptied his horn on the hearth, of a house. Such was his enthusiastic courage, and his contempt of danger, that his actions bordered as much on the marvellous as those of Homer's favourite heroes. His very religion taught him that death in battle was the greatest of blessings, as it was the only path which led to the enjoyments of Valhalla. He was not permitted to retire when singly opposed to *three* assailants; but he might, without derogation to his honour, give way to *four*.

But though this fearless bravery was the characteristic of every pirate, that quality was still more conspicuous in the *cappar*, or professed champions. These were the ordinary guards both to the sea and the land kings, and their only hope of reward lay in their excelling all other warriors in valour. They formed themselves into fraternities, into which none could be admitted who had not challenged and slain more than one brave antagonist,

They swore to each other everlasting fidelity; and the cause of one became the cause of all. Of these formidable guards, Alf, a Norwegian prince, had sixty; and he enrolled none among the number, who could not lift a stone which lay in his court-yard, and required the united strength of *twelve* ordinary men to raise. They were forbidden to seek shelter during the most tremendous storms, nor were they allowed to dress their wounds before the conclusion of a combat.

The *Sagas* abound with the single combats of these champions. They make particular mention of one whom they call *Sterkodder*, the *Stacrhatherus* of Saxo Grammaticus.* His bodily magnitude and strength were fearful; and he was, moreover, one of the most famous scalds of the time. Attacking Prince Argantir, and eight valiant companions, he slew six of them, and forced the remaining three to flee:† but his victory cost him dear; for he received seventeen grievous wounds in the conflict. Parched with thirst, and exhausted with fatigue, he yet contrived to crawl to a neighbouring stream; but he would not drink of its waters until he saw them tinged with the blood which flowed from his adversaries' corpses. As he lay on the brink, two men and a woman successively passed, and each offered assistance to bind up his wounds; but as they were not of free birth and condition, he sternly refused the offer. At length, he condescended to accept the good offices of a free peasant. He carried his detestation of effeminacy to a great height. Hearing of the voluptuous court of the Danish king, Ingel, the son of his benefactor Frode, (who had been burned alive by conspirators,) he disguised himself in a coarse habit, went to the palace, and, without any ceremony, seized on the most honourable seat among the royal guests. The king was not present; and the queen, judging of his condition by his appearance, commanded him to remove to some humbler seat. Showing no outward sign of anger, he retired to a distant corner of the hall. As he sat down, he pushed his back so violently against the wall, that he shook the whole building, and the roof was near falling on the heads of the party. The king soon returned from a hunting excursion, and knew the champion by his severe countenance, and his refusing to rise. Reproaching the queen for suffering so famous a guest to remain undistinguished and even unnoticed, he commanded all possible

* This credulous historian's long account of the northern hero is so filled with the supernatural, that we prefer the one which Depping professes to have extracted from the Icelandic Sagas. We suspect, however, that he has not very faithfully abridged it; and we have ventured to make some alterations in, and a few additions to it.

† He must, indeed, have been severely wounded, if what Saxo says be true,—*ut major viscerum pars ventre elaberetur*. The same author says, that he *killed* all the nine: *tres vero residuos fratrum exemplo consumpsit*.—lib. vi. p. 111.

honour to be paid to the governor of his youth. To pacify the latter, valuable presents were offered, and the choicest delicacies laid before him; but he rejected them with indignant scorn. A lute-player was then ordered to amuse him; but the poor musician was soon silenced, and in no very courteous manner.* His anger arose to fury when he saw Ingel surrounded by the murderers of the late king; and he burst out into reproaches, of which this is the substance.

"I came here to see the son of Frode, and I find a man as effeminate as the Saxons. In former times I sat here among the brave,—whom do I see now? Scalds have celebrated the exploits of thy father; but I cannot look on thee without shame, for where are *thy* victories? Thou art surrounded by thy father's assassins, who, after thy death, will trample on the throne. May confusion be thy portion, if thou dost not instantly revenge the murder of thy sire!"

These cutting expressions, delivered in a terrible voice, and by one of the greatest champions, roused the king. He drew his sword, and, aided by Sterkodder, slew all the guilty, who were seven in number. To relate the other actions of this hero (some of which do little credit to his memory) would require a volume; and we can only advert to the close of his career. Having reached his ninetieth year, he became infirm, blind, and eager to die. To leave the world in a natural way was out of the question; and to be despatched to the hall of Odin by an ignoble hand was scarcely less to be dreaded. Leaning on two crutches, with a sword at each side, he waited for some one to give him the mortal stroke. To tempt the avarice of such a one, he suspended from his neck a valuable gold chain. He slew a peasant passing by, who, rallying him on his infirm state, had ventured to beg one of his swords, as neither could any longer be of service to him. At last his good fortune brought him a worthy executioner in Hather, the son of a prince whom he had slain. The young hero was hunting; and seeing the old man, he ordered two of his attendants to tease him. Both lost their lives for their temerity. The prince then advanced; and the old man, after relating his great actions, desired the former to kill him. To make the inducement stronger, he displayed the golden chain which would be the reward of the deed; and to excite his rage, as well as avarice, he avowed that it was he who had slain the late prince, and that revenge was the sacred duty of the son. Influenced by both considerations, the latter consented to behead him. Sterkodder exhorted him to strike manfully. The head was accordingly

* *Os quod vescendo carne spolioverat, in vultum gesticulantis projecto, plenas aurarum buccas violentâ flatûs excussione laxavit.*—Sax. Gr. lib. vii. p. 115.

severed from the body at a single blow; and as it touched the earth, the teeth fastened themselves furiously in the ground.

There was a particular class of champions, termed *Berserker*, who were even more to be dreaded than such as Sterkodder. These were subject to fits of uncontroulable frenzy, during the dominion of which they foamed at the mouth, swallowed burning pieces of wood, threw themselves into the fire, attacked friends and foes indiscriminately, and sometimes ended in destroying themselves. Thus all the sons of King Arngrim were Berserker, who, in their transports, frequently slew their attendants, destroyed their boats while out at sea, and escaped to the shore by swimming; or if they happened to be on land, they exhausted their fury on rocks and trees.

The sea-kings, and their champions, were seldom bound by marriage ties, but they frequently carried off the daughters of the land-kings and nobles. In time, the women became as ambitious of glory as the men.* Many of them assumed the arms and the habit of the other sex, traversed the deep in search of adventures, and became as renowned for their piratical exploits. Though not a few of the relations concerning them are sufficiently absurd and improbable, we should not hastily conclude that all which bear a romantic impression are the same. To estimate the probability of the actions they exhibit by the standard of such as happen in civilized warfare, is assuredly wrong. The northern pirates, whether male or female, were not remarkable for bodily vigour only: they had also an intrepidity of mind which bade defiance to all danger. They attempted, and often succeeded in, undertakings which would fix the seal of desperate insanity on such as should attempt them now. We know not what labours may be undergone, nor what enterprises may be dared, by men whose very cradle was rocked amidst tempests, battles, and death; and whose subsequent lives have been daily conversant with scenes, the bare mention of which would make us shudder. When all the energies of man are habitually exerted in the pursuit of one favourite object,—when they are concentrated to one point, they must necessarily acquire fearful power; and we should pause before we dismiss, with a smile of incredulity and contempt, the relation of

* The following pompous yet ludicrous passages from the Danish historian, will amuse the reader:—"Fuere quondam apud Danos fœminæ quæ, formam in virilem habitum convertentes, omnia fere temporum momenta ad excolendam militiam conferebant, ne virtutis nervos luxuriæ contagione hebetari paterentur."——"Hæ ergo perinde ac naturæ conditionis immemores, rigoremque blanditiis anteponentes, bella pro basiis intentabant, sanguinemque non oscula delibantes, armorum potius quam amorum officia frequentabant; manusque quas in telas aptare debuerant, telorum obsequiis exhibebant, ut jam non lecto sed letho studentes, spiculis appeterent quos mulcere specie potuissent."—lib. vii. p. 128.

what they may have accomplished, because that relation may border on the marvellous.

Among the numerous examples of female heroism recorded in the Sagas, we shall select one, which is neither so tragical nor so improbable as many of the rest, but which is, nevertheless, wild enough.* Alfhilda, the daughter of King Sigurd, was as remarkable for modesty as any damsel in the north. Though she was also surpassingly beautiful, she never appeared in public without a veil; and to secure her from the clandestine attempts of her numerous admirers, her private apartment was guarded by two champions of extraordinary prowess. Sigurd issued a proclamation that whoever aspired to the hand of the princess, must first encounter her guards; and if unsuccessful in the contest, his life would be the sacrifice of his temerity. Alf, a young piratical prince, who had signalized himself greatly in his profession, soon heard of the alternative, and as soon resolved to risk it. He killed the two champions, and claimed the prize; but Alfhilda, either taking a sudden dislike to her lover, or considering that the valour he had displayed in the contest, was not sufficient to entitle him to her hand, assembled a company of female pirates, placed herself at their head, and embarked in quest of adventures. They soon fell in with another company of pirates, who had just lost their leader, and who ranged themselves under the command of the princess. So great was the fame she acquired by her desperate achievements, that Alf, without knowing whom he was hastening to encounter, resolved not to suffer a rival in the empire of the deep; and he accordingly went in search of her. He sunk or dispersed all the vessels which opposed him; and penetrated an arm of the gulf of Finland, where his haughty mistress remained with a part of her squadron. Unwilling to be blockaded, she ordered a vigorous attack on the enemy. Alf, accompanied by a sworn companion, leaped into the vessel which carried the royal heroine, and a combat commenced unequalled for its fierceness. At length, Alfhilda's helmet was cleft in two, and her sex and beauty were discovered. Alf and his comrade were equally surprised and joyful when in the far-famed Vikingr they saw the daughter of Sigurd. She gave her now-unreluctant hand to the former; and one of her brave attendants was married to the latter. We could multiply similar examples, but our limits will not admit of more; and we now hasten to the principal subject of this article.

* This story also we have extracted from Depping, who professes to have abridged it from Saxo and the *Volsunga Saga*. The latter authority we have not at hand, and we cannot therefore judge how faithfully the abridgment has been made; but it varies very considerably from the former, and our memory has supplied us with some alterations. The two champions who were the guards of the princess, Saxo converts into *two serpents*.

Such, then, were the people who, in the ninth century, extended their piratical expeditions to Britain and Normandy. Their successes have, as we have before observed, been minutely recorded by the historians of both countries; but we cannot in this place even glance at those of the former; and in briefly adverting to those of the latter, we do so chiefly on account of their inseparable connection with the subject of the *Roman de Rou*.

The first, and by far the most original Norman historian is Dudo, Dean of St. Quentin, who lived about a century after the irruption of Rollo. He brings down his work to his own time, A.D. 996. As the clergy had suffered more than any other class of people from the cruelties exercised by the invaders, he represents the latter under the most revolting colours,—as fierce robbers, destitute of every redeeming quality. Next comes William, a monk of Jumieges, whose four first books are little more than an abridgment of Dudo. The three last, from the death of "that most precious pearl of Christ," Richard II., ("who died amidst the lamentations of men, and the rejoicings of angels,") to the conquest of England, are his own composition. This author like his predecessor, is amusing from his credulity; yet both contain valuable historic information. Other contemporary ecclesiastics, among whom are William of Poitiers, and Orderic Vital, have also left us some curious particulars relating to the same subject; but the testimony of the former, a violent panegyrist of the Conqueror and his family, must be received with great caution. His life of that hero is unfortunately defective: it has neither beginning nor end.

After the establishment of the Norman dynasty in England, one of its greatest sovereigns, Henry II., engaged, at the same time, two ecclesiastics to write in the *Romance*, or vernacular language of Normandy, the history of his predecessors. One of these is Benedict de St. Maur, whose copious chronicle still remains in MS.; the other is Robert Wace,* author of the work before us. Both have done little more than versify Dudo and William; yet both, and especially the latter, furnish us with many important details omitted by their two ordinary guides; and, from the Norman conquest of England to the reign of Henry I., both either draw from their own resources, or from

* Robert Wace, who is also called Vace, Vaice, Gace, Gasse, and even Uistace, was born in the island of Jersey, about the year 1124. In 1160 he finished his *Roman de Rou*, which he dedicated to his patron, King Henry, who rewarded him for it by a prebendal stall in the cathedral at Bayeux. He does not, however, appear to have considered this a sufficient reward for his services; for in more than one place he laments Henry's want of liberality towards him, and even accuses that monarch of disappointing his expectations. Besides the present, he composed several other works, all in the vernacular dialect. He died in England, A.D. 1184.

authorities no longer known to exist. In common with all the writers of those times, they are equally prolix and credulous: they relate the most absurd fables with as much gravity, and probably as much sincerity, as they do the most indisputable facts. In this respect Wace is inferior to none of them: yet the legends which he mixes up with his historic matter will not be perused without interest. They exhibit a faithful view of the opinions of his countrymen; and to one who loves to contemplate the intellectual state of society in the middle ages, they will be found more acceptable than the most veracious histories.

The *Roman de Rou* is, beyond comparison, the most curious monument now existing both of the history and language of the Normans under the dominion of their dukes. That certain portions only of so valuable a remnant of antiquity should hitherto have appeared in print, is the more surprising, when we consider that a multitude of authors, of far inferior interest, have been carefully and repeatedly published. But perhaps the neglect, in which the poem has so long lain, may be chiefly owing to its language, which is little understood in this country, and in no slight degree to the superficial tone, and aversion to research, so unhappily characteristic of the current literature of the day. For our own parts we blush that by the present publication Rouen has, at the expense of London, earned so noble a title to the gratitude of every man of letters. England is surely as much interested as France, if not in the *language*, at least in the *subject* of this work,—a subject which embraces, among other important matters, one of the most momentous revolutions in our history,—the Norman Invasion. The details preceding and accompanying that event are described with a minuteness not to be found in any other writer.

The poem before us, which comprises above sixteen thousand verses, properly consists of three parts. The first, which is written in the octo-syllabic measure, and which is merely an introduction to the chief subject, relates the irruption of the Scandinavians, under Hastings, and his royal pupil Biorn, into France and Italy. The second, in Alexandrine verses, contains the exploits of Rou, or Rollo, both in his own country and in Normandy. The third exhibits the historic events of that hero's successors until A.D. 1106,—the sixth year of the reign of our Henry I.

Neither the Sagas, nor the Runic inscriptions engraved on the rocks of Scandinavia, give us any account of Hastings, the ferocious predecessor of Rollo in the devastation of France; and our information concerning him is derived from Wace and the other Norman writers. Lotroc, or as he is elsewhere termed, Lodbrog, King of Denmark, seeing that his country was too

populous, and anxious to rid himself of the more turbulent portion of his subjects, revived the ancient law of expulsion. His own son Biorn (who was termed Côte-de-fer, from the iron plates on his side) was one on whom the lot fell. A great number of vessels was prepared; and the old king entrusted the command of the expedition, and the care of the royal youth, to Hastings, or Hading, a veteran pirate. One of the first objects of his attack was Picardy. Ascending the river Somme, he and his followers ravaged the adjacent country, set fire to the towns, violated the women, and massacred the other inhabitants. But none of their excesses are described by the monkish writers with such horror, as their plundering and destroying the monasteries and churches, their drowning the bishop and clergy of St. Quentin, and their profanation of the sacred relics. To these depredations no effectual resistance could be offered, in the distracted state of France immediately following the death of Charlemagne. Charles the Bald, his favourite son, had so weakened himself by his repeated contests with Lothaire, his eldest brother, that he was unprepared to oppose so formidable a body as the invaders. Having therefore wreaked their fury on the province, they betook themselves to their ships, and proceeded to Neustria. At Fescamp the nuns disfigured their countenances to escape the brutal violence of the pagans; but if their chastity was spared, their lives were not, and their convent was also destroyed. The magnificent abbey of Jumieges shared the same fate; but the greater portion of its nine hundred monks contrived to escape with their relics. Rouen had its full share of the calamity; and from thence the devastating tide flowed over all Neustria, Britanny, and even to the very gates of Paris. Wace, like Dudo and the Monk of Jumieges, gives us a minutely tedious account of the towns which were consumed, and the districts which were ravaged by these terrible men, "these children of hell," as they were commonly denominated. All France was in consternation; and as they assailed successively the towns on the western frontier, the inhabitants retreated before them. The monks, surprised that their venerated relics were of so little avail on so pressing an occasion, were compelled to flee also. Though years rolled on, no simultaneous movement on the part of the French was made to stem a torrent, the course of which was considered (and perhaps justly) as irresistible. At length, not satisfied with the immense booty which had been acquired in that kingdom, Hastings resolved to visit Rome, of the riches of which he had heard exaggerated rumours. He accordingly put to sea, pillaged in his course several maritime towns of Spain and Africa, and, landing on the coast of Tuscany, he assailed Luna, which he mistook for

Rome. Failing in his assault against that city, he had recourse to a stratagem which has since been employed by other adventurers of his nation. He caused it to be intimated to the armed inhabitants of Luna that he was disgusted with his former mode of life; that he wished nothing but peace, and liberty to purchase provisions for his men, who were about to return to their native country; that he was labouring under a mortal disease; and that his conscience, and the near approach of death, made him extremely solicitous about his eternal salvation. He even requested permission to be admitted into the bosom of the Christian church. Such a request could not be disregarded by the pious ecclesiastics of the city. They prevailed on the governor to grant a suspension of hostilities, and made great preparations for the baptism of so renowned a pagan. On the day appointed for the ceremony Hastings was carried to the church; he feigned extreme sickness, and acted his part so well, that no one expected him to recover. In this part of his relation the indignant Wace exclaims:

"Dex! ke donc nel' prist paision!"*

After submitting, with much apparent contrition for his sins, to the sacred rites, he dwelt on his approaching dissolution; and, as a last favour, begged that his bones might be laid in one of the vaults beneath the consecrated building. To refuse an entreaty so earnestly and pathetically made, was not in the nature of the good brethren, and they readily assured him of their consent. Totally exhausted, and as if already struck by the relentless hand of death, he was slowly borne back to his ship. No sooner had he arrived on board than he assembled his leaders, and acquainted them with the design which he had formed of obtaining immediate possession of the place. In pursuance of his instructions, he was laid in a coffin and shrouded in the habiliments of the grave:—

"Dex! ke donc nel' prist mort subite!"†

again exclaims our poet, as if reproaching Heaven for permitting such unheard-of wickedness.—Suddenly a cry of loud lamentation reached the city. The report soon spread that the neophyte was dead; and the clergy were requested to make the necessary preparations for his interment. On the day appointed, the Norman chiefs, accompanied by great numbers of the pirates, and all covered with long mourning cloaks, followed the coffin of their leader to his last mortal home. It was placed on a bier within the spacious edifice. The bishop, the inferior priests, the

* Heavens! why did not some disease assail him!
† Heavens! why did not sudden death seize him!

governor and the principal inhabitants, were assembled to do honour to the memory of one who, whatever might have been his life, had died as became a true son of Holy Mother Church. The solemn rites proceeded; the Office and Mass were sung, and the attendants advanced to deposit the corpse in its narrow bed: at that moment Hastings leaped from the bier, drew his sword, and cleft the head of the bishop in two:—

> "A son parrain colpa la teste,
> Com se ce fust une vil beste."*

This was the signal for the other Normans to draw their deadly weapons, which they had concealed under their cloaks. They threw off the incumbrance, fastened the doors of the building, and commenced a horrid carnage. The count (governor), his barons, the clergy—all were massacred; and the whole city was soon after abandoned to pillage and slaughter. After this atrocious act, Hastings returned to France, which, even during his absence, had suffered no intermission from the ravages of his countrymen. His return threw Charles the Bald into still greater consternation. That monarch's attempts at resistance having proved abortive, he at length obtained peace, either by ceding to the dreaded pirate some valuable landed possessions, or by granting him a large annual pension. The Norman historians assert that the latter was created Count of Chartres; but this is doubted by modern writers.

To France Hastings was one of the greatest scourges she had ever experienced. Neither the Goth nor the Saracen had committed greater depredations on her fair territory, for neither remained long in the country. Bound by no laws, human or divine, he committed deeds which almost overwhelm us with horror. He converted smiling provinces into so many deserts, and covered them with the smoking ruins of towns and villages. Clergy and laity, high and low, felt the effects of his sanguinary character. He spared neither the feebleness of age nor the helplessness of infancy; he sacrificed the priest at the altar, and the infant at the breast of its mother. Female chastity was not even safe in the sanctity of the cloister; and the victim's death usually followed her dishonour. The country had scarcely begun to breathe from his terrible ravages, when another northern chief landed on her shores, at the head of a powerful armament—and the work of desolation recommenced. This was the celebrated Rollo, whose exploits, as we have before observed, occupy the second portion of this metrical history.

It appears singular that the histories of the north observe a

* He split the head of his godfather, as if the latter were a brute beast.

profound silence with respect to this pirate's expedition into the south. They give us information as to his family and youth, but only one of them (the Saga of Harald Harfager, by the Icelander, Snorro Sturleson,) has any reference to the subject in question. The same silence, as we have already observed, is thrown over the exploits of Hastings. Perhaps it may be explained from the very frequency of such expeditions, which would in consequence attract little notice; and especially from the entire ignorance of the northern nations as to every thing passing beyond the confines of their respective countries. Our information on the subject is, with the exception we have mentioned, wholly derived from the old English and French historians; and their relations are sometimes so confused, that one modern writer supposes there must have existed two chiefs of that name; another, that he made two successive irruptions into England and Normandy. We do not, however, admit either supposition. Let us, in the first place, hear the Sagas which relate to the early life of Rollo.

Rognevald, the father of Rollo, was the favourite *iarl* (a dignity similar to that of our feudal barons) of fair-haired Harold, the Norwegian king, and sprung from one of the most ancient families of the north. After serving his royal master in occasions of equal difficulty and danger, he fell in the field of battle. Besides Rollo, he left several other sons, one of whom, Einar, was Iarl of the Orkneys. Both these sons incurred the displeasure of their monarch. Einar having been dispossessed of his government over those islands by Halfdan, one of Harold's sons, took refuge in Scotland. There he collected a considerable number of men; and having embarked them in several boats, he returned to the islands, to give battle to the royal intruder. The latter was conquered, and escaped with difficulty, by swimming to one of the desert rocks which are so frequent in those seas. The following day, however, he was discovered, and brought before the victorious Einar. Neither his destitute condition nor the obligations of Einar's family to his father, could save him from a cruel death. His fate was justly resented by the Norwegian king, who sailed to the Orkneys to take summary vengeance on the ferocious Einar. The latter fled at his approach, and was pursued to the neighbouring continent; but he ultimately contrived to remain in possession of the government.

*Hrolf*, or Rollo, is represented by the Icelandic Sagas as of a stature so gigantic, that no horse could carry him; hence he acquired the epithet of *Gaungu*, or the Walker. He passed his youth on the deep, and equalled the bravest of his countrymen in his piratical exploits. As the Norwegian king had, under very severe penalties, prohibited the Vikingr from committing any

depredations on the coasts of that kingdom, Rollo selected the shores surrounding the Baltic as the fittest theatre for the exercise of his profession. Returning to his native country, after the death of his father, and the rebellion of his brother Einar, he could not resist his propensity, and levied a contribution at Vigen. Unfortunately for him, Harold was then in the town. Indignant at this open contempt of his authority, and perhaps remembering but too well the affront related in the preceding paragraph, he resolved to punish the pirate. He convoked a judicial assembly to deliberate on the subject, and Rollo was in consequence doomed to perpetual exile. This could be no great punishment to one whose whole life had been passed on other shores, and who besides had now no prospect of promotion at home. He assembled his vessels; and as several other sea-kings were discontented with the rigorous suppression of piracy by Harold, he prevailed on them to join him with their vessels; and at the head of the united fleet he followed the steps of Hastings.

This is doubtless the true account of the expatriation of Rollo. That given by Wace, and the other Norman historians, is widely different, and was evidently composed to please the descendants of their first duke. We present it in as abridged a form as possible to the reader.

One of the Danish monarchs, resolving to revive the law we have so frequently noticed, decreed that a certain number of martial youths should put to sea, and seek booty in other lands. It appears, however, that feeling little inclination to forsake the certain comforts of home for the contingent prospect held out to them by foreign wars, they determined to disobey the royal mandate. To strengthen their party, they applied to Rollo and Garin, two powerful brothers, whose father had, in his lifetime, been more than a match for the king. They promised to serve the two youths, who had already acquired the fame of heroes, if the latter would make common cause with them against the injustice with which all were threatened. A league, offensive and defensive, was accordingly formed between them. The king heard of the coalition, and resolved to dissipate it. He encountered the two brothers, and was overthrown. Finding, by fatal experience, that nothing could be accomplished by force, he had recourse to dissimulation; he solicited for, and obtained, peace. One night, however, he approached the town in which the brothers lay, and fiercely attacked it. The latter, at the head of the few troops they could muster, sallied out to the combat; but the wily king retreated before them until he had led them into an ambuscade; he then turned round, and hemmed them in, both in front and rear. He obtained a complete victory, either destroy-

ing or dispersing the troops of Rollo, who escaped with a few followers. Garin was left among the slain. The surviving brother fearing to remain in a country which every where submitted to the conqueror, embarked the remnant of his troops in six vessels, and proceeded to Scotland. There he was joined by his former soldiers, and by others whom the rigour of the king had driven from Denmark.

Wace, like his two usual guides, represents Rollo as the favourite of heaven, and is very anxious that the subsequent elevation of the latter should be considered as brought about by more than human power. While the discomfited Dane remained in Scotland, breathing revenge against his sovereign, he had a dream, which is chiefly remarkable for its now stale pun on the words *Angli* and *Angeli*, or as Wace has it, *Angles* and *Anglez*. In that dream he is commanded to proceed to the land of the Angli or English, which a Christian in his army interprets to mean also the land of the Angeli, or angels, where he would learn what he ought to do to return safe to his own country, and there to enjoy everlasting peace. To England accordingly he goes, and on his arrival defeats an army which had been raised to oppose him. From the sequel, however, we should rather suppose with Mr. Turner, that the English defeated him; for he soon began to hesitate what part he ought to take, and to doubt what could be the meaning of his vision. He is, however, released from these doubts by a second and still more remarkable dream, which has been invented to account for his precipitate departure from an island it was so easy to subjugate. He found himself on one of the highest mountains in France. On the summit was a clear fountain. Perceiving that he was polluted by a loathsome leprosy, he plunged into it, and was immediately cleansed. Looking up towards the sky, he perceived a flight of birds extending in a right line farther than the eye could reach, and all of different species and colours, yet all having the left wing red, approach the fountain, and successively dip their feathers in the water. The whole flock then eat together in the utmost harmony; and at his bidding, all afterwards hastened to build themselves nests. He awoke, and assembled his chiefs to relate what he had seen. One of his Christian captives was brought to explain it. He was told that by the mountain was understood the church; that the fountain was the baptismal fount in which he should be cleansed from his sins; that the birds of various kinds were the inhabitants of the various provinces he should subjugate, who, like himself, should be washed in the same laver of regeneration; that their eating together in such harmony denoted the holy sacrament, of which all his subjects should partake; and that the nests which

they built at his command, represented the towns that would be raised by his followers. Of course, he is satisfied with this interpretation, and he resolves, in consequence, to visit France. But unwilling to have too many enemies on his hands at one time, he seeks and obtains a reconciliation with the English king *Adesten*. This would seem to be intended for *Ethelstan;* yet as that prince did not ascend the throne until A.D. 925, and as the great Alfred reigned at the time of Rollo's invasion, there is no doubt that the latter monarch is understood. The whole account seems to confirm the assertion of Asser, that the heroic English prince gave a rough reception to the northern adventurer, and compelled him to quit the kingdom.

It is to us matter of surprise that Depping, on the authority of such a writer as Dudo, who lived a full century after the event, and was but imperfectly acquainted with English history, should run in direct opposition to the positive testimony of *contemporary* English writers, in expressing his belief that Alfred formed an alliance with Rollo; nay, more, that the former, in consequence of the alliance, furnished the latter with a fleet. We should suppose that monarch had need of all, and many more than all, the vessels he could equip, for the defence of his own continually harassed kingdom. We are given to understand that by such assistance, he was willing to turn his formidable ally against the King of France; as if he would show more favour to a ferocious robber than to a Christian king,—a king too who had never shown any disposition to injure him. What is still more absurd, and occasions in us still greater surprise, is, that the same author should, on the faith of the same Dudo, and a nameless MS. chronicle, appear to credit the story that Alfred being forsaken by his subjects, and compelled to abandon his throne, had recourse to Rollo, who was then in Normandy; that this chief hastened to the succour of his ally, chastised the rebellious Anglo-Saxons, and forced them again to acknowledge Alfred for their king; that gratitude for so signal a service induced the latter to offer, in recompence, the *half* of his kingdom, which the former had of course the magnanimity to refuse; and that the only favour Rollo would accept was, that the Danes who wished it should be permitted to join him in his Norman campaigns. Some of them, we are informed, chose to embrace Christianity, and to remain with their converted prince, Guthrum; but the more enterprising followed their favourite hero. The whole account is a fabrication of Dudo, to please the then reigning family.* There

* We solicit the attention of M. Depping to the following judicious note of M. Le Provost, vol. i. p. 72. of the *Roman de Rou:* "Plus on examine attentivement les historiens Anglais, et plus on reste convaincu que toutes ces rélations amicales de

may be; and there probably is, some truth in Rollo's return to England from France; but we suspect that it was not to succour Alfred, but his own countrymen, in attacking that extraordinary man; and that after their signal overthrow, he gathered together the wreck of the Danish army, and proceeded again to the continent.

Having defeated the Count of Hainault and some other nobles at Walcheren, and compelled the countess to raise an extravagant sum for her husband's ransom, he bent his course towards Normandy. Francon, the Archbishop of Rouen, dreading a second destruction of that city, went to meet the invader, and by magnificent presents prevailed on him to spare it. Pleased with the situation of the place, he and his companions resolved to fortify it, and to make it their residence, as a point from which they could march their followers to ravage all France. His arrival threw the whole kingdom into consternation. As Hastings, who still remained at Chartres, was, from his knowledge of the language and manners of the invaders, the best adapted for an envoy to them, he was despatched by the French king to learn, among other things, what object they had in view. All he could gather from an interview with them was, that they were resolved to push their conquests as widely as possible. The account he gave on his return was not likely to restore confidence to the nation; yet preparations for a vigorous defence were made. But all resistance proved vain. The French were defeated in several successive battles: Bayeux,* Evreux, Nantes, and other large towns were taken; the whole western region was laid waste; and the conquerors at length laid siege to Paris. A truce, however, was entered into by both parties, accompanied, no doubt, by a considerable present of money to the Scandinavians; but it was broken before the expiration of the time limited. Hostilities recommenced, and success still attended the sons of the deep. At Chartres,† indeed, they sustained a defeat; but that was too par-

Rollon avec Alfred sont apocryphes. Il ne faut pas perdre de vue que les écrivains Anglais sont contemporains, et enrégistrent les évènemens année par année, tandis que le premier historien des Normands n'est venu qu' après plus d'un siècle, et que l'avidité aveugle avec laquelle il accueille tout ce qui peut flatter la vanité nationale rend bien suspectes toutes ses assertions de ce genre."

* On gaining possession of this city, the conqueror took for his mistress (*sa mie*) Popa, the daughter of Count Berenger. He separated from her before his union with the princess Giselle.

† Like all the writers of the period, Wace attributes this temporary success over the Normans, not so much to the bravery of the French, as to the miraculous influence of a *certain* nameless relic:

"De la Sainte *Kemise* ke la Dame vesti
Ki mere e vierge fu quant de lie Dex naski.
Out Rou si grant poor, e tant s'en esbahi
N'i osa arester, vers sis nés tost s'enfui:
E come pluseors distrent la veue perdi;
Mes tost la recovra, et asez tost gari."

tial to arrest, for any considerable time, their victorious career. It was soon forgotten amidst continually increasing triumphs.*

To enter even into a general view of the military achievements of the two contending parties, and to trace the progressive successes of Rollo, must be left to the historian. Here it is sufficient to observe that Flanders, Britanny, and other provinces, felt the resistless force of his arms; that his excesses equalled in atrocity those of his predecessor, though flattery has endeavoured to palliate or conceal them; and that wherever he presented himself, the people fled, the monks scampering away as usual with their relics. At length Charles the Simple, convinced of the hopelessness of prolonging the struggle with success, and wearied out by the representations and even reproaches of his subjects, who were clamorous for peace, convoked an assembly of bishops and barons, to deliberate on the best means of securing it. Rollo had already consolidated his government at Rouen, had made it the capital of his states, had been acknowledged supreme head not only by the conquered inhabitants, but by the chiefs whom he had associated with him in all his enterprises; and by grants of land and certain feudatory privileges to his followers, had bound them firmly to his interests. As Francon, the archbishop we have before mentioned, had ever been on good terms with his temporal head, he was, at the solicitation of Charles, prevailed on to offer suitable proposals to Rollo. The monarch engaged to confirm the latter in his possession of Neustria, if he would do homage for that province, and make his peace with France: nay, more, if he would abjure paganism, and enter into the Christian

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* The successes of the Normans will not appear so incredible, if the relations given of their physical strength have any foundation in truth. Thus it is said of Turstin, whom his countrymen in Italy made their leader, that he was "homme d'un mérite accompli pour le poste auquel on l'elevoit: il avoit surtout une force de corps presque miraculeuse. On rapporte de lui qu'étant encore en Normandie, il arracha une chevre de la gueule d'un loup, et que ce loup entrant en fureur, parcequ'on lui ôtoit sa proye, Turstin le prît à pleines mains, et le jetta contre un mur aussi aisément que si c'eût été un petit chien."—*Guil. Gem. Hist. Nor. lib.* vii. as quoted by the author of the "Histoire de l'Origine du Royaume de Sicile et de Naples," Paris, 1701.

The last-named author has another anecdote, which exhibits the bodily powers of the Normans in a stronger light. When the Greeks sent an envoy to threaten the adventurous warriors with utter destruction, if they did not instantly forsake the Italian territory, "Un d'eux nommé Tudextifem, qui étoit extraordinairement robuste, considerant le cheval de l'envoyé des Grecs, flatta d'abord cet animal qui était tres bien fait, en lui passant la main le long du corps, puis subitement lui dechargea sur la tête un epouvantable coup de poing qui le renversa par terre. Le cavalier fît avec son cheval une culebute dont il fût tout hors de lui. Il n'avoit pourtant point d'autre mal que la peur; mais elle fût extrême. Quelque envie de rire qu'en eussent les spectateurs, ils s'empressèrent à le relever; et quand il fût revenu à lui, on lui fît present pour le consoler, d'un autre beau cheval au lieu du sien. Cependant on n'étoit pas fâché d'avoir fait comprendre au heraut-d'armes, qu'un seul Normand valoit un grand nombre de Grecs."—p. 48.

Church, he was offered the hand of Charles's illegitimate daughter, the princess Giselle. He objected to the sterile condition of the province, (sterility, however, which had been chiefly occasioned by the continued ravages of his countrymen,) and probably thought little of the French king's generosity in confirming him in the possession of what could not be wrested from him. To pacify him, Britanny was added, and, it is said, a part of Flanders. He then signified his acceptance of the terms proposed; and the contracting parties accordingly met at St. Clair-sur-Epte, A. D. 912. There the cession of the provinces by the king was confirmed by the Gallic nobles and prelates, and there Rollo swore fealty to his future father-in-law.* He was soon after baptized by the Archbishop, and named Robert,—a name, however, which is never applied to him by historians. He signalized his conversion (which was doubtless sincere) by munificent gifts to the church. At the end of a week he threw off his habit as a neophyte, and received the hand of the fair Giselle. Many of his chiefs submitted to baptism at the same time, and the example was soon followed by all his pagan subjects.

Thus did a fierce and obscure pirate obtain by his sword acknowledged possession of a fine territory, and compel the King of France not only to confirm it to him, but also to admit him by marriage into the imperial house of Charlemagne. His conquests appear to have been as slowly as they were securely made. More than thirty years had elapsed since his arrival on the coast, during the whole of which period he seems to have been fully occupied in establishing his government, and in conciliating the good will of both conquerors and conquered. To the latter he left the unrestricted exercise of their religion, and in other matters he showed a policy which cannot but surprise us in a barbarous sea-king. His regulations for the security and administration of his states exhibited a prudence, and even a comprehensiveness of mind, that would have done honour to the most polished prince. To defend himself and his subjects against the attacks of his enemies, he covered his dominions with strong forts, which he filled with veteran troops; and his long military experience with his enemies, taught him the advantages of civilized warfare, and rendered him anxious to accustom his followers to

* A ludicrous incident is said by Wace and others to have occurred at this celebrated interview. Rollo, on becoming a feudatory of the French crown, was required, in conformity with general usage, to kiss the foot of his superior lord; but he refused to stoop to what he esteemed so great a degradation: yet as the homage could not be dispensed with, he ordered one of his warriors to perform it for him. The latter, as proud as his chief, instead of stooping to the royal foot, raised it so high, that the poor monarch fell to the ground, amidst the laughter of the assembly.

regular discipline. From ungovernable pirates he converted them into obedient soldiers. After his baptism he rendered himself still more popular. To his own countrymen, as we have before observed, he distributed lands and certain seignorial rights; and the tribute which he exacted from the original inhabitants was far from severe. To both he granted privileges which were not at that time enjoyed in any other part of France, and he thereby held out encouragement to the inhabitants of the neighbouring provinces to settle in Normandy.* To repair the ravages which during so many years had been committed in that and the other provinces obedient to his sway, he devoted no small share of his attention to agriculture; and such were the effects of his prudence in this respect, that the face of the whole country was gradually transformed from comparative barrenness to smiling fertility. To evince his devotion to his newly adopted religion, he built more churches and monasteries than he had ever destroyed; yet he limited the immunities of the clergy, and rendered them dependent on him as their temporal head. He established a rigorous system of internal administration, and showed a great yet necessary severity in his judicial capacity. He punished *theft* with peculiar rigour. That one who had been accustomed to plunder, and who owed his present elevation to the swords of professed robbers, should display such severity in protecting the rights of property, may seem strange; but even thieves must be honest with each other, and among the most lawless of this class, he who robs his comrade cannot escape unpunished. By Rollo's regulations, the punishment was proportioned to the offence: the culprit was sentenced to lose his hand, his foot, his eyes, or even his life, according to the turpitude of his crime. Such was the dread inspired by the duke's activity, and by the examples which he made of some notorious offenders, that thefts were almost unknown. It is said that he suspended a very valuable gold chain from the branch of an oak which grew on the borders of a lake near Rouen, and though the glittering temptation remained there a whole year, no one presumed to touch it. Ornaments of the same precious metal are also reported to have been suspended from the crosses on the highways, and to have been considered as sacred as if they had been preserved in a church. Wace tells us that the peasantry were directed not to remove their agricultural

* The government established by Rollo, however, was a sort of military aristocracy, where the great body of the people had little or no authority either in making or in ratifying laws. Still they were ruled with great equity so long as the Norman dukes remained in the country; but on the accession of the latter to the English throne, the feudal barons, having no superior at hand to watch their conduct, committed many excesses.

implements from the fields either day or night, and that if any of these were missing, and the thief remained undiscovered, the duke engaged to make good the loss out of his own revenue. This prohibition gave rise to the following story, which we abridge from our author:—A peasant of Long Paon had a wife who was cursed with a propensity to stealing, and who never failed to lay her hands on whatever she could abstract without risk of detection. One day after labouring as usual in the field until the hour of dinner, he returned to his hostel. In obedience to the recent prohibition, he paid no attention to his instruments of labour, for he knew that if they were lost, either the duke would cause them to be restored, or make him full compensation. During dinner the wife stole the plough-share, and hid it. On his return to the field he perceived what was missing. He interrogated his wife about it, but she protested her total ignorance of the matter. After vainly endeavouring to find it, he applied to the duke, who immediately gave him five sous as an equivalent. He came back to his house, showed the money which had been given him, and his wife then congratulated him on his possessing both money and plough-share. She showed him where she had concealed it, and thus rendered him an accessory to the crime. A strict scrutiny, however, soon took place into the transaction; many of his neighbours were, like him and his wife, brought before the judicial authorities at Rouen; and the ordeal of fire and water was so effectually applied, that the true delinquent was discovered. She confessed the whole affair. Her husband having been asked by the duke, whether, since she became united to him, she had been given to dishonest practices, the peasant acknowledged that she had. "Then," replied the duke, "thou hast pronounced thy doom. Between him who commits and him who conceals a robbery there is no distinction." Both the wife and her husband were accordingly hung.

At length, about A. D. 927, Rollo, worn out with age and infirmities, resigned the government into the hands of his son, William Long-Sword, whose mother was not Giselle, but Popa, the daughter of Count Berenger. Though the young prince was therefore illegitimate, little or no disgrace was attached to such an origin; because in those days nothing was more common than for a prince to take as his mistress a maiden even of the proudest descent. He might subsequently marry her, and thereby legitimatize her offspring; and even if he did not, little distinction was usually made between children born in concubinage and those in holy wedlock. Giselle, however, had no offspring, and after her death Rollo took his old mistress, Popa, to wife. He is sup-

posed to have survived the resignation of his ducal dignity about five years. He was buried in the cathedral church at Rouen.

From the death of Rollo to the Norman conquest there is little that would interest the reader,—there is little more than a minutely tedious account of the wars in which the Norman dukes were engaged with the kings of France, or with the almost equally powerful feudal barons in their vicinity. William Long-Sword was basely assassinated in 943 by Arnoul, Count of Flanders, who had invited him to an interview on an island in the river Somme. He was succeeded by his son Richard I., who, after a whole life of warfare died in 996. His son and successor Richard II., commonly termed Richard the Good, was the first Norman duke who maintained any relations with our kings. His sister Emma was the wife of Ethelred II., and he was eventually of considerable assistance in restoring that weak monarch to the throne. That princess, after the death of her husband, became the wife of Canute the Great; and the sister of this Danish usurper was given to Richard. This double alliance, however, did not prevent the duke from repudiating his wife to marry another. He died in 1026, and was succeeded by his son Richard III., who reigned only two years. Next comes Robert the Liberal, as he is called by his own subjects, but Robert the Devil, by his enemies. He went on a pilgrimage, and died at Nice, in Asia Minor, A. D. 1035. He was succeeded by his illegitimate son William, the famous conqueror of England.

We did intend to devote a few pages of the present article to an event so important as the Conquest; but in examining the numerous authorities on the subject, and in attempting to elicit the truth from the conflicting testimonies of the English and Norman historians, we find that our materials are sufficiently copious to form an article of themselves. Great as is the light recently thrown on that subject by the industry of Turner, the acute investigation of Lingard, and the unwearied research of Thierri, we are far from thinking it exhausted, or finally set at rest; and we shall therefore probably take an early opportunity of reverting to it.

If we were to examine the *Roman de Rou* by the received canons of poetry, it would be found to possess little claim to our notice. Wace is the veriest rhymer that the middle ages ever produced. Not one spark of the poetic fire is to be found from the beginning to the end of his long metrical history,—not a single image which has been consecrated to the tuneful art. This may appear surprising, when we consider that the Latin Poets were not unknown to the rhymers of that period. Many of them, and Wace probably among the rest, were familiar with Virgil;

and we should naturally have expected that they would have caught something of his spirit. The coldest bodies are heated by an approach to fire, and the mantle of poetic inspiration generally falls on him who assiduously worships the muses. Yet events which would have wrapt in enthusiasm one of the genuine *sons of song*, are related in a tone so lifeless, that we are constrained to account for it by that chilling apathy, and sluggishness of feeling, which a cloistered life seldom fails to inspire. Hence the merit of Wace must be estimated by another standard. Destitute as he was of all taste, credulous as he frequently shows himself to be, and numerous as are the errors into which he has fallen, yet he gives us useful, and sometimes curious information, not elsewhere to be found. To the philologist also, his book cannot fail to be acceptable: it is in this respect invaluable. Nor will it be less agreeable to the philosopher, who loves to contemplate the manners and opinions of ages,—to trace the progress of the human intellect from its first feeble steps to its most majestic and triumphant march. To us the legends which Wace has preserved are among the most interesting portions of the work; and, if we are not mistaken, they will prove so to the reader. We extract the two following, both of which relate to Richard the Good. We preserve as much as possible the *manner* of the author, but when he becomes too fatiguing by his repetitions, (and he is often so,) we are compelled to curtail him.

"Richard rambled about by night as well as by day, and though he met with many fantoms, he was never afraid of them. As he was so much abroad in the former season, it was commonly reported that he could see as well in the dark as other men by day-light. Whenever he came to an abbey or a church, he was sure to stop and pray outside, if he could not gain admission within. One night, as he was riding along, wrapt in meditation, and far from any attendant, he alighted, according to custom, before a church, fastened his horse at the door, and went in to pray. He passed by a coffin which lay on a bier, threw his gloves on a reading-desk in the chair, knelt before the altar, kissed the earth, and commenced his devotions. He had scarcely done so, when he heard a strange noise proceeding from the bier behind him. He turned round (for he feared nothing in the world) and looking towards the place, said, 'Whether thou art a good or bad thing, lie still, and rest in peace!' The duke then proceeded with his prayer, (whether it was long or short I cannot tell,) and at the conclusion signed himself with the cross, saying,

'Per hoc signum Sancte Crucis,
Libera me de malignis,
Domine Deus salutis.'

He then arose, and added, 'Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit.' He took his sword, and as he was preparing to leave the church, behold,

the devil stood bolt-upright at the door, extending his long arms as if to seize Richard, and prevent his departure! The latter drew his sword, cut the figure down the centre, and sent it through the bier; whether it cried out or not I do not know. When Richard came to his horse outside the door, he perceived that he had forgotten his gloves, and as he did not wish to lose them, he returned into the chancel for them. Few men would have done as much. Wherefore he caused it to be proclaimed both in the churches and at the market-places, that in future no corpse should be left alone until it was buried."—tom. i. p. 278—281.*

The following is still more amusing. Nothing can be more edifying than the dispute of the devil and the angel, a dispute in which Wace appears to have exhibited the whole of his theological learning.

"Another adventure happened to the duke, which made people wonder, and which would not easily be believed were it not so well known. I have heard it from many, who had in like manner heard it from their forefathers; but often through carelessness, idleness, or ignorance, many a good tale is not committed to writing, though it would

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* The philological student will not be displeased to see the original of the above legend. After observing that Richard was much attached both to the clergy and the knights, our author continues:

"Par nuit errout come par jor,
Unkes de rien ne out poor;
Maint fantosme vit è trova,
Unkes de rien ne s'esfréa;
Pur nule rienz ke il véist,
Ne nuit ne jor poor nel prist.
Pur ceo k'il errout par nuit tant,
Aloent la gent de li disant
K'autresi cler par nuit véeit,
Cum nul altre par jor faseit.
Custume aveit quant il errout,
A chescun mustier k'il truvout,
Se il poeit, dedens entrout;
Se il ne poeit, de fors oront,
Une nuit vint à un mustier,
Orer volelt è Dex prier;
Loing de sa gent alout pensant,
Ariere alouent et avant
Sun cheval areigna de fors.
Dedenz truva en bière un cors,
Juste la biere avant passa,
Devant l'autel s'agenuilla,
Sur un leitrum sis ganz geta,
Mez el partir les ublia,
Beisa la terre, si ura.
Unkes de rienz ne s'esfréa;
N'i aveit gaires demuré,
Ni gaires n'i aveit esté,
Kant al mustier oï ariere
Moveir li cors, cruistre la biere,
Turna sei pur li cors véir:
Gis tei, dist-il, ne te moveir,
Se tu es bone u male chose,
Gis tei en paiz, si te repose.
Dunc a li Quens s'urisun dite,
Ne sai se fu grant u petite,
Puiz dist, kant il seigna sun vis:
*Per hoc signum Sancte Crucis,*
*Libera me de malignis,*
*Domine Deus salutis.*
Al returner d'iluec dist tant:
Dex, en tes mains m'alme cumant.
S'espée prist, si s'en turna,
E li deables sei drescha,
Encuntre l'us fu en estant,
Braz estendus estut devant,
Cume s'il vousist Richart prendre,
Et l'iessue de l'us desfendre.
E Richart a li brand sachié,
Le bu li a parmi trenchié;
A travers la biere l'abati,
Ne sai s'il fist noise ne cri.
Al cheval ert Richart venu,
Del cemetiere ert fors iessu,
Kant de ses gans li remembra;
Nes vout leissier, si returna;
El chancel vint, ses ganz reprist,
Maint hoem i a jà n'i venist.
As iglises fist cumander,
Et as marchiez dire è crier
Ke mes n'i ait cors sul guerpi
De si ke kel' en l'ait enfui."
Tom. i. p. 278—281.

prove very entertaining. At that time there was a sacristan who was reckoned a proper monk, and one of good report: but the more a man is praised, the more the devil assaults him, and watches the more for occasion to tempt him. So it happened to the sacristan. One day, so the devil would have it, as he was passing by the church about his business, he saw a marvellous fine woman, and fell desperately in love with her: his passion knows no bounds; he must die if he cannot have her; so he will leave nothing undone to come at his end. He talked to her so much, and made her so many promises, that the fair dame at last appointed a meeting in the evening at her own house. She told him that he must pass over a narrow bridge, or rather plank, which lay across the river Robec, that there was no other way, and that she could not be spoken with anywhere else. When night came, and the other monks were asleep, the sacristan grew impatient to be gone. He wanted no companion, so he went alone to the bridge, and ventured on it. Whether he stumbled, or slipped, or was taken suddenly ill, I cannot tell, but he fell into the water and was drowned. As soon as his soul left the body, the devil seized it, and was posting away with it to hell, when an angel met him, and strove with him which of them should possess it; wherefore a great dispute rose between them, each giving a reason in support of his claim. Says the devil, 'Thou dost me wrong in seeking to deprive me of the soul I am carrying; dost thou not know that every soul taken in sin is mine? This was in a wicked way, and in a wicked way I have seized it. Now the Scripture itself says, *As I find thee, so will I judge thee.* [*Where is this passage to be found, Maistre Wace?*] This monk I found in evil, of which the business he was about is a sufficient proof, and there needs no other.' Replies the angel, 'Hold thy peace! it shall not be so. The monk led a good life in his abbey, he conducted himself well and faithfully, and no one ever saw ill in him. The Scripture saith that which is reasonable and right, *Every good work shall be rewarded, and every evil one punished.* Then this monk ought to be rewarded for the good we know he has done; but how could that be if he were suffered to be damned? He had not committed any sin when thou didst take and condemn him. Howbeit he had left the abbey, and did come to the bridge, he might have turned back if he had not fallen into the river, and he ought not to be so much punished for a sin which he never committed. For his foolish intention only thou condemnest him, and in that thou art wrong. Let the soul alone; and as for the strife betwixt me and thee, let us both go to Duke Richard, and abide by his opinion. Neither side will then have any reason to complain; he will decide honestly and wisely, for false judgment is not to be found in him. To what he says we will both submit without any more dispute.' Says the devil, 'I consent to it, and let the soul remain between us.' They immediately went to Richard's chamber, who was then in bed. He had been asleep, but just then he was awake, and reflecting about divers things. They related to him how the monk had left his monastery on an evil errand, how he had fallen from the bridge and been drowned without doing evil. They desired him to judge which of them should take possession of the soul. Answers Richard, briefly, 'Go immediately

and restore the soul to the body; let him then be placed on the bridge, on the very spot from which he tumbled, and if he advances one foot, nay, ever so little, let Nick go and take him away without hindrance; but if the monk turns back, let him do so unmolested.' Neither could say *nay* to this decision; so they did as he had said. The soul was returned to the body, the body restored to life, and the monk placed on the very part of the bridge whence he had fallen. As soon as the poor fellow perceived that he was standing upright on the bridge, he ran back as quickly as if he had trod on a snake; he did not even stay to bid the devil and the angel *good bye*. On his reaching the abbey, he shook his wet clothes, and crept into a corner. He was still terrified at the thought of death, and he could not well say whether he was dead or alive. The next morning, Richard went to the abbey-church to pray; all the monks of the convent were met together, and he inquired for a certain one among them. The brother came forward in a piteous plight; his clothes dripping with water, for he had not had time to dry them. The duke caused him to be brought before the abbot. 'Brother,' says Richard, 'what think you *now*? how came you to be taken? Take care another time when you pass over the bridge. Tell the abbot truly what you have seen to-night.' The monk blushed, and was ashamed in the presence of his superior and the duke. He confessed all—how he went, how he perished, how the devil had deceived him, and how the duke had delivered him; he related the whole matter, which was confirmed by the noble Richard. Thus was the thing noised abroad, and its certainty established. Long after it took place, this saying became a proverb in Normandy, 'Sir monk, go gently, and take care of yourself when you pass over the bridge.'"—tom. i. p. 281—288.

We cannot take our leave of this interesting work, without expressing our almost unqualified approbation of the manner in which it has been edited. Not satisfied with his own respectable acquaintance with the language and literature of Normandy, M. Pluquet has been at great pains to procure the assistance of several able coadjutors, such as Méon, Langlois, Hylander, Henault, Le Prevost, and others. Hence, not only has the most scrupulous attention been paid to the text, which has been rendered as faultless as it probably ever can be, by a careful collation of the best MSS. in France, and of our own excellent one in the British Museum; but numerous and most valuable notes have been added, to illustrate the darker passages, and to confirm or weaken the testimony of Wace, by comparing him with other contemporary historians. Where any doubt could exist as to the true meaning in the text, the variations have been given in the notes, and the reader is thereby enabled to select one for himself. The more barbarous words are explained by corresponding ones in modern French, yet we do not approve of their being inserted among the notes at the foot of each page. The same word frequently occurs, yet its signification is seldom given more than once.

No reader can be expected to possess a memory so tenacious, as to enable him to recollect the meaning of a word which occurred perhaps one hundred pages before; and he will be equally at a loss where to look for it. Had such words been alphabetically arranged at the end of the second volume, this inconvenience would have been avoided. Roquefort has published a copious *Glossaire de la Langue Romaine*, which, however, is of little use in reading the old Norman writers. It is ill-digested, it abounds with glaring mistakes, and is still more censurable from its omissions of even the most necessary words. Hence, we hope, that in a future edition, Pluquet will adopt the plan we have ventured to recommend.

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ART. IV.—*Des Institutions Judiciaires de l'Angleterre comparées avec celles de la France, et de quelques autres états anciens et modernes.* Par Joseph Rey de Grenoble, Avocat, Ancien Magistrat. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1826.

THE celebrated mission of M. Cottu, and the publication of his work containing the result of that mission, form an epoch in the annals of modern legislation, to which we at present refer only on account of its visible effects in the production of numerous treatises, having more or less for their object the laudable purpose of comparison between the institutions of France and those of our own country, with a view to mutual improvement. In this career of national advancement, it is true that we have hitherto suffered our more lively neighbours to run over the course without much endeavour to rival them. The name of Bentham, illustrious as it is, in spite of the many strange peculiarities which intercept its brightness, stands almost alone in our list, and hardly to be regarded as ours, belonging, as it pre-eminently does, to the world at large.* It may be thought by no means difficult to find

* We should be sorry to be understood in too exclusive a sense. Mr. Humphreys, in his valuable work on the Law of Real Property, has drawn amply from the stores of his acquaintance with the systems of other nations; and Mr. Miller, in a work embracing a far more extensive range of objects, and which has not yet received so much public notice as the utility of many of its suggestions deserves, evinces much of the same laudable power and disposition to generalize, by resorting to the first principles of legislation. The more recent author of some Letters respecting the Court of Chancery, who has thought fit, for no reason that we are able to imagine, to disguise his sentiments in French words engrafted on English Idiom, has contrived, in making a great display of extensive reading, French, German, Italian, to lose sight of the only useful object of study, and writes himself "Anti-Tribonien," with evidently very little consideration of the principles for or against which he conceives himself to contend. We are unwilling to speak slightly of a gentleman, now well known as the author of this little volume, who has amused us by the lively spirit of many and the good sense of others of his remarks; but we cannot avoid saying so much in the way of censure, for the sake of a description of readers who are apt to be swayed by shadows more than by substances, and to take fright at words which, in their imaginary acceptation, are made to signify something widely different from their own obvious meaning.

the cause of this comparative backwardness, in the different political circumstances of the French and English nations; but when we consider that not France alone, but almost every country in Europe, has admitted the necessity of some great and fundamental change of system, proportioned in extent to the extraordinary alterations which have everywhere taken place in the forms of society, we are led irresistibly to the inquiry whether there is anything in the character of the British Constitution, to exempt it from the common lot of human establishments, or whether, standing in equal need of correction with others, it nevertheless possesses some counteracting force—a *vis inertiæ* inherent in its construction—which enables it to resist revolutionary impulse, and remain fixed on its own basis, however ill-suited to the circumstances by which it is actually surrounded.

There is, however, a third supposition, probably more accordant to the truth, and which, without the belief of either unattainable perfection, or stupid and invincible inactivity, may yet equally explain the phenomenon of our habitual aversion from theoretical reform. What Niebuhr has so well remarked of the constitution of the great Roman Republic is, in part at least, applicable to that of the British Empire. We cannot indeed affect to imitate "the austere frugality of those ancient republicans, their indifference to the acquisition and enjoyment of wealth;" but we may lay some claim to rival them in "the strict subordination of the people to the laws," "the noble spirit which rejected all foreign interference in their civil commotions, *the omnipotence of law and usage, and yet the readiness with which everything unsuitable in either was altered;*" and it is manifest that the more closely this self-corrective faculty is interwoven with the very origin and essence of government, the less need will there be of those great and sweeping innovations which the progress of human affairs renders occasionally indispensable to institutions formed of less pliant and less easily convertible materials.

Buonaparte's late historian, notwithstanding the superficial nature of his remarks on the legislative labours of the French Emperor, is correct in observing that "the manners and customs of a country make the greatest difference with respect to its laws, and that a system may *work well* in France, which in England would be thought very inadequate to the purpose." Although, therefore, new codes of laws are daily promulgated in the surrounding nations; although we see the example of France followed by the kingdom of the Netherlands, by Prussia, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg; although we behold the sovereigns of these several states vying with each other in emulation of this the brightest and most imperishable gem in Napoleon's wreath of

glory; it by no means follows that we, as Englishmen, are bound to subject our venerable institutions to the experiment of a Medea's kettle, or to begin the world anew in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. But still less is it safe to rely on our fancied eminence of station, or to imagine ourselves superior to the task of watching the progress and following the traces of that active spirit of improvement which has found its way even into the councils of the sovereign pontiff. At the risk of being left behind at an immeasurable distance in the race of political advancement, it behoves us to examine with the most scrupulou jealousy into every part of the valued fabric; and, if we will adopt for our motto the advice of the prophet, "stare super vias antiquas," not to forget at least the object of the recommendation, "videre quænam sit via recta et bona, et ambulare in ea." It is no longer a sufficient answer to every demand for a revision of the system to say that (according to the hackneied phrase of the historian already referred to,) "*it works well.*" The very clown in Hamlet would retort upon this unsatisfactory assurance by again asking, "For whom does it work well? For the suitors, or for the lawyers? For the public, or for the criminal?" And if the champion of the existing system, thus questioned, is compelled to admit that the expense and uncertainty of litigation are such as to deter many from asserting their just pretensions, and that the means of evasion afforded by the experiments of legal sophistry, are in like manner such as to render penal justice a lottery, and the dread of detection and punishment a gambling speculation, there will surely be but one opinion as to the urgency of the demand, or the hopelessness of a long resistance.

In following the career of needful improvement, it is, however, indispensably necessary to free the mind from all the trammels of habit and prejudice, and to fit it for the reception of general truths, by a continual recurrence to first principles. The legislator who has not even courage to emancipate himself from the cobweb restraints of technical formality will never find the means of effecting any substantial benefit. Let him learn correctly to appreciate the nature of the difficulties which appear to surround him, and the greater part of those difficulties will insensibly vanish. Nothing is more conducive to the attainment of this state of freedom, than the habit of comparison between the laws and institutions which it is sought to reform, and those of other nations which have already undergone the corrective process. The example has been set by a crowd of French writers, all equally distinguished by a laudable exemption from national prejudices, and by the liberal design of improving their own system by the adoption of whatever may be found at the same time suitable and worthy of imitation

in the institutions of other nations. We have examined many of these important volumes, but have found none so copious in detail and luminous in arrangement as those of the Ancien Magistrat de Grenoble, to an examination of which we propose to devote the remainder of these pages.

There is much sagacity in the remark with which M. Rey commences his preface, on the diversity and frequent contrariety of opinion entertained and expressed by foreigners with respect to the civil institutions of England, and which he says is in a great measure to be accounted for by the contradictions inherent in those very institutions.

"Si, par exemple, l'étranger observateur a cru y trouver le principe de l'égalité des droits, que pensera-t-il de *l' inconcevable oligarchie*, non seulement de la chambre des pairs, mais encore de la chambre des communes, de cette prétendue représentation de la masse nationale, dont la majorité est à la disposition de quelques centaines d'individus?"

What will he say (our author continues) to the entire funded property of the kingdom being in the hands of 25,000 individuals, to the divisions and subdivisions of rank, and the contemptuous distance at which the lower classes are kept by their superiors? Even the Royal motto, *Dieu et mon droit*, he thinks (somewhat whimsically) calculated to strike with astonishment the senses of a traveller who comes to this country prepossessed with the notion of a free government, in which the king is but the first citizen; and the traveller's perplexity (it is added) will be extreme when he is made acquainted with the fiction of law which represents the sovereign as invested with the property, mediate or immediate, of all the lands in the empire, with the privilege which exempts him from the jurisdiction of all civil tribunals, and converts every act of justice performed by him into a concession of special grace or of mere arbitrary benevolence. But suppose, on the other hand, that our observing visitor has been taught to expect a severe and proud aristocracy, the successful opponent of all the revolutionary movements by which Europe has during the last thirty years been agitated; how will he reconcile these preconceived notions with the spectacle of popular elections, at which the loftiest noble solicits, cap in hand, the suffrage of the meanest citizen—of tumultuary public meetings at which the entire population of a city or county is swayed at will by the declamation of some unprincipled demagogue—of the gross insults, and even more serious outrages, which Royalty itself is not unfrequently forced to sustain, when the tide of passion or prejudice sets strongly against the person of the king, or the measures of his chosen ministers?

Of all those of his countrymen who have undertaken to describe the actual state of our English Institutions, M. Rey ob-

serve that he has met with none who have kept themselves free from the influence of one or other of these contrary impressions. "Aussi leurs écrits ne sont en général que des romans apologétiques ou des diatribes amères, également éloignés de la vérité." Much of this general misconception is, however, attributable to the language and structure of our laws; presenting a system "si compliqué et si plein de bizarreries," "si contraire à toute induction naturelle, si peu conforme aux notions légales des autres peuples," that it would be difficult to present any just conception of it, without reference to some point of analogy more simple, more uniform, and more generally understood—an advantage possessed, in spite of its numerous defects of machinery, by the scheme of legislation adopted in France, and by her communicated to various parts of the continent, so extensively, as to have familiarized the jurisconsults and publicists of all Europe with the language of its provisions, and to have rendered it, beyond all doubt, the fittest of any to be made the standard of a comparative estimate.

Having thus explained and vindicated the motives of his undertaking, M. Rey proceeds, in an introduction of considerable length, to present his readers with a sketch of the political history of the English nation. We shall not attempt to follow him in this survey, which, though it seems to have been upon the whole attentively made, and to be executed with commendable impartiality, is not calculated, as it was scarcely intended, to enlighten the well-informed English reader. He sets out with observing, that our boasted constitution has always contained within its breast the elements of political opposition—that this phænomenon is incapable of being explained either by the circumstance of climate, which is common to England with other nations of a totally different character and complexion, or by the peculiar temperament of its inhabitants, who, in common with those of other countries, have from time to time submitted to the most odious tyranny. He describes the yoke imposed on us by the Norman Conqueror as that of the most undisguised despotism ever inflicted on a people, considered either as feudal, sacerdotal, or monarchical; and he concludes by attributing to accident only—to the concurrence of many fortuitous events—the ultimate formation of a character with which, under similar circumstances, any other nation would have gradually become alike invested. We shall not stop to examine how far this theory of the author, so little flattering to our national vanity, is supported by the facts he has adduced, and willingly leave the paths of metaphysical discussion for the more solid, and in our apprehension more profitable ground, which he assumes in descending to a delineation

of "the actual condition, political, economical and moral, of the English nation."

"It must have already been seen," he remarks, "from the facts we have assembled together, that in England the *social action** is exercised by three principal fractions of the nation, although in very different proportions: 1st, by the mass of the people; 2dly, by the aristocratic part of the nation; 3dly, by the monarch and his ministers, together with their direct agents."

And he next proceeds to examine successively what is "the state and degree of *action*" possessed by these different portions of English society.

The *direct* authority exercised by the mass of the people he finds to consist only in the administration of justice through the intervention of a jury, and in the popular nomination of some of our magistrates, both judicial and administrative; a distinction imperfectly observed in the distribution of power by the English system, which frequently admits of the several functions being united in the same person. The right of electing their representatives in parliament is pronounced to be merely illusory, considered as a direct participation of legislative power. Even with respect to the nomination to popular offices, the general right is subject to a variety of exceptions. From the Conquest downwards, nothing like uniformity is visible in our municipal system, and our most valued institutions are, generally speaking, no more than the result of reciprocal usurpations.

Nevertheless, "quoique morcelées et dénaturées," the secondary institutions, in which the people have preserved their rights, possess great weight in the balance of the political machine. If, says our author, the English had possessed only their parliament, they would long since have lost even the remembrance of liberty. The share assigned to the people in the administration of justice, and other branches of local authority, is the only true salt by which it is preserved and seasoned. The sources of *indirect* influence retained by the democracy, are summed up as consisting in the nomination of those members of parliament, in the return of whom there is any real freedom of choice; in the publicity of debates, and of judicial proceedings, &c.; in the frequent use of public meetings, even restrained as it has been by the operation of recent statutes; in the exercise of the right of petitioning; in the privileges of chartered cities and boroughs, and of inferior

* We beg not to be made answerable for the use of terms which we only adopt in the spirit of literal translation. The French writers on Ethics and Politics have put in practice a sort of conventional language, which is not always clearly intelligible to the uninitiated, but which we should do wrong in endeavouring to render by conjectural interpretation.

corporations; in the conflict of religious sects, (which our author justly regards as one of the most fortunate circumstances in the history of the English constitution); in the education of the lower orders; in the establishment of the Mechanics' Institute, (which he also characterises as of the highest importance in the point of view now under consideration); and, lastly, in a circumstance deplorable in itself, and pregnant with the most fearful consequences—the rapid increase of pauperism—of a class of individuals formidable from their numbers, and having no means of subsistence but what the law assigns them in the shape of a heavy impost upon the higher and middling ranks of society—a relief grudgingly yielded, and received, of course, not as a boon, but as the compulsory discharge of a rigid act of justice.

The laws of primogeniture and of entails, which are here treated as the chief bulwarks of the aristocratical part of the system, our author considers as balanced by the power of testamentary disposition, and by the principles of succession adopted in respect of personal property, which, regard being had to the great superiority in value of the latter over the whole amount of the landed interest of the country, would turn the scale too much in favour of the democracy, if not itself counterpoised by our commercial monopolies and colonial establishments.

We shall not follow our author in his minute, and somewhat tedious classification of what he styles our *Privileged Orders* of Society, honestly confessing, that we do not very clearly comprehend the principles on which it rests, appearing (as it does) to exclude the great qualification of mere positive wealth, although outweighing every other in the composition of what must now be denominated the actual aristocracy of Great Britain. We, in like manner, pass hastily over what is said, in the two next sections, of the influence, direct and indirect, of the crown, and of the respective dispositions of the several constituent parts of the English nation. As to the first, M. Rey adopts the opinions of those statesmen and politicians who have so long concurred in representing our actual government as founded "sur le systeme le plus affreux de corruption;" and, in his reflections on the latter subject, he combats the "too general prejudice" which represents the English aristocracy as friendly to the cause of national freedom, in consequence of its having been sometimes seen united with the mass of the people, in opposition to the encroachments of the crown. On the contrary, he contends, that the mere idea of such a result involves a palpable contradiction—that the *privileged classes*, whatever may be their causes of disagreement among themselves, cannot but be animated by one common interest in support of their privileges—that the safeguard of our

liberties has hitherto consisted, not in the combination of mutual efforts, but in the utter incompatibility of different interests—that mere selfishness, in short, is at the root of the fabric—a selfishness which, in these latter days, has advanced to a point of utter political demoralization, wherein the downfall of the edifice, at no very distant period, and by no very gradual means, may be pretty securely predicted.—To a Frenchman, writing on the affairs of the English nation, such anticipations are, to say the least of them, very allowable. We accept them rather as wholesome warnings than alarming predictions, and gladly turn to those of his pages from which we are able to derive useful suggestions for the amendment of our still existing, and, we fondly hope, not yet to be subverted establishments.

Whatever degree of importance may be attached to these prophetic denunciations, it is impossible not to admit the full force of the remark respecting the peculiar characteristics of our national legislation—that there is no where to be seen more clearly manifested the defect arising from the want of unity, both in the general system, and in the different parts of each particular branch.

"On dirait vraiment, qu'en Angleterre tout auteur d'une loi prend à tâche de ne rien faire de complet ni d'homogène, et qu'il laisse exprès des lacunes et des équivoques, ou qu'il rapproche exprès des contradictions, comme un piége tendu à ses adversaires, afin de détruire plus tard ce qu'il a été obligé de leur céder. Il semble, en vérité, que de tels législateurs tremblent de voir tarir trop vite les sources de dissention entre leurs concitoyens."

Add to this, the vast accumulation of our laws; their spirit of vague generalization (especially in respect of political offences); their liability to continual alteration, by means of judicial decisions; their inconsistency, evidenced by the inartificial distinctions between various descriptions of crime and misdemeanour; their contradictions, arising from the want of frequent revision; their blind subjugation to the dominion of precedent; the narrowness of view exemplified in their too frequent departure from the excellent old maxim, "ubi eadem est ratio, idem sit jus;" the barbarism of legal fictions; the absurdities in the title and frame work of many of our most influential statutes; and the want of a sufficiently formal and solemn promulgation of the acts of the legislature;—all these obvious defects and imperfections are pointed out with an unsparing hand, and in a manner not to be treated as frivolous or chimerical, however much, on some of the points in question, the severity of the censure may appear, to our habits of thinking, disproportioned to the actual extent of the evil intended to be exposed.

In adverting to the present state of the English bar, M. Rey finds himself compelled to dissent, as he assures us reluctantly, from the too favourable judgment pronounced by one of his countrymen, who has observed, " que les études des légistes anglais n'étaient point bornées, comme en France, aux matières civiles et criminelles, et qu'ils étaient versés dans la science du droit des gens et de la lutte politique."

" Je suis faché," proceeds our author, " d'être obligé de combattre une telle assertion, mais je dois, avant tout, servir la vérité, et pour quiconque a observé sur les lieux il est impossible de ne pas être conduit à une proposition tout-a-fait contraire ; car nulle part les légistes ne sont plus asservis au joug d'une *senile pratique*, et nulle part, sauf un petit nombre d'exceptions, les principes de cette classe d'hommes ne sont moins libéraux, dans le vrai sens de ce mot."

For ourselves, we do not presume to arbitrate respecting a question of so much delicacy. We shall only remark, that M. Rey appears to us to have considered the point somewhat superficially, when he represents the want of a regular system of education for our bar as in itself decisive of it; for, whatever may be the expediency of a test more efficacious than that of having assisted at a certain number of bad dinners in the hall of an Inn of Court, he is candid enough to admit that, even in France, where the requisite qualification is a prescribed degree of proficiency in certain preliminary studies, the basis of that very qualification is so defective as to render it little, if at all, preferable to our eating system. With us, indeed, the mere formula of an " exercise" is all that is left to remind us that it was once necessary to pass an actual examination before admission to the bar. That requisite has long since been virtually abrogated, and the sole object of the remaining test is to secure, not the professional competence, but the personal respectability of the aspirant, whose probation is therefore limited to a certain period of social intercourse with one of those learned bodies in whom the privilege of admission is vested. It is evident, therefore, that this is a regulation which has nothing to do with the general question of *education*. The mere *license* to practise does not confer the *capacity*, which must be attained, if at all, by a very different method from that which gives a degree at the University. Whether a course of public lectures might be beneficially introduced as auxiliary to our present system of private study, combined with attendance at the chambers of an experienced practitioner, is a question of considerable importance; and the establishment of a Metropolitan College for general academic purposes, seems to offer the fairest opportunity that could be desired for making the experiment.* We

* M. Rey has lately published a pamphlet, which we have seen, entitled " Du Per-

are quite ready to concede to our author that the generality of English lawyers are too justly obnoxious to the reproach of narrowness of conception, ignorance of general principles, and "a froward retention of custom," which, for aught we know, may afford a strong contrast to the intelligence, disinterestedness, and freedom from prejudice, exemplified, as he assures us, by foreign jurists of almost every nation. What he advances is at least striking, and we have no doubt true, as to the general spirit of improvement, for which the latter are now so honourably conspicuous; and, at the same time that we believe the prevalence of such a spirit on the continent may, in great measure, be traced to the influence of events which have there shaken the very foundations of society, and from which we acknowledge with gratitude our own happy exemption, we are very far from considering that this reflection ought to reconcile us to the sense of our present backwardness, or indispose us to the adoption of any measures tending to place us on the level of general advancement.

In this view of the case, we cannot but think it might prove a wholesome lesson to survey ourselves, somewhat attentively, in the mirror which an observing bystander offers to our inspection. Taught by its useful admonition, we learn that a servile addiction to artificial rules of practice, an instinctive and superstitious dread of systematic improvement, are vices very generally imputed to the English bar, and from which, high as are its just pretensions in respect of personal honour, integrity and ability, it would be a difficult task to maintain its exemption. We are further admonished, that the resistance opposed by our judges to almost every measure of a reforming tendency, has been long so conspicuous as to become proverbial; yet no one imputes this propugnatory character to any sordid or interested motives, or fails to ascribe it to the defectiveness of our legal education, and the early and rooted prejudices which it is apt to engender. A wise and cautious averseness from precipitation is, in most instances at least, only

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fectionnement des Etudes légales dans l'Etat actuel de la Société;" in which he presents a useful sketch of the course of legal studies pursued in Italy, Spain, France, the United States of America, England, Germany, and the Netherlands; concluding with the outline of a plan embracing the whole Encyclopædia of Learning, under the name of *Enseignement de Droit*—a mode of viewing the subject, as it seems to us, too extensive to be of much practical utility. The treatise, however, slight as it is, appears to deserve the attention of any who may be disposed to lend their assistance to the foundation of a system of preparatory legal study in England. The only place of general education in this country, where anything of the sort (as far as we know) has hitherto been attempted, is the East India College at Haileybury; but the short duration of time allotted to the students of that establishment, precludes the possibility of introducing into it anything like a complete course of jurisprudence, notwithstanding the distinguished character, and the acknowledged learning and ability, of both the former and the present professor.

the cloak under which this habitual sluggishness of spirit seeks to conceal its real features. The love of arbitrary encroachment, so strikingly manifested by all our supreme courts in their turn, and in which the Court of Chancery has taken so signal a lead, is probably derivable from the same narrow source. Hence the strange anomaly of separate systems of *procédure*—(we adopt a French expression to denote that part of the judicial structure which has no precise correlative term in our own language—) founded, not on any general rules of law, but on the *orders* of the several judges, and always liable to revocation by the same absolute authority when in the hands of their successors. Hence, also, the exercise of a power not unfrequently assumed, although more liable to be brought into question than the former, of imposing and regulating fees of office—a mode of direct taxation, without the intervention of parliament, to which the legislature itself, in a recent instance, appears to have given a somewhat inconsiderate sanction. The power of commuting punishments virtually, and in some cases expressly, reposed in the judges; and the uncertainty of *precedents*, which form the principal basis of English legislation; may be represented as contributing, in no small degree, to swell this arbitrary authority, and to excite, in some instances, we mean particularly in cases of a political nature, suspicions derogatory from the high notions of perfect impartiality and integrity which we are proud to associate with the name and office of an English judge.

We here take our leave of this introductory portion of the Treatise before us, and follow our author to that division of his labours in which he treats of the judicial establishments of his native country.

Beyond all question, the actual system of *judicial organization* in France—(we adopt the term used by our author—) presents an aspect of simplicity, regularity, and apparent convenience and suitableness to the ends of justice, with which the heterogeneous assemblage of edifices, constituting the boasted temple of English judicature, cannot, without great disadvantage, be placed in comparison. With all the necessary superiority, however, of a modern system of simultaneous creation over an old piece of patchwork, the slow and irregular birth of centuries, there are few persons, we believe, so little impressed with the reverence due to antiquity, and with the sanctity of an hereditary establishment, as to dream, at this time of day, of proposing to Englishmen the substitution of a foreign code by way of *practical* improvement. But, apt as we are to associate the present French system of legislation with the notion of a precedent subversion of all existing establishments, and the erection of an entirely new edifice

on the denuded surface, nothing can, in fact, be more erroneous than such a persuasion. Undoubtedly, the French Revolution, by the extensiveness of the change which it wrought in the whole framework of civil society, by its tending to obliterate all recollections of the past, and to emancipate the understanding from the trammels of habit, presented facilities to the enterprising spirit of philosophical legislation, for which we, as Englishmen, make no scruple to confess, that we should be extremely unwilling to pay a price at all proportioned to that which it has cost our neighbours. But, with all the advantages which they possessed, the legislators of the National Assembly did not the less regard the still remaining institutions of the old monarchy as the basis of their new edifice. The rage displayed by some heated enthusiasts, in many instances too successfully executed, for rooting out and abolishing, was kept in check by the salutary zeal of the more wise and able part of the community, in amending and consolidating whatever it was useful or practicable to preserve.

"The law of the 24th of August, 1790," our author observes, "may be regarded as the production of an entire new system, which later enactments only enlarged and developed down to the period of the establishment of the Consular government, under which commenced a revolution of a quite contrary tendency. By this fundamental law, the Constituent Assembly overturned, first, the whole scaffolding of different jurisdictions erected amidst the conflict of private interests without any design of supplying the wants of the people. The French nation, recognising no longer any privileged classes, could no longer admit the existence of seignorial courts, or those of peculiar jurisdiction. The clergy, forming no longer a separate order of the community, and reduced to the mere exercise of their spiritual functions, could no longer be left amenable to a distinct ecclesiastical tribunal, in matters of a temporal nature. The Constituent Assembly restored also to its true destination the judicial order in general, by separating it entirely from the legislative and administrative powers of the state. It suppressed the venality of judicial appointments; provided the substitution of fixed salaries for the fees previously payable to the judges; decreed the adoption of juries, but in criminal cases only; established the principle of the inamovability of causes of action from their appropriate jurisdiction; and, finally, restored to the public the right of nominating its magistrates, with the single restriction which rendered them ineligible except from among the ancient judges or persons of the profession of the law."

Such were the general dispositions which influenced the entire system. The several degrees of its organization were arranged in a manner very little different from that now in use.

We need not, however, here enter into the minor details of this celebrated constitution, which are minutely explained in the work before us, and afford some topics of interesting comparison with

the provisions of the Imperial Code, and the organization of the courts as at present established. The law of the 24th of August, 1790, was followed by several supplementary ordinances, amongst which that of the 6th and 7th of September is chiefly remarkable for the transference to the ordinary district tribunals of the jurisdiction relating to indirect taxes, the mint, the department of waters and forests, and that of the roads, which was previously exercised by so many separate courts of peculiar judicature. The same law gave rise to a new branch of what is termed by our author *exceptional jurisdiction*—that which is now known under the name of *contentieux administratif*—of which more presently. The law of the 19th of October contained the embryo conception of a public accuser, with functions corresponding to those of the ancient *procureurs du Roi*. That of the 1st of December created one general *Court of Cassation* for the entire kingdom, supplying in certain respects the place of the Great Council (*Grand Conseil*) of the monarchy. This celebrated tribunal was empowered chiefly to annul (*casser*) judgments of the tribunals of last resort for violation of certain essential forms of *procédure*, and for direct *contravention* of the letter of the law. It was invested with other important branches of jurisdiction, which it is needless now to enumerate—but its power in all such cases was restricted to the mere right of *annulling* the judgment pronounced, and *remitting* the case to one of the tribunals already invested with appellate jurisdiction; different in this respect from the *Great Council*, which took to itself the entire jurisdiction over causes once brought within the reach of its authority.

The system of Criminal Jurisprudence was of equally slow growth, and built, in like manner, on many successive ordinances of occasional introduction. But the remainder of the space which we can allot to the subject of the judicial institutions of our neighbours, will be better occupied by a short sketch of their actual organization than in any further attempt to trace their historical progress. The survey taken by our author is so well arranged and perspicuous, as to admit of an easy and brief analysis. We shall confine our attention at present to the Civil Department.

I. The Courts of Arbitration constitute the only authorized tribunal in matters of partnership. In all other, but certain excepted cases, the disputants are at liberty to have recourse to its summary judgment, and the chief feature of its jurisdiction is the peremptory exclusion of all but the parties themselves and their judges, by whom only all necessary acts are prepared, without the intervention of either clerks, registrars, officers of the *ministère public*, or attornies.

II. The *juges de paix* may be considered under three distinct characters;—*first*, as composing the *bureau de conciliation*, instituted by the law of 1790, already noticed; *secondly*, as a tribunal *without appeal*, for all causes below the value of 50 francs; and, *lastly*, *subject to appeal*, for all causes of a personal nature from 50 to 100 francs, and without limitation as to value for matters of rural concernment, relating to houses and farms, or to disputes between masters and servants or labourers. In aid of the proceedings before this tribunal, the intervention of an attorney is permitted, but not rendered compulsory.

III. The name of the *tribunaux de commerce* sufficiently bespeaks the subject of their jurisdiction. The attendance of *professional* attornies (avoués) is here forbidden; but the law admits the substitution of an agent by special procuration.

IV. The *tribunaux de première instance* constitute, first, a court of appeal from the decisions of the juges de paix; secondly, an original court, *without appeal*, for all causes of a personal nature under 1000 francs; and, thirdly, *subject to appeal*, for all *real* causes under the value of fifty francs per annum. The ministerial attendance of a public functionary—the *procureur du roi*—is requisite before this tribunal, and his active intervention is made indispensable in all cases affecting the public peace, public property or establishments, charities, wardship, parentage, the rights of femes-covert and *of absent parties*, and those termed *prises à partie*, and *Déclaratoires sur incompétence*. No cause can be brought into this court without the intervention of an *avoué*.

V. The *cours royales* may be shortly described as the tribunal of appeal from the courts of first instance, in all cases in which an appeal from those courts is permitted. The chief public functionary is the *procureur général*, and the attornies (*avoués*) permitted to practise are of a distinct class, and limited as to number.

VI. Every *arrondissement* possesses its cour royale and tribunal de premiere instance; and in some of those districts, according to their relative importance, the courts are divided into several chambers. That of Paris alone possesses seven of the latter, and six of the former class. But there is only one *Court of Cassation* for the entire kingdom; the functions of which are not merely such as are incident to other courts of appellate jurisdiction, but embrace a species of regulating and controuling authority over the forms and ordinances of inferior tribunals, which cannot but have a very beneficial operation in preserving uniformity of practice. In this supreme court of judicature, the *garde des sceaux*, as minister of justice, has the right of presiding in certain cases;

the *ministère public* is exercised, as in the *cours royales*, by a *procureur général*, with a certain number of substitutes, known by the name of *avocats généraux*, and the duties of the *avoué* are sunk in those of the *avocat*, who alone is authorized not only to plead, but to prepare the proceedings.

The system of judicial organization, thus rapidly sketched, forms a part of the code of *procédure civile*; a most important division of the entire system of modern jurisprudence, to which M. Meyer (Esprit, &c. des Institutions Judiciaires, Introd. p. xxxii.) assigns, perhaps, not too high a rank when he places it, in point of public utility, as "bien audessus de la legislation civile, commerciale ou pénale;" since all men are more or less liable to be involved in litigation, or to be compelled to seek redress of injuries at the hands of criminal justice, and the system of *procédure* can be varied by no agreement between the parties, and avoided by no artifice on the part of an unwilling litigant.

To return to the author whose work we now profess to examine, and who, having despatched that part of his subject which relates to the "*organization*" of the judicial system, goes on in like manner to trace the history of "*procédure*," strictly so called, and concludes with an analysis of its existing condition. To this last division we purpose at present to confine ourselves, and to that branch which relates to civil proceedings only; believing it to be, of all subjects of *comparative* jurisprudence, that which is most deserving the attentive consideration of our legislature.

I. The plan of procedure before the *juges de paix* is of the most simple nature. The summons, or citation, indicates briefly the object of the suit, the judge who is to have cognisance of it, and the time of appearance, which admits the interval of only one entire day, and may be even abridged at the discretion of the court. Parties are also at liberty to appear voluntarily without citation. They are required to appear in person or by attorney specially constituted, and no written defence is permitted. Judgment is pronounced immediately, or at the next sitting of the court; and where the judgment is merely interlocutory, the cause must be determined within four months ensuing, on pain of abatement, which, if occasioned by the default of the judge, subjects *him* to the payment of damages. When witnesses are to be examined, the examination must take place *in the presence of the parties*, who only require the judge to put particular questions.

II. Before the *tribunaux de commerce* the course of proceeding is also extremely simple, differing only in some formal respects from that already detailed. When any facts are referred to arbitrators or accountants, &c. (*experts*,) the examination takes place out of court, and the report is made in writing.

III. Before the *tribunaux de première instance*, the form of *procédure* differs according as the subject is of a *summary* or *ordinary* description. Of the first class are—1st. Appeals from the *juges de paix*. 2. Demands of a personal nature to any amount, *where a title is shown and is not disputed*. 3. Demands to the amount of 1000 francs, where no title is produced. 4. Those which are in their nature provisional, or requiring dispatch. 5. Those which relate to the payment of lodgings, &c. and arrears of rent; in all which cases the citation or summons must allow eight days for appearance, (subject to be reduced at the discretion of the judge), and judgment is required to be pronounced with the least possible delay on the mere production of notice by the attorney of one party to the attorney of the other party to attend at the hearing.

Under the head of *ordinary jurisdiction* are comprehended all matters not included in the above denomination—all suits relating to real (or immoveable) property, and all those relating to personal property exceeding the amount above indicated, where either no title is shown, or a title, being produced, is disputed. In all these cases, the first process, which is made absolutely indispensable, is that termed *citation en conciliation*, which takes place before the *juge de paix*, and is reported to be productive of extensive benefit in the country and in small towns, but to be of little service in great cities, "where the immediate presence of the attornies (avoués) tends to paralyse its effect, and where the *juges de paix* possess little influence over the suitors." Next follows the *assignation* (a term corresponding to *citation* in former cases) which admits, in like manner as the citation, of eight days only for appearance where the defendant resides in the same *commune*, but is enlarged, in certain proportions, according to the distance, where he resides out of that district, or in a foreign country. The next provision (Liv. ii. tit. 3.) is that which imposes on parties litigant the obligation of conducting their cause by attorney, and which authorizes the defendant to put in his answer, and the plaintiff his replication, in writing, *before appearance*. A provision which M. Rey denounces as "the great source of frustratory proceedings, of the multiplication of useless papers, and, generally, of the undue influence of lawyers." A part of these inconveniences the legislature appears to have foreseen and attempted to obviate, by permitting the more diligent party to proceed for want of replication within the time prescribed, and authorizing the other to proceed even without replication;—a permission, however, of which it seems the attornies in France are far too dexterous ever to suffer their clients to reap the benefit. The *fourth* title regulates the mode of communica-

tion to the *ministère public*, in cases requiring its intervention; and the *fifth*, which prescribes the times and modes of hearing, "*consecrates the principle of publicity*, which has always prevailed in France, in all civil matters, except in cases of offences against public decency."

Such is the ordinary course of proceeding in matters of a simple description; but we must not pass over this part of the subject without stepping back to notice our author's observation that, although the present code has cut off many of the superfluous formalities of the ancient practice, it is impossible not to perceive that the system, obnoxious to censure as it was, still remains fundamentally the same. The attornies, it seems, were at first greatly alarmed at the reduction threatened to be made in their profits;

"and I perfectly recollect," says M. Rey, "the lamentations which part of them uttered on that account; but they soon re-assured themselves, for they saw that the root of the evil was uncut, and that there yet remained a rich mine to be worked by them.*

"In the first place, that regulation alone which obliges the parties, *even in matters of a summary nature*, to be represented by an attorney, would be sufficient to overthrow every obstacle to the spirit of chicane. When parties appear in person before the judge,† a thousand means present themselves to him for either making them renounce ill-founded pretensions, or bringing them to arbitration or compromise, or arriving in every instance at the true state of the case, which there is often no possibility of attaining except from the mouth of the parties interested. Finally, a single word from either of the parties may frequently prove a saving of interminable delays as well as of misunderstandings and wilful mistakes innumerable, by reason of which, process is now heaped upon process, and every successive attempt to explain only serves to make the case darker.

"Another regulation, which adds to the evil, is that which limits the number of attorneys permitted to practise before each tribunal; whence

* We are favoured with the following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Humphreys by M. le Comte Simeon, Pair de France, in answer to some important queries proposed by the former gentleman on the subject of the present state of French jurisprudence.

"Le Code de Procédure Civile a refondu l'ordonnance de Louis XIV. de 1667, et l'a ameliorée en quelques points; mais en d'autres on a donné à tout le royaume la procédure que l'on suivait à Paris, et tous les abus de forme que les procureurs de cette ville y avaient introduits: on a pris les usages pour règle. Ceux de plusieurs provinces étaient plus simples et moins dispendieux. Cependant, quoiqu'on plaide chèrement à Paris, et que les emplois d'avoués y soient élevés à un prix excessif à raison de leurs produits, on plaide bien moins chèrement qu'en Angleterre."

"Dans les tribunaux de première instance," (observes the author of a recent work, intitled *De l'Administration de la Justice et de l'Ordre Judiciaire en France, par M. D***,*) "une plaie réelle pour les justiciables, c'est que les avoués y sont tout." And he attributes the too great influence of this class of the profession to the jealousy entertained by Napoleon of the character of an advocate.

† See, on this very important subject of the *personal appearance* of parties, Mr. Bickersteth's evidence before the Chancery Commissioners.

it arises that the attorneys are always able to league together for the maintenance of any particular abuse; and the judges themselves, who might to a certain extent check these abuses, are for the most part educated in the spirit of the profession, and are thus either blind to the existence of them, or without a wish to destroy them, and so the evil remains without a remedy."—Tom. i. p. 280.

Much of the above is so applicable to the state of affairs in other countries besides France, that it is unnecessary to point out obvious resemblances; but the instances of abuse stated to exist in respect of office copies of certain proceedings are still more familiar to those who are versed in the evidence attached to the Report of the Chancery Commissioners.

To return to the Code, or rather to M. Rey's Analysis of it.

Certain cases there are which demand further previous proceedings besides those in ordinary use; such as, where the court thinks it necessary to remit a cause to be *deliberated* on the report of a judge to whom it has been referred by the decree; or where the cause, from its complexity, being deemed unfit to be determined either on simple pleadings or on *Deliberation*, recourse is had by order of the court to what is called *Instruction par écrit*—improperly so, however; since, as we have seen, all the proceedings before these tribunals are necessarily in writing, and all here meant is, that the court in this particular class of cases calls for "more papers." In this place, also, the Code (Tit. 6.) is very eloquent, much after the fashion of some of our Orders in Chancery, in its charge to the solicitors not to encumber the proceedings with "their repetitions or needless tautologies;" and the caution, if M. Rey represents the case truly, appears to have been attended to with equal deference in both instances.

We find ourselves no less at home in the next branch of the subject, as to which we shall use our author's own words.

"Title 7. contains many very sage dispositions, as well respecting *the drawing-up of decrees*, (redaction des jugemens) and the regularity and precision of their contents, as concerning the regulation of costs, and the responsibility of solicitors (avoués) and officers of the court (huissiers) who may have exceeded the bounds of their duty. *But in practice they entirely elude the intention of the law as far as respects the drawing-up of decrees*; for instead of a mere summary exposition of the points of law and of fact on which the decision rests, it has become usual to insert *nearly the whole of the pleadings*, of which the bulk, as we have already seen, is so greatly disproportioned to the true ends of justice."—p. 286.

Title 8. treats of *judgments by default*; and it appears to us to provide very suitably for such cases, though the author states that its regulations lie open to much abuse, and observes, "it is much to be regretted that the judges are not placed under the formal obligation of condemning *every pleader or every solicitor* who

makes default without absolute necessity."—p. 287. We do not profess to know by experience how these things are managed in France, but we believe that if such a regulation as that last indicated were to be widely enforced in this country, it would soon put an end to that *ubiquity by the courtesy* among English barristers, which, however convenient and profitable to themselves, is the most injurious to the public, and the most discreditable to the character of the profession, of any privilege ever assumed by the leading members of that important body.

We pass over the several provisions of the Code which are merely accessory or incidental to the preceding, and are contained in the remaining titles of the second book, and come to the third and fourth books, which treat of the divers modes of attacking judgments already delivered.

The first of these modes is that of *appeal*, with respect to which the Code has adopted the rules introduced by the law of 1790, restricting the time for appealing to *three months* from the judgment, and prohibiting the exercise of the privilege until the lapse of one entire week from the same period. These bounds appear wise and reasonable.

The *extraordinary* methods by which judgments may be impeached are three—the *tierce-opposition;* the *requête civile;* and the *prise à partie.*

I. The first of these terms is used to signify the right reserved to third persons, having an interest in the subject-matter in dispute, and who have not been made parties to the proceeding; and it strikes us that this provision of the Code might afford an useful suggestion for the modification of our rigid and inconvenient rule of equity, which requires all persons having an interest to be actually before the court *at the hearing.* The *tierce-opposition* would probably not be resorted to in one case out of a hundred of those in which more or less injury is sustained in consequence of the present system.

II. The *requête civile* takes effect in several cases specified by the Code, (Liv. IV. Tit. 2.), as falsification, fraud, the subsequent discovery of written evidence, and the like, where no direct appeal is admissible; something in the nature of a new trial at law, or a bill of review in equity; as to which last, we may be allowed just to remark in this place, that our present rules of practice are very vague and defective, and might be considerably amended by a comparison with this part of the Code.

III. The *prise à partie* is a form of proceeding directed against the judge in person, and is admissible:—1st, where "*fraude, dol, ou concussion*" (we really do not know how to put these distinctions by corresponding terms in our language,) is imputed to

the judge, "*soit dans le cours de l'instruction, soit lors des jugemens.*" 2dly, in some cases of special enactment. 3dly, where the law declares the judge responsible on pain of *dommages et interêts*. And, 4thly, where there is a denial of justice—which denial of justice is defined to be

"lorsque les juges refusent de répondre aux enquêtes, ou négligent de juger les affaires en état et en tour d'être jugées."

And, again, the Code Civil (Titre Preliminaire, Art. 4.) contains the following provision:

"Le juge qui refusera de juger, sous pretexte du silence, de l'obscurité, ou de l'insuffisance de la loi, pourra être poursuivi comme coupable de *deni de justice*."*

It would be impertinent in us to inquire whether to any, or if any, to which of our English judges, past or present, such a form of proceeding as this might, in any, and what instances, have been found applicable; and it may well be questioned whether, notwithstanding a few occasional cases of exception, the check of public opinion does not, with a judicial system like ours, where the personal respectability of the judges is proportioned to the smallness of their number and the liberal amount of their salaries, afford a sufficient general security for good conduct, without having recourse to provisions which, by the very supposition of gross wilful error, must tend to diminish the reverence now attached to their station and character.

The different modes of *execution* of judgments contained in the fifth book of the Code, and which are no less than seventeen in number, are passed over by our author in the form of a mere catalogue, except as to three of those principally in use, which afford room for useful observation. I. The *saisie-execution*—that is to say, possession taken by a creditor of the moveable effects of his debtor for the purpose of satisfying his claim out of the proceeds of sale. The law, with humane foresight worthy of the improved spirit of the age, exempts from the operation of this process, 1st, the clothes actually worn by the debtor, together

* We find some doubts intimated as to the expediency of these and other like instances of jealous precaution in the provisions of the French code to secure the faithful discharge of the judicial functions, in the work already quoted, "De l'Administration de la Justice," &c., where the author observes, "La commission d'un juge, les lettres d'institution d'un magistrat, ne sont pas des brevets d'impunité. Mais, d'un autre côté, les prises à partie, les actions en forfaiture, peuvent porter atteinte à la dignité de l'ordre judiciaire, au respect dont la loi s'empresse de l'entourer; les passions individuelles, l'acharnement et la violence des parties abuseront de la benefice de la loi, la feront tourner au detriment de ceux qui en sont les organes; peut-être même a-t-on pu redouter que le systeme une fois etabli, les tribunaux fussent plus difficiles à se prêter à certaines directions. Quoiqu' il en soit, la necessité subsiste, et la forfaiture reste à organiser."—Tom. ii. p. 162.

with his bed and those of his children; 2dly, the books necessary for carrying on his trade or profession, to the amount of 300 francs in value; 3dly, his professional instruments or machinery to the same amount; 4thly, the military equipments of military persons; 5thly, the necessary tools of artists; 6thly, a month's provision in grain and flour for himself and his family; 7thly, a cow, three sheep, or two goats, at the option of the debtor, together with straw, forage, &c. necessary for the litter and provender of those animals during a similar period.

II. The *saisie immobilière;* (to which is incident the power of sale by public auction,) as to which M. Rey observes, that he cannot bestow the same praise on the provisions of the Code as with respect to the former mode of execution—

"the formalities being so complicated, and the grounds of avoidance so numerous, that this sort of procedure occasions immense expense, and gives free scope to the spirit of chicanery, especially where the property is small, the cost being the same whatever be the amount of it."

III. The *contrainte par corps,* or imprisonment, which is a mode of execution admitted by the law of France only *after condemnation,* and on the supposition of *tort,* except in commercial cases, where it is used without restriction.

In entering on our examination of the second volume, which is appropriated to the judicial institutions of England, we have first to remark the very limited number of authorities which M. Rey avows himself to have used, and which consist almost exclusively of Blackstone's Commentaries, and the excellent edition, by Tomlins, of Jacob's Law Dictionary; in addition to which he appears to have read, with great attention, a treatise by Mr. Ensor, "on the Defects of the Law," together with the more recent work of Mr. Miller, "on the Civil Law of England;" but to these last he very properly refers rather by way of illustration than of authority. His two principal guides, however, are probably the very best he could have consulted, especially with the corrective applied by Bentham to some of the specious deductions of our great commentator; and it is consequently the less surprising that, although a foreigner, he should have fallen into so few inaccuracies of statement, and apparently into none of any considerable importance.

The first, or preliminary chapter professes to give the reader a general idea "du personnel de l'organisation judiciaire en Angleterre, depuis l'invasion des Anglo-Saxons"—a survey through which we by no means think it necessary to follow our author, since the facts it records are merely those which are to be found narrated in every elementary treatise. Not so his observations as to that great and most difficult problem in English jurisprudence

—the necessity, or rather the expediency, of our system of distinct equitable interference. Of such paramount interest do we, indeed, consider this part of the subject, that we shall not apologize for the length of quotation requisite to exhibit the views entertained by an intelligent foreigner respecting it.

"We cannot positively ascertain at what period this notion of a distinct dominion of law and equity came to be first established; but it is clear that the Court of Chancery derives from it in great measure its origin, and that its appellation of *a Court of Equity* is to be ascribed to it. Its jurisdiction, however, is not confined to cases where this conflict of powers exists; it extends to all those in which no remedy by common law is discoverable; insomuch that the mere silence of *law* constitutes a sufficient ground of competence for a Court of Equity. This double source of attributable functions alone, involves the general system in much arbitrary confusion; but what adds to it considerably is, that for some time past these two principal branches of jurisdiction have, to a certain extent, changed sides in the order of march; so that on one side the Courts of Common Law have taken upon themselves to adopt rules of equity; and on the other, the Court of Chancery has bound itself by as strict an adherence to precedent as the most rigid rules of law can enforce. And hence we see how factitious is the distinction itself, and that equity is but an useless and embarrassing *superfetation*, fit only to occasion a conflict and confusion of jurisdictions every way hurtful to the real interests of the suitors.

"Notwithstanding the evidently usurping origin of the Court of Chancery; notwithstanding its radical defects of organization, and its heterogeneous and inconsistent character, there are nevertheless many persons in England who think favourably of it as an institution. Their principal argument in support of it is, that the separation of equitable jurisdiction from that of strict law, serves to confine the ordinary judges within the bounds of law; and some even go the length of pronouncing it in this respect, an *admirable* contrivance. It seems to me that this is a notion which may easily be confuted.

"First, it is directly contrary to fact; for we have already seen that the common-law judges are not the less prone to interpret the law in the sense that is most agreeable to them, and even to violate it in case of need, without the smallest compunction. The strict observance of law, which they are supposed to maintain, is little more than a name as it respects matters of real importance; while it operates substantially only in favour of wretched subtilties adhered to by lawyers, not on account of any real dislike of an arbitrary system, but because they believe them to be the surest foundation of their profits and influence.

"Secondly, supposing it fit to entrust any judges whatever with a combination of legislative and judicial authority, by leaving certain matters out of the pale of direct legislation, which is the case with an infinite number of what are called equitable subjects, it would be far better that so monstrous a power were lodged in the hands of the ordinary judges; because, on one hand, the principles of common law would

always have more or less influence in the decision of unforeseen cases, which would serve as a sort of counterpoise; and because, on the other hand, there would no longer be seen under the same government two opposite systems of judicature, incessantly at war with each other, dividing the world of lawyers into distinct hostile nations, and causing the adoption of separate weights and measures in the administration of justice.

"But, thirdly, a still greater evil, if possible, is, that this system tends to consolidate the most pernicious confusion of powers—that of the legislative and judicial functions. Over and above the danger which results from it in a political sense, this confusion is also subversive of every idea of true distributive justice; for there can be no security whatever for private rights if the judge has no prescribed rule to follow, but is left at liberty to *make* the law which is to serve as the guide of his decision, instead of being restricted to the application of a law already known, and of force superior to his authority.

"Lastly; the existence of a jurisdiction which has the power of thus making laws on the spur of every occasion, necessarily tends to render the true legislative authority indifferent to the imperfections of law, at the same time that it checks all desire of reducing the mass of legislation to a rational system, and one accommodated to the general wants of society."—tom. ii. pp. 18—21.

It is not easy even for English lawyers to keep clear from all exaggeration in exposing the merits or demerits of a system so entirely anomalous as that to which we now advert; and we are the less disposed to censure a foreign jurist for having somewhat (in our judgment) overstated the absurdities which he means to display. This, if an error in him, is the more excusable, as some of our own text-writers who are most disposed to panegyrize the general institution of a separate equity, fall into the same error themselves, probably from the great difficulty of assigning any definite limits to this extraordinary jurisdiction. Even Lord Redesdale, in his recent pamphlet on the Chancery Commission, employs (seemingly without being aware of the tendency of his own arguments) language hardly less strong than that of M. Rey, in the passage we have just cited. The truth seems, however, to be, that few writers, if any, have yet sufficiently adverted to the broad line of distinction which exists between two separate branches of equitable jurisdiction as now administered—that, namely, in which it officiously interposes its usurped authority to prevent the assertion of strict legal rights; and that in which it acts as a mere separate and independent court for the administration of trusts; in which latter capacity, by whatever name it may be called, we have been always disposed to consider it as *fundamentally* not merely useful, but indispensable. With respect to its *restraining* functions, there seems to be a growing disposition

(in which we do not hesitate to express our concurrence) to view its interference in the light of a positive evil. Many late writers have entered into the same view of the subject, but few whose opinions are entitled to more consideration than that which Mr. Humphreys has recorded in the supplementary chapter inserted in the second edition of his work on Real Property.* But we must for the present quit a subject, which, properly to discuss, would greatly exceed the necessary bounds of this article.

The next subject of remark is one of hardly less importance than the preceding, and of still greater practical interest; since, whatever arguments may be adduced from the danger of change, or from the general inconvenience and partial mischief necessarily attendant on the removal of ancient land-marks, in favour of the continuance of a system vicious in theory, those arguments apply with much less force, or rather they have no weight at all, when opposed to the exigencies arising from a defective *organization* of justice. The subject to which we now refer, more strikingly exemplifies the force of habit in reconciling the mind to the greatest incongruities, than almost any that presents itself to our recollection in the annals of legislation; and it must appear more peculiarly astonishing to a Frenchman, accustomed to institutions founded on the very excess of an opposite principle. It is scarcely necessary to add that we are speaking of the concentration of all our great courts of justice in one single focus—

"a circumstance," says our author, "which has given them immense strength, and facilitated the means of swallowing up almost entirely every other jurisdiction, thus occasioning a heavy expense to suitors, who are compelled to come from the remotest corners of the kingdom to Westminster upon every occasion of the smallest pecuniary importance. It has likewise resulted from the same cause, that the judicial order, represented especially by these supreme courts, has obtained such immense consequence in the eyes of the nation, favouring more and more their spirit of encroachment on the other branches of public administration."

Add to this, that London has thus become "un véritable *gouffre judiciaire*, où tout le royaume est sans cesse obligé de venir réclamer ses droits." Hence the decisive superiority of the bar at Westminster over their brethren of the same profession scattered thinly over the rest of the kingdom. Every country attorney also has his London agent, and thus is engendered an overwhelming interest in favour of the continuance of an abusive system, before which the judges are obliged to bow, and by which the members of the legislature itself, accustomed as they are for the most part to consider the administration of justice and its concerns as a pro-

* See also Mr. Merivale's "Letter to W. Courtenay, Esq. on the subject of the Chancery Commission."

vince beyond the reach of their understanding or habits of thought and action, are held in mute awe, if not in passive subjection.

Another cause of the multiplicity and complication of springs observable in every part of our legal machinery, is the total absence of method in the system of our separate jurisdictions, occasioning a perpetual reference from one court to another of different questions arising out of the same cause of action—a bandying about of the unfortunate suitors from the court below to the court above, and back again to the court below, with an appeal to some other tribunal—from law to equity, and from equity again back to law, in repeated and almost everlasting succession—accompanied by perpetual disputes about the limits of judicial authority, and fostering the spirit of encroachment by each upon each to a degree which really threatens to make us a proverb or by-word to the more civilized nations of the continent.* Add to these the arbitrary heaping of appeal upon appeal; not an action or a suit being commenced that is not liable to two or three removals, at least, from a court of inferior to a court of superior jurisdiction, besides an unlimited power of revision by the same tribunal—the yet more arbitrary *mixture* of original and appellate jurisdictions in the same court, and the total absence of that wholesome corrective so long administered in the neighbouring country by their *Cour de Cassation.*

There yet remains another point of comparison between our system of judicial organization and that of our neighbours on the continent, with respect to which our author assigns to the former a very decided preference. By the law of September 1790, already referred to, a new branch of separate jurisdiction was erected, and still continues to exist, under the appellation of *Contentieux Administratif*, of the peculiar functions of which it is somewhat remarkable that we find no very distinct notion presented to us in M. Rey's otherwise clear and comprehensive analysis; nor, by reference to the Code itself, have we been able to obtain any clearer lights to illumine our ignorance. We therefore resort to the expressions which our author himself makes use of in discussing this part of his subject, from which, however indistinct, it is possible to form a sufficient general conception of that to which they relate.

"The National Assembly, struck by the ancient usurpations of the parliaments over the *direct* functions of the executive power, in framing day by day new penal rules of administration, went to the other extreme, and deprived the regular judges even of the *indirect* participation

* M. Rey refers in a note to the late case of Macaulay *v.* Shackell, and a more favourable one could scarcely have been selected in illustration of this part of the subject. We cannot afford room for stating it, but the circumstances will be familiar to our professional readers.

which they must necessarily possess in all the transactions of social life, by leading back the citizens to a just appreciation of the laws. They did not consider that this *indirect* participation is inherent in the nature of judicial power; and, to be consistent, they ought to have abolished the power itself; for it may as well be said that the existence of such a power disturbs individuals in the exercise of their private relations by annulling unjust and illegal acts, as that it would interrupt the course of the public administration, by compelling it not to violate the laws of its institution, or prejudice the rights of individuals, or those of other branches of the same government. Then why have the French legislators preserved to the ordinary tribunals proceedings relative to the administration of indirect contributions, of domains and forests, &c. which they must have apprehended would equally disturb the numerous agents of those departments in their respective measures? The only result of this exception, or rather of this partial return to true principles, is, that notwithstanding the many faults of our administration, judicial and civil, such as it has existed for the last five-and-thirty years, there has been infinitely less of abuse and vexation in these branches of the public service; which so far from being impeded in regard to the utility of their operations, have been only rendered supportable by this species of salutary controul."

The author goes on to exemplify the difference of our English method of proceeding by two instances of recent occurrence; those in which the Court of King's Bench set aside the election of a mayor of Huntingdon because the person elected did not fulfil the conditions required by the law, and in which the Lord Chancellor, with the assistance of the twelve judges, annulled that of a coroner for the county of Salop, on account of informality.

"The great advantage," he continues, "which results from this system is, that the doctrines and regulations, and even the constitutional forms of proceeding, attached to the judicial office, are such as to render it comparatively independent of the daily caprice of the agents of power. Besides, in England, in France, in the Netherlands, and in some other countries, the PUBLICITY of judicial proceedings is a safeguard not to be found in the SECRET administration of our French tribunals. Finally, it is in the nature of things that every tribunal instituted for the purpose of supporting any particular branch of administration, should identify itself with that branch, and thus lose the impartiality which is indispensable to the judicial character."—tom. ii. p. 27, &c.

The classification of subjects pursued by M. Rey in this division of his treatise, is, we believe, original as applied to the system of English jurisprudence. We shall leave it to our learned readers to judge of its suitableness and practical utility. Adopting then, only by way of *subdivision*, the arrangement of Blackstone, who distinguishes our courts of justice into those of general and of local jurisdiction, the present writer announces his principle of distribution as being founded on the *nature* of the subjects falling

under the several jurisdictions respectively—thus making his first class comprise those members of the judicial body whose province is *principally* to determine questions of fact; his second, those which *principally* decide points of law; and his third, those which adjudge at the same time both upon law and upon fact. We shall content ourselves with observing, that our only objection to this classification consists in the very terms which it is found necessary to employ in defining it; the distinction between the two first classes depending altogether on the *more* or *less* of law or of fact in the composition of the respective mixtures; while the third, if distinguishable at all from the preceding, can only be so by reason of the equality of the two ingredients, excluding the term *principally* from its definition; but which *equality* is neither pretended, nor is it consistent with the nature of the subject to suppose it admissible.

In following the arrangement which we have thus ventured to criticise, our author's first subject of examination is as to the form and composition of our English juries, which leads immediately to the important question, how far this boasted mode of trial is conducive to the purposes of justice when applied to civil cases. M. Meyer, whose reputation as a jurist entitles his opinion to great respect, has pronounced strongly against the principle of admitting it in such cases; and he argues in support of this opinion, that a far greater degree of penetration and sagacity is requisite for the development of such complicated facts as those on which the question of civil rights generally rests, than for arriving at the truth as to the commission of crime; to which he adds, very truly, that *in point of fact* our English mode of proceeding is in great measure illusory—the verdict of the jury being always preceded by the directions of the judge, and being moreover liable to be set aside, and a new trial ordered, whenever it is found to be at variance with the directions so given—a plan of proceeding which is the fruitful source of expense and protracted litigation, and which inevitably tends to the great disparagement of an institution so irreverently treated. M. Rey, however, is not for altogether rejecting its intervention even in civil cases, but suggests its being reserved for appeals—a proposal, to say the least of it, not much in unison with our existing principles of legislation.

Among our English tribunals possessing cognizance alike of law and of fact, the Court of Chancery of course holds a preeminent station. We have already stated our author's views on the subject of equitable jurisdiction; but its importance is such that we cannot neglect any opportunity of recurring to it. After a brief historical sketch of the origin and foundation of this court, M. Rey thus proceeds:—

"I would now go on to speak of its actual competence, but find my-

self unable to give more than a slight *approximating* view of the subject; for the line of demarcation between the Court of Chancery and the courts of ordinary jurisdiction, is so indeterminate, and so marked with the subtilties of English law, that it has been impossible for me to find anything precise with respect to it either in the works of their text-writers, or from my own observations on what passes in court, or in the way of explanation by those lawyers whom I have personally consulted."

This alleged uncertainty in the limits of the respective jurisdictions is, indeed, a charge which admits neither of denial nor of apology. The system itself, of an equity distinct from law, and subject to the administration of separate tribunals, may possibly be regarded as incorporated in the English constitution, so as to render it inexpedient to attempt its removal; but if it is to be retained, the first object with those who sincerely seek the amelioration of our laws, should be to get rid of this well-founded reproach, and to establish such fixed and positive rules of demarcation as would leave it in no instance open to doubt whether any particular cause of complaint be a matter of legal or equitable cognizance. Another, and scarcely less important topic of reform, is that to which we have already alluded, of framing such regulations for the practice of all the courts, both of law and of equity, as to obviate the now continual recurrence of a necessity for shifting from one to the other to arrive at the decision of almost every, even the simplest, question that arises in either. It is much to be regretted that the members of the late Chancery Commission did not, at the outset of their Inquiry, lay down some well-matured plan for their guidance with reference to these general objects. All that can fairly be said on that subject, however, is, that neither the occasion for the grant of that commission, nor the mode of its composition, nor perhaps the period of the commencement of its labours, was favourable to an enlarged and comprehensive view of the subject.* Designed by the then

* "Il est à regretter," observes M. Rey, "que les attaques aient été presque uniquement *individuelles*, et qu'on n'ait pas imaginé de remonter aux vices fondamentaux de cette bizarre institution, dont la seule existence est l'un des plus grands vices du système judiciaire Anglais."—tom. ii. p. 111.

We entirely concur in the sentiment here expressed, conceiving it matter not only of regret, but of great national reproach, that so few schemes of general improvement have ever been formed that have not either originated in, or in their progress been mixed up with the polluted springs of party prejudice. Hardly less injurious in its effect, or less discreditable in its motive, is the wanton spirit of personality, which, without the excuse, miserable as it is, of a political bias, has infected the pages of some of our best juridical writers, and contributes, more perhaps than any other cause, to render the splendid theories of a Bentham comparatively unproductive and valueless. Let us hope that a better day now dawns. The excellent Mr. Charles Butler has by his exemplary forbearance from personal censure, even on occasions the most inviting, afforded a happy illustration of the Christian precept—"Judge not, that ye be not judged"—and other writers of hardly less practical knowledge, and with more distinct objects in view, have evinced the usefulness, no less than the possibility, of discussing the merits of a *system*, without any reference to the character or ability of the individuals by whom it happens, for the moment, to be administered.

government of the country as a political measure for checking the violence of a series of personal attacks directed against the then head of the Court of Chancery, it was constantly viewed by the members of opposition—especially those whose tactics were deranged by its institution—as an object of affected contempt and ridicule; but we believe it to be now generally admitted, that the good which it has proposed, or at least indicated the means of adopting, is greater than expectation, how far soever it may fall short of that which the exigency of the case requires, and which we have little doubt of seeing hereafter effected under happier auspices.

Under the head of "County Courts," our author takes occasion to review the principal causes which appear on either side of the House, to have led to the rejection of Lord Althorp's plan for extending the jurisdiction of those tribunals. To these alleged motives we shall in this place merely advert, for the purpose of remarking that, disgraceful as is that imputed to the friends of government, that which was openly avowed by the members of opposition is, though of a more public-spirited nature, equally indefensible on the score of an enlarged and liberal policy. The dread of increasing the influence of the crown can never be advanced as a solid argument for withholding from the subject his indisputable right to cheap and expeditious justice; and we shall indeed despair of a substantial reform in any part of the system until this sacred fundamental principle is recognised without equivocation or subterfuge. In the mean time, M. Rey does not require to be informed that the temporary rejection of a great public plan of improvement does not necessarily imply its abandonment. Accordingly, the proposal of the measure in question was renewed in the next session of parliament, and remains now only suspended upon the undertaking of the then secretary of state for the home department, that it should finally he resumed in such a shape as to obviate all remaining objections. Nor do we see any reason to regret this postponement, contemplating the measure itself rather as introductory to a wider and more beneficial arrangement for the administration of justice at a distance from the metropolis, than as comprehending within itself all that is requisite under this head of improvement.

On a general comparative view of the subject discussed in the preceding chapters with the parallel institutions of France and some other countries, we find the following results:

I. In France, since the Revolution, the legislature has greatly favoured the system of *arbitration*, rendering it (as we have already seen) a *compulsory* mode of settling differences in matters of trade and partnerships, and giving the utmost facility to its adoption in

all other cases; the arbitrators thus judicially appointed being moreover required to decide, "*comme amiables compositeurs*, sans s'astreindre aux règles positives de droit." In this respect the French have followed and improved on the example of their and our neighbours, the Dutch, who by their old law constrained parties to submit *in the first instance* to arbitration all questions of pilotage, wrecks, and other matters of maritime jurisdiction. Amongst ourselves it is superfluous to observe that no parallel institution exists, the principle of *compulsory* arbitration being altogether unknown to our law, and a reference, though not unfrequently made on the recommendation of the bench, being never so recommended until after the costs of litigation have been actually incurred;* to which we must add, although unnoticed by our author, the very questionable facility with which our courts at present interfere to set aside awards, insomuch that no parties can feel assured of their differences being finally settled even by a course of proceeding founded on a mutual voluntary obligation to rest satisfied with the decision, be it what it may, of the judge whom they themselves have chosen.

II. After having described the office of the French *juges de paix*, we need say no more to point out the total absence of analogy between the duties which they administer and those of our *justices of the peace*. Considered as, what they are in effect—judges *de première instance*—the great singularity observable in their institution is that of the prescribed preliminary attempt to *conciliate*.

III. The French jurists pride themselves, and with reason, on the organization of their *cours de première instance*, (properly so called,) which, since the Revolution, have superseded the chaos of previous conflicting jurisdictions, and which are strictly limited to the exercise of initiative functions, except in certain cases of appeal from the sentence of the *juges de paix*. This last branch of their jurisdiction is indeed a stain upon the otherwise perfect simplicity of the institution: but, even with this fault of construction, they still present an advantageous contrast to the strange jumble of original and appellate jurisdiction observable in our English tribunals, and in those of almost every other country in Europe. Bentham's arguments in support of courts of concurrent jurisdiction are here stated and canvassed.

IV. With respect to *appeals*, the law of France is likewise pronounced to be more perfect than that of any other country. In no case is more than one appeal permitted; for we must not

* In some Cantons of Switzerland, the judges are likewise in the habit of recommending references; but with this advantage over our English course of proceeding, that the recommendation usually takes place *at the commencement* of litigation. We

confound *appeal* with *cassation*. In England, on the other hand, there is no case that does not admit of at least two successive appeals; and although it happens that, partly from the high respect entertained for the English Judges, and partly from the enormous expense attendant on all appeals in their first stage, the privilege of a second appeal is comparatively seldom resorted to, yet it should not be forgotten that the existence of such a privilege implies the great probability of an abuse of it to the purposes of fraudulent delay and oppression:—not to mention the ruinous repetition of new trials directed by courts of equity on account chiefly of the difficulty of ascertaining questionable *facts* by any mode of inquiry inherent in their own constitution.

V. The *Court of Cassation* is not only peculiar to France, but is of modern origin. Its objects are explained to be, to maintain the proper scale of separate jurisdictions, to prevent the excess of power in the judicial bodies, to ensure the observance of their fundamental rules of procedure, and to preserve above all the purity of the law and its administration.

"This institution," adds our author, whose observation meets our unqualified concurrence, "may have its inconveniences, and it is already infected with many abuses, as will always be the case where the exercise of public functions is not strictly brought back to its true principles; but it appears to me, notwithstanding, that such as it now is, the institution is preferable to any of correspondent utility in other countries."—tom. ii. p. 163.

Our author devotes a *chapitre complémentaire* to the subject of persons officially assisting in Courts of Justice, considered as divided into two classes—those who are assistant to the parties and to the judges themselves in the *direction* and *prosecution* of causes—and those whose office is merely executive, such as she-

cannot resist the temptation of referring, in this place, to some very sensible observations which we lately met with in a respectable morning paper, the author of which, after announcing the somewhat startling proposition, "Whether a system of arbitration might not be adopted, to take place of law altogether?" proceeds as follows—"In the case of common debts, why should not the decision of two competent persons be as binding as that of twelve, without any of the routine of declarations, pleas, demurrers, &c.?"—"We are confident," he adds, "that we are much under the mark when we say that *one-half* of the questions which give rise at present to suits both at law and in equity, are fitter matters for arbitration than for the courts; and when it is considered that a saving of *nine-tenths*, both in time and expense, would take place by the transfer, no persons who mean honestly could object to the change. In matters of debt, the County Courts and Courts of Request, limited as they were in their operation, strongly illustrate the truth of what we are saying; and, however unpalatable it may be to those who fatten upon the other more expensive remedy, we are quite sure that parliament could not confer a greater boon upon the country than by placing all debts under £50 immediately under the controul of those or similar institutions." We embrace the opportunity of adding to these useful suggestions, that the office of Master in Chancery, at present greatly departed from the utility of its original establishment, appears to offer a very convenient place for the introduction of a similar system in equity.

riffs, constables, &c. Of these, we can only afford space to say a few words respecting the former.

The distinction between our English *attorney* and the *avoué* of modern France, officially considered, consists principally in their mode of employment, which with us is merely voluntary, but by the French law is compulsory. Practically, however, this is a distinction almost without a difference, since the complication of our system of jurisprudence renders their intervention in almost every case absolutely indispensable. A much more important feature of dissimilarity may be remarked in the union among ourselves, under the general name *solicitor*, of the very distinct functions of the *avoué* and *notaire*, or *conveyancer*—a circumstance which our author denounces as of baneful tendency, from the vast accession of influence which it gives to this branch of the profession, rendering its intervention almost inevitable in all social transactions, and giving to it a personal interest in litigation, so powerful as to endanger the integrity of the purest mind.

But what distinguishes our judicial system from that of our continental neighbours, more widely than any other circumstance whatever, is the total absence among us, or rather, perhaps we should say, the adscription to two or three great crown officers, of the functions distributed in France among a host of agents of divers classes and denominations, to the enormous number of *forty-five thousand* individuals, under the general designation of *ministère public*—an institution which, being more essentially connected with the criminal than the civil department of jurisprudence, we shall content ourselves with barely indicating in this place as a subject requiring distinct and mature consideration. M. Rey sums up the question by expressing his decided opinion that, notwithstanding the inconvenience which results from the want of such an institution, and though he considers it might be possible to form such a salutary combination of the two opposite principles as would be preferable to either of the existing systems, yet, viewed abstractedly, the plan which we have adopted is a thousand times preferable to that of our neighbours; and we need scarcely add that we sincerely participate with him in this conviction, thinking in like manner that " C'est en grande partie aux resultats de ce système, que l'Angleterre doit la jouissance de quelques-uns de ses droits les plus importans."

The next class of individuals of which he speaks is that composing the *bar* of the respective countries; and he observes that, after England—

" France is the country in which the character of *advocate* is held in highest estimation, both because a certain degree of publicity has always been recognised in the proceedings of the French tribunals, and princi-

cipally also, because, since the establishment of a constitutional government, the French bar has displayed great attachment to principles and a great love of independence, in spite of its fetters."

On the subject of our English bar, M. Rey affords us but little room for reflection, the only critical observation which he makes being directed to the anomalous union in the same persons, and even when practising in the same courts, of the character of judge and advocate, which is permitted among us in so many instances, but in none perhaps so indecorously as in the case of our commissioners of bankrupt. Without subscribing to the reasons of some who have undertaken to defend the practice, we are, however, disposed to regard it as a matter of far less real than apparent importance. But there is a question of vital interest as affecting the honour and independence, and consequently the public utility of the English Bar, into which we are surprised that our author has forborne to enter—that, namely, which respects the *right* to demand admission to the rank and privileges of a King's Counsel—a right which, limited only by the discretion of the Lord Chancellor, as the dispenser of legal preferment and patronage according to merit, must, from the nature of the privileges attached to it, be either fully admitted, or the very principle of independence and all pretension to honour and integrity in the body of advocates be compromised by its denial. We know indeed scarcely a single point of greater constitutional magnitude —none, certainly, which has been hitherto treated with such culpable supineness, compared with its actual public importance. It was perhaps less liable to remark, as it involved the risk of less positive injustice, while the privileges in question were confined (as was during a long period the case,) to a very small number of individuals. On the accession to office of the present chancellor, the door of promotion was thrown open to a width perhaps altogether unprecedented, and, we think, wisely so extended, although the direct consequence has been to render more glaring a single instance of personal exclusion, and to call more loudly than ever, and in a voice which we hope and trust will take no denial, for a declaration of right founded on the complete recognition of this great principle. We cannot forbear adding, that the distinction of rank to which we refer is, in itself, of very questionable utility, and have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing that its abolition would be far preferable to its retention with so degrading a badge of servitude.*

* No similar or correspondent distinction is known in the French courts; nor, so far as we are informed, in those of any other country in Europe. On this part of his subject, the author of the "Lettres sur la Chancellerie," already referred to, expresses himself with a freedom and boldness deserving of great commendation.

Our author next goes on to discuss the comparative merits of the French and English systems of *procedure;* a subject on which, notwithstanding its great importance, we must be very concise in our present remarks. We shall therefore be excused from following his somewhat arbitrary classification of the subject under the heads of *procédure naturelle* and *procédure technique, ou artificielle,* any otherwise than by stating, that those among our English Courts, to the course of proceeding in which he has thought fit to assign the former denomination, are principally, that which we call the "domestic forum" of arbitration, the Courts of Conscience, those of the Commissioners of Bankrupts and Insolvents, &c. and the County Court of London and Middlesex.

The forms of practice adopted by our Courts of Conscience, as exemplified in a recent work on the subject by Mr. Hutton, a very intelligent magistrate of Birmingham, are cited by M. Rey as a favourable specimen of the cheapness and expedition which may be made to accompany this mode of procedure. He finds in them only two regulations which appear, he says, to partake of the false notions introduced by the artificial system—first, that which requires, under all circumstances, the appearance of all persons who are named as parties to the suit; a requisition involving the delay and expense of an abatement, in case of the death of one of two or more co-defendants; secondly, that which prohibits the courts from compelling parties to produce their witnesses.

The defects incident to the course of proceeding before our Commissioners of Bankrupt have been greatly misconceived and exaggerated, principally we believe from a want of due regard to the peculiar subject of jurisdiction, requiring, beyond all others, promptitude in the despatch of business and the absence of formal restraint and solemnity—advantages cheaply purchased by the commercial world at the expense of an occasional wrong decision, and even of a considerable portion of bustle and inconvenience. The French Tribunals of Commerce are thought however to have the advantage over the court of which we are speaking in point of regularity of procedure, although in both we are assured that "tout tend également à la rapidité de l'action, et à la réduction des frais." The personal attendance and oral examination of parties, are not the least conspicuous among the advantages attendant on our present system, and whether it would be improved by any mode of organization admitting the constant intervention of attornies and counsel for the proof of every debt, or the adjustment of every disputed item of demand, is a question which may perhaps be easily answered.

Here, we are grieved to say, ends the *laudatory* part of our author's survey. As for the whole chapter of *artificial* procedure, bating a few notions, and those, in great measure erroneous, as to the relative advantage of the forms of pleading in equity over those at common law, the observations he has made, present him with nothing but a mass of impertinence, barbarism, and *fiction*, under which last head may indeed be catalogued most of the vices imputable to the system. We should be loath to rest on the authority of a foreigner, however intelligent and impartial, our persuasion as to the flagrant absurdities of special pleading, sufficiently exposed as they have been already, by some of the ablest and most experienced of our own English jurists. Yet, to assist the cause of a reform, which we hope and believe cannot be far distant, we think it may not be quite unavailing to draw attention to the light in which these absurdities present themselves, to one wholly uninfected by either the passion or prejudice which, in a greater or less degree, is perhaps inseparable from an Englishman's view of the subject. It is after this fashion that M. Rey suddenly breaks out in the midst of a painful endeavour to render in the French language, for the benefit of his countrymen, the form of a declaration, and consequent proceedings, in trespass.

"..... Je m'arrête ici, et j'avoue que c'est de lassitude, ou plutôt de dégoût, d'avoir à souiller plus long-temps ma plume d'un semblable *argot*, (qu'on me passe cette expression que l'indignation m'arrache.) J'avois d'abord l'intention de traduire en entier la procédure d'où j'ai tiré le fragment que je viens de présenter; mais indépendamment de ce que je n'ai vraiment pas le courage de poursuivre, c'eût été mettre à une trop rude épreuve la patience du lecteur. Pour avoir une idée de tout ce que je lui épargne à cet égard, l'on n'a qu'à se figurer d'abord *cinq autres pleas*, à peu près comme le dernier, sans le moindre besoin d'une telle surabondance, puis *six repliques* du demandeur, dans lesquelles il n'y a pas un seul mot qui ajoute rien à la substance de la declaration, puis *une duplique* du demandeur, qui ne contient également qu'une repétition des absurdités précédentes, puis encore *dix ou douze autres divisions* techniques, dont il serait trop fastidieux d'expliquer les particularités, sans compter le jugement et les motifs qui n'ont pas été insérés à la suite de ces *pleadings*. Encore faut-il bien faire attention que cette procédure ne va que jusqu'à la *duplique*, mais que souvent, sans plus de motifs, il y a des *tripliques*, des *quadrupliques* et des *quintupliques*. Enfin, pour concevoir jusqu'à quel point on peut, d'une manière bien plus extraordinaire encore, grossir le volume de ce genre d'écritures, il faut remarquer que le procès dont il s'agit ici était très simple dans sa marche, et qu'il n'a pas un seul des nombreux incidens que les circonstances accessoires ou la mauvaise foi des plaideurs font naître si souvent dans les procés."—tom. ii. p. 297.

We now close this useful and instructive book, without, how-

ever, having been able to notice many points of great importance, which occur in the course of the extensive survey taken of our civil judicature, and without having touched on the great head of Criminal Procedure. We should quit it, therefore, with great unwillingness, and not, perhaps, without the express intention of resuming in some future Article, the examination which we are obliged to drop for the present, did we not foresee that in the course of noticing some of the many other works of similar tendency, to which the impulse of legislative improvement has given birth, we shall naturally have again to open our author's pages, and avail ourselves of the suggestions which he furnishes on those subjects which we must leave untouched for the present. Once more—the impulse, we repeat, is given, and will, we are assured, proceed to a successful issue. The signs of the times are discoverable even from the language of the almanack-makers. In the frontispiece to the "Prophetic Messenger for 1828," we think we can plainly discern in the distance, a bonfire of tape and parchments; and among the predictions for the winter-quarter, we meet with the following—"New laws are in agitation, new ordinances discussed."

To speak seriously, we can anticipate nothing to impede the full accomplishment of the prophecy, unless it be the possible renewal of those party cabals and entanglements to which the fair hopes entertained at the opening of the last session of parliament were so fatally sacrificed. We are aware that, under a government like ours, the struggle for political power, while it lasts, possesses such an intensity of interest in the minds of the combatants, as to absorb every consideration of public benefit, and almost the entire sense of public duty. But let not those who are engaged in the selfish competition deceive themselves into a belief, that the country at large takes any comparative interest in the success or failure of their rival pretensions. The great distinctions of Whig and Tory have, avowedly, ceased to exist. Even the proud assumption of exclusive liberality no class of politicians can, with candour or consistency, pretend to appropriate. We certainly do not ourselves remember any period of our history, when the mere party question was one of so much indifference to the great body of the nation; and we are not the less persuaded, that to render the cause of government popular, nothing would be so efficacious as the unequivocal evidence of an honest and zealous design for the furtherance of that great object, which it has been our wish, in the preceding pages, humbly to promote and inculcate.

ART. V.—*Historie Literatury České áneb sastauwný přehled spisů Českých, s Krátkau Historij Národu, Oswicenj a Gazyka.* Pracj Josefa Jungmanna, Dóktora Filosofie a Professora Humanitnjho. W Praze. i. e.

*History of Bohemian Literature,* &c. By Dr. Joseph Jungmann. Prague. 1825. 8vo. pp. 704.

THIS volume, a monument of research and industry, is, in truth, a catalogue of all the books that have been published in Bohemia, most industriously collected and most judiciously arranged; it contains a list of more than fifteen hundred Bohemian authors—each of whom contributed something in his day and generation to the improvement of his race—yet scarcely one name has winged its way to this country—scarcely one has escaped that overwhelming oblivion, which allows so few reputations to ride triumphantly over its waves. Of the names dear and venerable to nations, soon is the number told whom the common voice of mankind agrees to rescue from obscurity. So feeble is the triumph—so narrow is the domain of Fame! Not but that Bohemia has furnished her full contingent of illustrious men: for the names of John Hus, Jerome of Prague, and the heroic Žižka, occupy a distinguished station in the roll of European history.

The author of the History of Bohemian Literature is an intelligent and gifted man, who has not only increased the literary treasures, and improved the literary taste of his country by a number of admirable translations, and by some original compositions of considerable merit, but he has explored all the recesses of the Bohemian field of letters: no part is unvisited by his laborious vigilance—and his volume may be consulted with a perfect confidence that he has left nothing undone which learned drudgery could effect.

After centuries of indifference and neglect, the Slavonian language and literature are beginning to excite much attention in Germany; the only country (be it allowed us to confess it) in which any considerable progress has been made in the philosophical study of the European tongues—the only country in which the art of translation is really understood—the only country possessing the means of doing justice, and the disposition to do justice to the literature of foreign lands. We trust a better era is dawning upon us, and that our day of reformation is at hand; but while the false coin of Pope, and Hoole, and Mickle, is allowed to pass current among us, with the names of Homer, Tasso, and Camoens inscribed upon it, as if it were truly the legitimate currency of these sovereigns of song—the case will continue to be melancholy and hopeless.

The History of the Slavonian Language and Literature,* by Professor Paul Joseph Schaffarik, of Neusatz, is one of the most valuable contributions which the subject has received. It is much to be regretted that the author has too generally contented himself with the dry record of bibliographical facts, since wherever he has allowed scope to his mind—whether in the character of sober criticism, or in the playfulness of imagination, there is abundant evidence that he might have produced a very lively, instead of a very dull volume; and have made the matter attractive to the many, which is now referred to only by the few. But of all the writers on the idioms of Slavonia, the erudite Dr. Kopitar, the Imperial Librarian at Vienna, has done the theme the most essential services. Calm and philosophical in his judgment, of varied learning, ready perception, unwearied industry, and undoubted talent—his writings and exertions have served at once to encourage whatever is excellent, to reprove whatever is vicious, to quiet the passionate enthusiasm of an overstrained patriotism, and to fix and fortify Slavonian literature on the basis of a sound and judicious criticism.

In the year 1792, the Abbé Dobrowsky published his History of the Language and Literature of Bohemia.† It is full of interesting and valuable information respecting the remoter periods, but records very imperfectly the progress of letters in more modern times. In 1818, he printed another edition, which is so much extended and improved as to appear rather like a new work than a revisal of the former, and which he calls a History of the *Ancient* Literature of Bohemia.‡ Much indeed has Dobrowsky added to the stock of Slavonian knowledge, and his various philological works are the greatest and best authorities on the subject. The student who wishes to trace the early history of the Slavonic tongue, will do well to consult the Abbe's "*Institutiones Linguæ Slavicæ.*"§ Every thing Dobrowsky writes is pregnant with erudition, though his critical and philosophical merits are perhaps not on a level with his knowledge; but all Slavonians look up to him with respect, as one of the props and glories of the Slavonian race.

The foolish attempt of Joseph II. to eradicate the Bohemian idiom, while it added greatly to the dislike with which the

* Geschichte der Slavischen Sprache und Literatur nach allen Mundarten, von Paul Joseph Schaffarik. Ofen. 1826. 8vo. pp. 524.

† Geschichte der Böhmischen Sprache und Literatur, von Jos. Dobrowsky. Prag. 1792. 12mo. pp. 219.

‡ Geschichte der Böhmischen Sprache und *alten* Literatur, von Jos. Dobrowsky. Prag. 1818.

§ Institutiones Linguæ Slavicæ Dialecti veteris, quæ, quùm apud Russos, Serbos, aliosque Ritûs Græci, tùm apud Dalmatas Glagolitas Ritûs Latini Slavos, in Libris Sacris obtinet. Vindobonæ. 1822. 8vo. pp. 722.

Austrians were regarded in Bohemia, led to the revival and regeneration of the national literature, and leagued the patriotism and the passions of the Bohemians more closely to the language of their forefathers. A continuation of the same system on the part of the government of Vienna has continued the same effects, and instead of giving to the German tongue that influence and precedence which in the natural course of things it would have obtained in the Slavonian provinces, has arrayed the pride and the prejudices of a whole people against an interference as idle as it is despotic. For what decree can prescribe to the mother the tones in which she shall still her babe to rest, or regulate his earliest lisping and infantine speech? What arbitrary mandate can destroy the tongue of millions, with which all that is dear is associated and interblended? What system of police can penetrate into the bosom of every family, into the recesses of every village, into the study of the learned, and the cottage of the lovely? The language of a nation cannot be extirpated by a decree; the endeavour to supersede it produces a stronger and a deeper attachment, awakens all the sympathies which follow the footsteps of the injured, and makes the love which was but a sentiment, a devotion and a duty.

Though the Bohemian or Čechian language was the first of the Slavonian dialects which was polished into a grammatical form, it is notwithstanding that upon which the German has had the most direct influence, and for a very obvious reason, that German is universally understood, and universally cultivated among the lettered Bohemians. There are in fact among them many who have an almost equal reputation in Slavonian and Teutonic Literature. Šnaidr, for example, (Schnaider, Teutonicè) was long known to the world as a pleasing German poet before his *Okus*,* and his other Bohemian productions, obtained for him that eminent station which he now holds in the opinion of his countrymen. Without a knowledge of German, no Bohemian has a chance of political advancement, and independently of the direct official appointments only conferred on those who possess that language, the Austrian government constantly employs German as the instrument of its communications, and thus makes an acquaintance with it absolutely necessary to the higher classes of the community. The very names of Bohemia and Bohemians it is the policy of the government of Vienna to banish, and to amalgamate under the common designation of *Austrians*, the great variety of tribes and tongues that bow to the sceptre of the house

* *Okus* w Básněnj Českem od Karla Sudimira Šnaidra. W Hradcij Králowé. 1823. 12mo. p. 150.

of Hapsburg. In all the seminaries of instruction, the books which are employed for the business of education represent the reformers and heroes of Bohemia as heretics and rebels. Vituperations without number are attached to the regenerating labours of Hus and to the preachings of Jerome of Prague; while John of Trotznow (Žižka) he, the brave, the persevering, the high-minded, is covered with all the contempt and the hatred which passion can pour forth from the vials of injustice; and George Poděbrad, the wisest and noblest of the Kings of Bohemia, is painted as at once both a tyrant and an usurper.

In adopting the Roman characters for their alphabet, the Bohemians undoubtedly improved on the Polish orthography. It is however, we think greatly to be regretted, that any of the Slavonian nations should have abandoned the Slavonian alphabet, which is decidedly the best and simplest organ for the communication of Slavonian sounds. The concatenation of numerous consonants frequently gives to Bohemian, and still more to Polish words, a repulsive and disagreeable appearance, from which no softness of pronunciation can dis-associate the mind; and this appearance does not result from any want of harmony in the uttered word, but solely from the non-existence of any separate Roman letter to represent the Slavonian;* and the consequent necessity of creating new, and therefore unpleasing collocations of the Roman consonants. Thus, for example, the Russians and Servians have their ч (ch), which the Bohemians render by *č*, the Poles by *cz*, the Sorabians by *tž*, and the Germans by *tsch*: the ш (sh) of the Russians is made *š* or *ss* by the Bohemians, *sz* by the Poles, and *sch* by the Sorabians and Germans; while the Russian щ (stch) becomes *sšt* in Bohemian, *szcz* in Polish, *schcž* in Sorabian, and *schtsch* in German. How much such a string of consonants disfigures an orthography is too obvious to need remark, and we see with great satisfaction that the modern writers in several of the less known Slavonian dialects, (the Slowakian, for example, which is spoken in several districts of Hungary,) are beginning to introduce the *Cyrillic* or Slavonic characters, wherever they do not find an equivalent in the Latin. We think it would have been exceedingly desirable to have preserved in our English language the Anglo-Saxon ð and þ;† for in adopting *th* as the representative of both, the distinction between them is completely lost, while the *th* would assuredly give to no stranger the notion of either.

Poetry, like history, has its clouds of darkness, its fables, and its

* The old Bohemian Alphabet consisted of forty-two letters: the Church Slavonian of forty-six.

† Professor Rask has had the good sense and the courage to employ them in his Icelandic Specimens.

romances; and they often come sweetened by time and distance, like musical echoes over a waste. Around them hang the mysteriousness of uncertainty, and the charms of that faith which believeth though it hath not seen. The mind loves to fill up the vast vacuity of remotest years, with the pleasing images of imagination or tradition. So the names of the early minstrels of Bohemia, Lumìr, and Zàbog, and Zawisč, are all consecrated in the thoughts of Bohemians, though not a note they played—not a word they uttered—has escaped the ravages of destroying years. Of the first an old song records, that—

> "He shook the heights of Wysserad,
> And moved all nations."

But Wysserad looks calmly and quietly down on the green fields beneath it, and "the nations" that heard him are gathered together in silence, and "have made no signs" to those that followed them.

The language and the customs of Bohemia are full of the vestiges of a remote antiquity. The number of Sanskrit roots and words in the former is very considerable, and many rites of Pagan origin are still clung to by the peasantry. The nomenclature of the old mythology is even now preserved—and *Milko* the god of love, *Lada* the goddess of beauty, *Morena* the goddess of death, are everywhere familiar to the ears of the people. The last indeed, on the Christmas-day of every year, is still the actress in a melancholy procession in the Bohemian villages—being personified by a peasant in a dark and ugly dress, who visits the dwellings, frightens the children, and announces the victory of the cold and wintry season. When the days lengthen and Easter draws near, *Morena* is again escorted round the village, not in triumph, but in defeat: and then, amidst songs and shoutings, which celebrate the coming spring, the inauspicious goddess is flung into a neighbouring stream.

In the year 1822 was published, in the first volume of *Krok*, (part iii. p. 48—61) a Bohemian poem entitled *Saud Libusin*, (Judgment of Libusa, a princess who lived in the beginning of the eighth century.) It was reprinted by Rakowiecki in his *Prawda Ruska*, copied into the transactions of the Imperial Russian Academy, and made "a great sensation" in the Slavonian world of letters. But the authenticity of this poem, and of several others which had obtained circulation, has been fiercely debated, and Dobrowsky himself, who had given an opinion in favour of their antiquity and authenticity, has of late declared that he holds them to be spurious. A contrary doctrine is however held by Hanka, Čelakowsky and other authorities.

The most valuable remains of Bohemian poetry were discovered by W. Hanka in 1817, and have been printed under the title of *Rukopis Kralodworsky*,* Manuscripts of the Queen's Court (Kônigenhof). This MS. was, according to the best critics, written between the year 1290 and 1310, and contained originally three books of collected poems, of which only a part of one of the three has been rescued from oblivion. These pieces, of which we shall give some specimens, were most probably the productions of the ninth and tenth century. They have poetical merit, independently of their value in a philological point of view, and their discovery was decidedly the most important event in the modern history of old Slavonian Song.

Of the first of these fragments, *Oldřich o Boleslaw*, not enough is preserved to make the story intelligible. The second *Benĕsh Hermanow* is an account of the overthrow of the Saxons. Of the third *Jaroslaw*, Hanka has published a handsome edition in 4to. (Prague, 1823.) It is a description of the battle of the Christians with the Tartars, near Olmutz, in the year 1241. The verses are harmonious—ten syllables—always consisting of five trochees—as

"Wzhōrŭ brātrĭ, wzhōrŭ wōlă Vnēslavĭ."

The poem narrates that the daughter of the Khan of Tartary possessed by a desire to visit the lands of the west, came with a long train of followers, and having reached Germany, whither the news of her rank had preceded her, she was attacked in a forest, and with all her attendants pillaged and murdered. When the news reached Tartary, her father Kublay gathered his army together, and after consulting the magicians, marched westward to avenge his beloved daughter's death. They met the Christians in battle, who would have subdued the heathens, had not the magicians again interfered to encourage the latter. But the Tartars conquer, they possess themselves of Kiev and Novgorod, they lay cruel burthens upon the Slavonians, and visit them with every species of calamity. Many and many attempts they make for their deliverance in vain. They call upon heaven, but the devastators still advance and at last reach Olmutz. Then Wneslaw assembles the Bohemians, but they are driven into the highest parts of a mountain, where they suffer every thing that can be conceived from hunger, and thirst, and at last openly mutiny. Wneslaw is killed by a

* Rukopis Králodworský: Sebránj lyricko-epických Narodnjch Zpěwu, wěrně w půwodnjm starém gazyku, téz w obnoweném pro snadněgšj wyrozuměnj, spřipogenjm německého přelozenj. Wydán od Wáclawa Hanky. W Praze. 1819.

A translation by Swoboda into German was printed at the same time. Die Könighofer Handschrift. Eine Sammlung lyrisch epischer nationalgesänge, aus dem Altböhmischen metrisch übersetzt von Wenzel Swoboda von Naworow. Prag. 1819.

Tartar's arrow. Enfeebled and exhausted, the Bohemians determine to surrender, when another hero, Wratislaw, starts up, pours out the bitterest imprecations on the "cowards and traitors," bids the faithful follow him to the throne of the Virgin, where after having entreated the pity of heaven, they see the clouds gather, the rain fall, their thirst is quenched, they attack the Tartars, and after many bloody battles, in one of which Jaroslaw pierces the son of Kublay through with his lance:

"I by prosta Hana tatar wrahow:"

Hanna is freed from the fury of the Tartars, who retire back to the oriental lands from whence they came.

Of the second of these poems, entitled *Benĕsh Hermanow*, or the Defeat of the Saxons, we give a close translation:—

*Aiti slunce aislunecsko.*

"O thou Sun! thou lovely Sun—
Wherefore look so gloomy?
Wherefore look so gloomy down
On oppressed Bohemians?
Tell us where our prince is gone,
Tell us where our hosts are straying.
He to Otto's court is fled.
Orphan'd country! who shall save thee?
Who from ruin's grasp shall pluck?
Look! the foeman's hosts are coming,
Evil Saxons—Germans they;
What a line of long batallions
Rushing down the mountain-way,
Rushing down upon our vallies.
Wretched people! ye must give,
Ye must give your gold and silver,
Ye must give them all ye have.
But your huts, your cottage-dwellings
Their marauding hosts will burn.
Ah! they stole our gold and silver,
Burnt and ravaged all our dwellings,
Drove our hapless troops away,
And are marching now on Trosky.
Mourn not, mourn not, coward peasant!
Soon the grass will grow again,
Which the foeman's heel hath trodden,
Grow upon Bohemia's plain.
From these plains bright flowers we'll gather,
Garlands for our heroes wreathe:
Look! the vernal seed is bursting,
Happy change will wait us soon.
Lo! our fate already changes—
Look! for Benesh Hermanow

Calls the people all to counsel:
They shall drive the Saxons off.
Now the stream of people rushes
Through the forest and the field,
From the rugged rocky fortress.
Flails for weapons, lo! they bear,
And they pour upon the foeman.
Benesh, Benesh is the first,
Full of courage and of fury,
All advance—they cry—Revenge!
Vengeance on our land-destroyers!
Vengeance on the Saxon race!
Vengeance bursts from either army,
Vengeance and the fiercest rage;
Vengeance glows in every bosom,
Vengeance reddens every eye.
Each the other wildly threatening,
Raging—mingling each with each,
Clubs o'er rival clubs are towering,
Spears are rising over spears—
And they crash 'gainst one another
As if warlike forests crashed—
As the lightning of heaven's thunder
Was the lightning of their swords.
Fearful sounds and frightful voices
Scared the deer into the woods,
Scared the birds into the heavens;
There uprising from the vales,
To the third ridge of the mountains
Echoed from their rocky walls.
Smiting clubs, and sabres clashing
Mounted like the voice of death.
Thus immoveable the armies,
Thus unconquered both they stood,
And their feet were firmly rooted,
Firmly rooted in the ground.
Benesh climb'd a rocky mountain,
Swung his sword towards the right,
There the army's strength seemed weakest;
Swung his sword towards the left,
There the army's strength was strongest;
There—up to the riven rocks.
From these rocks they hurled huge fragments,
Hurled huge fragments on the foe.
Hark the battle is rekindled,
Hark! from hill to plain—they groan—
Ha! they groan—they fly—the Germans—
Ha! they fall—the battle's won."

The affray, which this ballad records, took place in 1281.

There are several other historical poems, and eight songs or ballads, which have much more of polish than one would expect to find among such a people at such a period.

*Bichase ielen pohorach.*

"A stag o'er forest, field, and hill,
Wander'd at his capricious will,
Now up,—now down the mountain side,
And shook his branching antlers wide,
And with his branching antlers he
Forced shrub and tree,
And sprung around
With eager footsteps o'er the ground.
A youth speeds o'er the mountain's top,
Nor in the valley does he stop;
His heavy battle weapons thrown
Across his shoulders, hastes he on,
And with those weapons sharp and strong,
Breaks through the foeman's throng.
Alas! that youth no mountain passed;*
A foe—a fierce and savage foe
His frown of darkness round him cast,
Smote that poor wanderer low
With battle-axe upon his breast:
A voice of mourning filled the groves—
And the freed wanderer hastened to his rest.
Thro' his fair neck life's franchised spirit roves,
Thro' his fair neck and thro' his lovely lips.
Lo! there he lies—the warm blood flies
After his spirit,—but that spirit's fled,
And in the sanguine stream the green grass dips;
The cold earth drinks that rivulet of red.
Sadness o'erpower'd the heart of every maid;
The youth upon the frigid turf lay dead,
And o'er him grew an oak, whose branches spread
Widely around and proudly overhead.
The wild deer with his antlers high
Oft the tall oak tree hastened by,
And stretched his graceful neck the leaves among:
Of sparrow-hawks a throng
Came from the neighbouring woods to bide
Upon that oak, and screaming cried—
'The youth beneath a foeman's fury fell,'
And all the maidens wept, the tale remembering well."

* This is the universal style of the old Slavonian poetry.
"It is the snow on the hills—No! it is no snow on the hills;
It is the tent of Hassan."
"Look at the oak upon the plain—how green and strong—
O no! it is no oak tree—it is a young and mighty warrior."

The priesthood of the middle ages in Bohemia, as everywhere else, endeavoured to make poetry subservient to their purposes of domination, and eagerly rooted out whatever was the genuine produce of the popular mind. Tales and legends and devotional mysteries, resembling the doggrel Latin verses of the times, or miserable scholastic trifling,* overflowed the country, and superseded the more natural and energetic productions, whose demerit was that they were tainted with idolatry, or at least that they had come down from heathenish ages. As specimens of the state of language, these religious compositions are curious and useful, but as pieces of poetry, hardly worth that deliverance from oblivion with which the industrious Wáclaw Hanka has honoured them, by introducing so many of them into his Starobylá Skládánie.† An influx of foreign monks and teachers into Bohemia gave additional influence to the Latin tongue. To employ it was the characteristic of aristocracy, and of what was then deemed learning, and the Bohemian language, banished from the domains of literature—spurned and slighted by the influential clergy—took up its abode among the people, to re-appear again "after many days," in those popular songs and ballads, out of which the poetic and industrious Čelakowsky has made up his attractive volumes. Of these we shall now give a few examples.

*Když sem gá šel skrz černý les.*

"I sought the dark wood where the oat-grass was growing,
The maidens were there and that oat-grass were mowing;
And I called to those maidens—'Now say if there be
The maiden I love 'midst the maidens I see?'
And they sighed as they answered—"Ah! no! alas! no,
She was laid in the bed of the tomb long ago."
'Then show me the way where my footsteps must tread
To reach that dark chamber where slumbers the dead.'
"The path is before thee—her grave will be known
By the rosemary wreaths her companions have thrown."
'And where is the church—and church-yard, whose heaps
Will point out the bed where the blessed one sleeps.'
So twice to the church-yard in sadness I drew,
But I saw no fresh heap and no grave that was new;
I turned, and with heart-chilling terror I froze,

* In ridicule of the questions with which the clergy were occupied, a writing appeared in the 15th century, of which this was the title: "Master, what birds are the best, those which eat and drink, or those which eat but do not drink? and tell us why those which eat and do not drink are enemies to those which eat and drink?"

† Starobylá Skládánie Pamatka xiii. a xiv. wěku z neywzácněgssjck rukopisów wydaná od Wáclawa Hanky. W Praze, 1817—1820 in four 18vo. volumes. The fourth contains the story of Tristram, the Weliky Rek, the Great Hero, a poem of the 13th century. Hanka was proceeding with his learned and interesting labours, when the fifth volume of his work was seized and suppressed by the Austrian police.

As a newly made grave at my feet slowly rose,
And I heard a low voice—but it audibly said,
" Disturb not, disturb not the sleep of the dead;
Who treads on my bosom—what footsteps have swept
The dew from the bed where the weary one slept?"
' My maiden! my maiden! so speak not to *me*,
My presents were once not unwelcome to thee.'
" Thy presents were welcome, yet none could I save,
Not one could I bring to the stores of the grave;
Go thou to my mother, and bid her restore
To thy hands every gift which I valued before;
Then fling the gold ring in the depths of the sea,
And eternity's peace shall be given to me;
And sink the white kerchief deep, deep in the wave,
That my head may repose undisturbed in the grave."

Of this remarkable production two versions are given by Čelakowsky, vol. i. p. 4. and vol. iii. p. 16.

These are in a very different style.

*Která ge panenka stydliwá.*

" The shame-faced maiden fair would shy
The modest youth, but, ah! she knows
He saw her, and she hurries by,
Deep-blushing like a scarlet rose.

O silly youth! are you afraid,
And would you not your thoughts disguise?
For when you passed the blushing maid,
You pulled your *klobuk** o'er your eyes."—vol. i. p. 59.

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*W zeleném hágečku.*

" Two lovers seek the wood together
For shelter, when a mighty bough,
Riven by the fierce and stormy weather,
Falls—and they both are corpses now.

'Tis well! their fate is bliss—far sweeter
That both should die, than one remain
To mourn—a solitary creature,
Through wearying, wasting years in vain."†

Vol. i. p. 217.

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* Hat.

† This is a favourite song. It exists also in Polish, and for the sake of showing the affinity between the languages of Bohemia and Poland, we insert both versions here.

| *Bohemian.* | *Polish.* |
|---|---|
| " W zeleném hágečku | " W zielonym gaiku |
| Milowali se dwa | S iedzieli we dwoie |
| Spadlo na ně dřewo | Drzewo się złamało |
| Zabilo ge oba, | Zabiło oboie. |
| Dobře udělalo | Oboie zabiło |
| Že oba zabilo | T dobrze zrobiło |
| Nebude želeti | Zadne niezostało |
| Geden pro druhého." | By z Żalu płakało." |

The following is thoroughly Slavonian in its character.

*Matko, matičko.*

"Mother! sweet mother mine,
Gold is that heart of thine:
My lover is coming on faithful steed;
Make ready the chamber, make ready the hall,
They must be swept and garnish'd all;
And he shall find a welcome indeed!

Mother! sweet mother mine,
Gold is that heart of thine:
Go forth, my mother, the youth to meet,
I will make ready the chamber and hall,
Yes, I will sweep and garnish them all,
And we will give him a welcome sweet.

Mother! sweet mother mine,
Gold is that heart of thine;
My love is fording the running water,
I see him threading the narrow way;
He hastens hither.—O, misery! nay!
He has taken the path to the Rychtar's daughter."*

Vol. ii. p. 37.

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We think these simple and pretty:—

*Nenj tak matička dbalá.*

"O, mother! thou art changed since erst
Thy love thine infant daughter nurst:
Sweet songs that infant daughter heard—
Another babe is now preferred.†

When I was weak and young and small,
O! thou wert love and kindness all;
Now, if a youth but speak to me,
I hear reproachful words from thee.

Reproach me not, my mother, now!
But let me take the marriage vow:
At love's soft name my bosom sighs,
And love is bursting from mine eyes."

Vol. iii. p. 36.

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*Co ten ptáček štěbetá.*

"What means that cheating, chattering bird
Upon that oaken tree?
'The maid a lover hath,' I heard,
'And yet so pale is she.'

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* Za taw rychtárowic. The Rychtar (German, *Richter*), is the village magistrate.
† Hageg děwčátko maličky. *Hageg* is the expression used by nurses as they rock the cradle.

False bird! thou liest: speak the truth
  Or hide in shame thy head,
For though 'tis true I love a youth,
  I am not pale, but red.

False bird! thou liest: I will go
  And stop thy fraudful fame,
A gun across my shoulder throw,
  And shoot thee in thy shame."—vol. iii. p. 49.

With a ballad characteristic of the relation existing between the Bohemians and the Turks, we conclude this branch of the subject.

*Na Tureckém pomezj.*

"Upon the Turkish boundary,
  A watchman hath one child alone;
O God! O God! what bliss 'twould be,
  If I could call that girl my own.

I sent a letter to the maid,
  And sent a ring. 'The ring is thine!
So, give me, sweet! thy love,' I said,
  'And leave thy father's house for mine.'

The letter reached the maid,—she ran,
  And placed it in her father's hand;
'Read, O, my father! if thou can,
  And make thy daughter understand.'

Her father read it. Not a word
  He said, but sighed, as he arose;
O, Lord of mercy! righteous Lord!
  What heavy, heavy sighs were those.

'My golden father!* tell me why
  Such sighs, such sadness? Never pain
Heaved from the breast a heavier sigh!
  What did that wretched sheet contain?'

'Sweet daughter, I have cause to groan,
  When misery on my heart is pil'd:
A Turk demands thee for his own,
  He asks thy father for his child.'

'My golden father! give me not,
  O, if thou love me, do not so!
I will not leave thy watchman's cot,
  Nay! with the Turk I dare not go.

'I tell thee what I'll do: I'll make
  A coffin, where I will be laid,
And there my seeming rest I'll take,
  And thou shalt say 'The maid is dead!'"

* Mug zlaty pantàto:—the common Slavonian term of endearment.

And so she did—the Moslem o'er
The threshold sprung.—' Ill-fated maid!
O God of mercy and of power!
The maid is dead! the maid is dead!'

The mourning Turk his kerchief drew,
And wiped his wet and weeping eyes:
' And hast *thou* left me—left me too—
My precious pearl—my gemlike prize?'

He bought himself a mourning dress,
A dress of rosy* taffety,
Why hast thou left me in distress—
Of flowers the sweetest flower to me?'

He bid the death-bell loudly toll,†
From every Turkish mosque—and ye
Might hear the heavy grave-song roll,
From Turkey even to Moldawy.‡

The Turk sped homeward,—and the maid
Her coffin left—for purer air:
' Now God be with thee, Turk!' she said,
And truth was in the maiden's prayer."—vol. iii. p. 11.

The period during which the Bohemian language was in its highest state of cultivation, was undoubtedly between the foundation of the university of Prague (A.D. 1348), and the battle of the White Mountain (1620). To this epoch belong Lomnicky, the poet-laureat of his day, whose compositions fill eight-and-twenty volumes. Stryc, the then president of the Moravian brethren, whose poetical version of the Psalms§ is of the highest merit; Zamosky, the author of *Pjsně Duchownj*, (spiritual songs,) 1607; Komensky, better known by the name of Comenius, whose travels into divers countries of Europe have been translated into several languages. His reputation was so great, that he was invited to the direction of many important schools. His life was one of wandering and vicissitude. In 1632, he was made Bishop of the Moravians, and in 1648, obtained the crown among the Unitarians of Poland. He sought, at last, a place of rest in Holland, and died there in the year 1671, ætat. 79. He published many works in Latin, of which his *Orbis sensualium pictus Quadrilinguis*, and his *Janua linguarum Reserata Aurea*, are well known, and have been frequently reprinted. The books he wrote

* Rose—the colour of the Mussulmans' mourning.

† Hrana. The mark of reverence paid to the dead. For three days after their decease, the bells are tolled unceasingly from 12 to 1 o'clock.

‡ Do Moldwy—Moldavia.

§ Zalmowe Sw. Dawida w ryhmy České uwedené, the first edition printed in 1590. The *Canticles* of the Bavarian brethren are among the most remarkable productions of this epoch.

in his native language are models of style, and his *Labirynt světa a ráj srdce*—World's Labyrinth and Heart's Paradise, or Philosopho-satyrical Travels, is nearly as poetical as Telemachus, or the Arabian Nights. During this epoch, Hruby introduced a refined classical taste into Bohemia. He translated some of the works of Cicero, of Chrysostom, of Petrarch, and Erasmus; Pjsecky published a version of Isocrates, Lupáč revised the old translation of the New Testament, and introduced many valuable emendations; Chelčícky, commonly known by the title of the Bohemian Doctor, wrote the famous work *Kopyta*, (The Last,) which made a prodigious noise in its day, but of which, we believe, no copy is now extant; Prokop published the Chronicles of Prague; and Konáč, translations from Æneas Sylvius, Lucian, and other Latin writers; Ctibor collected the laws of the Moravians, and wrote a poetical romance, whose style Schaffarik calls both pure and elevated. In 1491, died Hyneth von Poděbrad, the most remarkable Bohemian poet of his day. He was the fourth son of King George Poděbrad, and enjoyed the special favor of Wladislaw the Second. His poems have been published by Hanka, and were printed in the suppressed volume of the Starobylé Skládánie. He translated Fulcherius Carontensis on the Holy War, but the translation has been lost.

The battle of the White Mountain, which destroyed Bohemian independence, and subjected the country to the Austrians, was followed by a series of catastrophes. Such of the Bohemians as had resisted the popish Ferdinand, were cruelly persecuted or violently banished. Confiscations and pillage followed the track of patriotism; Protestant churches were demolished; Bohemian books burnt. Suffering and silence overspread the nation for a century and a half. Scarcely a volume written; scarcely a hope indulged; and all that is interesting in poetical literature must now be sought for in the memories of the people.

The reputation which the university of Prague, the earliest founded of the German universities, obtained under the auspices of its patron Charles the First, and that at a period when Prague was one of the most populous cities of Europe, brought thither immense numbers of foreign students, and formed among the Bohemians many individuals who occupied the highest stations in the Imperial court. But as the Latin was the medium of all instruction, and the Bohemian could be made to serve no purpose of personal advancement or ambition, the latter declined during an epoch which Bohemians are wont to regard as the "golden age" of their history. From this period the interest of the national poetry rapidly declines. No longer can we discover any of those energetic, though sometimes wild and irregular ballads, which

describe the feats of heroes, and record the national history. No longer can we perceive any of those natural touches which pourtray the simplicity of domestic life, and bring home to our own affections, the affections and feelings of others; nor ought we to expect to discover them, for poetry finds little expression in the language of schools, or of sciences; she will only use the tongue in which we lisped our earliest accents, and with which we associate all our strongest emotions; her strains flow forth in the "voluntary numbers" of unelaborate thought; she cannot pore for words over the pages of a dictionary, nor weigh her sweet refinements in the gross scale of the pedagogue who has no sympathies nor sensibilities.

We have spoken of the important contributions of Čelakowsky to the popular literature of Slavonia. His three volumes entitled *Slowanské národnj Pjsně,** (Prague, 1822, 1827,) contain a judicious selection from the songs of the Bohemians, Moravians, Walachians, and Slowakians, with translations from the Russian, Malorussian, Servian, Wendish, and Polish. To these he has lately added a small volume of versions from the Lithuanian, and is engaged, we are happy to know, in a comprehensive work on the entire subject of Slavonian national poetry, which he is peculiarly fitted to adorn by his taste and industry. Himself a poet, he can well estimate the charms, and decide on the merits of poetical productions; and delving in the rich mines of Slavonian song, we are assured he will be rewarded by much and interesting treasure.

There is no nation more universally musical than the Bohemians. Their language rich in rhymes, their habits gay and friendly, their amusements all associated with dance and song, have diffused over the whole country a poetical spirit. In Bohemia, music accompanies the traveller wherever he goes. From the sublime anthems of the Dome-Church at Prague, to the poor musician who sits in the corner of the peasant's cottage; from the ballad-singer who parades the streets of populous cities, to the travelling organist who visits the meanest village; everywhere, and over all, is the sound of song. To the airs which are engraved on the recollections of every Bohemian, new words, which can seldom be traced to their author, are constantly being adopted; they pass indeed from lip to lip, and are polished as they pass, till they are rescued from oblivion by some industrious collector, or are supplanted by other and more attractive novelties.

In our last Number (p. 597.) we gave a specimen of a Russian

* There is another collection of Bohemian songs, made by Ritter von Rittersberg, entitled *Ceské národnj Pjsně: W Praze*, 1825, 8vo. pp. 144. It is in every respect, except in the print and paper, inferior to the work of Čelakowsky.

ballad, by Zhukovsky, and we think our readers will not be displeased to be enabled to compare it with a Bohemian ballad, by Karl Sudimir Snaidr, all whose writings breathe a cheerful, nay, a joyous spirit, and who undoubtedly takes a high station among the regenerators of the literature of his country.

The ballad opens by an invitation to young men to come with their maidens, and listen to the old minstrel, while he sings the song of old time; while he calls up the spirits of departed days, and repeats the echoes which burst on his ear from the past. He thus proceeds with his story.

"Near Hrub-Kozoged's village stream,
An ancient well
Has held from immemorial time
A hidden bell.
That bell is veiled from human eyes
For ever there:
And never shall its voice again
Summon to prayer.

Once—only once—in centuries gone,
That awful bell
Poured in an ancient woman's ear
Its marvellous knell.
She went to wash her flaxen threads
In that old well;
Her threads had bound the bell around—
She shriek'd and fell!

She shriek'd and fell, and long she lay
In speechless dread;
She dropp'd the threads and dropp'd the bell,
And frighted fled.
And then the bell, with fearful sound,
Sank in the well,
And hill and forest echoed round
Its fatal knell:
'John, John! is for the greyhound gone.'"*

The metre then changes, and the minstrel introduces a scene which had taken place ages before, when the Lord of Hrub-Kozoged is returning homewards, accompanied by his faithful servant, John, but with a dark brow, and a sorrowful spirit, on account of the loss of his favourite greyhound. He despatches messengers in all directions, but in vain. The dog is nowhere to be found. The Lord of Hrub-Kozoged goes forth himself in

* "Jan, Jan, ya chrta dán." These words are intended to convey the sound of a bell.

pursuit of him, and makes the wood echo with his inquiries; but this is also in vain; he is overcome with grief, when

"behold!
An ancient witch on crutches passed,
One-eyed and hunch-back'd, haggard, old,
Fierce as a screech-owl—lo! she cast
A hellish light from fiendish eye:
Parch'd skin and bones her withered hands:
She call'd—'twas like the raven's cry,
Hot, hoarse:—the Knight astonish'd stands.

'Stop! stop! Sir Knight! arrest thy steed,
And bid thy train their steeds arrest;
For I can do a friendly deed,
And drive the storm-clouds from thy breast.
I know what thou hast lost—I know
Where thy poor hound is wandering now:
But 'tis in vain to tell thee so,—
Thou art incredulous, I vow!

'Deliver me thy John, and I
Thy favourite hound will bring to-morrow—
And dost thou wish to ask me why?
Know that the sorceress can borrow
Youth from youth's blood—the stars above
Have told it.—I shall be in truth
A maid of beauty and of love
Wash'd in the blood-streams of the youth.'"

When John hears the witch, he throws himself in an agony at the foot of his master, entreating him not to give away a human soul for the sake of a brute. But his Lord had no thought for him: he accepts the witch's offer; bids her come the following day with the greyhound, and engages to deliver up to her his servant John.

The form of the stanza varies again and the verses march more solemnly. After a restless night, John seeks his master again—again implores and weeps:

"'Twas vain—the greyhound's bark had reach'd that ear,
Where voice of human sorrow idly fell;
He hugg'd the witch,—he hugg'd his greyhound dear,
And ordered a rejoicing festival;
And to the witch, when beamed the evening-star,
He gave his servant fettered like a slave:
Two dragons, harnessed to the death-black car,
Bore witch and victim to her mountain cave."

The bard changes his measure a fourth time and proceeds:

"Two weeks had hardly passed by,
So fast they glide,—

When the lov'd hound, so dearly bought,
  Died—aye he died!
His master furious tore his hair,
  And groan'd with pain;
Call'd on his hound, his John—he call'd,
  And groan'd again.

At last the gentle lapse of time
  Quietly stealing,
Brought to his over-passion'd heart
  Some human feeling:
The cruel worm of conscience gnawed
  His breast within;
And John's dim shadow, seated there,
  Recalled the sin.

'My John! my John!' he often cried—
  'Thou innocent!
Thou by the madness of thy Lord
  From life uprent,
O bend thy head from highest heaven
  If there thou live;
And pitying him, who pitied not,
  My crime forgive.'

At length he reared a little church
  To wash his guilt,
And near a belfry-tower of wood
  Repentant built:
And there of purest silver hung
  A sacred bell,
Which daily—never ceasing—rung
  John's funeral knell.

But from the very earliest toll
  Of that loud knell—
The bearers' teeth all gnashed with fear;
  So terrible—
So terrible its sound—so loud—
  No silver sound—
But the church trembled at the noise,
  And all around:
'John, John—is for the greyhound gone!'"

A fifth variety of measure is introduced:

"Kozoged's Lord was told the story,
  And bitter were the tears he shed;
He doffed his robes of knightly glory,
  Tore all his honors from his head:
A coarse rough robe of hair-cloth made him,
  Which from that day unchanged he wore;
Then to the wooden tower he sped him,
  To be the watchman of the tower.

And lo! his hand uplifted seizeth
The bell-rope—and begins to toll:
No more the worm of conscience teaseth
His half-emancipated soul;
No more the bell those awful noises
Pours—which so many hearts had riven;
It sounds like angels' silver voices,
When echoed through the courts of heaven.

One only vesper-knell was sounded—
The aged watchman toll'd no more;
Death came—and there, with peace surrounded,
He sank upon the belfry-floor:
The frown upon his brow departed—
Some gentle hand has chased the frown:
And there he slumbered—peaceful-hearted,
All guilt forgiven the guilty one."

Ages roll by, and throw their shadows over the face of Bohemia.

"That church in melancholy ruins lay,
The tower o'erturn'd—the bell had ceased its ringing:
Yet when that church and tower in fragments fell,
A heavenly angel clad in light appearing
Conveyed the silver relic to the well."

The bell is preserved through all the Žižkian struggle, and sleeps silently under the water until the time which is spoken of in the commencement of the ballad, which is thus referred to:

"From that same hour the crystal waters play
Above the silver bell, in silence sleeping;
There come the thirsty sheep-flocks, as they stray,
And there the revellers of the chase are keeping
Their court. That silver bell in deep repose
Lies cold and voiceless ages without number;—
The ancient woman in the water throws
Her flaxen threads,—and wakes it from its slumber.

'Twas the last time its awful accents broke,
'John, John—is for the greyhound gone,'—it muttered,
And never more to mortal ears it spoke,
Nor word, nor sound, nor whisper has it uttered.
The neighbours seek the well; their pitchers fill;
They wash their flax,—and fear pursues them never;
They know the bell's mysterious tongue is still,
And that it rests beneath the wave for ever."

The minstrel here strikes off in livelier strains; he sees that slumber is visiting the eyes of his audience; and after moralizing on the story, urging the exercise of patience, gentleness, and kindness, imploring them to consider 'a soul' as of far more importance than any object they can desire, he thus dismisses them:

"Now sleep in blessedness—till morn
Brings its sweet light;
And hear the awful voice of God
Bid ye—Good-night!
Yet ere the hand of slumber close
The eye of care,
For the poor huntsman's soul's repose
Pour out one prayer."

We ought to add that the whole of the story is founded on one of those old and common traditions, of which so many exist in Bohemia.

The most striking evidence of an awakened attention to the literature of Bohemia, was given by the collection of Bohemian poetry edited by Anthony Puchmayer, of which the first volume appeared in 1795, the fifth and last in 1804. There is nothing very remarkable in these compositions; but they had a great influence on the public mind, and have been the forerunners of a new race of authors, many of whom bid fair to be the inheritors of lasting fame, and whose works have undoubtedly given vigour and authority and circulation to the Bohemian tongue. These volumes grew out of that feeling of wounded pride and patriotism with which the Bohemians watched the attempts to root out the spirit of their ancestors: they were almost wholly the composition of ardent young men, who wrote as if each were persuaded that the well-being of his country hung upon his pen. Perhaps they erred in the character which they gave to their writings, for Puchmayer's volumes are almost wholly filled with imitations of the modern school of poetry; and little is gathered from the old sources of Slavonian song. But the object of these poetical enthusiasts was answered, and their works became popular. They had to struggle with innumerable perplexities, with many obvious and some concealed political difficulties; they had to resuscitate, almost from its grave, their native language, after nearly two centuries of neglect: they had to restore an instrument whose strings had been mouldered and broken by time, and whose sounds they had seldom heard except in the rough hands of the untutored peasantry. Yet they succeeded, and in 1806, Negedly published a Bohemian periodical, "*Hlasatel Cesky*," which became a most useful co-operator, and which spread still wider the desired attempt to revive the native tongue.

A. Puchmayer was born in 1769, and died at Prague in 1820. Of his compositions the best is undoubtedly his "Ode to Žižka," beginning—

"Kdo zwlástě předěj w bogi nad wlastence."

In it he rapidly glances over the history of the Bohemian hero, but he is disposed to join the too general clamour, and to visit those severe measures against monks and nobles, which seem to have been almost forced upon Žižka, with a harshness which makes no allowance for the circumstances in which he was placed. He concludes by thus referring to the ruined castles which still bear testimony to the furies of those awful times.

"Those ruins—which seem cursed—and frown
As if some haunting ghosts were there;
Where bravery scarce dares stay alone,
O what an awful page they are,
Of passion's desolate career!
The very winds that whistle thro'
Seem shuddering midst the gloomy pile,
There spectres meet, and sigh awhile:
And as the screech-owls cry to-whoo!
The fiends of evil shriek and smile."*

Sebastian Hněwkowsky was another contributor. In 1805 he published his *Děwjn*, an heroic comic poem in twelve books: and in 1820, a Collection of his minor Pieces.†

The two brothers, John and Adalbert Negedly rank among the most active and most zealous cultivators of the Bohemian language. The former translated the first Book of the Iliad, Gesner's Death of Abel, and his Daphnis, Florian's Numa Pompilius, and Young's Night Thoughts, (which he appropriately called *Kwjlenj*, or Lamentations.) He also published a Bohemian Grammar, and a variety of poetical and prose compositions. Adalbert wrote a Romance, entitled Ladislaw, *Posseďnj Saud*, a short didactic poem, and Fragments of sundry Historic Tales in verse.

But passing over these, and many other names, for which we can find no place on the present occasion—we must again revert to Joseph Jungmann, with whose elaborate work we have headed our present article. The influence of his writings may be traced over the whole extent of modern Bohemian literature. He was

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* "W těch rozwalinách, které smělce mutj
An w ně se pustj. K antěku
Cos přehrozného dnem i nocj kutj:
Tyť podadj, wek od wěku
Wždy strašný obraz člowěku.
Gak strašně wětry šumëgjce hučj
Skrz ty twé zhauby paměti!
Tu často w noci slyšeti,
Když hrozná w tmawé sowa djře skucj
Hu! duchy smutré upěti."

† Dewjn—Básén směssnohrdinaká w dwanácti zpewjch. Od Ssebestyána Hnewkowského. W Praze. 1805. 2 vols. 12mo. Básne Drobné Ssebestyána Hnewkowského. W Praze. 1820. 12mo. pp. 216.

one of the contributors to Puchmayer's and Negedly's collections. His translation of Milton* is one of the most admirable, among the many admirable versions of that renowned and glorious heroic, and we have heard it spoken of by Bohemian poets as the overflowing fountain where they have been wont to drink full measures of the waters of Castaly. It is equally remarkable for its fidelity and the purity of its diction, nor has he been less successful in translations of Gray and others. In casting our eye over the sundry periodicals which have appeared in Bohemia for the last quarter of a century, the name of Joseph Jungmann is omnipresent. For scarcely a less period than this he has been engaged in the preparation of a complete Bohemian Dictionary, which has now nearly reached its termination.

John Kollar, a minister residing at Pesth, takes, however, undoubted precedence of all the modern poets of Bohemia. He published in 1821, a small Collection of Sonnets,† and in 1824, an enlarged edition under the title of *Slawy Dcera*, daughter of Slava, (Glory) which we deem the most remarkable Bohemian production of our days. Kollar has chosen the form of the Sonnet, and taking Petrarch for his model, has constituted a Laura of Slavonia, his country—whose history, whose hopes, whose sorrows, he sings with the passionate fondness of a lover. At the shrine, or on the grave of Bohemia, he pours out all his affections. In her he sees nothing but beauty to be admired, and perfection to be worshipped: spite of her sufferings, even in the moments of her despair, he invokes her as the favourite of the Deity. She is blended in his mind with the tenderness of earth and the sublimity of heaven; his fancy is continually vibrating between some cheering recollection and some beautiful anticipation—revelling either in the glory that *was*—or that *is to be* shed upon her. We have been somewhat surprized that language so free and sentiments so lofty, should have been allowed to circulate in Bohemia. His are truly "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and we should have called them "dangerous," but as a sort of allegory is preserved through most of his sonnets, it may be that their political tendency has not been perceived. Yet such a piece of writing as this, seems intelligible enough.

*Načby srdce k wlasti proto chladlo.*

"Why should a patriot's heart-blood stagnate frozen,
Because his country wears a veil of sorrow?

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* Jana Miltona Ztraceny ráj. Prelozeny z Anglického gazyka do Českého od Joz. Jungmanna. W Prase. 1811. 2 vols.

† Básne J. Kollára. W Prase. 8vo. 1821. Slawy Dcera we 3 Zpewict od Kollára. W Budjne (Buda). 1824.

The desert which to-day the north-wind blows on,
Plough, spring, and sun may fertilize to-morrow.
I would not crown her with the wreath that grows on
The field of false-named glory—I would borrow
Rather some hope from darkness—from the waste
Of chaos—and the mists of changing time:
The march of man is onward—the sad past
Builds up a better future. Earth is bright
With promise of a re-awakening prime.
We watch and wait: and dreams and hopes sublime
O'er earth's vicissitude serenely cast,
Give patience, and the load of life feels light."—*Sonnet* lxxx.

And in the same spirit the following is conceived:—

*Slawa krasau ljbé reči Polku.*

"Sweet is the music of the Polish tongue,
The Servian with serener influence sways,
But our Slovakian maidens long have sung
In louder tones the deeds of other days.
The Russ—the giant arm of greatness stays;
While our Bohemian struggles bold and young—
O that the children from one mother sprung,
Could blend a common hymn of sacred lays!
And that were Love's best work to wreathe a crown
With busy hands, of all the flowers that grow
Upon Slavonia's varied banks—as flow
The rivers to one ocean, so should one—
One spirit—made in truth and beauty's mould,
Slavonia's widely scattered charms unfold."—*Sonnet* xx.

One or two additional examples from the pages of Kollar will, we apprehend, find acceptance:—

*Nenj to zem, uni nebe zcela.*

"It is not earth, it is not heaven alone,
Which in thy marvellous graces are exprest;
'Tis holiness in human beauty drest,
A mortal veil o'er deathless spirit thrown:
Now chained to fleeting love—and now upflown
From the faint purposes of a time-bound breast,
To the unclouded sunshine of the blest;
From dust and darkness—to the lightning's throne:
There stars roll o'er thee—from whose radiant light
Thou didst receive the rays thou scatterest round,
While flashing like a vision on the sight.
Say, wert thou moulded from the clayey ground,
That I may love thee? If thou art divine,
An angel, I will worship at thy shrine."—*Sonnet* ix.

*Uzřew ondy měsjc plnoskwoucj.*

"When the moon o'er the mountain-branches rises
With rays as rainbows brilliant—lo! it seems
As if thy smile upon its pale face beams
With more than lunar light;—for love disguises
All objects;—and in passionate fondness, I
Pour'd out my heart, and wildly held discourse
With that supernal queen, until the hoarse
Laugh of the mountains shook the starry sky.
Then to night's spectre-spirits did I cry
Impatient—and they tarried in their course,
And bid the gentle stars of heaven reply:
'We have sent forth a sister from on high,
Clad all in love and light and beauty. She,
Slava! was sent to minister to thee.'"—*Sonnet* xxxix.

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*Nechtěg zaufát, k dyž se proti tobě.*

"No! brother! no despairing! Envy's eye,
Sharp and malevolent, may pierce thee through;
Yet wound not truth by weakness, nor undo
Her victories by mistrust,—nor faint,—nor fly!
Since truth should stand erect and lift on high
Her glorious standard,—for she can subdue
Resistance into fealty; blasphemy
Into pure worship—into reverence true.
Truth is a storm on Lebanon—that shaketh
The mighty cedars which resist her shock,—
Oppos'd, far mightier is the stir she maketh;
Her tongue is as a sword,—her breast a rock,—
Her heart is marble,—pillars are her hands,—
And trampling down her foes with granite feet she stands."
*Sonnet* lxxxviii.

We have been favoured with some of the unpublished sonnets of this admirable writer, of which we shall give our readers a few specimens, with the originals, which may serve at the same time as examples of the present state of the Bohemian language.

"O! if upon an eagle's outspread wings,
My song up to the gates of heaven could soar,
And with the cherubim of God adore,
In those eternal strains whose echo rings
O'er the resounding earth, from shore to shore;—
And in the glorious heaven from star to star—
Till even Chaos wakes him from afar,
And rousing into being shouts and sings.—
My songs—if melancholy thoughts be songs—
The half-breath'd wishes of an orphan are:
Shaping one audible,—one only prayer:

'Do thou whose brows are crowned with glory's rays,
Watch o'er Slavonia's fame—redress her wrongs:'
A grateful child for his own mother prays."*

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"As an abandoned mother, when her daughters
And sons are all death-smitten, trembling creeps
Shrouded in mourning weeds, and weeps and weeps,
And with salt tears the senseless grave-sod waters,
So like a childless parent do I turn
To the poor relics of the Sorbian races,
O'er Kunitz, Krania, Lodba's ruined places,
And o'er the ashes of their fathers mourn.
From ye to Slaupsko and to Misnia I
Bring the blest offering of my burning tears,
While proud Teutonia looks so scornfully;
And ere my soul can still its agony
Wineta, Retra, Derwan, Mik appears,
And gold-winged Belbog,† and departed years."‡

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"I wandered forth on Pomerania's shore,
Amidst Slavonia's wrecks and ruins—there
I asked the coloured waters flowing o'er,
Where is Wineta, tell me, tell me where?
City! whose fame thy countless vessels bore
Erst through the world. Let Neptune bid thee rear
Thy proud head from the waters as of yore,
And in thy strength and freedom re-appear!
For centuries Denmark bow'd its neck to thee,
None but the gods o'erpowered thee, none but they

---

* "Ne, by zpěw můg, trèbaš rozepnutá
Bralby k nebi krjdla orlice,
Tebe slawil krásná Swèlice,
Od Cherubů božjch okleknutá.

"Twoge gmeno hwczdoharfa dutá
Hlasá na wěčnosti hranice,
Kde se do saustawných směsice
Walj plesů, zwukem geho tknutà.

"Pjanè moge negsau we sirobè
Lásky této wjce pjsněni,
Gen ta prosba, nebeštànko k tobè,

"Orodug tam, w onné slawè wičné
Za Sláwie slawu na zemi
Gako djtè, za swaw matku, wděčné!"

† Derwan, a Sorabian prince. For the derivation of Mik, consult Helmold, lib. i. c. 59. Belbog, the name of a river deemed sacred by the old Slavonians.

‡ "Gako chodj opuštěná máti,
Když gj pomrau dcery, synowé,
Každodenně w rauše smutkowé
K hrobům miláčků swých nařjkati.

"Tak gá k nj se mohu přirownati,
Chode k wám, o Sorbů hradowé,
Kunice, Krain, Lobdy rumowé,
Nad wašimi prodky plakáwati.

"Od wás nesu ke Slaupsku a Mjšni
Swaté herkých slzj obètè,
Kde rty Němec slawskými se pyšnj.

"Sotwa že zde city poustydly,
Wedau k Retře mne a k Winetè,
Derwan, Mjk a Bèlbog zlatokrjdly."

O'erwhelmed thee, Herculaneum of the sea!
And doubly sad hath been thy destiny:
First, the wild billows swept thy towers away,
And then, oblivion bade thy name decay."*

Milota Zdirad Polák's *Wznešenort Přjrody*—(Sublimity of Nature,) has much poetical feeling and descriptive merit. The dramatic writings of C. W. Kličpera are many of them worth perusal. Of the young poet Chmelensky (born 1801,) we cannot avoid giving a specimen. He abounds with exquisite touches of nature, and gives the fairest promise of future fame.

*Threefold joy.*

*Nať má tu býti ekàno?*

"Why, why complain, why sorrow-laden,
Waste all my youth in youth's annoy.
Nay! I will love a lovely maiden,
And love shall be my first, first joy;
And when upon her lips of coral,
I plant my fondest, sweetest kiss,
O! I'll extract this blissful moral—
Indeed the world is full of bliss.

Why, why complain, why dwell in sadness,
On thoughts which all youth's hopes destroy?
Nay! rather wake the songs of gladness,
Let music be my second joy:
By rapture's impulse upward driven,
Transported with delight like this;
O! I shall burst the gates of heaven,—
Indeed the world is full of bliss.

Why, why complain, when youth pursueth
A shifting hope both cold and coy?
I'll drink the mead the wild bee breweth,
And this shall be my third, third joy.
Youth may be blest, when age, though hoary,
The cup of blessing need not miss:
Shout youth! in rapture's joy and glory:
Indeed the world is full of bliss."

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* "Kragem břehů u Pomori chodè
W rumjch Sláwie a rozmetu,
Nad Winetau hledám Winetu
W různobarwé more toho wodè;

"Místo gehož nikdy čest a lodè
Kryly celau zemskau planetu,
Wywlk trizubému klepetu
Neptuna se geštè ke swobodè:

"Stoletj si wzdorowalo Dánům,
A gen Bohowé tè stačili
Premoci, ty morské Herkulánum!

"Neštastné gsi dwakrat, mèsto Sláwy,
Prednè že tè wlny znicily,
Pak, se i wtip chce to kriwohlawý."

We should not be satisfied without giving one specimen of the poetry of the interesting Čelakowsky.

*The Water-Demon.**

*Za poledna rychly Klauček.*

"At middle noon, a happy boy
Across the running streamlet sprang,
And in his wild and eager joy,
High in the air his hat he swung,
And sang and sang: 'Trilá, triló:
My mother sends a cherry-bough.'†

But on the willow by the stream,
The water-demon sat and hung
His garment in the sunny beam,
And round about his locks he flung,
And sang and sang: 'Trilá, triló:
How glorious is the sunny glow.'

And then uproll'd his hellish net,
'Twas closely spun,—'twas thickly wove,
And threw his garments, green and wet,
The white thorn's prickly boughs above.
The water 's calm and cool and clear,
How sweet to bathe and revel there!

The boy is bathing,—farther yet,
And farther yet he heedless goes:
The water-demon flung his net,
A thousand splashing bubbles rose.
Down to the watery caves they sink—
And rise at twilight to the brink."

*Smjšné Básně*, p. 39.

We exceedingly regret that the length of this article precludes us from introducing to our readers the writings of Hanka, among whose multifarious works there would be some difficulty in making an appropriate choice; of Turinsky; of Kamaryt, the translator of Horace and of Lessing's Fables;—A. Marek, who has published versions of some of Shakspeare's plays;—Sjr, and many others. We should have been glad too to have given a more detailed ac-

* *Wodnjk*—the Waterman. A water-demon, frequently the subject of popular stories in Bohemia. He is used to frighten children from the water-side—"The *Wodnjk* will catch you:"—he is believed to come out of the water at mid-day to sun himself in old willow-trees, particularly in the neighbourhood of ponds. He wears green garments, which he hangs to dry upon the white hawthorn, and throws about his long hair in the sunshine.

† "Hodná matička muě wišně dalá." The branches of the wild cherry (Cerasium apronianum,) are used in wedding festivities. It is the favorite tree of Slavonian poetry.

count of the periodical literature of Bohemia,* which has no small influence there over the public mind.

We have observed in many of the writings of the Bohemians a tone of dejection respecting the future fate of their mother tongue, which we think is hardly justified by circumstances.

"Never," says Jungmann; in his *Časopis muscgný*, "never were our language and literature in so melancholy a condition. Our mighty ones are wholly Germanized or half Frenchified, and our poorer classes, what can they do? they, too, teach their children rather a German than a Bohemian alphabet. The German language spreads more widely every day, and ere long it will be in Bohemia as it was formerly in Pomerania, that no one will be able to obtain employment but through the German tongue. German schools are supported by rich endowments, but not one Bohemian school can obtain protection: shall we not live (would that I may err!) to be the witnesses of, and the helpers in the destruction of our mother tongue? Our new literature is the produce of a few enthusiasts, who exposing themselves to the hatred of enemies and the ingratitude of their countrymen, have devoted themselves to the resuscitation of a language which is neither living nor dead. They have done much, they have surpassed the centuries gone by, and they will have their reward, when the thanklessness of the present age shall be succeeded by a better futurity."

We look with no such gloom upon the literature of Bohemia. It is springing up anew in vigour and virtue, and its preservation depends not upon the determination or decrees of others, but on the patriotism and the exertions of the Bohemians themselves.

In the poetry of the present period, the influence of the German school is very distinctly to be observed, and it would not be difficult, with one or two exceptions, to trace the Bohemian poets to the individual models whom they most resemble. There is scarcely any one among them, who has not published translations from Schiller, Göthe, Klopstock, Herder, or some other of the more distinguished bards of Germany; and as in these latter, the influence of English poets may be visibly perceived, (for it is scarcely possible to calculate how deeply, and how widely, because so widely and deeply the spirit of Shakspeare has penetrated the whole field of German song,) so their remote influences may be seen in the poetical compositions of the Bohemians.

Of the political situation of Bohemia we shall take no further notice, than as connected with its literary history. Joseph the

* Of the periodicals the most remarkable is *Krok*, or Weřegny spis wsenaučný pro Wzdelanie Nácodu Česko, Slowanského. Its editor is Dr. Presl, of Prague, and, we believe, six or seven Numbers have already appeared. Those we have seen are full of interesting communications from the most distinguished Bohemian writers. We do not speak of the German periodicals which are published in Bohemia, of which the best is that noticed in our No. II. p. 649.

Second might have been a popular ruler, for he checked the spirit of fanaticism, and withheld the hand of persecution; and established, or sought to establish, if not full liberty of conscience, at least toleration for the Protestant creed. But by that strange and silly determination to root out the language of the country, he seemed to make a personal attack on every Bohemian who spoke it; he wounded the national pride and prejudice in their most morbid part; he re-created feelings, Bohemian feelings, which as a stranger, and the inheritor of usurped dominion, he should, above all things, have refrained from arousing; and he proposed to himself an impracticable object, employing for its accomplishment the worst and weakest means. True it is, that like other despots he found ready flatterers to approve his projects, and willing instruments to give them effect. Unfortunately the bane (which he did not foresee, for his intentions were virtuous) has been left behind, but unaccompanied by the blessings which he contemplated. The German normal schools which he established still exist, and the door to all civil office and honour is peremptorily closed to the Bohemian who only speaks the language of his fathers. For five millions who speak the Bohemian tongue, there is no one superior Bohemian school. In the villages alone, where education is in the hands of the peasantry, is the Bohemian made the vehicle of instruction. Four years are allowed for the education of a child, and it is clear a great part of that time must be lost, while knowledge is conveyed to him in an unintelligible idiom. In such a struggle against the national feeling, the government is sure to be worsted, and the result has been, as we have seen, not the suppression of the language of Bohemia, but the creation of an intenser affection towards it. The Austrian government has made a similar experiment in Hungary, and with similar results. The flowers which grow on the Slavonian and the Magyar branches, have been freshened and brightened by the waters of affliction.

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Art. VI.—1. *L'Angleterre et Don Miguel.* 8vo. Paris. 1827.
2. *Du Complot contre le prince Don Miguel.* 2 parties. 8vo. Paris. 1827.
3. *Examen de la Constitution de Don Pedro.* 8vo. Paris. 1827.
4. *Legitimidade de Don Pedro.* 8vo. Lisboa. 1827.
5. *O Combate, ou o declaracão das Cortes Combatida.* Lisboa. 1825.
6. *Cartas de Padre José Agostinho Macedo.* 8vo. Lisboa. 1827.
7. *O Portuguez.* 4to. Lisboa. 1827.

8. *Lettres Historiques et Politiques sur Portugal, par le Comte Joseph Peschio.* 8vo. Paris. 1827.
9. *Correspondance de Don Pedro 1er avec son Père Don Jean VI.* 8vo. Paris. 1827.
10. *Diario da Camera dos Deputados da nacão Portugueza sepeo* 1827. 4to. Lisboa.
11. *Cortes de Lisbôa dos annos* 1697 & 1698. Folio. Lisboa. 1824.

PORTUGAL has, within the last eighteen months, attracted more of the attention of Europe than from the extent of its dominions, or its weight in the balance of power, it would seem to deserve. It has been the theatre of a great experiment, and had nearly become the occasion of a general war. For the first time in the history of the world, have we seen, in Portugal, an ancient kingdom giving a dynasty to its colonies, and then receiving laws from the sovereign of these colonies;—for the first time have we seen political institutions sent from the western hemisphere, and Europe receiving, at the distance of six thousand miles, the reflection of the civilization which it communicated;—for the first time have we witnessed regular troops, at the command of the legitimate government, brought to the support of popular rights against armed factions fighting for their chains, under the pretext of defending the prerogatives of the throne;—and for the first time has the standard of England, planted in a foreign land, for the protection of an ally against foreign aggression, become, by a happy accident, the defence of freedom against absolute power. If the interesting experiment now in progress succeeds, battles for conquest or aggrandisement, and conventions for trade or fraud, must be regarded as vulgar incidents, compared with the late military and diplomatic campaign in Portugal, where a new legislature has been installed amid the din of rebellion and the distractions of royal ambition; where bigotry has tried in vain to shake a constitutional throne; and where the powers and prejudices of the fifteenth century have been at once compelled to yield to the light and knowledge of the present age.

Of these striking events, or of the prospects which they open, we have as yet seen no good or even tolerable account. Some information respecting them may be gained from the works whose titles are prefixed to this article. We have inserted the names of a considerable number of these publications, not because we mean to take notice of each, but because, put together, they afford a general idea of the kind of political discussion which suits the taste, or measures the talents of our Portuguese allies. To examine them in detail, would be as absurdly superfluous as to discuss the particular predictions of the weather in Moore's

Almanack; but, taken in connection, they may, like the labours of that celebrated astrologer, show the nature of the climate.

The first three (namely *The Plot against Don Miguel, England and Don Miguel, and the Examination of Don Pedro's Charter*) proceed from a coterie of Portuguese refugees in Paris, who, being driven from Portugal by the troops of the existing government, try to keep up the standard of revolt in a foreign capital, and attempt to throw back, on their native country, the incendiary torch which was struck from their hands on the Spanish frontier.

*The Plot against Don Miguel,* which the author will not now be so eager to maintain, if the prince, instead of punishing the alleged conspirators, takes them for his ministers, seems to be nothing better than a tissue of absurdities and falsehoods. This plot, it would appear, consisted in a project, formed by four persons, whose initials are the letter P, (which are afterwards found to mean *Palmella, Pamplona, Povoa,* and *Patricio,* the Patriarch,) to inspire the late king with a hatred and dread of his son, for the purpose of procuring the banishment of his royal highness, that they might then, in security, sell his majesty and the nation to freemasons, anarchy, and England. This plan was to be executed under the protection of an English squadron, and by a deception practised on the French ambassador, M. Hyde de Neuville, who was too patriotic a diplomatist to favour, knowingly, a conspiracy for converting Portugal into an English colony. The conspirators completely succeeded, though not in the way which they first expected; for they ruined the country, banished the Infant, and killed the King. The original mover in all this mischief —the prime contriver of the conspiracy—was the British minister for foreign affairs, who, it appears, could never forgive the Infant for heading, in 1823, the revolt at Villa Franca, and overturning the democracy of the Cortes. The manner in which the conspirators executed their design was, to say the least of it, profoundly sagacious, if not unintelligibly mysterious. They had intended to get the prince banished, without, of course, having committed any crime; and yet they had the art to make him give a justifiable cause for his exile, by organizing a revolt against the authority, and endangering the life, of his father. The prince, by endeavouring, on his part, to counteract their designs, did the very thing which promoted them. As *Generalissimo* of the forces he called out the troops of the garrison, on the famous 30th of April, 1824,—harangued them on the subjects of freemasons and revolutionists—surrounded the palace of his father with guards, making him a prisoner on pretence of asserting his rights against unseen enemies, threatened the lives of his ministers, usurped all the powers of the state, filled the dungeons with the best citizens of the land, and

invited his mother from her retreat, to make her Regent on his father's deposition. The foreign ambassadors, with the Pope's nuncio at their head, having proceeded to the palace, and having at first been refused admission to the king's presence, but persisting in their demand to see him, disconcerted the conspiracy. On their admission they found his majesty in consternation and tears; and but for their timely interference, some of the scenes of the Seraglio might have been acted upon a Lisbon stage. The consequences are fresh in general recollection. The old king, after remaining for some days without power to act, though apparently released from personal restraint, found means to escape from his jailors, and to take refuge on board an English man of war, the *Windsor Castle;* where he asserted the majesty of Portugal under the protection of British guns, stripped his son of the power which he had abused, and sent him on his travels. It sufficiently indicates the character and principles of the author of the *Complot contre Don Miguel*, to state that he expresses regret at the admission of the ambassadors into the palace on that critical occasion, and justifies the conduct of his royal highness, in making his father a prisoner, as a mere repetition of the drama of Villa Franca, where the part which he had acted had received the approbation of the king, and the applause of all the absolute governments in Europe. "If the disobedience of Villa Franca," says he, "was at last approved of by the king, who acknowledged that the prince, in refusing to execute his orders, had saved him from a revolutionary faction, why was a new logic formed to qualify, as the crime of high treason, the refusal of the prince to execute the orders of a father governed by the same faction? What man, having saved his father and his country once, and, for that, having received the adoration of that country, but has a right to have recourse to the same means in order to save both a second time?" Thus these sticklers for legitimacy would recommend a timely insurrection, on pretence that the king was a prisoner, under the power of a faction, on every occasion in which he exercised his prerogative in opposition to their views of court politics; as if government ought to pass through a succession of rebellions, till purified into the requisite degree of absolutism, by the oppression of the monarch as well as the great body of his subjects. Like Sganarelle, in the farce of *Le Médecin malgré Lui*, poor King John was to be compelled, by the intrigues of his wife, and by the threats of the Apostolical party, to consider himself a despot whenever it suited their convenience, or gratified their caprice. After being twice defeated in his attempts to deny his new capacity, of asserting absolute power over his people, he was obliged to resign himself to the hard fate of remaining all his life

a king, without the constitutional limitations which he wished to establish on the exercise of his power. Feeling, whether the crown was on his head or not, he had often been obliged to exclaim, like his prototype, "*Ah! je suis roi absolu sans contredit; je l'avais oublié, mais je m'en ressouviens:*" but though possessed of no courage or firmness, he always resisted instigations to shed the blood of his subjects. He was compelled to continue all his life the *Sganarelle*, but refused to become the *Sangrado*, of despotism.

The PLOT against the prince continued, we are told, after his exile. It was a part of it to calumniate his royal highness to his father and to his brother, as a prince who threatened the rights of both. It would be vain to inquire into the alleged motives which England could have had in suggesting, or encouraging such chimerical iniquity; but the reader will be prepared to forget reasoning in wonder, when he hears that England supports the revolutionists both of Portugal and Spain, in order to dethrone the families of Bourbon and Braganza, and to encircle the head of a British prince with the united crown of the Peninsula. In support of this charge, we are told by the author, that he has seen at Lisbon a caricature of the late King John, with the arms of Great Britain substituted for those of Portugal; from which he ought to have inferred rather that his Faithful Majesty had pretensions to the crown of Great Britain, than that he intended to resign his own in favour of a British prince. The constitutional Charter, which is asserted to be of English manufacture, composed, it is said, part of the means by which England and Mr. Canning were to secure the vassalage of Portugal; but the author, in his eagerness to make the objects of his dislike both knaves and fools at the same time, thus invalidates his own accusation. "Has Mr. Canning then," says he, "the presumption to hope, that he can subject to his principles three or four hundred national representatives, as easily as the prince alone, or does he believe that such representatives will execute a foreign will, like the enslaved Portuguese cabinet since the time of Peter II.?" Does not the only answer which can be returned to this plain question destroy, in the mind of every sensible man, all suspicion that England would promote constitutional liberty to insure her influence in Portugal at the expense of the Portuguese interests? We are told, in Scripture, that Haman raised a gallows on which he was himself ultimately hanged, but he intended it for another. The English government would, on the principles of this author, have knowingly erected a body of institutions for the sacrifice of its own interests. It would be needless farther to enumerate the absurd statements, or incon-

sistent arguments, of these factious men, who even go the length of classing the separation of Brazil from Portugal as an attack upon the rights of their idol; while it is plain that this very separation opened the only path for him to ascend the throne of the latter, which, but for the separation, must have been occupied by his elder brother.

Not scrupling at any calumny which can gratify their malignity, they declare that the late king intended the Regency for his queen, and that the decree by which his daughter was left in possession of power, till the will of the rightful heir of the throne should be known, was either an entire forgery, or an instrument to which the royal signature had been affixed without a knowledge of its contents. The first object of the conspirators was to obtain, it is said, a legislature, with two chambers, and to make the crown elective, so as to exclude their obnoxious prince. Having, by the alarms of the king, and the interference of the Spanish government, failed in this nefarious design, the only expedient which remained for them was, to get rid of the old king at once, and to fabricate a document by which they might prolong their reign under the nominal Regency of an inexperienced girl.

Nothing can afford a more striking idea of the prevalence of lax morals or atrocious practices among a people, than their inclination to invent, or their disposition to believe, the perpetration of great crimes on the slightest motives. The party that has put forth these pamphlets, while they describe the king as a tool in the hands of the faction at court, insinuate that he was poisoned by the same faction, or, in other words, that, to remove a slight obstacle to their plans, they treasonably destroyed the instrument of their own power. The old queen, who is represented by them as a model of magnanimity and virtue, maintains this fact as firmly as the doctrine of transubstantiation, and did not hesitate to avow her conviction of its truth to a certain ambassador of high character, on his visit of condolence after her husband's funeral. She even went so far, in running, with a kind of voluble fury, over all her persecutions and grievances, as to accuse the English merchants at Lisbon of a design to assassinate her favourite son Don Miguel!

The author of the Plot, in enumerating the conspiracies formed against his hero, accuses the English government of procuring the transmission from Rio of the same charter which the late king had wished, but had been unable to promulgate in Lisbon —a charter which set all the demagogues of Europe in motion, and gave to a child of seven years old a revolutionary dowry. The same jacobin faction, which had promoted so many civil wars—which had overturned so many thrones, and shed so much

blood, sanctioned, we are told, the usurpation of the Emperor of Brazil, on condition that he would attempt to revolutionize the Peninsula!

In criticising Mr. Canning's speech on the royal message for aiding the Portuguese government, our author bursts out into the following rhapsody, with which, as it is amusing, we shall leave him.

"Behold," he exclaims, "the impostor, who, after having robbed Portugal of her most important ultra-marine possessions—after having seconded or protected a herd of criminals, the assassins of John VI., and still unsatisfied with so many crimes, had fabricated a constitutional charter to incite insurrection and civil war, has the audacity to present himself before Parliament, and to say we must succour our ally! —and who is this ally?—a band of robbers and murderers, who wrote to the British government in 1821, that the King of Portugal should lose his throne, and that a foreign prince should be called to fill his place—a revolutionary faction, which made use of the Emperor of Brazil to accomplish its criminal purposes, as the revolutionary cabal of London, in 1687, made use of the Prince of Orange to dethrone his father-in-law."

If anything could exceed this raving, it would be the parallel which the author draws between the English revolution in 1688 and the Portuguese *no*-revolution in 1826—between the treacherous proceedings of Buonaparte towards the Spanish royal family at Bayonne, and the conduct of the English towards the House of Braganza—between the hostile occupation of Paris by the allies in 1814, and the friendly occupation, by the English, of the two forts at the mouth of the Tagus in 1827.

"The force of folly could no further go."

The pamphlet entitled *L'Angleterre et Don Miguel*, is characterized by the same absurdity as the last, in point of doctrine and argument; but is written with considerable point and great affectation of style. It is distinguished, like it, for its striking perversions of fact. The author raves in metaphor, calumniates in well-poised antithesis, and endeavours to excite the fury of his party by the most ridiculous historical errors. Possessed of a few generalities and abstractions, which he employs without definite meaning, he imposes upon himself, or at least, endeavours to impose upon others. Employing at pleasure, and without limitation, the terms legitimacy and revolt, royalty and revolution, religion and impiety, he sometimes plays the one against the other, like men on a chess-board, (giving check to a king, and destroying a bishop at will,) or throws them, like pieces of glittering glass, into the *kaleidoscope* of his fancy, to make them exhibit as they are shaken, a great variety of forms, capable of deceiving the careless observer, without having any relation to the real

objects of life. By the latter operation, the revolt of the 30th of April is converted into legitimate interference for the protection of royalty; the Catholic church of the eleventh century is the only representative of religion, and toleration becomes an equivalent term for atheistical indifference. England, by the same means, is made to appear the embodied dæmon of unprincipled ambition and rapacious avarice,—indifferent on great occasions, to order or anarchy, but generally disposed to lower the sceptre of kings before the fasces of democracy, while the Holy Alliance hovers over the world like the figure of Saint Anthony in the picture of Rubens, to protect it from the destruction which the genius of evil has provoked. Mr. Canning's policy is attacked with the same unsparing violence, and the character of the English nation aspersed with the same malignity. The toast of "Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world," given by our late minister, is interpreted into neglect of God and contempt for kings; and this nation, distinguished for sound religion, is described as the friend of irreligion and rebellion—as supporting a *Propaganda* of infidelity, and encouraging systems of revolt. The author, after assuring his readers that the English government speculates equally on insurrection and legitimacy, and makes an equal traffic of independence and oppression, produces a list of our encroachments for the last dozen years;—in which we find, to our surprise, the cession of Malta, the cession of Norway, of the Cape of Good Hope, of the Ionian Islands, of Brazil, and of Pegu; the occupation of Bhurtpore, the occupation of Portugal, the emancipation of St. Domingo, the insurrection of the Americas, the revolt and cortes of Spain in 1820; the revolt and constitution of Portugal, in the same year, the insurrections of Naples and Piedmont, and the Brazilian charter of 1826.

This pamphlet, as well as the last, is distinguished by its fulsome flattery of Prince Miguel; on the supposition that he is to continue at the head of their faction, or to be the executor of its testamentary vengeance. He is called the Conqueror of Rebellion, the Hercules, who, when an infant, strangled the serpents of discord, and who, when king, is to destroy the Hydra of Revolution. The stability of thrones is represented as owing to his exertions—he is styled the pledge of peace, the guarantee of legitimacy, and the type of all rights; while his mother is eulogized for giving him apostolic counsels, and his uncle, Ferdinand, for setting him a noble example. At the same time, the most vigorous attempts are made to mislead him with respect to the conduct and intentions of his English friends. He is assured that they wish to treat Portugal like Mysore, and the family of Braganza like that of Hyder Ali; that, afraid of losing India, they covet the

Spanish Peninsula, and that in submitting to receive the constitution of his brother, or remaining regent when he ought to be king, he is executing the plans of English policy for the ruin of himself and his family. There can be no doubt that the prince has learned on his continental travels, and in his visit to England, to appreciate properly the character and views of those pernicious flatterers, whose counsels, if listened to, would be as fatal to him as the poison poured into the ear of the King of Denmark.*

In all the publications of this faction, the establishment of freedom at our glorious Revolution is lamented as a misfortune to the English people, and the successful encroachments then made on absolute power are ascribed to the leniency of kings. Thus, we are told, that had Charles II. been more severe at the Restoration, and put to death all the party of Protestants who had rebelled against his father, his brother, James II. would never have seen the invasion of the Prince of Orange. These men forget two things of importance in giving such advice; in the first place, that being lately defeated in a rebellion, they sanction a law of extermination against themselves; and secondly, that an indiscriminate execution of the weaker party, even on the supposition that it were practicable and safe, is vengeance, but not punishment:

> "Tot simul infesti juvenes occumbere letho
> Sæpe fames, pelagique furor, subitæque ruinæ
> Aut cœli terræque iræ, aut bellica clades,
> NUNQUAM PŒNA FUIT."

The publication entitled "*Combate*," receives that name, because the author wishes it to be considered as descriptive of a battle between him and the Cortes of 1823. This doughty champion shows his courage while he secures his person, by entering the lists with a fallen foe, and by endeavouring to ridicule the last speech and dying words of his antagonist. He finds the unfortunate Cortes, as Falstaff found the body of Hotspur, already mangled by the sword of a prince, and giving them another thrust, he exclaims, like the valiant knight, "I am afraid of this gunpowder parliament, though it be dead, therefore I will make sure of it, and swear I have killed it." But we notice the pamphlet, not for the *combat*, which is a sorry affair, and a mere

* The author of this pamphlet assures his readers that Don Miguel will not return to Portugal through England. "He remembers too well," we are told, "his imprisonment on board the *Windsor Castle*, to trust again to the English." How imprudent it was in his Royal Highness to neglect this warning! In spite of his shuddering recollection, however, he not only has visited England, but has been in the very *Windsor Castle* which gave a name to his dungeon in the Tagus. In the next pamphlet from this society, we shall probably find that the *Royal Lodge*, at which he was so hospitably entertained, is a *Lodge* of Freemasons, in which the prince was compelled to be initiated!

piece of dull abuse of the Protest made by the late Cortes on the violent dissolution of their assembly,—but for a discovery which has gained the author considerable credit with his ultra countrymen, namely, that Freemasonry is the same as Judaism, and that a Freemason is a Jew. The poor Freemason is an object of unrelenting persecution in every part of the Peninsula. His name is synonymous with the perpetrator of the most monstrous and impossible crimes, the professor of the most horrible doctrines, the plotter of the darkest conspiracies,—but to give a zest to this compound of jacobin, anarchist, and atheist—to "wind up the charm" of horror, it was necessary, as in the cauldron of Macbeth's witches, to throw in the "liver of blaspheming Jew."* From the long persecution to which that people had been subject in Portugal, and from their supplying fuel to the fire of the Holy Office as long as it could be kindled, the Portuguese entertain a kind of horror at the name of a Jew, and use it as the superlative for every kind of wickedness. Nothing, therefore, could afford a more effective means of defaming constitutional principles under the name of Masonry, than to prove the identity of these horrible sects. Probably some of our readers, who are themselves Masons, or whose friends belong to the *craft*, may be amused with the following passage, which proves them Jews, though they may know nothing of the Talmud, and never entered a synagogue in their lives.

"The Jews," says he, "call all other nations profane who are not Jews, the Masons call all other men profane who are not Masons: the Jews are chiefly supported with milk, honey, and flour, the Masons use, in their lodges, a mixture of flour, honey, and milk. White was used among the Jews by law, among the Masons the same colour is established by law. The Jews indulged in polygamy, the Masons are likewise polygamists. The Jews were in the habit of committing debauchery at their feasts, the Masons do so in their caverns. The Jews had established equality among themselves, the Masons proclaim equality among all men. The Jews aspired to rebuild the temple, the Masons proposed to construct the temple. It was lawful for the Jews to plunder the profane, the Masons deem it lawful to extend their usurpations likewise over the profane. The Jews held nothing divine but Jehovah, the Masons hold nothing divine but their supreme Architect. The Jews had a great veneration for

* "As bad as a Jew," "As wicked as a Jew," "He treated me as barbarously as a Jew," are phrases universally in the mouths of the lower orders. The Inquisition committed a double injustice towards this unfortunate race. It first burnt them because they were Jews, and then rendered them infamous because they had been burnt. "A new Christian" was treated like an Infidel, because of Jewish extraction. It was in vain that he invoked attention to the quality and not to the date of his faith—his blood was a crime—infidelity flowed in his veins. By the laws of Lamego it was declared that the descendants of Jews and Moors, to *all generations*, should be debarred from the honours or privileges of nobility!

the δελτα, or equilateral triangle, the Masons venerate the same triangle. The Jews, in religion, never got beyond material things, the Masons are all materialists. The Jews blasphemed Christ and the sacraments, the Masons scoff at the sacraments and Christ. The Masons derive their origin from their grand-master, Hiram, and consequently from the Jews."

After this parallel, and after telling us that

"the envious and constant Enemy of human happiness could alone have advanced Masonry to its present height; that this rebellious and turbulent spirit could alone have presided at its labours to enable them to produce the monstrous constitutional system which, for the last twenty years, had been the scourge of the Christian nations of Europe;"

he calls upon his countrymen to exterminate the Freemasons, as they formerly did the Jews, and declares his conviction that the Portuguese are especially selected by Providence for the accomplishment of that great work.

"I am led," says he, "to believe that my enterprising countrymen will be the instruments of this astounding miracle, not only because in Portugal the religion of Christ is free from the stains WHICH TOLERATION HAS CAST UPON IT IN OTHER CATHOLIC COUNTRIES, but because among no other Catholic people have there been seen such wonders as have been wrought in Portugal against them."

In conclusion he thus addresses the party of the Cortes, whom the mildness of the late king refused to deliver up to indiscriminate massacre.

"Go, monsters of hell, go, and vomit forth, far from Portugal, your violent declamations of liberty and regeneration! Go, ye accursed, and leave the Portuguese to enjoy that form of government with which it pleased God to inspire them, when, on the plains of Ourique, he sent down the miraculous banner, under which they have conquered braver and more artful enemies than you!"*

These absurdities would be of little consequence were they confined to a writer like the author of the above-mentioned pamphlet; but, unhappily, the prejudices which he endeavours to strengthen and exasperate, are widely spread among the people of the Peninsula, and have formed the cause or the pretence of counter-revolution and political oppression. The persons who surrounded the Infant, Don Miguel, before he left Portugal, inspired him with alarm on this subject, and his address to the

* In the *Gazette* of Lisbon of the date of August 21, 1823, this identity of Masonry and Judaism, was more developed in a long article entitled, "*Masonry Unmasked.*" The author of this lucubration proves, to his own satisfaction, "that Masonry is Judaism, masked under a different name—that all Jews are Masons, or Liberals in their nature, and that all Masons are converted into Jews, and the object of all is to establish the supremacy of the Jews." According to this wiseacre, "the expedition of Buonaparte into Egypt was a Masonic expedition, to get possession of Jerusalem for the capital of the Masonic empire!!" Can mischievous absurdity go further?

troops in 1824, was filled with professions of relieving his father from the fangs of the abhorred sect.

"In May, 1823," says he, "I saved the throne, the king, the royal family, the nation and religion; now I will finish the great work, by exterminating the pestilent sect of Freemasons, who, in the silence of treason, projected the destruction of the government and reigning House of Braganza."*

The materials for chimerical fears and excitements must be annihilated by the adoption of good institutions, before the people learn that Masonry, as Masonry, can have no peculiar doctrines or vices, either civil, religious, or political; that it is a system of symbols, ceremonies, and observances, for regulating or amusing an Association, the members of which may take any colour, and profess any opinions; and that it would be absurd to pronounce as dangerous to any one species of government, an institution which has harmlessly existed in all. Among the Germans, where mysticism prevails, it may have been the refuge of alchymists, magnetizers, exorcists, ghost-raisers, Rosicrucians, or political quacks. Among the French, under the old régime, it was decorated with the mummery of chivalric orders, and may, in some cases, have been perverted to the purposes of infidelity and disaffection. In England and North America, on the contrary, where the protecting secrecy of a Lodge is not required for the safe expression of political opinion, it has been used as an instrument of charity, or a zest to conviviality. If men cannot speak aloud the truths which strongly impress them, they must whisper them:—if they cannot publish their thoughts by the press they may be led to communicate with their countrymen by the feelers of a secret society. The Jesuits themselves, in the time of persecution, became members of Masonic associations; and no apostolical can accuse these fathers of following the law of Moses, or adopting the creed of equality.

A publication, similar to the last, called the "*Cartas*, or *Letters of Father Macedo*," (which amount to twenty-two,) appeared in Lisbon last summer and autumn, and, attracting great attention, was purchased and read with avidity. The writer is a turbulent old monk, of coarse active talents, who has spent the greatest part of his life in preaching and profligacy—in poetry and pamphleteering—in fraud and faction. Expelled from his

* Neither the prince nor any of the parties who now aspire to power will use the same language regarding Freemasonry, when they reflect that the king, Don Pedro IV., is grand-master of Brazilian Masonry, and not satisfied with being at the head of this secret association, has, himself, established another, entitled the "*Apostolate*," of which he is *King* or *Archon*. This latter institution extends its ramifications through the whole of his Brazilian empire.

convent, nearly forty years ago, for appropriating to himself the books of his community, (a species of wholesale plagiarism which, in a layman, would have been called theft,) he has since gained his bread chiefly by delivering sermons for the benefit of the Souls in Purgatory; avowing, as he does in one of his Letters, that "if he were not to use his tongue in the pulpit, he could not use his teeth at home." His writings, which are numerous, have not been so profitable as his sermons, because the number of readers in Lisbon is not so great as the number of listeners. He is the author of a poem called "*Meditation*," of another entitled "*Newton*," and of an epic under the name of "*Gama*," or "*Oriente*," which, in the vanity of his heart, he imagined would have superseded the reading of the *Lusiad*.*

With an unbounded confidence in his own powers and a contempt for those of others; with considerable learning, and a rude species of eloquence, he might have always been the idol of the mob, had his public course been more consistent, or his private character less exceptionable. But, while he paid his addresses with equal ardour to the Muses and to the nuns, it was known that he succeeded oftener with the latter; and from his numerous changes of party, his political conduct was supposed to be guided rather by corruption than conviction. Controversy and opposition is the element in which he lives, and his talent, like a paper kite, seems only to rise when dragged against the wind. In the times of the French invasion he wrote with fury in favour of the English, and showed the same violence against the sect called the

* In order to challenge a more close comparison, Father Macedo has adopted the same stanza as Camoens, and divided his "Gama," into the same number of cantos as the Lusiad. In the preface which he has prefixed to his epic he has exposed and successfully ridiculed the motley Christian and Heathen machinery of the Lusiad, and has with less reason found fault with its episodes. His epic is, therefore, entirely Christian in its machinery, and entirely regular in its narrative. Unfortunately, the poetry of the Lusiad is left out as well as its machinery, the Father forgetting that the heroic deeds of Portugal—its crusade of four centuries against the Moors, and the glories of naval enterprise recounted in the Lusiad, constitute the principal charm of that immortal work. Deny the muse of Camoens from expatiating in the wide and stirring field of Portuguese adventure, and the expedition of Gama, from Lisbon to Calicut, would only furnish a subject for a descriptive ode, or an article in the Annals of Voyages.

The poem of Macedo sometimes displays considerable descriptive talent. The following comparison of the devil in a storm to a burning rock thrown up from the bowels of a volcano, is not without merit:—

"Qual entre o denso fumo ennovelado,
Que das entranhas horridas vomita
O Vestivio, um penhasco esbrazeado,
Subindo ao ar, do ar se precipita:
Tal o Suberbo Despota indignado,
Entre nuvens, e fogo o corpo agita,
Ora sobe, ora desce, ora alto voa
Cò a voz, que chama os furacões atroa."

Sebastianists, (because some person insinuated that Bonaparte might be the Messiah of the sect,) as he does against the Freemasons of the present day. Towards the close of the Cortes he contended for the cause of constitutional government, and he now tries to excite abhorrence against his former opinions and associates. The great art of doing mischief which he shows in these twenty-two Letters, consists in praising the old legislation of Portugal at the expense of the new, in mixing it up with accounts of its heroic times, when the Portuguese boasted of being the first and the bravest people on earth, in confounding the last Cortes with the present Chambers, and insinuating that the Charter, now given by legitimate authority, is the same as that which was the fruit of a military insurrection. The harmless assemblages of last July, collected for the purposes of showing their attachment to a dismissed minister, are magnified into revolutionary tumults, organized by bands of conspirators, for overthrowing the monarchy. The country is declared to be in danger till all the Liberals are exterminated, and the old monk, in order to create a belief in the reality of his own phantoms, declares that he is about to leave a country which he cannot save, and from all responsibility in the destruction of which he desires to be released.

"I now," says he, "make an eternal pause; this is the last labour which I shall impose upon the censorship. I henceforth remain dumb, and buried in eternal affliction, and, if Jeremiah wept over the ruins of Jerusalem, I shall weep over the ruins of the morals, of the honour, of the security and of the dignity of the ancient Portuguese nation, whose cause I have not been able to retrieve, notwithstanding my unceasing efforts.

Of the "*Examen de la Charte de Don Pedro,*" and of the "*Diario of the Cortes,*" we shall have occasion to take some notice afterwards.

The *Lettres Historiques et Politiques sur Portugal,* though written in a different style from the pamphlets above mentioned, possess little interest or merit. Those of them, written by Count Pecchio refer to the time of the former Cortes, and evince a total absence of all political sagacity. The Count's contribution, however, though superficial, is lively, but composes only an eighth part of a volume which is neither lively nor profound. The remainder of the Letters are said to have been written from Lisbon by a Portuguese ex-magistrate to a French ex-minister, taking up the history of Portugal from the epoch at which the count left it, June 1822, and continuing it till the middle of May last year. Why the two sets of correspondence were chained together, the editor best knows. That part of it which belongs to the Italian count ascribes the misfortunes of Portugal, as it

was the fashion at that time, to the domineering influence of th English. The letters of the ex-magistrate, on the contrary, favou the English government, and bestow due praises on its late inter ference. The accounts contained in the latter part of the publ cation are so feeble, and have so little the impress of the moment that we suspect they never saw Lisbon, and were never writte in Portuguese, but were compiled in Paris long after the event happened, to which they refer, from sources of information easil accessible to every one. It would be tedious and uninteresting to detail the circumstances which support this opinion. Amon them are mistakes in Portuguese names and titles, which a Por tuguese magistrate never could have made, and the repetition o mis-statements, of which a liberal ex-magistrate would at firs have seen the error. He tells us, for instance, in the letter date October 18, 1826, that two Spanish officers, of the names o Mariscal and Blanco, in conjunction with Dr. Abrantes, the phy sician of the Princess Regent, had formed a plan of co-operatio with the marquis of Chaves, to provoke an aggression from Por tugal on Spain, in order to induce the English to withdraw thei protection from the Portuguese Charter. Nothing could be a more complete or more useless perversion of the motives of a pro ject, the folly of which was exposure enough without the addition o treachery. Dr. Abrantes has always been the most zealous friend of the new constitution, though his intrigues and miscalculations may have exposed it to danger. The expedition in question, than which nothing more ludicrous appears in Don Quixotte, was certainly arranged by the parties above named; but it was formed to revolutionize Spain, not to expose Portugal. The doctor and his two Spanish friends, sagaciously conceived that, if Ferdinand sent back an army of Portuguese ultra-refugees, they might reply by invading Spain with an army of Spanish Liberals. They, therefore, entered into treaty with some of the Gallego porters, or water-carriers, of Lisbon, to become the nucleus of a Spanish insurrectionary army, and sent them across the Tagus in order that they might proceed to their own country. This extraordinary movement, which might have embarrassed the diplomatic proceedings then going forward, and endangered the peace of Europe, was detected and resisted by the minister of justice.

The correspondence of Don Pedro with his father, preceded by a biographical sketch of the emperor, is an authentic publication, and cannot fail to be interesting, from its enabling us to measure the capacity, and to estimate the character of a prince, who has already played so brilliant a part in the affairs of the world, and whose fame may yet be destined to fill a wider sphere. It consists of thirty-two letters written in the course of fifteen

months, from June, 1821, to August, 1822, and is deeply impressed with the youthful energy and impetuous temper of the writer, excited by the agitating scenes which he describes. They evince extraordinary ability, decision, and experience, in a youth of twenty-one, left to manage the affairs of a distracted empire, and struggling with revolt at home, while called to resist the arrogant claims of the mother country in endeavouring to maintain her declining authority over her colonies. The Cortes, whose power was then at its height, endeavoured to cast odium on the prince for denouncing their usurpations, by ordering several of these letters to be published; but they studiously suppressed those parts of them in which his royal highness evinced the constitutional principles, which have since been embodied in the Charter, and given freedom to both empires.

In alluding to the publications, extremely few and insignificant, which enable us to form an opinion of the state of affairs in Portugal, we must not omit the journal called *O Portuguez*, written with great moderation on the constitutional side, and displaying more activity and knowledge than could have been expected under the reign of a strict censorship, and amid a people where little encouragement is given to political speculation. It was almost the only liberal publication which obtained any popularity in Lisbon. Being written chiefly by the *employés* in the government offices, whose places would have been endangered by violence, and who were, therefore, guarded in their expressions, nothing could have been more moderate than its strictures on the conduct of men in power. Its suppression, therefore, last autumn, by the imprisonment of all its writers, is one of those stretches of arbitrary authority which exhibits both the fruit and the evidence of the non-execution of a Charter on which the one party had the simplicity to rely, and which the other had the audacity to violate. The doubtful and provisional state of liberty which was then exhibited, was worse than even despotism itself. In Turkey, if an infidel takes a fancy to wear green slippers, he is liable to the bastinado; but he knows his danger, and therefore avoids the colour of the Prophet. In Portugal, on the contrary, during the months of last autumn, no colour of opinion was prohibited; but public writers, relying on the protection of the Charter and the censorship, had their property confiscated, and their persons imprisoned, without having committed a known trespass.

Having now alluded to the chief publications either of fact or argument, hostile or friendly to the present order of things, and the new institutions of Portugal—affording, it must be allowed, little information, and distinguished by little talent, we shall beg to trespass somewhat longer on the attention of our readers,

while we make a few observations on the recent history, the present position and the future prospects of that kingdom as regards constitutional liberty. The vague and intemperate declamations of either party scarcely furnish a basis sufficiently secure for such remarks.

On the death of John VI., in March, 1826, Portugal exhibited one of the most singular political spectacles which has ever, perhaps, been presented to the eye of a statesman. The elements of political strife and domestic discord had collected round the death-bed of the monarch; and it was impossible to foresee what form of order would arise out of the chaos. His eldest son and legitimate successor was in another hemisphere—not on a temporary absence, or heading an expedition for national glory and conquest, like Don Sebastian, but seated permanently in the largest member of the monarchy, which had been dissevered from the ancient inheritance of his House, by a recent rebellion, and erected into an independent empire by an extorted treaty. He had thus, in appearance, renounced his connection with Europe, and, by his acceptance of a foreign crown, or at least by continuing abroad to wear it, must have been cut off by the constitutions of Lamego (the fundamental laws of the monarchy) from the government of the Portuguese nation. The second son of the deceased king, who, if his elder brother had unconditionally abdicated the crown, would have become entitled, by the same laws, to the inheritance of his forefathers, was likewise absent from home, in a more equivocal situation, and with more doubtful pretensions. He had headed a revolt against his father's authority; and, having failed in his attempt, had been punished with exile. The queen, who, in the absence of the legitimate heir, ought, according to the custom of the country, to have obtained the Regency, had joined in the plot against her husband, and had, to a certain degree, shared her son's fate, by being banished from court. It was necessary, therefore, to provide for the immediate conduct of the government, and to wait for the decision of an absent successor. The last will of the king devolved the former on his eldest daughter, residing in Portugal—a feeble inexperienced princess—and left to the laws of the kingdom, the final settlement of the throne. This apparent uncertainty in the government, and these distractions in the royal family, were complicated and rendered dangerous by the fermentations of the public mind, and the relative dispositions of the different classes and bodies of the nation. The army, having changed its allegiance, or at least having revolted against existing authorities, thrice in the course of four or five years, had lost all fixed notions of obedience, and was ready to offer its sword to any party, or to any system, which might tender the most for it

services. The liberal part of the nation, and the privileged classes had respectively brought about a Revolution and a counter-revolution, which the ready submission of the royalists in the first instance, and the moderate temper of the king in the last, had alone prevented from being sanguinary; and unless so far as the chief constitutionalists had retired into voluntary exile, from an apprehension of vengeance or arbitrary imprisonment, the two parties still existed in presence of each other, unchanged in their principles, and unmitigated in their hostility.

The Cortes, during their short season of power, had, without making the benefits of the Revolution be felt by any one class of the people, unwisely, though probably with good intentions, outraged the feelings and prejudices of all. In a country where loyalty is almost worshipped,* they had stripped the crown of its rights, by depriving the King of his *veto*, and raising the chair of the President above his throne. They had not only invaded his prerogatives and degraded his dignity, but had engaged in an open war with his heir apparent, and, by entering on a ridiculous dispute with the old Queen about taking an oath to their usurpations, had converted a factious fanatic into a kind of political martyr. Among a people where the nobility are so proud and powerful,—where from time immemorial they have looked upon the smiles and favours of the court as their property, and where a great portion of their income arises from commanderies or sinecures which the King bestows upon them as his *creados* or *domestics*—these hasty innovators provoked and alarmed this great body by depriving them of their consideration in the state, and by threatening an inquiry into the sources of their revenues, with the avowed object of appropriating their military benefices to the public service. Finally, in a country where the church is so rich and all-pervading, and the people so ignorant and superstitious,—where there exist nearly six hundred monasteries and several

* The Portuguese have at all times been remarkable for their devotion to their Prince, or their excessive loyalty. Indeed loyalty with them was a species of religion, sometimes stronger than religion itself. On the occurrence of some disturbances in Lisbon during the minority of Alfonzo V. a monk preached a sermon, in which he accused his audience of want of loyalty. Upon which they tore him from the pulpit, and even set fire to his convent. This feeling often as much as patriotism contributed to their success in war. Upon some one expressing his wonder to the King of Castile, that so small a number of Portuguese should have gained the battle of Aljubarrota over such a formidable army of Spaniards—the King replied, "How could a father be conquered who fights at the head of 10,000 sons?" Camoens has often occasion to celebrate this quality, which he always does with the energy of a poet who felt it.

"Grandamente por certo estão presados,
Pois que nenhum trabalho grande as tira
De aquella Portugueza alta excellencia
De lealdade firme, e obediencia."

thousand parish-livings, garrisoned or defended by more than twenty thousand regular or secular clergy,—where the confessor can find so easy a way to the conscience of the lower orders, and where the pretended discovery of a small earthenware image in a rabbit-hole has lately been sufficient to excite the population of a great capital, and to give currency to the belief in innumerable miracles,*—these inconsiderate reformers announced an immediate intention of abolishing monkery, or at least of confiscating monkish property. Add to the above causes of alarm and hostility, the laudable though precipitate project of suppressing monopolies, (particularly that of the great Wine Company of Oporto,) and of altering the whole judicial system of the country, without providing for those who might suffer by the change, and we shall have a mine of discontents, which required only a train and a match to blow their incomplete fabric into atoms. Accordingly, on the passing of the Bidassoa by the French troops, the fate of the Lisbon constitution, like that of its Spanish parent, was sealed. The troops, by which it was at first established, turned against it under the command of the young Prince Miguel; and we soon saw the wrecks of the explosion on our shores. At the same time the King, (who, if he was a captive, was at least a well-treated one,) not wishing to take advantage of his restored power to resist the reasonable claims of his subjects, voluntarily announced his intention of giving free institutions to his people, and persisted in his resolution, even after he had seen nobles and

* The instance of superstitious credulity to which we refer, occurred during the time of the Cortes, in the summer of 1822, and will probably not find a parallel at the present day in any quarter of Europe. Some boys having, in pursuit of a rabbit, entered a cave in the neighbourhood of Belem, discovered a miraculous Image of the Virgin, before which their dog and the said rabbit had begun to kneel in solemn devotion. The report of the discovery soon spread. Votive offerings were presented to the Image from nobles and courtiers, and even from the Queen herself. All Lisbon crowded to the spot, which appeared like the scene of a continued fair for some weeks. The Image was at last carried in solemn procession to the Cathedral, amid the greatest pomp and splendor. Innumerable miracles were wrought by it, and waggon-loads of *ex-votos* attest their reality. The new Virgin soon began to assume a political character. Ascertaining her real importance in the state, she overturned the Cortes in 1823, and received the thanks of the court and royal family for her providential interference. She has for some time ceased from meddling with state affairs; but that she has not entirely abandoned a field in which she had obtained such distinction, is apparent from the character of an *ex-voto* picture hung up near her shrine within these few weeks, representing Don Miguel conducted *to his throne* by an angel, amid a multitude of the faithful, supported by two of the rebellious regiments (the 11th and 17th) which deserted under Chaves. Lest the meaning of the picture should be mistaken, the following inscription appears below the figures: "For the glory of religion, the salvation of the country, the union and happiness of the Portuguese, the Angel of the Lord, by the instrumentality of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, conducts to the *seat of the throne*, and to the arms of his Empress-mother, the Infant Don Miguel, who holds the *palm of victory over his enemies*," that is, the friends of the Charter.

monks dragging his carriage in the hour of triumph to sing *Te Deum* on the re-establishment of despotism.

——— "Non insultare jacenti
Malebat, mitis precibus, pietatis abundans,
Post acies odiis idem qui terminus armis."

To carry his purpose into effect, one Commission was appointed to arrange the provisions of a new charter, and another to give its opinion on what laws adopted by the late Cortes it might be advisable to preserve. This object, however, was defeated by the intrigues of the Spanish court, and the mutiny of the troops on the 30th April, 1824. Still his Majesty, true to his published engagements, and not reckoning, like his brother of Spain, perjuries and broken promises among the ways and means of his government, issued a decree soon afterwards for convoking the ancient Cortes, as a measure less alarming to the foes of innovation; while it presented a chance of leading to a better system. Nay, so decided was the late King on the subject of becoming a constitutional monarch, that out of three papers carefully concealed from his ministers, and found locked up in one of his private desks after his death, was a project of constitution written by his own hand, and a speculation on the probability of a Braganza prince obtaining a constitutional throne in Spain, if the Bourbons continued obstinately to resist the light of the age and the claims of freedom.*

Such was the state of affairs when the packet with the intelligence of a vacant throne was despatched from the Tagus to Rio Janeiro. The middle classes of society, the majority of the merchants, traders and shopkeepers of the two capitals and chief towns of the kingdom, whose opinion was of any value, desired the establishment of some guarantee for their rights, and some instrument of national improvement. The upper classes and landed proprietors, though hostile to the last Cortes, were not unfavourable to some less violent change. On the other hand, the clergy, the possessors of exclusive privileges, the judges, and generally the *employés* of government, deprecated all innovation. The royal family was divided in principles and attachments; Don Pedro being a Liberal, and his brother being placed by circumstances at the head of the opposite party. The intrigues of Spain operating through the court itself, were ready to exasperate every other cause of internal division; while the army, so often seduced

* The other two papers were a representation of Sir W. A'Court against the Ministry of Pamplona, which turned out the French party in the cabinet, and another from M. Hyde de Neuville, in support of a French alliance as preferable to English ascendancy.

to mutiny and desertion, had lost all sense of fidelity, and was prepared to join either party by whom its caprices would be most gratified, or its suffrages best paid. In short everything seemed in such a provisional and uncertain state, that the proclamation of Don Pedro's accession was for some days delayed, and the exiles of the Cortes did not venture to make a single arrangement for their return. The people meanwhile, easily governed, either from virtue or debasement, remained tranquil. A great and important step was soon called for, and taken: the government began to be administered in the name of Don Pedro IV. The Infant Don Miguel avowed himself, in a letter from Vienna, his brother's subject, and all the powers of Europe acknowledged his title. Not a murmur was then heard against his right of succession; no attempt was made to prove that by the laws of Lamego, Don Pedro could not reign, because he had become a foreign prince. No emigration took place into Spain by the professed adherents of a rival; and no standard was erected on the frontier against the Brazilian usurper. It was only when the Charter arrived that flaws in the Emperor's title were discovered; for four months previously he had been the legitimate, acknowledged, undisputed sovereign of Portugal.

When the Emperor received the news of his father's death, his decision was as quickly taken as if that event had formed part of a preconcerted arrangement. He immediately declared his purpose to remain in Brazil; and as, by the treaty of separation, he could not retain both crowns, he resolved to abdicate that of Portugal in favour of his daughter; and to secure the stability of his daughter's throne, as well as to console Portugal for the loss of Brazil, he made the adoption of a constitutional Charter one of the conditions of his abdication. On the 24th April, 1826, the Packet arrived;—on the 26th, he confirmed the existing regency till farther arrangements;—on the 27th, he granted an amnesty to the constitutionalists;—on the 29th, he promulgated the Charter;—on the 30th, he nominated the peers of Portugal, and on the 2d of May, he pronounced, in a solemn manner, before the legislative assembly of his empire, his conditional abdication.

Intelligence of the discovery of another continent could not have produced a greater sensation at Lisbon than the arrival of these decrees. Having reached Europe by three different vessels, their purport could not long be concealed. The ministers and the regency at Lisbon were unprepared for a Charter; and if they cannot be convicted of assaulting the life of infant Liberty, might at least have been indicted (in Old Bailey phrase) for *attempting to conceal the birth*. The Regent was uncertain what part to take. Alarm spread among the partizans of abuses; and the friends of

constitutional order burst forth into enthusiastic rejoicing, similar to that described by Camoens on the accession of John I.

> Vão correndo, e gritando a boca aberta,
> Viva o famoso Rei que nos liberta!

In the amnesty, the former saw the return of the Cortes refugees, and in the Charter the renewal of the Cortes democracy. The ministers kept silence as long as they could, and even repressed, as seditious, those testimonies of loyal gratitude towards the Emperor, which were displayed at the theatres and other public places. To mislead the people, and to seduce the army, they announced the Emperor's abdication in favour of Don Miguel, without saying a word of the young Queen or the Charter. The apostolical faction at Lisbon bestirred themselves with vigour against the new arrangements, having discovered, for the first time, that Don Pedro's title was now invalid, and that Miguel was their lawful king. The Grand Prior of the order of Christ (of a noble family, and possessed of great power) was apprehended distributing seditious proclamations. The Marquis of Chaves and the Silveira family abandoned the gaming-table, and repaired to the mountains. Spain took the alarm, denouncing the new order of things in Portugal as revolutionary, and inviting the troops on the frontier to mutiny. The first vibration of civil war began at the extreme line of the monarchy. Tumultuary movements, excited and directed by priests and monks, took place on the borders of Spain. Several detachments of troops deserted to that country, and were received with honours. In a short time the whole Spanish frontier from Andalusia to Gallicia—from the Guadiana to the Minho—was in a blaze of faction and insurrection. Treason was cheap, and rebellion inviting, when the insurgent, after being defeated in his attempts against the public peace, could retreat to a secure asylum, and be welcomed with encouraging shouts. The ecclesiastic, who hated a new constitution as much as the Inquisition a *New Christian*, elevated his crucifix on the point of a spear, and called the peasantry to arms, without fear or alarm, when, on the approach of the faithful troops of government, he could throw off his cassock, and flee to a Spanish convent. It signified nothing to his deluded followers what kind of a Charter their fanatic leader opposed.

The events which followed are fresh in general recollection, and therefore we shall not recapitulate them. On the one hand the new institutions were proclaimed—the ministry was changed—the elections for the Chamber of Deputies were ordered—the meeting of the Chambers was arranged, and a correspondence for the recognition of the new government by Spain, and of the Char-

ter by Don Miguel, was zealously pursued. On the other, the rebels strengthened their party—funds were collected for supporting their cause—whole regiments joined their standard—Juntas of a rebel government were formed, and a body of several thousand men, received in Spain as deserters—disciplined in Spain—provided with arms in Spain—and encouraged by the Spanish government, twice entered, in hostile array, the Portuguese territory.

Such are the facts and circumstances which attended or followed the communication of the Charter by Don Pedro. What then were the objections to this obnoxious instrument brought forward by those who condescend to reason, and enforced by those who act without reasoning? They must apply either to the source whence it sprung—to the violent or revolutionary character of its provisions—or thirdly, to its want of adaptation to the people on whom it was imposed.

I. It must be instantly conceded, that the present order of things in Portugal has not sprung from a source similar to that of the late Cortes. It cannot be pretended that it was the fruit of a conspiracy, or the work of a secret society—that it was promulgated through the trumpet of revolutionary troops, or imposed by the violence of a seditious mob. It pretends to an origin which the Holy Alliance itself allows to be pure. "It descends (to use a French phrase) from the height of the throne," and is stamped with the authority of those "whom (in the language of the Congress of Laybach) God has entrusted with power." It begins,—"I, Pedro, by the grace of God, King of Portugal, decree as follows." "But, stop (cries the author of the *Examen de la Constitution de Don Pedro*, backed by a large party in the Peninsula,) the Emperor of Brazil is NOT King of Portugal; he is an usurper of the rights of his younger brother, and consequently is not entitled to alter a shoulder-knot in Portugal, far less to change the system of the monarchy." In support of this doctrine, the party appeal to the Constitutions of Lamego for settling the succession, as amended and extended by the Cortes of 1641, after the revolution which gave the throne to the family of Braganza. By these fundamental laws, the clauses of which we insert in a note below, two points were irrevocably settled;* first, that the Portuguese

* The following are the enactments of that part of the Constitutions of Lamego which relate to the succession. It will be borne in mind that the Cortes, whose acts have thus become the fundamental laws of the monarchy, met about the middle of the 12th century, under the first king of Portugal, Alfonzo Henrique, to confirm the royal title which they bestowed on him, by acclamation, on the plain of Ourique, and to assert his independence of Spain, of which Portugal had been a fief. The assembly consisted of the nobles, the higher clergy, and representatives of the people. As the substance of the enact-

crown shall never encircle the head of a foreign prince; and, secondly, that if the King of Portugal is called to the succession of a foreign empire, his eldest son shall succeed him in that foreign inheritance, and the second shall occupy the throne of his hereditary dominions. The question then comes to be, first, is Don Pedro a foreigner in the sense of the fundamental law of Lamego, which established the independence of Portugal? and secondly, was his father King John VI. called to the inheritance of two crowns, so as to make it necessary to begin the distribution of his dominions among his children as enacted by the Cortes of Lisbon at the restoration? Was Don Pedro not born in Portugal, and did he not remain in it till eight or nine

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ments, so far as they relate to the present question, is given in the text, we make no apology for quoting here the rude Latin of the original:—

"Vivat dominus Rex Alfonsus, et habeat Regnum. Si habuerit filios varones, vivant, et habeant Regnum, ita ut non sit necesse facere de novo Reges. Ibunt de isto modo. pater, si habuerit Regnum, cum fuerit mortuus, filius habeat, postea nepos, postea filius nepotis, et postea filij filiorum in sæcula sæculorum per semper.

"Si fuerit mortuus primus filius, vivente Rege patre, secundus erit Rex, si secundus, tertius, si tertius, quartus, et deinde omnes per istum modum.

"Si mortuus fuerit Rex sine filijs, si habeat fratrem, sit Rex in vita ejus: et cum fuerit mortuus, non erit Rex filius ejus, si non fecerint eum episcopi, et procurantes, et nobiles curiæ Regis; si fecerint Regem, erit Rex, si non fecerint, non erit Rex.

"Dixit postea Laurentius Venegas, procurator domini Regis ad procurantes. Dicit Rex: Si vultis quod intrent filiæ ejus de hæreditatibus regnandi, et si vultis facere leges de illis? Et postenquàm altercaverunt per multas horas, dixerunt: Etiam filiæ domini Regis sunt de lúmbis ejus, et volumus eas intrare in Regno, et quod fiant leges super istud. Et episcopi et nobiles fecerunt leges, de isto modo.

"Si Rex Portugalliæ non habuerit masculum, et habuerit filiam, ista erit Regina, postquam Rex fuerit mortuus de isto modo: *Non accipiet virum nisi de Portugal*, nobilem, et talis non vocabitur Rex, nisi postquam habuerit de Regina filium varonem, et quando fuerit in congregatione maritus Reginæ, ibit in manu manca, et maritus non ponet in capite coronam Regni.

"Sit ista lex in sempiternum, quod prima filia Regis accipiat maritum de Portugalle, *ut non veniat Regnum ad estraneos, et si casaverit cum Principe estraneo*, non sit Regina; quia nunquam volumus nostrum Regnum ire for de Portugalensibus, qui nos, sua fortitudine, Reges fecerunt, sine adjutorio alieno, per suam fortitudinem, et cum sanguine suo.

"Istæ sunt leges de hæreditate Regni nostri; et legit eas Albertus Cancellarius domini Regis ad omnes, et dixerunt: Bonæ sunt, justæ sunt, volumus eas per nos, et per semen nostrum post nos."

After the restoration of independence, in 1641, the Cortes assembled, and apprehensive that their liberties might again be endangered by a breach of the above fundamental law, as under the three Philips, they renewed and confirmed it with some additions. The chamber or branch of the *noblesse* requested King John IV. to enact, "that the succession of Portugal should never fall upon, or belong to, a foreign prince, nor to his children, although the next of kin to the last king in possession; and that, in case the king of this kingdom be called to the succession of another crown, or of a greater empire, he shall always be obliged to reside in Portugal; and if he has two, or several small children, that the eldest son shall go to reign in the foreign kingdom, and the second remain in this of Portugal, and that the latter be acknowledged only heir and legitimate successor." The king granted the prayer of the *noblesse*, which was seconded by the other estates, and passed an act in conformity with their proposal. This is the law at present in force.

years of age? Was not Brazil considered a Portuguese settlement, by the government of Portugal, till the Treaty of Independence between the emperor and his father, in 1825? Up to that time, therefore, being in a Portuguese possession, and being a native of Portugal, he was a Portuguese subject. The Treaty of Independence was ratified exactly three months and twenty-five days before the death of his father; and thus a native prince of Portugal, the acknowledged heir of the throne in November, 1825—the subject of Portugal for nearly thirty years, was metamorphosed into a foreigner by an absence of three months and twenty-five days, disinherited of his rights which he had (in becoming a foreigner) specially reserved, and obliged to abandon to another a throne, which an amicable arrangement with his father for the general good could alone, for a single instant, furnish any ground for disputing!! Thus a man's rights, and even nativity are to be changed by a convention which says nothing of either.

If Don Pedro was himself undisputed heir to the throne of Portugal, and might have legitimately occupied it; or, in other words, if he come in the place of his father King John as to Portugal, then the necessity of making an option, and providing for a new distribution of the family inheritance began not with the late king, who was never the heir of two independent states, (the one of which was destined by law to his eldest, and the other to his second son,) but with Don Pedro on his father's death, who was in that predicament, and the full inheritance which he occupied from his being sovereign of one empire, and being called to the succession of another, came to be divided among his descendants. The interpretation of the fundamental law is thus disputed by neither party; the only difference arises from the branch of the family tree, to which, in the new circumstances, it must first be applied. The foreign empire, contemplated in the year 1641, was an empire, the rights of which devolved on a king of Portugal by the death or failure of succession of a foreign prince. It could not contemplate the division of the Portuguese monarchy itself, and the erection of a part of it into an independent state. King John VI., therefore, was never called to a foreign succession, and consequently the distribution of power, mentioned in the law, could not begin with *his* immediate issue, but with the children of his heir, on whom a double inheritance devolved.

It is plain, however, that by the law of Lamego, he is bound to reside, and that he cannot rule Portugal from a foreign state, and, therefore, he has abdicated in favour of his daughter, reserving only the rights which are passing from him till the settlement of them can be safely made. This short answer appears

conclusive, though we must again remind the reader that the objection never suggested itself to these sticklers for fundamental law till the arrival of the Charter—that the armed logicians of the convents and the mountains would have allowed his majesty to regulate, at pleasure, the succession to power, had he not attempted to control its excesses; and that, to accomplish their own factious and selfish objects, they would have equally disputed the claims of any other promulgator of popular rights.

Negâo O Rei, e a patria e se convem,
Negarâo, como Pedro, o Deos que tem.

II. But if the origin of the Charter be legitimate, what is there in the enactments of the instrument itself to alarm the timid, though honest, friend of law and order? It reserves to the crown ample means of dignity, and undiminished powers of self-protection—it guarantees the established religion in its full splendour, and its exclusive public exercise—it interferes with no private property—it attacks no established rights—it destroys no ancient well-earned titles. The monk is not driven from his cell, robbed of his relics, or deprived of his means of lazy luxury. The bishop, besides retaining all his revenues and ecclesiastical immunities, is enabled to surmount his episcopal mitre with a peer's coronet. The higher titles of nobility are called to form an upper national council, while the lower, so far from being degraded, may enjoy a greater degree of political consequence by entering the chamber of deputies. Towns and corporations are stripped of none of their privileges, and no honours or means of advancement, in civil or military professions, are abolished or touched.

As the nobility of Portugal were too numerous a body to be admitted all of them to the peerage, it was necessary to draw a line of distinction somewhere; and in order to avoid the appearance of partiality or caprice, all above the rank of baron received patents of peerage. Charles V. being told in Italy of an old woman who could not conceive that either his Majesty or any body else was greater than the Viceroy of Naples, replied,—"then she has not seen a Portuguese Fidalgo."* These fidalgos are

* Many of the nobility of Portugal possess extensive estates, though few of them enjoy great disposable revenues. In an old book, entitled *Grandezas de Portugal*, we find an account of one grandee who had sixteen thousand vassals, and several who had from nine to ten thousand. Their families being always accustomed to reside at court, or in villas near the capital, they have very seldom any convenient house upon their property in the provinces. Indeed, if they had, most of them would be unable to proceed to their country seats, from the want of roads, unless they chose to put their wives and daughters on the backs of mules or donkeys. Since the expulsion of the Moors, or the war of the restoration, they have had nothing to do but to attend religious processions, to engage in court intrigues, or hazard their fortunes at the gaming-table They will now have worthier objects of ambition.

comparatively not so great or haughty now as they were formerly, because other nations have advanced, while theirs has remained stationary; but they are still proud of their rank, and the admission of the grandees to the peerage cannot reasonably mortify or degrade, either those who have been honoured with letters-patent, or those who have been passed over. In the last Cortes which met in the end of 1697, for the important purpose of reconsidering a provision of the Constitutions of Lamego regarding the succession, and which, after sitting about three months, nearly doubled the taxation of the country, thirty representatives constituted the branch or arm of the *noblesse*, and of these seven had no title of grandeeship.

The Chamber of Peers, on its first session, consisted of eighty-eight members, seventy-one of whom were lay, and the rest ecclesiastical peers. The list is composed of two dukes, twenty-six marquises, forty-one counts, two viscounts, the patriarch, four archbishops, and thirteen bishops. Some of them possess large fortunes, and few of them are in circumstances to endanger their independence from a diminutive income. A considerable part of their revenue, however, arises from commanderies in the different military orders, and places held from the crown for lives. As it is desirable to raise them above the suspicion of government influence in their legislative capacity, some new arrangement must be devised, by which benefices, held without interruption for successive generations, may be declared hereditary. Of the number of peers who received letters-patent, along with the arrival of the Charter, fifty-five attended and took the oaths, eleven were under age, five or six were absent on foreign missions, some were unable to appear from bad health, and the remainder (among whom was the Marquis of Chaves, and some of the Queen's friends,) were dissidents or protestants against the Charter.

Is there any likelihood that the admission of such an aristocratic body into the peerage can lead to revolutionary or popular excesses? The danger is that they may resist obvious improvements—not that they will be too eager to allow doubtful experiment—that they may act as a drag on the state-carriage in the steep ascent of amelioration—not that they will run with it precipitately down hill.

One of the pamphlets published by the anti-constitutional faction tells us, that among the members of the nobility called to the upper Chamber are found men, who in Paris stole silk handkerchiefs, or in Lisbon embezzled the pay of their regiments. This may be true, and yet may not afford a conclusive argument against the policy of raising to honour, or investing with legislative functions, the members of the class to which they belong, and

from which, by accident, their misdemeanours may not have excluded them. Some of these swindlers may be fidalgos whose ancestors pursued the Moors from the borders of Galicia, to the burning sands of Africa—whose names were celebrated on the plain of Ourique, or at the Cortes of Lamego—and whose blood may be as pure as their morals are contaminated. Yet these men would have continued among the class of *fidalgos*, although they had not figured in the list of peers. At any rate, the objection comes with a bad grace from a party, whose Chief was accustomed in Lisbon to steal the counters of those with whom he played at cards, and who, when he went to head the insurgents in the north, only thought of exchanging swindling in the capital for plunder in the provinces.

In the Chamber of Deputies we find some men of the largest fortune, and others of the most ancient families of the kingdom—another proof that the Charter is not calculated to promote only democratical projects. It consisted last year of a hundred and fourteen members, a large proportion of whom, it is true, are lawyers, merchants, professors, or physicians—a composition which necessarily arises from the circumstance, that in a country like Portugal, where provincial proprietors are little accustomed to business, professional men offer themselves as the fittest instruments for legislative functions. The same thing happened at the convocation of the ancient Cortes. The arm or branch of the people, (*Braco dos Povos,*) as it was called, consisted chiefly of lawyers, sent by the municipalities of different towns.

Now, it might be asked of those persons who evince the greatest antipathy to the new institutions—who profess to be the greatest admirers of the Cortes of Lamego and Lisbon—who prefer the traditions of liberty to its enjoyment—and who, like childless dotards would adopt the glory of past times, because they can show none of their own, what they find in the Charter contrary to the spirit of their ancient laws? Is it contrary to the Constitutions of Lamego to invite the prelates and nobles of the kingdom to deliberate in a good saloon north of the Rocio, and give their sovereign the result of their opinion on the formation of rules for the government of his kingdom? Is it contrary to the Cortes of Lisbon, and the other Cortes, celebrated in Portuguese annals, to call the representatives of the people from the provinces to vote taxes, and to offer advice on important affairs? Is it contrary to the claims of the ancient church to declare the holy Roman Catholic religion the religion of the state? Is it contrary to the rights of the King to decree that the dwelling of no citizen shall be forcibly entered without a lawful warrant? Did the wisdom of past times preclude all at-

tempts at subsequent improvement; and must the Liberty of the Press be condemned, because it did not exist among the gallant but rude warriors, who, in the twelfth century, conquered the Moors, and asserted their independence of Spain? Nothing will satisfy the enemies of improvement but a total stagnation. If the wantonness or wickedness of power compel the people to seek protection for their rights in the extorted establishment of laws, they declare that whatever the sovereign thus grants may be resumed, because his concessions were the result of a rebellion. If, on the other hand, he grants freely what his people have ceased to solicit, then he is accused of exercising the rights of a master over a society who are only his subjects on the terms of a previous contract. If the Charter decree that the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion is the religion of the state, they reply ironically, then we may be Christians by the constitution! If the article of religion were omitted, we should then be assured that there was a design to overthrow it. The declaration of its stability is pronounced sacrilegious presumption—its omission would be called the signal of ecclesiastical plunder. The great offence against religion, mentioned in the *Examen* is the toleration given by the Charter to a difference of worship, even in private dwellings. What an enormity must it have been in the eyes of such men to abolish the Holy Office!!

III. If such sentiments were general in Portugal, it might be doubted whether the nation was really prepared for the new institutions granted by Don Pedro. This, however, is not the case. There is a body of men in that country with knowledge and liberality sufficient to administer an improved government, or to watch its movements. All that is wanted is firmness and consistency in the chief of the state, and courage in the leaders of opinion, till the new forms are consolidated. A large class, whose wealth and consideration in society entitle them to dictate to their fellow citizens, if their country possessed institutions through which they could make their voice heard with effect, are in favour of liberty. The manner in which both Chambers conducted their legislative labours in the trying circumstances of last session might stand a comparison with the conduct of any deliberative assemblies, of the same inexperience, in the world. The discussions in the Chamber of Deputies (reported in the Diario da Camera) on questions of trade, and particularly on the warehousing system, displayed as much knowledge of political economy as, with very few exceptions, is exhibited in an assembly nearer home.

Nor let it be supposed that the late apparent fluctuations in the political opinions of the country—the facility with which the

Constitution was shaken to its foundation by the northern insurrection—and the certainty (in the absence of British aid) with which it must have been overthrown by the perfidy of the army, and the bigotry of the privileged classes, is a conclusive argument against such a prevalence of enlightened principles as shows that the people are fit for a better government. The worship, and the love of a free Constitution, in order to be able to resist persecution, must have become a habit. It must make part of the laws and conscience of the people—it must modify authority, and sanctify obedience—it must be rooted in their daily convictions, and strengthened by their familiar sympathies. To it all parties must appeal—and the instinct by which it is defended must be as prompt and unreflecting as that of self-preservation. To its system of rights and duties we must refer, not as a subject of dispute, but as a body of received and incontrovertible axioms. Its superintendence must be felt and acknowledged—not as the capricious favours of fortune, which may be enjoyed and withdrawn—but as the steady providence of Nature, without which we cannot exist. It must be seen, protecting the house, the person, and the property of the citizen against the encroachments of lawless violence, and securing the prison itself from arbitrary severity. Its voice must be heard from the Bench of Justice—and from the throne of the Sovereign. It must penetrate every part of the political body, like the almost invisible membrane which separates each organ and muscle from another, keeping each in its own place, protecting each from injury, and making all contribute to the general effect. The higher ranks, who can reason, must infuse a reverence for its doctrines into the classes who cannot—and the instinctive faith of the latter, acting on their physical forces must re-act upwards on the former. But, to produce this state of things, time is required. A few months, or even years, are not sufficient. The struggle for liberty must be so protracted as to strike out masses of light among the people, by successive collision, or the government must be so wise and steady as to continue its system of political education till the people become aware of its benefits, and may be entrusted with the responsibility of perpetuating them. In the first period of innovation its evils are most prominent. Every change must sensibly injure somebody without producing contemporaneously a sensible benefit to the community—and the sense of injury is always more clamorous than the feeling of gratitude. When opposed in its plans of improvement government must call for sacrifices to aid its exertions; and the great mass, unable to separate the evils occasioned by resistance to the change, from those which they are taught to apprehend as a consequence of

that change, ascribe the sufferings of which they are the victims to the system in operation to effect their deliverance, rather than to that of which they at first complained. Hence, the apparently inconsistent enthusiasm of the people on different sides within short periods—hence the danger to all new institutions, however wise or well adapted, if not supported by a steady government, or a powerful aristocracy—and hence the repeated triumphs and defeats of constitutional liberty in the Peninsula.

We may illustrate this remark by referring to a series of inconsistent changes in our own history, at the commencement of the Reformation, and thus be taught to view more charitably, or to estimate more discreetly, the late political fluctuations in Portugal. Men have generally been more in earnest about religion than about politics—more enthusiastic for or against ecclesiastical than civil reform—more pugnacious about the articles of their creed than the enactments of their Charter—and yet, in less than twenty years, we had in England four changes of religion. Henry VIII. renounced the supremacy of the Pope, but retained Purgatory and the Seven Sacraments. The parliament sanctioned, and the people adopted his motley creed. On the accession of his son, Edward VI. the public faith was again new-modelled on the plan of reformation. Purgatory was discharged—the Sacraments reduced; and again church, parliament, and people adopted the creed and worship of the Court. The Catholic and persecuting Mary next came to wield the sceptre of England, and again we find the Pope the head of the English Church—again we find mass, monkish relics, mummery, and miracles: in short, everything restored, except church property. The parliament consented—the bench of bishops changed their faith and their dress—and the country, after some disturbances, acquiesced in the religious counter-revolution. Queen Elizabeth next ascended the throne—the Pope was finally deposed, and the reformation was triumphant. The public mind, seeing its guides withdrawn from it by interest or ambition, and having no fixed opinion, floated in an ocean of uncertainty, without rudder or compass. At a subsequent period, when the national creed was settled, King James II., with all the power of the crown, could not compel the elevation of a Catholic doctor to the mastership of one of the Colleges of Oxford!

The distractions of Portugal for the last few years—the fluctuations of political opinion—and the late civil contest, all arose from the same cause—the divisions in the royal family, and alterations of system in the government. The party which attempted the overthrow of the Charter last year, unless encouraged by the display of different banners on the Queen's and Regent's palace—

and the known or presumed opposition of sentiment in the rival heirs of the late king, could not have seduced a corporal's guard, or raised a riot in a single village. Even with these aids, (if we deduct the treacherous assistance of the Spanish government,) we shall find that the resources of Chaves were very insignificant. The sums collected from all the convents of Portugal, or plundered from all the towns of the frontiers, to bring the rebels into the field, would scarcely have brought the freeholders of two English counties to the poll on a contested election. Their strength arose from the general vacillation of their opponents—from the provisional state of the government—from the uncertainty which every man felt of the effect of his services, or the reward of his fidelity if he took part with the better cause.

By the return of Don Miguel, it is to be hoped that the government will assume a decided port, and that this uncertainty will cease. Everything will depend upon the political firmness and personal honour of that prince—upon his uncompromising good faith in adhering to his engagements, and his courage in resisting sinister influences. Much has been already done towards giving us assurances of his upright intentions, by the repeated and apparently cordial and unreserved declarations which he has sent before him, and by the route which he has taken in returning to his own country. Even the most suspicious constitutionalists, and the persons most obnoxious to his vengeance on a former occasion, now rely upon the sincerity of his conversion, and expect his arrival with impatience. Whatever happens ultimately, therefore, he will be received with satisfaction and confidence at Lisbon. An apostolical re-action will thus be prevented, and the new institutions will be favoured with another solemn oath and a fresh trial. The prince has always been beloved by the troops, who must now take the colour of their political sentiments from his public conduct; and as there is no anti-constitutional rival whose name can be employed for the watchword of faction, the zeal and obedience of the army concentrated on his person, will enable him to display a vigour, intimidating both to the foreign and domestic enemies of his government. The late freaks and absurdities of the old Queen (which are such as to excite doubts of her sanity of mind) will relieve him from an influence, which, in his less experienced days, had hurried him into excesses. Nor ought it to be overlooked, that the Holy Alliance has, by the zealous mediation of the English government, resigned itself to the misfortune of seeing another state in Europe placed in the course of constitutional improvement—and that Austria, the most absolute member of that Alliance, must, from family connections, exert itself to preserve the throne of Don Pedro for his daughter, and

of course to maintain the dependence of the Regent on his constitutional brother till the young Queen's accession. The constitutionalists have already committed one error by representing the publication of the Charter as a revolution—let them not commit another, and endanger its very existence by *working* it too precipitately.

We must allow that the personal character of the prince, and the mere countenance of foreign Powers, offer no certain security for the new institutions; but they afford the only guarantee which Portugal possesses. The chances for the continuance of the Charter, or its repeal without such support are nearly equally balanced. Any intemperate act of the Chambers, or even any indiscreet conduct of the leaders in their proceedings, may be seized upon to justify their dissolution—and if dissolved from passion, what prospect is there of their being re-assembled from policy?

During the whole of the two sessions which have passed, every word which they uttered was weighed with critical suspicion—spies sat in their meetings, and warm professions of liberality were reported as a kind of sedition. When a motion was made last spring to inquire into the conduct of ministers, the guards before the Chamber of Deputies were doubled, as if to show that danger was apprehended to the public peace from intemperate harangues. Aware of the influence which any inflammatory words might have on the course of negotiations, the British Ambassador with great dexterity privately apprised the leaders of opposition of the dangers to which they were exposing themselves and their cause. But even with all these precautions—with a press, tame because under censorship—and with all the moderation inspired by the experience of a recent failure, the ministry at one time got so angry or so alarmed at the attacks daily made on their system of government, that they requested leave from the British ambassador to have a column of our troops recalled to Lisbon, that they might dissolve the chamber. Sir William A'Court, (now Lord Heytesbury,) to whose exertions the constitutional party are more obliged than they seem willing to acknowledge, peremptorily refused the demand, and the session passed over without interruption, and without disturbance. Had the administration at that time possessed the command of a sufficient military force of its own, there can be little doubt that the Chambers would have been dissolved—and when would they have assembled again!!

For our own part, though the Charter is retained in its most important enactments, we do not anticipate any rapid result from it, and we should deprecate any sudden change. The courts of justice cannot be all at once purified of their manifold corruptions;

an impartial administration of the law cannot be all at once enforced; confidence in the judges cannot be instantly established; expedition in criminal trials and security against arbitrary arrest cannot be the work of a year. The government offices, which are scenes of idleness, of neglect, of peculation, cannot be all at once reformed. More expeditious modes of transacting business, and more effectual checks on malversation must be the work of time. The house of the citizen cannot be hedged round with the law; the horrible state of the prisons cannot be reformed; monopolies cannot be destroyed; industry cannot be invigorated; roads,* bridges, canals, cannot be made; useful institutions cannot be commenced; by the mere circumstance that a charter with 145 articles is in operation. But if the chambers are allowed to sit and discuss plans of legislation—to examine public accounts, and to superintend the conduct of the authorities, an instrument of improvement has been provided which will more slowly but surely accomplish the objects in view. The nation and the government will be made known to each other; ameliorations will be suggested and discussed; opinion will have a high tribunal to enforce its laws; knowledge will be diffused among the people; and the ministers of the crown, obliged to defend their measures before the representatives of the people, will be compelled to mature them with more care—to obviate objections with greater circumspection, and to make the will of the prince more conformable with public interests. It will be a great advantage for the nobility too to have something to do; to be no longer the frivolous attendants on an ignorant court, devoted to indolence and gaming; but to have a political career before them.

Abuses may be mowed down by the scythe of Revolution, but the seed remains, and the crop will be renewed. In order to be destroyed completely, they must be extirpated by the weeding hand of gradual improvement.

Before we conclude, we must beg to make a remark or two on the grounds of British interference, and the extent of British in-

* There is not a road in Portugal passable for carriages above twenty or thirty miles out of Lisbon. You cannot travel even from Lisbon to Oporto except in a litter or on the back of a mule or horse. The Portuguese thus are obliged to surrender all the advantages resulting from the invention of carts, carriages, or waggons. In the wine country of the Douro, or in the province of Minho, two oxen take a whole day sometimes to drag a pipe of wine five or six miles, attended by two men to prevent the cart from being overturned. The money that built two convents, Mafra and the Estrella, would have been nearly sufficient to have made roads for the whole of Portugal. And be it remembered, that these monuments of superstition were built within the last century when other nations had ceased from squandering their revenues in supporting monkery. A free government may be profuse and expensive—but as it is not liable to make vows of repentance, and employs no father confessor, it is more likely to contemplate some useful ends in its expenditure.

terests supposed to be involved in the issue of recent events. There can be no doubt that so long as the quarrel of the enemies of the Charter and the existing government of Portugal was confined to the soil of their own country, our principles could not have allowed our interposition, to whatever degree our sympathies might have been engaged. Had Chaves and his partisans not crossed the Spanish frontier, and returned armed and encouraged by Spanish assistance, no expedition of ours could have entered the Tagus. We did not send our forces to defend the Charter against its opponents, but to protect our ally against foreign aggression. When Portuguese deserters were received with open arms by Spain; when their rebellion was openly encouraged by Spain; when they were equipped, disciplined, and armed in Spain; and directed with the aid of the Spanish authorities back upon their own country; they became, in fact, a Spanish force, which we were bound to aid the established government in resisting. No difference in the nature of our obligation was or could be created, by the political principles of this invading force. It must have been the same to us whether it crossed the Spanish frontier to the music of the constitutional hymn, and with the Bill of Rights emblazoned on its standard, or entered with the banner of the Inquisition supported by the troops of despotism. It is true that our interference saved the Charter. It is true that if a body of English Marines had not landed in autumn, when the garrison of Lisbon was sent to the Algarves, the new institutions would never have been tried. It is true that the advance of our troops towards the north enabled Oporto to be defended and the constitution saved; but these were not the objects—they were only fortunate accidents of our interference. We saved the Charter from destruction by saving the kingdom from invasion; because the enemies of the one and the invaders of the other happened on this occasion to be identified, not because our purpose was the support of one fraction of the nation against another. When our troops actually occupied the country, on the legitimate ground of protecting it against foreign aggression, we had then two interests to consult—the first, that for which we sent the expedition; the second, that of our own preservation; and we think the most equivocal part of our conduct—that of bringing our troops to Lisbon last summer on the apprehension of the Regent's death—may be explained on one or other of these principles. It was evident, that though we took part neither for nor against any internal faction, we were obnoxious to the party in league with the invaders; and, therefore, that in any change of the government which would have given the ascendency to that party, the safety of our small army might have been seriously compromised.

But it is said by a large party in the Peninsula and in Europe, who acquit us of the generosity of breaking our rules to support freedom, that we interfered to maintain our commercial interests by means of a political faction, and that, taking advantage of internal discord, we occupied Portugal, as we occupy a colony, to preserve our monopoly. On this insinuation (without entering at all into the subject of our old and constant alliance) we may be permitted to remark, that such Machiavellism would have been almost a useless crime; that our commercial relations with Portugal are too firmly established in mutual interest to be affected by temporary gusts of court passion or capricious changes of party politics. The fears, therefore, entertained for English trade on the accession of Don Miguel even without a Charter, and with the Marquis of Chaves as his prime minister, must appear greatly exaggerated if not entirely chimerical. No apostolical prejudices can long affect the necessary exchanges of a trade for the common advantage of the parties; no heresy can be apprehended, like the plague, in a bale of cottons or broad-cloth; and as the Portuguese cannot prevail upon any other nation to take such a liking to their Port as the English, they must let us have it in return for our said cottons and broad-cloth, though we should toast destruction to the Inquisition and to Absolute Power with every glass. The English are not only the best but almost the only great customers of Portugal, and though we, no doubt, receive an equivalent for what we give (otherwise no trade can long exist), yet we are more necessary to the Portuguese than they are to us. We might find, for instance, as good a market for our broad-cloths, and better wine for our tables elsewhere, but if we should cease to drink Port or Bucellas, what would become of the vineyards of the Douro, or the wine-merchants in both Portuguese capitals?* On the other hand, Portugal could not, except at a great loss, manufacture for herself; and if supplied

* As we have before us official accounts of the exportation of Oporto Wine for the last eight years, some of which, we believe, have not yet been published, we make no apology for inserting an abstract of them here. It cannot escape notice that England is the only country that drinks Port for the benefit of the wine-growers of the Douro.

In 1818, the Factory wine exported from Oporto amounted to 32,843 pipes: of this quantity 32,465 were for England.

In 1819, the total quantity exported was 19,502 pipes: nearly the whole to Great Britain.

In 1820, the quantity exported was 23,740 pipes; almost the whole to Great Britain.
1821, 24,641 pipes; nearly the whole to Great Britain.
1822, 27,758 pipes; of which 27,470 pipes came to Great Britain.
1823, 23,578 pipes; of which 23,208 to Great Britain.
1824, 19,164 pipes; the same proportion to Great Britain.
1825, 40,524 pipes; of which 40,277 to Great Britain.
1826, 18,604 pipes; of which 18,310 to Great Britain.

with manufactures by France, could give nothing in return which France could receive. Wine, oil, and fruit, Frenchmen have at home, and Portugal could give nothing else. In the year 1819, immediately before the establishment of the Cortes, England exported to Portugal manufactures to the amount of nearly two millions Sterling, and France only about £80,000. Let us not therefore be apprehensive of any permanent change in our trading relations with our old ally from the tendency of the government towards despotism; however much we may regret, if unfortunately the new institutions should be overthrown, that our political sympathies cannot coincide with our commercial interests.

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Art. VII.—*Eddalæren og dens Oprindelse o. s. v. ved Finn Magnusen. Et Prisskrift kronet af det Kongelige Danske Videnskabers-Selskab.* 4 Binder. 8vo. Kjöbenhavn. 1824—26.

*The Edda-Doctrine and its Origin, &c.* By Finn Magnusen. A Prize-Essay, crowned by the Danish Royal Society of Science. In four Volumes. 8vo.*

No subject in the whole range of literature possesses greater attractions than mythology,—not because we may expect, or can hope to arrive at any new or important discoveries respecting the nature of the Supreme Being, that of the human soul, the origin of things, or any of those objects which have, ever since his creation, engaged and often disquieted the mind of man,—for all that perhaps can be known, certainly all that is necessary to be known, on these subjects, we are already possessed of. But to trace out and revive once more the lights, however flickering and uncertain, in which the sages, institutors of religious systems, viewed great and universal truths, or to raise the symbolic veils, under which they presented them to the attention of the unlearned, affords a study deeply interesting. There is a high degree of pleasure in penetrating into the hidden sense of what, to the vulgar eye, is void of meaning; and there is an uneasy state of mind, which demands to be appeased, produced by the view of monuments like those of Ellora and Elephanta, images like the Artemis of Ephesus, and allegories such as those which dimly, though so evidently, gleam

* The entire title runs thus:—"The Edda-Doctrine and its Origin; or, an accurate representation of the Fictions and Opinions of the ancient inhabitants of the North, respecting the duration, nature, and destiny of the world, the gods, spirits, and men, in a complete comparison both with the great book of nature, and with the mythic systems and religious opinions of the Greeks, Persians, Indians, and several other ancient nations; interspersed with historical inquiries into the descent and oldest connections of the most remarkable nations of the ancient world; by Finn Magnusen, Professor and Assistant in the Royal Privy-Archives; a Prize-Essay, crowned by the Royal Danish Society of Science.

through the pages of Homer. How much anxiety and curiosity have not the hieroglyphics of Egypt excited? Yet we may be sure, now that we are on the eve of understanding them, that they contain no new theological or geological truths, nothing more than the Egyptian mode of viewing and representing universal dogmas.

Of all the European systems of mythology, that of which we have the fullest and most systematic account is the ancient Scandinavian. For this we are, in great measure, indebted to the circumstance of the retirement of several of the proud nobles of Norway and Denmark from their native countries, and their settlement on the remote and desert isle of Iceland, to avoid submitting to the rule of Harold Fairhair, and of Gorm the Old. Their gods, their rites and ceremonies, legends and poems, accompanied their flight. When Christianity reached Iceland, it came in a milder and less persecuting form than it bore when disseminated through the north by the ferocious Olaf Triggvason; the adherents of the old religion were more gently treated, and the new converts still listened with respect to the mythic poems of their forefathers.

Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, a native of Iceland, named Sæmund the Wise, made a collection of these traditional poems, which he committed to writing. They now form what is called Sæmund's, the poetic or the elder Edda. In the following century, a work in prose, interspersed with verse, and which is denominated Snorro's, the prose or the younger Edda, was compiled, as it is thought, by Snorro Sturleson, the author of the celebrated Heimskringla, or History of the North.* These, with the various Sagas, or histories, which the Icelanders, a people at all times devoted to literature, have written, are the sources from which our knowledge of the religious system of ancient Scandinavia is derived.

Of the genuineness of the contents of the Eddas there is now no doubt. From their resemblance in many striking points to the doctrines of Christianity, it was long supposed that they were the forgeries of the Christian compilers. But since we have become acquainted with the Zend Avesta of Persia, and the religious books of India, that idea has been given up, and a new and more enlarged as well as more philosophical theory now gains ground.

* The prose Edda was published by Resenius, in 1665. He added to it the Völuspá and the Hávamál. The best edition of it is that of Rask, Stockholm, 1818, in 8vo., from eleven MSS. There are Danish, Swedish, and German translations of it. The poetic Edda, *proh pudor!* was first published in 1787, in 4to; the second volume in 1813; the third is announced, but we believe has not yet appeared. Rask has also published an excellent edition of this Edda, Stockholm, 1818, in 8vo., from five MSS. It also has been translated into Danish, Swedish, and German.

From the numerous points of identity, which the religious systems of India and Persia present with that of Greece, and this last with that of Scandinavia, many men of high eminence in literature and philosophy have been led to infer an original community of religious faith in a common country, whence the different stems or tribes took their departure in different directions. The resemblance between the Grecian and Indian systems has been shown by Sir W. Jones, and other distinguished scholars; that between the Grecian and Scandinavian religions had been already pointed out by Skule Thorlacius, Thorkelin, and others, when in the year 1816, the Royal Society of Science of Denmark offered its gold medal for the best essay on the following subject:—"A historico-critical solution of the connection between the religion of the Old Northerns, especially the Scandinavians, and that of the Indo-Persian nations, with a comparison of the traditions, language, and monuments of this national family." The prize was gained by the two first books of the work now under consideration, sent in anonymously by its author, the learned Finn Magnusen.

We may safely say, that until of late years, the true nature of ancient religious systems was never thoroughly understood. Long was it believed that the heathen religions were the devices of evil spirits, to procure worship for themselves, in opposition to the true God; or men held with Euhemerus, that the gods of the nations were mere deified mortals. But the knowledge of the sacred books of India has put a final end to these fancies; for in the Indian system the allegory and the symbol are in the majority of cases so apparent, as to strike the eye of the most inattentive observer.

Respect for the memory of their fathers, it may have been, that prevented the Diabolical system gaining ground in the north. But the Euhemerian theory was introduced by the first Christians, and eagerly adopted by Snorro, and by the author, whoever he was, of the prose Edda; Odin, Thor, Freyr, Niordr, the gods of Scandinavia, were in the Ynglinga Saga, and the prose Edda, described as mere men, who, on account of their magic arts, and the important benefits they conferred on mankind, were, after their death, supposed to preside over men and nations. Every mythic tale of their old religion was interpreted historically, heaven was brought down to earth, all was mortalized. Whereas, if there be a position true in the history of mythology, it is that the deities were before the deified, i.e. the powers of nature were personified long before men dreamed of raising their fellow-mortals to heaven and worshipping them. Hercules, that is, the sun-hero, for example, annually careered along the Zodiac, van-

quishing on his road the monsters who opposed him, long before, as the son of Alcmene, he was born in Thebes.

Out of Scandinavia, the Germans are the only people who have paid much attention to the Mythology of the North. Grätter, Von der Hagen, Rühs, Majer, the Grimms, have written on this subject, and made translations of the Eddas. Stuhr published, in 1837, in his Essays on Northern Antiquities, a sketch of his system of the Scandinavian Theology; and Mone, in his History of the Heathendom of Northern Europe, devotes a large portion of his work to that subject. The system of the former is almost wholly metaphysical, and that of the latter very much so, as we shall take occasion to show as we advance.

The author of the work before us takes a different, and, in our judgment, a much more correct view of the subject. He regards the Scandinavian mythology as chiefly physical; a mode of considering it, which, unquestionably, more than any other, approximates it to the systems with which we are acquainted, and with which it is his object to show its agreement and common origin.

Previous to entering on our view of the system of our author, it is necessary for us to premise, that all who have directed their attention to the subject, are agreed that the forefathers of what is usually called the Caucasian or Japhetian race of man, originally inhabited the range of Caucasus and Himalaya. Mr. Klaproth's theory, which we shall not now stop to discuss, is, that at the time of Noah's flood, different portions of mankind saved themselves on all the high mountain ranges of the earth, and thence gradually descended and spread over the plains. The Caucasian, or, as he denominates it, the Indo-Germanic race, therefore entered India on the north-west, and advanced, conquering the dusky tribes who had, by the aid of the Ghauts and Malabar mountains, saved themselves from the flood, influencing them morally, and being influenced by them physically. This fact writers conceive to be proved incontestably by the difference of features and colour that distinguishes the Brahmins, Rajapoots and Banians, from the Pariahs and even from the Soodras. The case of the Persians was similar, and the northern side of the mountains poured down the ancestors of Greeks and Italians, of Goths and of Slaves.

Light hair, blue eyes, and large stature, are the distinguishing marks of the Gothic race; and it is said, that at the present day, there is to be found in vallies of the mountains north of India, as yet unvisited by Europeans, a people partaking of these characteristics. All the traditions of the race certainly point to an Asiatic origin, and the tale of the expedition of Odin and his Aser, flying from the shores of the Euxine, before the victorious arms of Rome, is

evidently a perversion, by man acquainted with Roman literature, of the old tradition of the coming of the Goths and their religion to the north from the neighbourhood of Caucasus. As the northern tradition agrees with those of Persia and India, in deriving the origin of the nation from Caucasus, and as the striking affinity of the languages had long been recognised, it was of importance to ascertain if there was the same agreement in the religious dogmas of these nations, especially as authentic documents of their various faiths have been preserved. The Danish Royal Society of Science therefore proposed the question, and the present work aims to point out and prove the agreement, and even to extend it to that of all the systems known.

Mr. Magnusen divides his work into three books. In the first he treats of the northern theogony and cosmogony, the creation of man, &c.: the second contains the cosmology, or mythic mode of viewing the world: the third continues the subject, and treats of the human soul and its state after death.

Every cosmogony, from the very nature of the thing, sets out with the supposition of the place of earth and the visible heavens having been originally a void, or occupied by undigested matter. The Völuspá, or Prophecy of the Vala,* in the Edda, thus describes the beginning:

> "This was Time's origin,
> When Nothing was;
> No sand nor sea,
> No cool billows.
> No where was found Earth
> Or high Heaven;
> A swallowing throat (Ginnunga-gapt) there was,
> But no growth."

But long before Earth was formed, existed in the frigid north, Niflheim, i. e. the Mist or Shadow-World, in the midst of which is the well Hvergelmer, i. e. the primitive cauldron or abyss, whence flow eleven streams, distinguished by appropriate appellations, such as Fimbulthul, the High-sounding, Svöl, the Cold, &c.

Another world, called Muspelheim, lay in the opposite south. This world is hot and light, so bright and flaming, that none but its own inhabitants can exist in it. Surtur (the Dark)‡ rules over it, and, armed with his flaming sword, dwells on its frontier. Ac-

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* The Valas were the northern Sybils, prophetesses inspired by the Nornir or Destinies. The Völuspá is a fragmentary poem of venerable antiquity. It treats of the world from its creation, till its destruction and renovation.

† *Gap*, Danish *gab*, is the vulgar English *gab*. It is akin to *gape*, and nearly the same as *gap*.

‡ i. e. the Incomprehensible.

cording to the Vala he will, at the end of the world, come forth, war on and subdue the gods, and destroy the earth with fire.

The rivers of Niflheim, called Elivagar, i. e. Dripping or Cold Water, directed their course towards Ginnunga-gap; and the poison-stream or flying matter which they contained hardened and became ice. When they ceased to run, the moist vapour that hung over them became rime, or hoar-frost, and piled itself in layers in Ginnunga-gap. The part of it that lay towards the north was thus filled with heavy masses of ice; and rime, fleeting mist, and cold wind moved on the surface. But the southern side of Ginnunga-gap was light and rare, from the sparks that flew into it from Muspelheim, and all there was warm and clear as the æther.

When the heat of Muspelheim had reached the ice, it began to melt and drip, and the drops took life from the power of the heat. From them sprang a human form, called Ymer, from whom are descended all the Rimthurser, or Frost-giants. While Ymer lay in deep slumber, there came forth from under his left arm a man and a woman; and his one foot begat with the other a son, who is the father of the Frost-giants. This being was nourished by four streams of milk that flowed from the udder of the cow Audumbla, who also sprang from the melting ice. The cow sustained herself by licking the salt rocks of the ice. The first day she licked them came forth the hair of a man; the second day the head; the third day the whole human form. This being was called Burè, and was the father of Bör, who married Bestla, a daughter of the giant Bölthorn, by whom he had three sons—Odin, Vilè and Ve.

The sons of Bör now slew Ymer, from whose body ran so much blood as drowned all the giant-race save Bergelmer, (the Ancient of the Mountain,) who, with his wife, escaped in a kind of boat, and from them descended the new giant-race.

The three gods now took Ymer's body, dragged it into the middle of Ginnunga-gap, and out of it formed the world.

> "From Ymer's flesh
> Was the earth formed;
> The sea of his blood,
> The hills of his bones,
> Plants of his hair,
> Heaven of his skull;
> From his eyebrows
> Framed the blithe gods
> Midgard, for the sons of men;
> But from his brain
> Were the melancholy
> Clouds all created."—*Grimnis-mál*, st. 40.

The heaven was set upon four pillars, under each of which was placed a dwarf.* These dwarfs are called East, West, North and South. The gods then took the red-hot flakes that were thrown out from Muspelheim and wandered at random through the abyss; and they set them in heaven, both above and below, to give light to heaven and earth. They also placed all the luminous bodies, some in the heaven, some beneath it, and appointed their course; according to which days, weeks and years are numbered.

The earth was formed horizontal and circular; Midgard occupied the centre: around it ran the ocean of Ymer's blood, beyond which lay Utgard, composed of lofty inaccessible mountains, the abode of the giants: a paling made from the brows of Ymer defended mankind, the dwellers of Midgard, from their irruptions. From heaven to earth led the bridge Bifröst, (the Shaking Way or Stream,) called also the Rainbow. It is formed with much art; is exceedingly strong; is composed of three colours, of which the red, in the middle, is flaming fire, and bars the ascent of the giants to heaven.

Over Midgard the gods now made for themselves a fortified abode, called Asgard, inhabited by the gods and their race, called Aser. In the middle of Asgard is a place named Idavöllr (Ida's Plain);† on it they built a great temple, wherein are twelve seats besides that of Odin. Within and without, it is as if covered with pure gold. There is here a hall or abode named Gladsheim, another named Vingolf, and many others, among which is Valhall.

These are a few of the cosmogonical ideas of the ancient Scandinavians, and at first view they must, to the generality of readers, wear the appearance of folly and absurdity. But in inquiries of this kind there is a principle which we should never leave out of sight, to wit, that the more absurd a mythos appears, the more certain we may be of its containing an important meaning—the thicker and more grotesquely shaped the shell the sounder the kernel. The sages who devised religious systems acted not at random, they meditated deeply, they saw far into nature; their mythi were framed not like childrens' tales, merely to excite surprise and nothing more, they clothed truth in figure and symbol to stimulate curiosity, and, perhaps, to extend their own power and influence by setting forth riddles which they alone could solve. In fact, so great is the depth of physical knowledge contained in

* There is some difficulty in this, as we shall see that the creation of the Dwarfs did not take place till long after.

† Our author thinks the name and idea of Ida were common to the Grecian and Scandinavian systems, and that after the usual mode of bringing heaven to earth, the Idas of Phrygia and Crete were so denominated.

many of the mythi of ancient religions, that not a few philosophers have, not without reason, had recourse to the supposition of an ancient, perhaps ante-diluvian, people, possessed of knowledge equal or superior to any that we have attained to, fragments of which are to be found in the systems of the various tribes descended from that original nation.

The system we have just sketched is what may be called the Ymerian or animal-system. We shall shortly meet another, which we shall designate the Yggdrasil, or vegetable-system. Mr. Magnusen thinks that these systems, though blended in the Eddas, were formerly distinct, and held by opposing sects.

In the Ymerian system the doctrine of Creation, in what is perhaps its only intelligible sense, is asserted; for we believe the human mind to be utterly incapable of conceiving infinite vacuity. From the very structure of our mind and its organs, fatigue alone will oblige us to stop in our efforts after the conception of it, and to suppose a material boundary to our largest idea of void space. With this, every cosmogonical system we know of agrees, the Mosaic as fully as any other, for it evidently supposes the Heaven of Heavens, the abode of Jehovah Elohim and his angels, to have existed before. "In the beginning God MADE (ἐποίησε, Sept.) the heaven and the earth" out of the pre-existing mass of waters. Ἐξ ὕδατος τὰ πάντα is the fundamental maxim of old Grecian philosophy; and in the Laws of the Indian Menu we read, "The Spirit of God hovered, in the beginning of the Creation, over the *water*." In the Bible, God is represented as Light, dwelling in unapproachable light, whom no man can see and live. In the Vedas, "God (Brahm) is the great incomparable Light, which enlighteneth all, cheereth all, whence all proceeds, to which all returns, and which alone can illumine our ideas."—"Behold," cries our author, "the whole biblical doctrine!" The sacred books of the Persians teach a not dissimilar system. The great original being Zeruane Akhrene (by some rendered Uncreated Time—by others, Intellectual Light and Fire-Being in the Highest Heaven) gave existence to Ormuzd, who formed the heavens of light, the earth of water. Mr. Magnusen successively examines all known cosmogonies, and every where discerns primitive light and fire, the abode of a Being without beginning, corresponding with the Eddaic Surtur, and a formation of the visible heaven and earth from water acted upon by fire.

Most cosmogonies assume Generation as the productive principle; hence Ouranos, Chronos and the Titans of Grecian mythology; hence the countless myriads of deities that people the Hindoo heavens. Whether this principle arose from, or gave birth to Personification, we cannot say positively. Its accordance with

the general course of nature is apparent. A different origin must, however, have been assigned to the primitive animal. As then it was a matter of common observation, in all countries, that the mud and slime deposited by water, when acted upon by the solar heat, brought forth animals in abundance, it was natural for the framers of Scandinavian mythology to regard the product of the combination of the igneous emanations from Muspelheim with the waters, ice and floating matter of the Elivagar of Niflheim as an animal. This is in perfect accordance with an Orphic system preserved by Athenagoras, which says that "water was the origin of all things; from the water arose mud, and from it a monster with three heads (of a god, a lion and an ox), who produced an egg, the upper half of which formed the heaven, the lower part the earth." It then narrates the origin of giants and Titans, the whole in close accordance with the Eddaic doctrine.

Ymer being a solitary being is androgynous. We have seen how the giants sprang from him. He is the personification of the primitive undigested chaotic matter—wild, turbulent, immense; he and his progeny, the Rimthurser, wallow in Ginnunga-gap.

The idea of representing the world as an animal is widely spread; we need only mention the *μακρόκοσμος* and *μικρόκοσμος* of the Greeks. The author of the prose Edda sought thus to explain its origin.

"Men," says he, "reflected and wondered whence it came that the earth, beasts and birds, had, in some sort, the same properties, and yet were in a certain measure unlike. It is a property of the earth that men dug on lofty mountains and there sprang up water, so that they needed not to seek it longer there than in the deep dales. So is it with beasts and birds; the blood is equally near in the head and in the feet. So is it also another quality of the earth, that there grow upon it every year grass and flowers, and in the same year all falls and rots. So hair and feathers grow on beasts and birds, and fall off every year. It is a third quality of the earth, that when it is opened and dug, there grows grass on the mould which is outward. Hills and rocks they explained as animals' teeth and bones. Hence they gathered that the earth was not dead, but after a certain manner had life."

With the notions of Macrocosm and Microcosm, we must join that of the Soul of the World.

> "Deum namque ire per omnes
> Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum;
> Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,
> Quemque sibi tenues nascentem arcessere vitas."

and when we farther consider that the visible heaven is vertical to the earth, and man the only animal whose head is so placed with respect to the body, we shall see how natural it was to represent the world at its first origin in a human form.

Ymer and his brood of Rimthurser, lay in Ginnunga-gap, nourished by the milk that flowed from the primitive mundane cow Audumbla. This cow our author conceives to represent the atmosphere,* whence the denser mass of chaotic matter, or Ymer, drew, as it were, nourishment. She fed on the salt frost or sea, which as she consumed, Burè gradually emerged to light.

On occasion of the cow Audumbla, Mr. Magnusen reminds us of the copper ox of the Cimbri, on which they swore in Italy; of the chariot of Hertha, of the old Germans, drawn by cows; of the Io of the Greeks, the golden calves of the children of Israel; the Abudad of the Persians, the symbol of the earth, which Jemshed (the Sun) pierces with his dagger (rays); and of the high reverence for the cow among the Hindoos. The following passage, in which our author seeks to account for the cow being selected as a cosmic emblem, is, we think, just and rational.

"It is not to be wondered at that the first men selected the ox, the most useful and most widely spread animal that they were acquainted with, for a cosmic symbol in various forms. The cow was, perhaps, mankind's first nurse, and the oldest nations (especially the Indians and Egyptians) regarded her in consequence with religious reverence, and called her the mother, &c. of mankind. When men afterwards raised poetic considerations on the cosmogony, they elevated a mythic cow to the place of the mother or nurse of the earth. Our Audumbla belongs to this class. Moreover, when they first called the cow mother, the bull might (as in India) have been named father. By the propagation of his race, and afterwards by drawing the plough, he might be said to rear or nurse mankind. In a higher cosmic sense men called Heaven All-Father, and the bull became its symbol, as the cow was that of the Earth as All-Mother. The bull also soon became the constellation in the zodiac, which we still call the Bull. To many countries it brings the lovely spring, when the sun in the circle of the year once more regains his glorious power. Thus the bull came to signify in a symbolic manner the spring and the sun; and the cow naturally the moon, &c. The use of literal writing has long accustomed us to reject hieroglyphics, and we are too enlightened any longer to worship Audumbla or Apis; but we are not thereby justified in despising and scorning the infantine conceptions of our forefathers, the development of which may still interest antiquaries and mental philosophers."

Burè and his son Bör, Mr. Magnusen regards as personifications of the gradual transition of the surface of the earth from a liquid to a solid form. He conceives these terms to be closely related to the Persian Borz or Alborz, (a name of Caucasus,) the

* This idea is controverted by Mone, as he says the sea did not exist till after Ymer's death. The ocean certainly did not appear till after that event, but there was the sea or lake, formed by the Elivagar, in Ginnunga-gap.

Grecian Boreas, and others. We shall at present pass over this notion, with which we do not agree, to proceed to the more important consideration of the sons of Bör, the Scandinavian Trinity.

Scarcely any mythology is to be found without a Trinity. In the northern one we meet six. The cosmogonic Trinity of the prose Edda is Odin, Vilè and Ve; that of the Völuspá, Odin, Hænir and Lodur; in other mythi, Odin, Hænir and Loke; at the beginning of the prose Edda, Har, Yafnhar and Thridie instruct Gylfe. The Scandinavians swore by the Almighty As (Odin or Thor), Freyr (the Sun), and Njord (the Sea-god): the Nornir or Destinies were three.

Odin, Mr. Magnusen, we think justly, regards as cognate with Gr. ἄτμος; Sanscrit, Atma; Germ. Athem, Odem, Air or Breath, (he might have observed that the Danish Aand, pronounced Ond, is possibly a transposition of Odin;) and he derives Odin, A. S. Wodin, from the old verb Vada; Germ. Waten; Eng. Wade; Lat. Vado, &c. to go through, pervade, &c. He therefore holds Odin to be the air, breath, soul of the world.

Vilè, Mr. Magnusen regards as akin to Voluntas, Voluptas, Will, &c. He interprets it the "Gladdening," and understands by it Light. Ve, related to Vesta, is, according to him, Fire, perhaps elemental fire in general. If we understand our author right, he takes Burè to signify the lofty tops of Caucasus, (Alborz,) and consequently Odin, Vilè, and Ve, must be descended from Ymer. Indeed, it is evident he must do so, in consistency with his system, as he compares Odin with the Grecian Zeus, who dethroned his father, and whose grandfather had been mutilated. Now, to us it is clear, that as Burè was licked by Audumbla from ice-masses, on which the heat of Muspelheim had not acted, the northern cosmogonists designed to represent him and his progeny as totally distinct from Ymer and his giant-brood, and as of a superior nature; he is expressly called a *man;*—he was produced by the action of an animal, Ymer by that of an element: his children are gods, but mundane gods, born of the daughter of a giant, and therefore inferior to the sons of Muspelheim, or to the Light-Alfs. Odin and his brothers seem to answer to Ormuzd and the Amshaspands of Persian theology; like them they are at war with the principles of darkness and evil, and their efforts are directed towards the production of order and harmony. Hence their first act is to slay Ymer, to destroy or exterminate his brood, and to form the visible heaven and earth.

That Mr. Magnusen is right in his interpretation of the word Odin we have no doubt. He may also be right in regarding him as the directing ruling energy, the spirit that pervades the

world; but even in this case, we should always recollect, that like the Anima Mundi of the Platonists, he is purely a mundane god; his sphere of action extends not beyond the visible world, with it he begins, with it he ends.* Superior to him and to all his line, is the awful, the incomprehensible, the flame-environed Surtur, who, like the Brahm of India, dwells apart and unworshipped, committing the direction of the created world to inferior temporal deities. He, at the end, will come forth and make war on the old and decaying world and its gods, reduce it to ashes, and cause a new and better order to spring from the ruins.

We are also perfectly satisfied with our author's interpretation of Ve, evidently the same with the Lodur of the Völuspá, whose name is akin to many words denoting flame. The interpretation of Vilè does not equally content us, but it is the best we know of, and is probably correct.

It is a favourite theory of our author and of other northern mythologists, that Odin and Buddha are the same person or rather personification. This theory has been combated with vigour, and in our opinion successfully, by A. W. Schlegel, Klaproth, and others. If our author's theory be correct, Buddhaism must be, as he in fact says it is, almost the most ancient system in the world, whereas Mr. Klaproth thus expresses himself on this subject:—

"When we reflect that according to the unanimous testimony of the Hindoos, Tibetians, and Chinese, the doctrine of this founder of a religion first began to spread itself north of India in the sixtieth year of our æra, and at a later period in Inner Asia and Tibet, the Odin-Buddha theory must fall of itself. Farther, there is not the slightest resemblance between the worship of Buddha and that of Odin, which may be discerned at the first glance at the descriptions given by Pallas, and by me (in the first volume of my Journey to Caucasus.) The cause of the religion of Buddha gaining entrance among the rude Tibetians and other nations of Central Asia was, that it came from a civilized country like India, and won their minds by the solemnity of its ceremonies. Were it like the rude religion of Odin it would with difficulty have made its way among barbarians, &c. &c."†

Mr. Magnusen replies, perhaps more speciously than solidly,

* We think Mr. Magnusen tries too much to exalt Odin. In our opinion he is merely a personification of the air.

† If Mr. Klaproth's description is intended to be confined to the Odinian *Sect*, we will not dissent from him; if he extends it to the primitive religion of the North, we must beg leave to differ with him. Of Buddhaism he speaks in high terms, when he says, and we believe, with truth, that "next to the Christian, no religion has contributed more to ennoble the human race than the Buddha religion." May we not lay it down as a tolerably general rule, that when in any country two religions are found coexisting, the one complex, the other simple, the latter is a reformation of the former?

by asking who would, beholding the deeds of violence and savage cruelty perpetrated by the Spaniards in the New World in the name of Christ, believe their religion to have been derived from the pages of the peace-breathing Gospel? His case is stronger when he undertakes to show, that ferocity and the appetite for blood were not the leading characters of the ancient Scandinavian faith.

Ymer being slain, and the earth formed of his body, the first animated beings that appeared on it were the Duergar or Dwarfs. These, the prose Edda informs us, took life like maggots in Ymer's body. The Völuspá says,

"Then went the Gods
To their raised-up seats,
The high and holy
Then consulted,
Who 'twas should
Form the Dwarfs,
From the sea-giant's blood,
And blue bones.
Then Modsogner is
The chiefest become
Of all the Dwarfs,
But Durin the second:
Many they made
To man like
Dwarfs on the earth."

These Dwarfs are the personifications of natural powers dwelling beneath the surface of the earth, preparing metals and precious stones. They form a large portion of the popular creed of Scandinavia at the present day. We hardly need to add that they are the origin of our fairies.

The earth was now ready for the reception of man, (the Eddas give no account of the origin of plants and the inferior animals.)

"Then," says the prose Edda, "the sons of Bör (Odin, Vilè, and Ve,) went down to the sea-shore, found two *trees*, took them, and formed thereof men. The first gave them breath and life; the second, understanding and motion; the third gave them a fair visage, (rather beauty of form,) speech, hearing, and sight. The man they called Ash and the woman Emla; from them are descended the human race, who were assigned their abode in Midgard."

The meaning of this mythos according to our author's hypothesis, evidently is, that the elements (air, light, fire,) acting on the vegetable substances, gradually transformed them to animated beings; and there is a beautiful progression of ideas in thus assigning a vegetable origin to the human race. The Ymerian

system, in spite of all our author's efforts to the contrary, is in relation to the created world, plainly a system of materialism, and it is not impossible that the Gothic sages may have had a theory of the gradual refinement and spiritualization of matter, not dissimilar to the materialism of Milton, so finely expressed in these verses;—

"O! Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection; one first matter all
Endued with various forms, various degrees,
Of substance, and of things that live, of life,
But more refined, more spirituous and pure,
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assigned,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes; flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being."

The vegetable origin of mankind was not peculiar to the Goths. In the Works and Days of Hesiod, we read that Zeus formed the Third or Brazen race of men from ash trees; the Persian Bundehesh says, that when the cosmic ox Abudad died, a human form, named Kayomart rose, from his right fore-leg. This mythic being met, after thirty years, a violent death, having had no helpmate, and consequently no offspring; yet from his remains, purified by the sun, there sprung up, forty years afterwards, a Ribas tree with fifteen branches. Of this tree Ormuzd formed the first man and woman, and gave each a soul, which had previously existed. The Hindoos call their Pipala (Ficus Indicus) Ashaya Vata, (perhaps, says Mr. Magnusen, our Ask Vidur,—Vidur in the old language signifying *tree*,) and they say that all mankind sprang from it. A passage from the Vedas, quoted here by our author, gives, perhaps, the true origin of the hypothesis of the vegetable descent of our race. "Man," says the Veda, "is like unto a high tree, the hair is his leaves, the skin his bark, the blood his sap, the bones the hard knots, &c."

Every religious system contains its golden age, a state of innocence, peace, and happiness, consequent on creation; when the world in youthful freshness, vigour, and beauty, poured forth in

abundance the means of enjoyment; when the celestial bodies shone with mild radiance, the air was balmy and cool, tempest and storm never disfigured the face of external nature, passion never agitated the soul of man. Were we to seek the origin of this idea in the human mind alone, we might say, that in manhood and old age we look back with fond regret to the healthy and happy days of childhood, when, but arrived in the world, every thing was new to us, every thing was beautiful; when without any exertions of our own all our wants were supplied, nature, as it were, spontaneously providing for her children; when pain was so quickly succeeded by pleasure as to be almost inappreciable; when each day closed in dreams of the anticipated happiness of the next. The transference of these ideas from the microcosm to the macrocosm was easy and natural,—the life of man was soon compared to the course of the year; the race, like the individual, was supposed to pass through the four periods of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, and on its infant innocent state, eternal spring to have shed its choicest blessings. How beautifully is the common sentiment respecting the gradual deterioration of the world, expressed by Rome's philosophic poet!

> "Jamque caput quassans grandis suspirat arator,
> Crebrius incassim magnum cecidisse laborem,
> Et cum tempora temporibus præsentia confert
> Præteritis, laudat fortunas sæpe parentis:
> Et crepat, antiquum genus ut pietate repletum
> Perfacile angustis tolerarit finibus ævum,
> Cum minor esset agri multo modus ante viritim."

The golden age of Scandinavian mythology commences with the gods. The Völuspá, having described how the gods regulated the course of the sun, moon, stars, and time, proceeds:*

> "The Aser met
> On Ida's plain,
> An altar-circle and temple
> Upraised they high;
> Forges they built,
> Noble metals wrought,
> Powers they proved,
> All they tried,
> Tongs and ingenious
> Tools they formed.

* In our extracts from the Völuspá we adhere to our author's translation, though it does not always give the sense that we might perhaps deduce from the Icelandic texts that we have seen. But as Mr. Magnusen's reasoning depends, in some measure, on what he conceives to be the true sense of the passages he quotes, we do not think ourselves justified in departing from his version.

They played at tables
In the palace so glad,
Nought wanted
They of gold,
Until there came three
Thursè-maidens
Very mighty, from
Giant's-world."

Then follows the account of the creation of the Dwarfs and of Man, and after a short episode about Yggdrasil and the three great Nornir, come these strophes:—

"The slaughter remembers
She, the first in the world,
When they Gullveigè
Bored through with spears,
And in the High-One's hall
Her did burn;
Three times burned they
The three-times-born
Often, unseldom (*i. e.* over again);
Yet she still liveth.

Heidè her they called,
To whoso's house she came,
The well-spaeing woman:
Wolves themselves she tamed.
Seid-arts she knew,
With them speedily
Still she delighted
Bad people.

Then went all the Powers
To their upraised seats,
High holy Gods
Consulted thereon;
Whether the Aser should
Punish the crime,
Or the Gods all
Fines exact.

Odin (his lance) swang,
Amid the folk he shot,—
The war-slaughter she remembers,
The first in the world.
So broken was
The Asaborg's fence:
The Vaner looked for strife,
O'er the plain they went."

The Aser, ere they gave existence to other reasonable beings, long lived in undisturbed happiness: gold, *i. e.* the substance

from which they formed the celestial bodies, was in abundance with them: all was light and joy. But this state was not to last; three giant-maidens came from the abyss, and spread darkness and gloom over the light. They induced the gods to create the Dwarfs, and to give over to them the precious metal. The creation of man followed; the metals were in the bosom of the earth, man brought them forth, and, with the appearance of gold, the golden age ceased in this as in Grecian mythology.

The mysterious verses of the Völuspá, last quoted, are an allegorical representation of this fact. Gold is presented as a female personage, named Gullveig, *i. e.* gold-matter or ore; and Heid, *i. e.* money, gold in its pure form. Men dig it from the earth with sharp tools; they burn it in the High-One's hall, *i. e.* the open air; three or more times is it melted without being diminished, without losing power or lustre. Gold is called Well-spaeing, prophetic of good; for he that possesses it always anticipates good fortune. It is said to tame wolves, *i. e.* to soften rugged men. The Seid, which the Gold-Maiden knew, a species of magic performed by boiling or melting substances, denotes the delusions and deceptions of riches. The gods were displeased at man's thus obtaining gold, either envying him the use of it, or offended at his pride and cupidity. They hold a council, and deliberate whether to chastise, or to let themselves be soothed by prayers and sacrifices. Odin is inexorable; from Ida's Plain, the ethereal heavens, he launches his spear, which breaks through the fence of the castle of the gods; the Vaner, aerial spirits, who dwelt beneath, saw that war was declared, and, as furious winds and storm, they rushed forth to ravage the earth. War and murder now broke out, and misery came on man for having burned Gullveig. Surely a religion in which this fine mythos occurs could not have inculcated nothing but brutal ferocity!

Having thus followed our author through his first book, and the Ymerian system, from the creation to the cessation of the golden age of men and gods, we shall proceed to that system which we regard as essentially distinct from it—the Yggdrasil system—in which the world is presented under the form of an immense tree. Mr. Magnusen, as we have already remarked, is of opinion that these systems were, in old times, held by opposite sects. On this point we have no means of deciding; but to us it is clear that the mythos of Yggdrasil is essentially different from, and unconnected with, that of Ymer. We shall here, in our author's words, state the Yggdrasil mythos, as given in the prose Edda, and then make our observations on it.

"The principal and most holy place of the gods is at the ash Yggdrasil. This ash is the largest and best of all trees. Its branches spread

over the whole world, and reach up over the heaven. The tree has two roots, which extend widely; the one to the Aser, the other to the Frost-giants, where before was Ginnunga-gap; the third stretches over Nifl-heim, and by it is Hvergelmer (the abyss), where (the Snake-king) Nidhug gnaws the root beneath.

"By the other root, which extends to the Frost-giants, is Mimer's well, wherein Wisdom and Understanding lie concealed. Mimer, the owner of the well, is full of wisdom; for every morning he drinks from the well out of the Giallar-horn. Once came All-Father (Odin) thither, and sought a drink from the well, but attained not his wish, till he gave his eye as a pledge. As it is said, in the Völuspá:

"'All know I, Odin,
Where thou hiddest thine eye:
In the clear
Well of Mimer.
Mimer mead
Each morning drinks
From All-Father's pledge.'

"By the third root of the ash which extends to heaven, is the Urdar-fount. By the fount stands a fair dwelling, out of which go the three maids, Urda, Verande, and Skuld. These maids appoint the life-time of all men, and are called Nornir. Of them, saith the Vala:

"'Thence come maids
Much knowing,—
Three,— from the lake (or hall)
Beneath the tree,' &c.

"The Nornir, who dwell by the Urdar-fount, take each day water from the well, and with it and the mud that is about the well sprinkle the ash-tree, that its branches may not rot or wither. This water is so holy, that everything that comes into the well becomes as white as the membrane within an egg-shell. So it is said in the Völuspá,

"'An ash know I standing,
Yggdrasil it hight,
A lofty tree besprinkled
With white water;
Thence cometh dew
Which in the dales falleth;
Ever green it standeth
Over Urda's well.'

"The dew which comes from it is called Honey-dew, and is the food of the bees. Two birds are fed in the Urdar-fount: they are called swans, and from them is descended this species of birds.

"In the branches of the ash Yggdrasil sitteth an eagle, who knows many things; between his eyes sitteth a hawk, called Vederlöfner (Storm-damper). A squirrel, named Ratatösk, runs up and down in the tree, and seeks to set strife between the eagle and the Snake-king Nidhug. Four harts run about in the branches of the tree, and bite the

buds. In Hvergelmer, by the root of the tree, are so many snakes, that no tongue can tell it. So, in Grimnis-mâl,

"Ratatösk hight the squirrel,
Who shall run
Through the Ash Yggdrasil;
The eagle's words
He from above shall bear,
And tell to Nidhug below.

There are also four harts,
Who the branches' buds
Wry-necked gnaw,
Dain and Dvalin,
Dunuir and Durathror.

---

More snakes lie
Beneath the Ash Yggdrasil
Than any one can think.

. . . . . .

The Ash Yggdrasil
Endureth toil
More than men know.
The hart gnaws it above:
In the side it rotteth;
Nidhug wastes it below."

The mythos of Yggdrasil is contained in the preceding passages; and northern mythologists in general, and our author in particular, have been no where more fortunate than in their explanation of it. Yggdrasil, they say, represents the universe (rather the world); its three roots lie in the three portions into which, according to the system of the devisers of Yggdrasil, the universe is divided. The central root is in Niflheim, the dark and dismal abyss beneath the earth, and is watered by Hvergelmer, (the Ancient Cauldron,) and its stem runs up through the earth to the summit of heaven. The second root is by Mimer's well, in the north, the abode of the Frost-giants. The third root is by the Urdar-fount, in the bright and warm south, whose waters the three Maids, *i. e.* Time Past, Present, and Future, cast over its foliage to keep it in perpetual verdure. The branches are the æther, their leaves the clouds, the clusters of keys the constellations; the four harts are the four winds, the eagle denotes the air, the hawk the still æther, the squirrel the snow-flakes, hailstones, and raindrops. Urda's-fount, *i. e.* the fount of Destiny, is the source of life, light, and warmth; the snow-white swans, which swim on its waters, represent the sun and moon. The mythos of Mimer's well shows the descent of the sun *(Odin's eye)* into the sea each

evening, where, during the night, he learns wisdom from the owner of the well; the golden-hued mead which Mimer drinks each morning, is the ruddy dawn that daily flows out over the sky before the sun.

In this explication, the greater portion is, we think, correct; some of our author's solutions, however, do not appear to us well-founded. We are decidedly of opinion, that the Yggdrasil system is quite distinct from, and independent of, the Ymerian; but the two were early united, though the junction is, in most places, so inartificial, as to betray their difference of nature.* Our view of the system under consideration is, that it was intended by its authors to represent the Universe and all its parts as eternal,† which is the very opposite of the Ymerian system. The snakes, the symbols of evil and destruction, endeavour to corrode the tree's main central root and stem; but Time,—Time without beginning or end, Eternity,—pictured by the three Nornir, bedews, without ceasing, its branches with the water of life, keeping them in everlasting verdure. Even in the great and awful revolution, when, according to the other system, Surtur comes forth, wrapt in flames, to lay waste the world and destroy its gods, "the ash Yggdrasil is shaken, but standeth." The idea of the eternity of the ash, it would appear, was too firmly fixed, to permit of its being included in the general conflagration.

We regard the Yggdrasil-system as approaching more nearly than its fellow to pure Theism. We are disposed to look upon it as recognising no deities, but Time (the Zeruane Akhrene of the Persian Zend Avesta) personified by the three holy maidens. The daily resort of the gods, who descend from Burè, to its salutiferous well, we hold to be an additament from the other system; and, as our author observes, a transference of the usages of man to the inhabitants of heaven. So also we deem the mythos of Odin's pawning his eye to Mimer, the explication of which we regard as perfectly correct, to be no part of the Yggdrasil system.

Mr. Magnusen is certainly in error when, following Gräter, he says, the branches of the mundane tree typify the æther. If by æther we are to understand the highest region of the atmosphere, this cannot be; for a little after, our author correctly supposes that to be denoted by the wind-stilling hawk. The true view of this portion of the symbol, we apprehend, is, that the central root of Yggdrasil being in Niflheim, the murky dismal region,

* We may observe that whenever, as in the prose Edda, Völuspá, Grimnis-mál, mention is made of Yggdrasil, what is said of it is quite unconnected with what precedes and follows.

† If, as our author says, the Ymerian system corresponds with that of Werner; the Yggdrasil may be, in some sort, said to agree with the Huttonian, which assigns neither beginning nor end, but only a succession of changes, to the world.

which in this system, as in the Grecian, lies beneath the earth, (in the Ymerian it lies to the north,*) the stem, if it denote not the earth itself, passes through the earth, over which it rises to a certain height (perhaps to the region of clouds) before it casts out branches; the sum of which represents the whole aerial space, of which the lower part is represented by the eagle, the upper by the hawk. Again, in his explanation of the squirrel Ratatösk, we cannot fully agree with our author. Ratatösk is said to run up and down through the boughs, carrying the *words* of the eagle to Nidhug. This eagle surely can be no other than him between whose eyes the hawk sits. But Mr. Magnusen, who so justly rejects the metaphysical notion of Gräter, (viz. that Ratatösk is Fame,) contending that it is, like the rest, to be explained physically, and taking it to denote snow-flakes, &c. understands by the eagle, not him who sits in the tree, but the eagle who, in 'Vafthrudnis-mal,' (a poem in which there is not the slightest allusion to Yggdrasil,) abiding in the north, is the producer of wind.

> "Hræsvelg hight the giant,
> Who, at Heaven's end,
> Sitteth in eagle-dress.
> From his wings, they say,
> The wind cometh
> Over all folk."

This confusion is introduced without necessity; for supposing Ratatösk to be (what we are by no means sure of) the raindrops, hail, &c. may they not as well be the *words* of the aerial eagle, as of the northern bird of Ymer's race? Our author further refines a little too much in the spirit of some biblical critics, when, in explaining the lines of the Völuspá relating to Yggdrasil, which we have quoted above, he supposes these,

> "An ash know I standing,
> Yggdrasil it hight,"

to betoken the central stem;

> "A lofty tree besprinkled
> With white water,"

the northern stem, covered with white snow-flakes; and

> "Ever green it standeth," &c.

the southern stem, watered from the Urdar-fount. Just so have the Hebrew parallels been found to contain nice distinctions, which never entered into the minds of their inspired authors. The white water, which probably produced these distinctions, is

* We are not quite satisfied that, as our author says, South and Zenith, North and Nadir were synonymous in the philosophy of Scandinavia.

plainly the clear transparent water of the Urdar-fount, the λευκὸν or ἄγλαον ὕδωρ of the Greeks. We further think our author wrong in supposing the tree to have three stems. The records speak only of roots. We take the system to have been that the three wells lay in the same plane beneath the stem, *i. e.* the earth, or rather, the Urdar and Mimer's wells in a plane parallel to, but above that of Hvergelmer. The Nornir, from the south, threw the vivifying water over the tree, and perhaps the passage of Grimnismál, "In the side it rotteth," applies to the northern side, the most remote from the Urdar waters. Finally, the explication of the swans does not content us; neither does that which represents them as the two great constellations of the milky way. They are possibly a mere poetic adjunct.

As to the origin of the name, our author offers three etymons; that of Gudmund Magnæus, adopted by Gräter, and improved by himself, deducing it from Y' (Rain,) and Drasill (the Drawer or Bearer); that of the same Gudmund Magnæus, Skule Thorlacius, our author himself, and others, from Yggr, one of Odin's names, and Drasill: that of Kanne from Ygg and Δρόσος, which last is undeserving of notice. If Yggdrasil was the original name of the Universal Tree, we are disposed to regard the first as nearest the truth.

It was our intention to have given in this place the entire of Mone's theory of the Ash, but we find that it would occupy too much space, and are quite sure it would prove very uninteresting to most of our readers. To speak candidly, Mone is a writer whom we do not rate very highly. Of the gift of seeing far into the mill-stone, with which many of his countrymen are so largely endowed, he partakes in no moderate degree. He is one who sees mystery in every thing; in his hands the Nibelungen-Lied and Otnit become poems of high import and sense profound; their heroes are not mortal; they are astronomical personifications, Sun-heroes, Osiris, Adon and Attis. Now nothing is more useless, nothing more easy, than thus to allegorize. Let any one look into Origen and the early Fathers, and he will see what marvels may be wrought in that way. Let him hear a Methodist *improve* some portion of the poetic parts of Scripture; or what may be perhaps more interesting, let him look at the allegory which Tasso, to appease the Della-Cruscans, deduced from the Gerusalemme Liberata after it was written, and he will be speedily convinced how little difficulty and how little merit there is in the deed. We express ourselves thus freely, because there is nothing which more tends to bring the subject of which it treats into contempt, than this allegorizing mania; its effects are pernicious in the study of Mythology, and far more so when it pos-

sesses the interpreter of the Holy Scriptures. Allegory and symbol there are in every religious system, but the greatest caution is requisite when we are tracing them.

The physical interpretation of Yggdrasil is almost beyond a doubt the true one. Mone does not venture to deny it, yet it does not content him; it must also symbolize the microcosm, and of parts of it he gives no physical solution. We shall just quote the following portion of his commentary on the Edda text.

"The eagle is the opposite of the swan; the latter bird was to the Northerns the most striking image for the relation of the twofold life in water and in air, and for the near kindred of the two last. Hence the younger Edda makes it be followed by the tale (*sage*) of the Elfs, who are equally water-and-air beings. As the Ash chiefly represents human life in its continuance, and man is born of water, so the swan must be the born soul, which still swims upon the water, but the eagle the ripened mind which has raised itself on high. Hence, in all tales, the swan is an innocent and loving bird; but of the eagle it is said, he knows much and has speech. He is therefore the bird of knowledge, and the hawk between his eyes, who hides the storm, seems to me to be the idea of the interior in general or the internal sense. The enmity of the eagle and the snake explains itself; the squirrel is the double-tongued flatterer, who gives neither any rest; passion, which destroys both body and soul. Many are the evil propensities in man, many the snakes under Yggdrasil, who gnaw the root of life, and their names (Gòinn, Mòinn, &c.) are probably emblems of sins and vices. The harts and their names form the opposites of these snakes, for the mind has its diseases as well as the body, viz. folly and madness, terror and disquietude; both are opposites which disturb the mind; hence the harts eat the green leaves, the healthy thoughts: and as it is but too true that man, in his levity, marks not what enemies threaten his life, so the stem rots on the side, and many a one dies before he arrives at wisdom, or, figuratively expressed, before the bird of his soul be come upon the boughs of the Ash. The doctrine of the mundane tree requires no eulogium; it is raised above it."

We now return to the Ymerian system, to consider its cosmology. Of this it presents two systems; one, already mentioned, of the created world alone, which we may term the Ternary; the other of the universe, which we shall call the Nonary. The former divides the visible world, the work of Odin, Vile and Ve, into Asgard, Midgard and Utgard, or Godheim, Mannheim and Jötunheim. The habitable earth Midgard (Middle-yard) was conceived to be horizontal and circular; around it ran the ocean, agitated by the motions of Midgard's-snake, "who, in the midst of the ocean, encompasseth all lands, and bites his tail." As the ocean must have a boundary, it was supposed to be encircled by regions of rugged and lofty mountains, the abode of the giant-race, and denominated Utgard (Out-yard). We may here observe how

closely this resembles the cosmology of the Odyssey, where the river of Ocean encompasses the abode of men, and Odysseus sails across it to arrive at the Utgard of Grecian Mythology, the abode, however, not of giants, but of the dead. Against the irruptions of the giants, Midgard was defended by a fence formed from Yiner's eyebrows. Over Midgard lay Asgard (Aser or God-yard), the abode of the gods; between it and Midgard lay the air. Hence we find Midgard employed in three senses; first, the abode of man, encompassed by the Ocean and Utgard: next, the fence placed between man's dwelling and that of the giants: thirdly, the air between earth and heaven. The bridge Bifröst led from Asgard to the extremity of the earth; but, like the Indian Meroo, the Persian Alborz, the Grecian Olympus, the terrestrial Asgard, the highest of mountains rose from the centre of earth, and joined the celestial Asgard, connecting heaven and earth. This mountain was the great high land, from which the Scandinavians came to their northern abodes. Hence they regarded the earthly land of the gods as lying in the south, while the Hindoos and Persians placed it to the north; a physical cause, perhaps, conspiring with this historical one; for the chilled native of the north would naturally place the abode of the gods in the warm south; while the dweller of the torrid plains of India or Persia would, from the same principle, place it in the cool refreshing north.

In opposition to those who, misled by the Ynglinga Saga, maintain that the old inhabitants of the north knew of no Asgard or place of happiness but the terrestrial one, our author proves most irrefutably, even from the Ynglinga Saga itself, that by the Old Asgard, to which they expected to go after death, they understood Heaven; that there was Valhall, there Lidskjalf (the zenith), there the twelve Houses of the Gods (the signs of the Zodiac).

As we have already observed, the earth being supposed flat and circular, environed by the ocean, a solid boundary of the latter is requisite. We accordingly find in almost all cosmographic systems an Utgard. We have already noticed the Utgard of the Odyssey, and we quote the following passage from Ælian, on account of its striking resemblance to the Utgard of the Edda:

"Europe, Asia, and Lybia, are nothing but islands, surrounded by a great sea; but there is a continent of immense magnitude encircling the world. There are to be found on it various large animals, and the men who dwell there are twice as large as we; they also live twice as long. Some of them are very warlike, and live continually in war: others are more pious and peaceable; the gods honour these sometimes, with their conversation. They cannot be wounded with iron; they

therefore fight entirely with stones or clubs. Gold and silver they have in the greatest abundance, so that they value gold less than we do iron. A thousand myriads of them once passed over the ocean, and came to the Hyperboreans. Near the outer end of that land there is a place called Anostos, like a great throat (Isl. *gap*) or gulph, where it is neither properly light nor properly dark, but the sky hangs down in a strange manner, with a sort of sanguine redness."

Almost every particular in this description accords with the Eddaic Utgard, especially in the accounts given of it in the voyages of Gorm Haraldsön and Thorkeld Adelfar to that region, as narrated by Saxo.

The visible world, formed from the body of Ymer, was thus divided into three great portions, but Scandinavian cosmography possessed another system, which comprised the Universe. The Vala speaks of *nine* worlds and *nine* heavens. The Giant Vafthrudner says,

> "Every world
> Have I gone round,
> To *nine* worlds I came;"

and the Dwarf Alvís (All-wise),

> "All worlds *nine*
> Have I gone round,
> And every being known."

And our author shows that almost every religious system employed the mystic number *nine* in its cosmography.

This system proceeds *vertically*. The first and highest world is Liósalfaheimr (the Light-Alfs' World), the heaven Vidblein (Wide-blue) divides it from 2. Muspellsheimr, (Fire-world), which is separated from our system by the heaven Andlàngr (Long or Far-breathing). 3. Godheimr (God-world), the abode of the Aser or mundane gods. 4. Vanaheimr, the abode of the Vaner or air and sea-gods, also called Vindheimr (Wind-world.) 5. Mannheimr, the abode of men. 6. Jötunheimr (Giant-world). 7. Svartálfaheimr (the Black-Alfs' or Spirits' World). 8. Helheimr (Hel's, the Goddess of Death's World). 9. Niflheimr (Mist-world), at the bottom of the whole system. Midgard, or Mannheim, we may observe, occupies the centre of this system also.

The highest of these worlds, that of the Light-Alfs, is in general called Gimlè, though, properly speaking, Gimlè is but a region of it. It is the world of pure unmixed ethereal light, its inhabitants are the spirits of light, it and the next world are under the peculiar dominion of Surtur, and to it will come, at the end of the world, the "spirits of good men made perfect," if we may venture so to express ourselves. Under this world lies

that of Muspell, inhabited by the spirits called the sons of Muspell, the ethereal fire-spirits, and its confines are guarded by Surtur himself, armed with his flaming sword to prevent the approach of the dark and unruly brood of night and chaos.

The two preceding regions are eternal and uncreated. Immediately after them follows the created world, of which the first region is Asgard, or Godheim, the abode of the Aser, or mundane gods. In the centre of it (the zenith) is Ida's Plain, on which is built Valhall, the chief seat of Odin, in which the Einheriar, or warriors who fall in battle, dwell.* After Valhall come (in the ecliptic) twelve palaces of the gods, and below them, in the lowest part of the visible celestial hemisphere, is Vingolf, the abode of the Asynier, or goddesses, whither come the souls of women, perhaps of Amazons, of whom there were many in the North. The fifth of the twelve divine residences is called Gladsheim.

> "Gladsheim hight the fifth,
> Gold-beaming over it
> Valhall spreads itself wide;
> But Hropter (Odin) there
> Each day selects
> The men who fall by weapons."

Which Mr. Magnusen thus explains. Gladsheim is the entrance to Valhall, for it answers in the zodiac to the Ram, which was regarded as the gate of Heaven, because the sun ascends through it into the region of light when he has vanquished the gloom of winter.

The next world is Vanaheim, or Vindheim, the abode of the Vaner, a species of beings respecting whom the Eddas are very obscure. We think, however, that our author is decidedly right in understanding by them the Air-spirits. Stuhr who, as we have already observed, sees the Edda doctrine in a psychological point of view, here follows Grundtvig, and translates Vanaheim by World of Fancy (Welt des Wahns), and Mone takes the Vaner to be thoughts, dreams, passions, &c.

There is a curious mythos of the origin of Poetry in the

* On this subject Mr. Magnusen frequently refers to an Essay of his own on Ossian (Afhandling om Ossian) in the Ninth Volume of the Skandinaviske Selskabs Skrifter, (Essays of the Scandinavian Society.) It is, we believe, an attempt to prove the genuineness of Ossian from his correctness where he introduces the Northern Mythology, a correctness which our author maintains was unattainable in Macpherson's time. It is greatly to be regretted that the library of the British Museum should be so deficient as it is in the Transactions of learned Societies. The library of a great and learned nation should possess every aid to literature and science. We are happy to observe that it has of late obtained several works connected with Scandinavian literature.

Skálda. It is said, that the Aser and the Vaner were long at war, but at length made a peace, both going to a vessel and spitting into it. The Aser, from the contents of the vessel formed a man named Quaser, so wise that no one could put any question to him without getting a satisfactory reply. Two dwarfs treacherously slew him, put his blood into vessels and mixing it with honey, made from it mead of such quality that whoever drinks of it becomes a wise man and a poet. The physical interpretation of this mythos is, that Quaser is a personification of the fruits of the earth which produce spirituous liquors, they are concealed for a time by subterranean giants and dwarfs, but are brought to light again by the celestial god Odin, who by his heat fructifies the earth, &c. The Aser, as we have seen, were the ethereal, the Vaner the aerial gods. Their strife is a physical mythos of the discord between these elemental beings during the stormy days of winter; in spring they are reconciled; the dew, which was thought to come from the ether, was represented by the old poets as the spittle of the Aser, the rain as that of the Vaner, they are mingled in a vessel (the earth), and thence springs Quaser, the vegetable kingdom, which gives unto man the inspiring liquors.

"The head," says our author, "was held by the ancients to be the seat of understanding; the substance which, by ascending to the head, inspires men, our forefathers feigned to have sprung from the heads of the gods, in a more inelegant, but certainly more rational, way than Athene from that of Zeus."

Mannheim and Jötunheim have been already described under the names of Midgard and Utgard. Love of system makes our author attempt to show that Jötunheim was beneath Mannheim, but it was certainly regarded as being in the same plane with it. The Ternary system may be justly called horizontal, because the majority of its parts are so; for a similar reason the Nonary may still more justly be regarded as vertical, as eight of its divisions are in that direction. The world of the Black-Alfs lay immediately under Mannheim; its inhabitants wrought in metals and stones, preparing the various mineral products.

Previously to entering upon the consideration of the two last worlds, our author goes into a tolerably full discussion of the moral system of the ancient Scandinavians, and clearly proves from the Havamal and other poems of undoubted antiquity, that the same virtues entitled to Gimlè, and the same vices condemned to Nastrond, as in all other systems send men to the different places of reward and punishment. There is great probability in his assertion, that the fierce doctrine, which we usually

regard as the very spirit of the Odiniacal religion, which assigned Heaven to fallen warriors alone, was confined to a sect, and has been falsely imputed by the Christians to the whole race. For it is a truth, that if there be any race of men distinguished for gentleness of manners united with undaunted courage, it is the Gotho-Germanic. We have only to cast our eyes over the North, Germany and Great Britain, at the present day, to be convinced of this. The mild spirit of reformed Christianity will not account for it; it is rather the mildness of temper and inclination to virtue of the race that disposed them so readily to adopt, a gentle, beneficent, pure and elevating system of religion. In the eleventh century, Adam of Bremen thus speaks of the Icelanders, when they were heathens, with only the Edda precepts to instruct them: *Islandi . . . . . licet ante susceptam fidem, naturali quâdam lege non adeò discordarent a nostrâ religione.* The Havamal, or High-song of Odin, composed by the priests in the name of their God, and resembling the Proverbs of Solomon, or the moral verses of Theognis, enumerates and enforces almost every virtue. Thus of friendship—

"Man his friend's
Friend should be,
Him and his friend;
But no man should
Be his friend's
Enemy's friend;—
Then is friendship mutual
When one can tell
Another all his thoughts.
Any thing is better
Than untrue to be."

And the misery of being friendless is thus expressed:—

"The tree decays
Which standeth sole,
It covers not bark or blade.
So is the man
Whom no one loves,
Why should he longer live?"

Respect for old age is thus inculcated:—

"At gray-haired speakers
Never laugh thou.
Oft is good what the aged say;
Oft prudent words come
From a wrinkled wight,
Who loose has his skin,
Who shaketh with rags,
And wanders about with poor folk."

And we meet this fine sentiment—

> "One man is rich,
> Another *not rich;*
> Thereat should he not blaspheme."

Contentment and independence are enjoined:—

> "One's own abode is best,
> Though small it be;
> Every one is head at home;
> Had a man but two goats
> And a straw-thatched hut,
> It better is than begging."

Again—

> "Sorely will his heart bleed,
> Who beg must
> Meat for every meal."

Finally, the Vala says of the glorious Gimlè—

> "There shall dwell
> Virtuous people,
> And for eternal time
> Happiness taste."

The truth is, God hath not left himself without witness among any people. The law of virtue is written upon the heart of man, or, in other words, the world is so constituted that the advantages of virtue and its tendency to produce happiness early became apparent; and sacred verses and proverbial apophthegms enforcing them have been transmitted from parents to children, and from race to race. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is also one of those notions which we might almost feel justified in calling *innate*, for no man is devoid of such impressions; soi-disant philosophers may argue and talk till they are tired against it, —they may persuade the unthinking or the hostile that they disbelieve it,—but no atheist or deist ever yet could conceive his own non-existence, that is, conceive himself to be and not to be at the same time. We, therefore, should not be surprised at finding the doctrine of a future state so widely spread, that no tribe has been found so rude as to be without it;—we should rather praise the Father of Light who sheds his radiance upon all, on some in a greater, on others in a lesser degree. Our author, in several places, expresses a just indignation against those writers who, in the face of evidence, persist in pourtraying the noble Gothic race as a generation of ruthless, ferocious savages, whose supreme happiness both here and hereafter was composed of the deeds most repugnant to our nature. Fleets of Vikinger might have spread devastation over a coast, have burned the monasteries and slaughtered the monks, although their religious code inculcated mildness

and beneficence. It was difficult to persuade the Mexicans and Peruvians that the sacred books of those who, with their bloodhounds, would hunt down twelve of them every day in honour of the twelve Apostles, could inculcate peace and good-will towards men. Neither Gospel nor Koran have dictated the deeds that have been of late years perpetrated in Greece. Unhappily, when evil passions take head, the curb of religion is little heeded.

Far beneath Mannheim, and bordering on Niflheim, lay Helheim, the world of Hel, the goddess of Death, the northern Hecate. Mr. Magnusen argues, with a good deal of probability, that in the ancient Scandinavian system, all the dead were supposed to go to Helheim; that Valhall and Vingolf were the fiction of the fierce sect who held the doctrine that the happiness of the future state was only attainable by deeds of war and violence.

With Helheim ends the created portion of the Universe; below it lies Niflheim, the world of Mist, which is said never to have had a beginning. Here is Hvergelmer, the original ancient cauldron, filled with the brood of snakes, who evermore gnaw the mundane tree. Here too is Nastrond (Dead-men's strand), divided from Helheim by Nagrindur (Dead-men's wall); and this will at the end of the world be the abode of those who have done evil.

The created world is not eternal, but along with its gods has an appointed period. The giant-brood increases, moral and physical corruption accumulate, brothers are at enmity with brothers, the bonds of kindred and friendship are rent asunder:—

> "'Tis evil in the world,
> Adultery prevails,
> Axe-time, sword-time,
> Shields then are cleft,
> Wind-time, wolf-time,
> Ere the world falleth—
> No man will then
> Another spare."

Numerous precursive signs announce to the gods the approach of Ragnarök (the Twilight of the gods). The mythic winter (Fimbulveter) comes on three times successively, without any intervening summer. The barking of the hound Garmar is heard; the wolf Fenris breaks loose. Yggdrasil is set on fire; the sons of the giants dance to the sound of Gjalla's horn; the dwellers of Hel's domains are in consternation; the Aser consult; the Dwarfs lament at the doors of their rocks. Fenris pours forth fire, the sea overflows, and Midgard's snake vomits its poison through the air and sea; heaven is rent, and the sons of Muspell come riding in flame, led by Surtur,—and the gods prepare for battle.

"Surtar comes from the south
With flying flames;
From his sword shineth
The heaven-god's sun.
Rock-hills crack,
Giants totter,
Men tread Death's road,—
But Heaven is split.

Filled up is the goddess's
Second heart's-grief,
When Odin goeth
With the wolf to fight;
But Bele's bane *(slayer*, i. e. *Freyr)*
Bright against Surtur;
Then falls Frigga's
Dearest god (*Odin*).

Then cometh the great
Victory-father's (*Odin's*) son
Vidar, to battle
With the murderous beast:
He, with his hand,
Makes in the giant's son's
Heart the sword stand—
So avenges his sire.

Then cometh the noble
Son of Hlodyna *(the earth*, i. e. *Thor)*,
Odin's son goeth
With the monster to fight.
Boldly, he smiteth
Midgard's protector.—
Then shall men all
Their home leave.—
Nine steps goeth
Earth's son,
Crook-bent, from the snake,
Who feared not evil.

The sun is darkened,
Earth sinks in the sea;
From Heaven vanish
The shining stars;
Dun clouds encircle
The all-rearing tree;
High flames play
Against Heaven's self!"

The final conflict is thus given by our author, from the prose Edda.

"When this (the approach of the sons of Muspell) takes place,

Heimdall arises, blows with all his force in the Gjallar horn, and wakens all the gods, who hold a council thereon. Odin rides to Mimer's well, to seek counsel from Mimer for him and his. Then trembles Yggdrasil's ash; and all beings fear, both in heaven and earth. The Aser arm themselves, with all the Einheriar, and advance to the plain. Foremost rides Odin: with his golden helm, a fair corselet, and the spear Gungner, he goes against the wolf Fenris. Thor combats at his side, without being able to aid him, as he has enough to do to contend with Midgard's snake. Freyr fights against Surtur, and there is a hard contest, which ends with the fall of Freyr. The bound Garmar, also, who before was bound in the Gnipa-cave, now breaks loose: he is a grim monster, and he fights with Tyr, till at last they kill each other. Thor gains the fame of being the slayer of Midgard's snake; but when he had gotten nine paces from him, he falls dead to the earth from the poison the snake had spit upon him. The wolf swallows Odin, which is his death. Immediately Vidar turns against the wolf, and sets one foot on his under jaw; he catches the upper jaw in his hand, and tears his throat open,—so dieth the wolf. Loke fights with Heimdall,—and they kill each other. After all this, Surtur casts fire on the earth, and burns the whole world."

The old world, its gods and monsters, are now all destroyed; but from the sea rises a new earth, beautiful in fresh and youthful verdure. A new sun (for the old sun had left a daughter*) enlightens this earth. Vidar and Vale, the sons of Odin; Magne and Mode, the sons of Thor, meet on Ida's plain, where their fathers had before dwelt. Baldur and Hödur join them from the nether regions, and they talk of the past events. The human race is renewed.

"Two of them," says the Edda, "named Lif and Lifthraser, (Life and Life's-heat,) conceal themselves during the conflagration of Surtur; and morning-dew shall be their food instead of other meat. From them descend so great a race, that all earth's circuit will be inhabited by them."

Of the former race, the good are taken up to Gimlé, to dwell with the Light-Alfs in everlasting light and happiness; the bad, cast down among the poison-spitting snakes of Nastrond.

Our author here quotes the following passage from the learned and acute Bastholm.† It precludes any observations of ours.

"'The reader will easily see, without my reminding him, that this whole piece is an allegory, under which the end of the world is described. It would be a vain labour to set about explaining every single line in

* We hardly need observe, that in the German and kindred languages the Sun is feminine and the Moon masculine.

† In his Historisk-philosoph Undersögelser om de ældste Folkeslægters rel og philos Meninger, p. 606 et seq.

this pulsating, as the ancients usually heaped line upon line as their fancy poured them forth, without connecting any definite idea with each individual line. We should, properly, only look for the principal idea in this allegory,—and it is easy to find. According to the author's opinion, all the violent, devastating powers of nature shall one time come in conflict with each other, for nothing else can consistently be understood by the monsters who are introduced into this allegory. The devastation which commences with this uproar,—this conflict between the powers of nature, will be consummated by a general fire, which will dissolve all things. This is the idea which the author has, according to the taste of his time, depicted after his own way. But it is remarkable that many of the images which appear in this piece are perfectly similar to those with which Christ pourtrayed the destruction of Jerusalem, and to those which the Jewish bards before him employed to describe the downfall of mighty states. Beyond doubt, the Scandinavian and the Jewish bards had these images from one and the same fount in Asia, whence Odin's followers may have brought them to the north; for there is no probability whatever of the Scandinavians having taken them from the sacred books of the Jews.' "

With the greater part of this we fully agree; but we think the learned writer has failed in pointing out the true and common source whence both drew; that is the human mind, which uses similar language and similar figures in describing similar events.

We have thus endeavoured to convey to our readers some idea of the contents of Mr. Magnusen's volumes. The task has been to us an agreeable one; for, unlike too many of the German writers, he writes with clearness and perspicuity; his style is not embarrassed with metaphors, though occasionally adorned with very beautiful ones: indeed we must in justice say, that this is a merit common to all the Danish and Swedish writers that we have perused—their pages are as lucid as those of the French. Mr. Magnusen is totally free from mysticism. If he rates the Edda doctrine higher in point of profundity than some may feel disposed to place it, we must say, that, in our judgment, he has proved his position. So also has he succeeded with the moral doctrine of his and our ancestors; and it surely is gratifying to reflect, that the nobler Gothic race was in physical and moral knowledge at least on an equality with those Romans who so contemptuously styled them Barbarians, but sank powerless to the earth beneath their arms.

There are two other points on which Mr. Magnusen is entitled to praise. He steadily keeps in view the principle, that man, in his theological and cosmic fictions, draws from himself and what immediately surrounds him; that, as Creuzer has well shown, the climate and face of nature exert a powerful influence over the

various mythologies; and on several occasions he has shown it with much greater clearness than is to be found in the works of the German. Mr. Magnusen also bestows due attention on the legends and superstitions still prevalent among the common people, for like every one who has duly attended to the subject, he knows the steadiness and firmness of tradition, and that it will for centuries preserve ancient dogmas and observances.

No writer is without his faults and weaknesses. We think Mr. Magnusen attempts too much when he aims to show the similarity of all religions; and particularly when he extends his etymological observations to all. Nothing, however, is so deceptive as etymology. Attention to it will be forced upon any man who makes languages his study, for there is a great affinity among several, and coincidences will be evermore occurring. But etymology, like every other science, has its laws, and Mr. Magnusen should not, in his anxiety to show how widely spread the family is to which the words *as, aser,* belong, have included the Sanscrit *asoor,* which every one, who has read anything about that language, knows to be merely the opposite of *soor; a,* like the Greek α, being a negative particle.

We have been induced to present our readers with this view of the cosmogonical doctrines of the Edda, both because it is, we believe, a subject little attended to in this country, and because it is our intention from time to time to endeavour to draw the public attention to the literature of the North; for understanding which a knowledge of Eddaic Mythology is as requisite as that of Grecian for reading the classics; it being almost as familiarly referred to by the poets of the northern kingdoms, as the latter was by those of Greece and Rome. On a future occasion we shall probably give a view of the Theology of the ancient Scandinavian people.

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Art. VIII.—1. *Voyage Pittoresque de Constantinople et des Rives du Bosphore.* Par M. Melling, Dessinateur et Architecte de la Sultane Hadidgé, Sœur de Selim III. Un volume de texte, et un volume d'estampes, tres grand in folio atlantique. Paris. 1809—1819.

2. *Esquisses des Mœurs Turquesau XIXme. Siècle; ou Scènes Populaires, Usages Religieux, Céremonies Publiques, Vie Interieure, Habitudes Sociales, Idées Politiques des Mahometans,*

*en forme de Dialogues.* Par Grégoire Palaiologue, né à Constantinople. 8vo. Paris. 1827.

3. *L'Europe par rapport à la Grèce, et à la Reformation de la Turquie.* Par M. De Pradt, Ancien Archevêque de Malines. 8vo. Paris. 1826.

History presents to our view no object more imposing than the transient greatness of the Turks; nor does it any where furnish a more instructive lesson than that which is inculcated by the rapidity of their decline. A horde of martial devotees, with energetic habits, and peculiar usages, veiling beneath a grave demeanour the fiercest passions and unquenchable enthusiasm, burst upon Europe, when the West was just awakening to a bright career of civilization, and usurped the place of the greatest empire of antiquity. Their numerous armies, their haughty carriage, their unbounded ambition, and their unsparing mode of warfare, were formidable enough at first to daunt all Christendom; but in the space of four centuries we have seen their empire pass through all the stages of political existence, from the fresh vigour of youth to the weakness and decrepitude of age; and without any apparent degeneracy of the people, wasting away, as soon as the inactivity of the Sultans, or the strength of the neighbouring nations obliged it to remain in a state of peace.

These remarkable events, occurring at the very time when the art of printing took its rise, are known to us with an authenticity and accuracy proportioned to their interest: that free intercourse of nations, which at present unites all civilized Europe into one great family, was then commencing; and all the learned, if not all the statesmen of the day, conspired to watch and denounce the movements of the common enemy. Besides, for a long time after the period when Constantinople fell to the Turks, the favourite pursuit of every scholar was the literature of ancient Greece; and the Levant was constantly filled with accomplished travellers, urged thither by the ardour of classical research. Under such circumstances, a people so peculiar as the Turks, uniting the pomp and splendour of the East, with Scythian ferocity, could not fail to be frequently described; and, in fact, there is no nation in Europe which has from the commencement employed the pens of so many well-informed observers.

The character of the Turks, nevertheless, has never been distinctly drawn; forbidden by their religion to mix with unbelievers, eminently unsocial among themselves, and dangerous to approach, it is only by the possession of official rank that Euro-

peans can form a slight acquaintance with them. Busbequius, Vignau, Sir Paul Rycaut, and Sir James Porter, all possessed this advantage, and turned it to account. Among the authors to whom we are particularly indebted for a knowledge of the Turks, the first place must be assigned to Mouradja D'Obsson. Born in Constantinople of Armenian parents, and attached in early life to the Swedish embassy, he united the advantages of a European education to the facilities of a native; and his great work* leaves little unexplained relating to the machinery of the Ottoman empire; but he is partial to the rulers of his native country, and describes them from theory rather than from experience. The Turks whom he pourtrays bear no more resemblance to real Turks, than the polished cavalier of romance does to the rude baron of the middle ages.

The volume whose title stands (No. 2) at the head of this Article, is also from the pen of a native of Constantinople; written by a Greek, it exhibits the ready pliancy of Grecian genius, and a work more decidedly French in style and sentiment could not have been produced by Jouy himself. It is neat, lively and delicate, free from rancour or exaggeration; and coming, as it does, from one who bears the name of the last and heroic emperor of the Greeks, we could hardly have expected so much moderation. It presents also an animated picture of Turkish manners; but the mode of writing which the author has adopted, that of dramatic scenes and dialogues, is better suited to the vivid display of odd humours and peculiarities, than to the profound analysis of character; and in this case it is peculiarly unfit, as it leaves out of view the very traits by which the Turks are particularly distinguished, we mean their apathy, taciturnity, and unsocial disposition.

When the Ottomans and the nations of the West first came into collision, there was not perhaps much difference between them in the externals of civilization; but the East and West are cast in different moulds of society, possessing different capabilities; and the disparity between them soon became evident. About one century after the conquest of Constantinople, Busbequius dispelled in a great measure the terror which the Ottomans had inspired by his faithful picture of their empire; Wild and Sandys, a little later, betray some feelings of contempt; but from the close of the seventeenth century, when the character of the Turks had manifestly lost the protection of their illusive greatness, it has been almost uniformly painted in unfavourable colours. Notwithstanding the agreement of the best writers in

* Tableau Général de l'Empire Ottoman, 3 tom. folio. Paris, 1787—1820.

the general estimate of the Turkish character, their opinions, when considered in detail, are too various and irreconcilable to afford the means of an accurate delineation. We must not, however, believe with Mr. Thornton (a writer who has borrowed every thing, save his ill-concocted reflections,) that the character of the Turks is composed of nothing but contrarieties, and that every Turk is both humane and cruel, cowardly and courageous; such incongruities can exist only in the mind of the writer. The character of a man is as single and identical as his person. Although the ways of the individual, as well as of society, may be all chaos and discordance to an unskilful observer, yet order and connection are restored to the picture when the survey is made from the just point of view. A sagacious eye can always command the drift of fluctuating humours, and in the complicated eddies of life detect the central springs of action. The history of a nation is the best portrait of its character; and we learn more of a people from their laws, religion, and domestic usages, than from the conflicting testimony of travellers. From the institutions of the Turks, therefore, we shall endeavour, in the first place, to trace the peculiarities of their manners, and afterwards venture to examine the influence which the character of the nation is likely to exert on its future destiny.

The rites of Mahometanism are so numerous, and its precepts so strictly inculcated, that the true believer is unceasingly exercised in a servile obedience to his faith. The Turks are in fact a nation of puritans; every act of life, from the highest to the lowest, from the murder of a sultan to the purchase of a slipper, is begun and ended in the name of God and the Prophet. The sacred standard leads the Musulman to war; the bayonet is introduced with the benediction of the muphty; and gun-rammers of hogs' bristles, a stumbling block to the faithful, are admitted in defence of the Prophet, amidst pious ejaculations of "Praise be to God!" The great multitude of forms prescribed by the Koran derogates from the importance of its moral precepts; he who observes them carefully has good reason to be satisfied with himself, and every text of the sacred volume promotes the facility of self-justification. The great superiority of the Musulman over unbelievers, and the certainty of his temporal as well as spiritual triumph, are perpetually inculcated; he is forbidden to mingle with, or even to resemble those who reject the Prophet: arrogant unsociability is made the safeguard of the faith, and by way of compensation an ample latitude for the riot of passion is allowed to those within the pale. Mahometanism in fine does not enlighten or console, it only flatters its followers. It is no wonder that a religion which unites the seductions of the Epicurean

and Stoic doctrines, inculcating at the same time self-sufficiency and sensual indulgence, should take a firm hold on an ignorant people, and that no Musulman, as Reland affirms, has ever been converted. The devout exterior of the Turks certainly imposed on the benevolent Dr. Clarke, who, after speaking of their frequent prayers and ablutions, says, we think indiscreetly, "that there is no people without the pale of Christianity who are better disposed towards its most essential precepts;" but surely the Turks do not love mercy better than sacrifice; they are not meek and poor in spirit; they do not commune with their own hearts; pride stands high in their category of virtues, and among the ninety-nine canonical names by which they invoke the Deity, that of *Most Proud* occupies a foremost place. A religious creed cannot be fairly judged from the separate texts of which it is composed; its practical influence is the best criterion of its merit; it may contain many precepts totally at variance with the genius of the whole; nay, a few of its leading principles may suffice to render nugatory all its salutary provisions.

The law of the Turks is but an extension of their religion; their whole code is founded on the Koran, and the edifice is completed by dialectic subtilty. Where sacred texts are wanting, traditionary tales, or constructions put upon the silence of the Prophet, supply their place, and the involuntary fraudulence of ingenious reasoning pervades the whole. In the imperfect state of sublunary dispensations, this identity of law and religion is the greatest calamity that can befal a people. A few simple enactments will suffice for society in a primitive condition; but as it becomes developed, new interests and new sentiments arise, which require new regulations: institutions, however, which pretend to a divine origin, are not sufficiently accommodating to the wants and weakness of human nature, which can never become perfect but by a slow progression. Where a theocratic system, or religious jurisprudence exists, as among the Turks, every innovation is an act of impiety; and if the body of men who feel an interest in its maintenance possess influence with the people, all chance of social improvement is at an end. When we come to consider the character of that body which unites the sacred and judicial functions in Turkey, it will be seen how it has promoted the sinister tendencies of a perverse system, with a view to the promotion of its own interests.

The vices of the Ottoman code are not corrected by the manner of its administration. The law being composed in a great measure of finedrawn deductions from inadequate texts, is often a mere tissue of subtilty and equivocation. The Cadi is infected with the general avarice; he pays for his office, which he holds for

a very limited time; the plaintiff may choose his court, and of course make sure of the judge beforehand, and no appeal lies from his decision; he who gains the cause pays all the expenses, consequently *avanies* or vexatious suits are not discouraged, and the attendance of witnesses is not compelled, so that few give their testimony who are not paid by the party whom they assist. These facts will be sufficient to refute the praise which has been bestowed on the administration of justice in Turkey, and will explain why in the dramatic exhibitions occasionally seen in Constantinople, the plots of the pieces usually turn on the injustice of a cadi. But there is one circumstance which strongly marks the barbarism of the Turks, which is, that they have no police; if one Turk threatens to kill another, no one cares to prevent him; and the murderer who eludes immediate detection may afterwards boast of his crime with impunity, and will be admired for his hardihood. The laws of the Prophet were designed for the rovers of the desert, and the Turks, though so long the inhabitants of populous cities, still cling pertinaciously to the manners of the wilderness.

In Turkey every man is by turns a despot and a slave; each within his own little sphere indulges in all the paraphernalia of greatness, and as ignorance is easily imposed on by appearances, pomp and ostentation distinguish the Ottoman. Hence the *ataghan* and pipe set round with jewels; hence the *tespih* or rosary, composed of ninety-nine precious stones, and which sometimes costs a fortune. When a man would be thought great, it is very natural for him to have recourse to what Lord Shaftesbury calls the essence of imposture, gravity; and the religion, over which the Turk is continually brooding, tends to produce the same effect. This sense of his dignity, conspiring with the torpor which seizes all things beneath the gloom of despotism, renders him indolent and inactive. Pride however is a lonely and melancholy affection, and the haughty Musulman is often obliged to fly to wine to recruit his flagging spirits; for although the use of that beverage is forbidden by the Koran, yet it has been for a long time connived at, and taverns are now as common in Constantinople as in any town in Europe. The Turk is not, however, a social votary of Bacchus, he is a solitary toper, whose only object is to get intoxicated. This is the most ominous feature in the character of the Turk; he feels no pleasure but in excessive and unnatural excitement. The same languor explains why he so often appears to be a coward; he is a lion if roused, but his spirits are often sunk, and he feels like a despot who has got no slaves to fear him.

In a country where the relative value of money is enhanced by

the contempt in which human life is held,—where there is no safety without power, nor power without wealth, avarice is a natural vice. Every one who has ambition unites to it the passion of accumulation, and it is quite incredible what immense sums have been heaped together in a short time by public officers and the slaves of the seraglio. The treasures of Bechir, the Kislar Aga, who was put to death by Mustapha III. to appease the popular clamours, amounted to nearly four millions sterling, and similar instances occur every day; but, under a rapacious despotism, it is not sufficient to possess treasures, they must also be concealed; hence the frequent mention of hidden treasures in Turkish history. It was a hidden treasure which made the fortune of Ali Pasha of Janina; defeated in one of his early engagements, and to all appearance totally ruined, he sought shelter in some dilapidated building, and tossing his sword in a fit of reckless despair, struck it against something which gave a tinkling sound; this proved to be a casket of money, with which he raised new forces, and commenced a more successful career. A hidden treasure occasioned the death of Czerni George; after having obtained high rank in the Russian service, he imprudently entered the Turkish territory, for the purpose of recovering a treasure which he had buried near Semandria; he was recognised and decapitated at Belgrade.

Another vice, engendered by ambition and continual fear, is dissimulation; the necessity of this is inculcated by a terrific Turkish proverb, which says that a man, in order to be safe, must be deaf, dumb and blind. Raghib Pasha, the vizir of Mustapha III., and one of the chief ornaments of Turkish literature, was esteemed the model of an accomplished Turk; yet, according to Sir James Porter, who knew him well, he was a second Tiberius. His favourite maxim was, to hunt the hare in a waggon, that is, to proceed in every affair by covert means, and without precipitation. The description which Dr. Holland gives us of the Pasha of Janina presents a lively idea of the Turkish physiognomy; the calm countenance of Ali, he says, always reminded him of the intense glow of a heated stove. All the mental discipline of a Turk consists in the compression of his furious passions. From habitual pomp, formality and dissimulation, some forms of politeness will necessarily arise, and these, in fact, constitute a principal branch of Ottoman education; but we must not suppose that Turkish politeness has anything to do with refined feelings or delicacy of sentiment; the abominations of the puppet shows and *ombres chinoises*, which, amuse the grandees, are a sufficient proof of the contrary.

A proud barbarian delights in the display of his superiority,

and inflicts the greatest tortures in order to show his power; the Turks, indeed, appear to be naturally cruel, and seldom throw off their listless melancholy, unless when they have an opportunity of shedding blood. We need not say any thing of the pyramids of skulls, constructed by Gazi Hassan in the Morea, nor of the fillets of ears and noses, which have lately decorated the walls of the Seraglio. The language of the nation itself bears testimony against them; as there is no nobility among the Turks, all who rise to eminence are distinguished by epithets derived from some personal qualification, and these are almost always of a ferocious character. The mother calls her son my lion and my tiger; the Sultan is called the Manslayer and the Master of blood; the Pasha of Acre rejoiced in the title of The Butcher; Abdil Pasha, an Aga of the Janizaries, renowned during the late Russian wars for the number of his executions, was styled the Grave-digger; and another officer, whose duty it was to decapitate the pashas, earned the sounding name of the Aga of the Dark Doings.

The Turks, nevertheless, have been extolled for their charity, and especially for their kindness towards the brute creation. Their forbearance towards the lower animals seems to be the effect of superstition, or perhaps a mode of compounding for their harshness towards the human species. In reality, despotism always chooses its associates among the weak, and ignorance can only converse with brutes. The Turk, besides, has no enjoyment but in his reveries, and there is something unreal and fantastic in the companionship of dumb creatures. Birds are the amusement of hypochondriacs and of opium-eaters. Magni, an acute observer, notes this circumstance, "Molti fra essi come serii e malinconici, s'affezionano a certe sodisfazione che bene spesso passano all' eccesso, e ne hò osservato ne' giorni addietro varii che vivono curiosi e dilettanti di uccelli." When De Tott waited on Ismael Bey to concert with him the fortifications of the Bosphorus, he found that minister intent on procuring two canary-birds which sang the same song; and Ismael Bey, according to Peyssonel, was an inveterate opium-eater.

Of the inmates of the harem we know but little from observation. The debasing tendency of polygamy no one can deny; nor is it much redeemed because the Turks, as their apologists will tell us, rarely avail themselves of the permission to marry four wives. The obligations of matrimony are incommodious to the Turk, and a harem filled with slaves is more congenial to his feelings; but society, in the mean time, is in a savage state, so far as moral sentiments are unsupported by laws. Marriages by *Kapin*, or contracts of cohabitation for a specified time, are also permitted; so that those, who can only maintain a single wife, may

change her often. Thus tyranny, sensuality and mistrust, poison in their fountains the streams of domestic felicity. The Turkish women cannot be called happy; ignorance and confinement must impair the sense of being: quarrels and toys divide their time; they dote on trifles, and all the copiousness of female feeling is wasted on personified objects.

The language of flowers, which is peculiar to the Turkish harems, owes its celebrity wholly to Lady Wortley Montague; it was she who introduced it into Europe, together with the practice of inoculation, in the same manner as Busbequius, two centuries before, had introduced the Persian lilac and the writings of Dioscorides. The Persian personifies the rose, and makes it the mistress of the nightingale, to whom, in the return of spring, he tells his amorous pains. The Hindoo dedicates flowers to his divinity, whose various attributes they represent to his imagination; but it is in Turkey alone, and in the harems, that we find this mysterious language, to which there exists nothing similar among other oriental nations. Our fair countrywoman, however, who has thrown a brilliant, and rather a voluptuous colouring over the manners of the harem, has also much exaggerated the merit of these hieroglyphics of love; and the "millions of verses," of which she speaks, dwindle down to about two hundred, before the researches of the learned. This language of flowers is merely the amusement of the secluded fair ones, and a knowledge of it can only be acquired from the slaves of the harem. A learned Turk, to whom J. von Hammer applied for information on the subject, was highly offended at the freedom, and replied, indignantly, that he was not a woman's slave.

There is no art more adapted to soothe uneasy passions, or to recreate the weariness of confinement, than that of music, and we might, therefore, naturally expect to find it the amusement of the Turkish women. But it has never been cultivated in Turkey, and, since its first introduction from Persia by Amurath IV., it does not appear to have undergone any change or improvement. Prince Cantemir wrote a treatise in Turkish on the theory of music, and set to notes the most agreeable Persian airs, but so incapable of improvement are these indocile barbarians, that at the present day they hardly ever practise the musical notation.

As every Turk who receives an education has some acquaintance with the Arabic and Persian languages, he has a ready access and introduction to all the learning of the East. The number of those who possess these elementary acquirements is very great, owing to the multitude of offices connected with the law and religion, which can be filled by those alone who have been qualified by a regular course of study. From these circumstances, and

from the great literary ardour of the Arabians, who now serve as models to the Turks, we might expect to find among the latter a great display of intellectual activity. But the fact is quite the reverse; Turkey is the desert of literature; some scattered antiquities, and a few stunted stems, detach themselves from the dreary waste, but there is little life, and no variety.

The great number of the public libraries in Constantinople, however, has been adduced as a proof of the national learning, and we feel required on that account to bestow on them a short consideration. These libraries, according to D'Ohsson, are thirty-five in number, but he gives no particulars. Toderini enumerates thirteen; Sekeria Efendi fourteen; and a writer in Eichhorn's *Geschichte der Literatur*, whose authority we shall follow, makes them amount to eighteen.* No works are arranged on the shelves, or included in the catalogues of these libraries, except such as are written in the languages of Islamism, Turkish, Arabic, and Persian; if any others exist, they are thrown into lumber chests, and left to moulder in neglect. Of the seven principal establishments, including that of the Seraglio, we have exact details, and their united collections amount precisely to 10,000 volumes. Hence, we may safely conclude that the literary treasures, contained in all the libraries of Constantinople, do not exceed 25,000 volumes, or, as the various catalogues have much in common, perhaps 5,000 works. The single library that was consumed by fire in the Basilica, just ten centuries before the Turks obtained possession of the city, contained 120,000 manuscripts! We will not say any thing respecting the character of this triple literature, except, that if we are to estimate the value of genius from the influence it is likely to exercise on the happiness of mankind, it is probable that the works of Plutarch and Cicero are worth all the learning of the East. Here we cannot omit the opportunity of expressing our opinion, that, with due diligence, much classic treasure might still be rescued from the dusty chests of the Seraglio. There is no good reason for believing that the library of the Palæologi was destroyed by the Ottoman conquerors. Mahomet II. was an accomplished prince, the patron of letters, and versed, it is said, in the Greek language; on the conquest of Constantinople he immediately took possession of the imperial palace; why, then, should he destroy the library? Besides, no mention is made by the Turkish historians of the destruction of Greek manuscripts, at that, or any future period; on the con-

* Some recent information, however, respecting these libraries (leading to the belief that D'Ohsson's enumeration is not exaggerated) will be found in the statements of Mr. Schultz, an eminent German orientalist now travelling in the East, published in No. I. (January, 1828,) of the *Nouveau Journal Asiatique*.

trary, we have positive; and we think unquestionable evidence, in proof of their existence. Ismael Bey, a learned Turk, who had lived nine years in the Seraglio, assured Toderini that there existed an immense quantity of manuscripts in the Greek, Latin, and other languages; not in the library, indeed, but in the store rooms of the Seraglio; this testimony was confirmed by Francesco Franchini, the Venetian Dragoman, who turned Musulman, and was appointed Keeper of the Imperial Library; he stated that many books, in the Greek, Latin, and Syriac languages, remained shut up in chests, and that a collection of manuscripts, brought from Jerusalem, was said to be among them. The indefatigable Toderini published in 1788 the Catalogue of the Imperial Library of the Seraglio, of which he had surreptitiously procured a copy. If General Sebastiani had not been ignorant of this circumstance, as well as of the jealous care taken by the Turks to keep their collections undefiled by the languages of unbelievers, he might have searched the lumber-rooms, instead of the library of the Seraglio, and turned to better account the permission he obtained to penetrate so far within the interior.*

There is but one mode of rescuing from destruction those literary treasures of antiquity, and that is, by money; a Turk will do any thing for money, and the Grand Signior is the most needy of the Turks. It was generally thought that no Frank could view the interior of Saint Sophia without a firmân, until Dr. Clarke discovered that it might be seen at any time for six piastres; and Grelot, (thanks to his liberal bribes,) was allowed to measure the sacred edifice, and to finish accurate drawings of its internal decorations. There is an additional circumstance respecting the libraries of Constantinople, to which we would call the attention of our readers; only three of all those collections existed prior to the last century, the rest having been formed within that period by the Sultans, or grandees who imitated their zeal; the literature and language of the Turks, nevertheless, seem to have derived no benefit from those aids, but to have gone on gradually declining. The importance of this observation will be manifest, when we come to consider the various attempts which have been made to reanimate the nation, and the uniform failure of them.

The Turks are a people extremely peculiar in all their usages; what may be considered their ancestral customs bear, as the Abbate Häger has fully shown, a close resemblance to those of the Chinese. In sentiments and deportment they differ widely from all surrounding nations, Persian as well as European, and these original dissimilitudes have been turned by superstition into

* See the Notice in our last No. (p. 666) given on the authority of M. Rizo.

principles of repulsion. Education being wholly in the hands of the Ulemas, is doled out in a manner conformable to the interests of that crafty body, and does not produce the same humanizing effects which usually accompany the free diffusion of knowledge. Thus ignorance and pride, a bigoted adherence to established usages, and hatred of strangers, stop up the ordinary channels of improvement, and prevent the application of remedies from without to correct the virulence of internal disease. The rapid and palpable decline of the empire during the last century and a half, has convinced the Ottoman princes of the necessity of change; but as the efforts of the despot have hitherto been uniformly defeated by the bigotry of the people, and as the present sultan persists in the attempt which has proved fatal to so many of his predecessors, we will try to investigate, in the construction of the empire itself, the chance of its ultimate reformation.

The emperor of the Turks unites in himself the power of the *kitab* and the *kilitch*, the book and the sword, and consequently claims the exercise of an absolute authority, both spiritual and temporal. Though not of the family of Coureisch, to which the office of Chief Imam is limited by the Koran, yet conquest has supplied to him every defect of title, and he is considered by all true believers as the legitimate successor of the Prophet. The warlike princes, however, who led the Ottomans into Europe, had neither leisure nor inclination to discharge the united offices of judge and priest; they entrusted, therefore, to the mollahs and cadis the administration of justice, to the sheiks and imams the ceremonies of religion, and on the muphty they conferred the general prerogatives of the theocratic character. This was a fatal error in policy. Under a despotic government everything depends upon the monarch; when he is strong, the nation also will be strong, while the division of his power does not necessarily accrue to the advantage of the people. The priests and lawyers, united into one body under the muphty, soon profited of the religious bias of the nation, to intercept a large portion of the popular reverence, and to constitute themselves the guardians of right, leaving to the sultan the more questionable exercise of power. But, however the Ottoman princes may be thwarted in practice by the stubborn nature of a theocracy, they hold in theory a despotic sway, and the only limits to their authority are those of a usurped or accidental nature. There are some, indeed, who have thought fit to controvert this point; Peyssonel in particular, and Sir James Porter both insist, that the Grand Signior is so much checked by the soldiers and the Ulemas, that he really enjoys but a very limited authority. "When," says the latter author, "the people are notoriously aggrieved, when their property and

that of the church is repeatedly violated, when the prince will riot in blood, or carry on an unsuccessful war, they pronounce him acting contrary to law, and destroy him." But is it possibl eto imagine a more barbarous government than that in which the excesses of the prince can be checked by nothing but his destruction? or can we conceive a despotism so complete as to take away even the right of vengeance from the people? The sultan is not more controlled by law than the savage is by a natural sense of justice; the only restraint on both is the dread of retaliation, and the savage, in general, has more to fear. The Grand Signior cannot infringe the right of property, nor inflict punishment in general without a formal condemnation; such is the theory of Turkish law: but, on the other hand, the *Orlouf*, or royal prerogative, allows him to put to death fourteen persons per day as the effect of immediate inspiration, and in these cases confiscation is sure to follow. The most characteristic trait, however, of Turkish despotism, is exhibited in the relation that subsists between the prince and his officers. All who accept any post or government from the sultan, (and what he offers none dare refuse,) place their lives and properties thereby at his disposal; he is the heir to all their effects, and can, at any time, demand their heads as a matter of right. In such a state of things it is natural that the powers of government should either be in the hands of desperadoes, or of men who hope to escape notice by a servile adherence to established routine, and who sacrifice every consideration to that of personal safety. The Ulemas alone are placed beyond the reach of these odious prerogatives; they may be exiled, but cannot be put to death, and to the inviolability of their persons they add the security of their property. As the body thus designated appears to us to have exerted a powerful influence on the character of the Ottoman empire, we shall endeavour, as fully as our limits will permit, to expose its temper and constitution.

As the law and religion of Turkey are founded on a common basis, so the Ulemas, or body of priests and lawyers, form but a single order in the state: but the prayers and ablutions prescribed by the Koran, are so numerous and frequent, that the minister of religion could never find leisure to execute the office of a judge; the imams or priests, therefore, constitute a separate class of the Ulemas, and leave to the cadis the administration of justice. Every Osmanli is entitled to become a member of this body, but he must first receive a suitable education: after a few years study, and an examination in the Arabic language, the Koran and the Psalmody, the candidate may be admitted to the service of a mosque; but having once entered upon the sacerdotal office, his career is closed, and no further promotion awaits him in the body of the

Ulemas. Those who aspire to the honours of the judicature continue their studies for a longer time, and after several examinations obtain the rank of *Mulazim*, which entitles them to hold the office of cadi, or judge: if their ambition urges them still further, and they wish to obtain the degree of *Muderis*, or Doctor, their noviciate must be continued seven years longer, when they undergo a final examination in presence of the muphty; and the title of Muderis being once conferred, the first dignities of the magistracy lie open to their hopes. The classification, however, does not end here; the Muderis of Constantinople are divided into ten classes or degrees, from the first of which alone are chosen the supreme magistrates of the state. The routine of advancement which is here pointed out is rigorously adhered to with respect to the great body of the profession, although frequently violated in favour of the principal Ulemas, whose children often obtain at a very early age the degree of Muderis, in order that they may reach the principal honours while still in the vigour of life. This exact and judicious organization gives to the body of the Ulemas a firm coherence, which makes it the most solid part of the Ottoman constitution. Long probations, and a multitude of successive gradations are well calculated to insure safe and uniform counsels to a body engaged in the pursuit of objects which they dare not avow. The heads of the order cannot fail to be devoted to its interests, and its unity is secured by the controlling authority of the muphty, from whom depend all the appointments of the priesthood. Of all the offices in the state his alone is held for life; he is the oracle of the law, and the representative of the sultan in the exercise of his spiritual authority: and as all new laws, and even the question of peace or war must await his sanction, he participates in the legislative power of the prince, and interferes with all the movements of government. The privileges common to all the Ulemas are exemptions from taxes and arbitrary impositions; from the punishment of death, and from arbitrary confiscations;—precious prerogatives in a country where death and confiscation are the usual methods which the monarch pursues to fill his treasures and enjoy his power! It appears from the Turkish historians, that it is only within the last two centuries that the Ulemas have had the uncontested enjoyment of these rights; but the most singular advantage gained by the steady encroachments of this juridical priesthood, is the establishment of an aristocracy, which assures to a few families the hereditary and almost exclusive enjoyment of the principal offices of the magistracy, and obliges the sultan to conform to the routine of the profession. He could formerly select the muphty from among all the members of the order indiscriminately, but his choice is now confined to the first class of the Muderis of Constantinople.

In a country where every transaction is coloured with a show of justice and religion, such a body as the Ulemas must necessarily enjoy a high degree of consideration; and the superiority of their education confirms to them that ascendency which the people are willing to concede to the interpreters of the Koran. They are sufficiently enlightened to understand their interests; the prerogatives which they defend are of the most solid and important nature; their chiefs are bound to them by the strongest ties, or are proved by a long noviciate and repeated trials; they unite the firmness of an aristocracy to the spirit of a profession; in fine, their influence has such a naturally good foundation, and is so artfully fortified, that it would be hardly possible to overturn it. But all the advantages which result from the strong and closely jointed combination of the Ulemas are exclusively their own; they cannot resist the arbitrary violence of the Sultan, but they can impede the alterations of the law; their power is founded on the false principles which arrest the progress of civilization, and they are the natural supporters of the present state of things. There is nothing in the Ottoman empire which has a solid construction except this bulwark against innovation. Law and religion are hard to be reformed even when taken separately, but when united they offer an inert, or even an active resistance, sufficient to baffle the strongest efforts of the best-intentioned despot.

To this separation of the spiritual from the temporal authority of the sultans, in the early periods of the Ottoman history, must be ascribed the increased bigotry and present barbarism of the Turks. The Koran, indeed, breathes a fanatic and unsocial spirit, averse from all progress in civilization and the arts; yet so constant is the action of our social tendencies, that the clearest precepts of the Prophet, if not re-enforced by the spiritual power, must at length give way to them, and fall into neglect. The Caliphs, who always retained this power, were enabled to dispense with those dogmas which seemed averse to the interests of society; and the Arabians under them attained to a high degree of literary eminence, and even to principles of religious toleration. A prince invested with the spiritual authority is checked in his innovations by nothing but his own scruples; and if he possess enlarged views, if he be animated with a love of learning, or a sincere desire to promote the welfare of his people, he is sure to find in his favour the current of popular sentiment. Among the Turks this power has devolved upon a body of men who have made it available for the protection of their lives and properties, and who are naturally disposed to maintain in its integrity the system to which they owe their safety. Education also is in their hands, and they exert a more immediate influence on the people by the sheiks or

preachers, who sometimes venture to inveigh very boldly against the measures of the government.

The Janizaries, like the Ulemas, possessed valuable immunities, which united them in the sense of a common interest, and nourished among them a spirit of mutual support, even after they had ceased to assemble in the field. Machiavel, in his "Prince," (a work, by the way, which was translated into Turkish by the desire of Mustapha III.) ascribes the solidity of the sultan's power to his reliance on a fierce soldiery, who, he says, are more easy to be pleased than the people, and to please whom all the cares of government may be confined. He did not perceive that the Janizaries, from their numbers and immunities, united the interests of citizens to the power of arms; and the necessity of their suppression proceeded, in fact, from those very honours and rewards to which our early writers ascribe their superiority. Their odas, or regiments, at first formed of slaves and captives, were soon filled by the bravest of the Osmanlis; and as a military brotherhood affords some chance of protection from arbitrary power, all crowded to the muster-roll of the Janizaries. This immense multitude, however, was not subjected to military discipline, and only served to fill the empire with turbulence and confusion, without increasing its strength. The number of Janizaries enrolled at the close of the last century was 400,000; pay was issued for 60,000, but not more than 25,000 men could at any time be mustered during the Russian wars. The danger to which the sovereign was exposed from a pampered and licentious soldiery was very soon felt, and Bajazet II., within less than a century and a half after the creation of the Janizaries, formed a plan for their destruction: the idea was often revived by his successors, and Amurath IV. murdered a great number of them. Selim III. was satisfied with forbidding the recruiting the corps, and his moderation cost him his life. The suppression of the Janizaries, however, had become obviously necessary to the security of the prince and of the state. Mahmoud, the present sultan, when he ascended the throne, had been careful to preserve the arms and accoutrements of the Nizam Gedid, or new troops, who were at that time disbanded; and while maturing his designs he had imported 50,000 stand of arms from Liege, and secretly stored them in the Seraglio. At length the time came, and by one deadly and well-dissembled blow of Turkish policy, that haughty soldiery, to which the Ottoman empire owed the largest share of its glory and its conquests, was totally extinguished.

Despotic power has no faithful allies; the priesthood purloin the authority they are designed to assist, and an angry army

capriciously usurpe it. The strength of the Ottoman government has been long since wasting away from both these defections; but another cause, more characteristic of the nation, a law of the Seraglio itself, has powerfully co-operated to obscure the splendour of the House of Osman. In the early periods of the Turkish history, all the male relations of the emperor shared with him the glories and dangers of the field; but among a people prone to admire bold crimes, who had no fixed law of succession to the throne, and whose domestic manners were calculated to weaken the ties of kindred, the prince often found dangerous competitors in his sons and brothers. Selim I. deposed and murdered his father Bajazet II.; his successor, Soliman the Great, was obliged to strangle his eldest son, who had conspired against his life. These circumstances induced the last-named sultan to ordain that all the princes allied to the throne should be kept in close confinement in the Seraglio, secluded from the public eye and from state concerns; nor could they leave their prison, unless in the presence of the emperor, till called to ascend the throne. This fatal law, dictated in the gloomy spirit of eastern jealousy, soon marred the grandeur of the Ottoman race. The succeeding sultans, reared in captivity, amidst women and eunuchs, were unfit to be the heads of a warlike nation, and relinquished in almost every case the command of the army, to riot in cruelty and sensuality. From Osman, the founder of the dynasty, to Soliman the Great, the emperors of the Turks were all men of surprising vigour and abilities; but from that period their history exhibits little but disgrace. The turbulence of the Janizaries met with little restraint, and the muphty and the grand vizir divided between them the sovereign authority; the latter officer, to whom is delegated all the temporal power of the sovereign, easily became formidable to his weak and suspicious master. After the Revolution in 1730, by which Ahmed III. was deposed, Mahomet V., his successor, was persuaded that the power of the grand vizir had grown dangerous, and that a frequent change of the minister was the only way to frustrate the schemes of his ambition. This maxim was adopted in the succeeding reigns. Osman III. in the space of two years and a half, beheaded or deposed five grand vizirs, and six caimacans, or deputies. But the palliatives of a weak policy are not equivalent to the adoption of sound measures; and the frequent change of ministers, though it spared the emperors some alarms, diminished the vigour of the government, quickened the intrigues of the Seraglio, paralysed the operations of the army, and exposed the faltering measures of the divan to general contempt.

As the power of an imbecile despot consists in his treasures, the whole system of internal administration in Turkey is directed

to the accumulation of money; and as, according to the Turkish proverb, "the fish stinks first at the head," the avarice which actuates the sovereign is soon diffused through every branch of the administration. The three maxims of government bequeathed by the great vizir Kiuperly, to Mahomet IV. were—"never to listen to the suggestions of women—to fill his treasury by any means—and to be always on horseback among his troops." Of these the second alone has been observed by the degenerate sultans; every office is sold, with an understanding that the purchaser may use any means to reimburse himself; and as confiscations, or presents to secure impunity, are fertile sources of revenue, the rapacity of governors is secretly encouraged. The sale of pashalics is sometimes so flagrant, that the commissions are disposed of, sealed, to bankers, who having found purchasers, at a profit if possible, have the names inserted: thus the right of ruling over millions is the traffick of brokers, who discount, as it were, the vizir's drafts on extortion. What is in Turkey called energy, and with us unmitigated cruelty, is thought to be the greatest merit of a pasha, who, if he did not resort to violence and rapacity, could rarely fulfill his engagements; and the most revolting atrocities, if they only serve to circulate the gold of the provinces into the imperial treasury, are not thought averse from the ends of a barbarous despotism.

The same system is followed by the muphty in filling the offices within his jurisdiction. As these are in general held for only eighteen months, and as the number of cadis in the empire is very great, the revenue arising from these frequent changes must be enormous. But the intervention of bankers is here more frequent than in the former instance, and the offices which regard the administration of justice are tossed about with stock-jobbing dexterity by Jews, Greeks and Armenians, till some Turk is found who is willing to pay all the profits, and who gives those slaves of Mammon a price which the equitable discharge of his office can never reimburse. These statements depict the cupidity of the government, and a cupidity so blind must necessarily terminate in brutal oppression; they also show how systematically this destructive system is pursued. The provinces in the mean time are made deserts, and malversation is introduced into every branch of the government.

The first of these effects we will explain in the words of Beaujour (author of the *Tableau du Commerce de la Grèce*) a candid and well-informed writer; speaking of Salonica, he says,

"Le Pacha a la dîme d'une vingtaine de villages qui relèvent immédiatement de lui: il n'afferme cette dîme que soixante à soixante dix mille piastres; mais il perçoit une pareille somme en droits casuels. Il

fait ensuite au moins cent mille piastres *d'avanies;* et quand il n'est pas humain, il en fait deux cent mille; s'il est avide et rapace, *dans six mois il a dévoré le pays.* Moustaphe Pacha tirait de son pachalik trois cent soixante mille piastres, et ce pacha passait pour un homme désintéressé; *il l'etait en effet pour un Turk.*"

Here we see a pasha extorting from his province six times the amount of the tithe which was due, and yet passing for a disinterested Turk. As the *karatch*, or poll-tax, paid by tributary subjects, is assessed on the provinces without any attention to the changes of wealth or population, when these happen to be diminished by any public calamities, the levying of the impost becomes a work of extermination, and this barbarous government, which expects to effect every thing by brute force, desolates the country to punish the poverty of the inhabitants. This wasting of the source of revenue has gone on with increased rapidity of late years, while at the same time peculation frustrates all the intentions of public expenditure. Mustapha III. a well-intentioned prince, was blamed by his ministers for his parsimony; but he excused himself to De Tott by expressing his conviction, that if he were to make liberal disbursements for the public service, they would only go to feed the avarice of his servants: funds appropriated to public institutions were often diverted into channels of private interest. The attempts of the emperors to maintain schools for military instruction, and to promote by liberal rewards the science of gunnery, appear to have been baffled in a similar manner: even the pay of the Janizaries was not allowed to reach undiminished its proper destination; one third of it at least went to support the pomp of the chief ministers, and the pensions of half a dozen veterans were often accumulated on the head of a single slave. This corrupt system is not an accidental evil, but a vice inherent in the nature of the government, and all the details of office are arranged in accordance with it. The desire of extending a lucrative patronage has increased to a prodigious multitude the inferior offices of the Porte; and as these offices are the only school of politics with which the Turkish statesmen are acquainted, it is no wonder that so few objects enter into their field of view, or that while the diplomatic corps of Pera plot the partition of the empire, the divan are wholly intent on pecuniary gains, or the intrigues of the Seraglio. A despot reared in captivity, sensuality and ignorance,—ministers raised from the dregs of the people, and still further disabled by the instability of office, —religion and law wedded to ignorance and abuses, and deeply engaged to resist innovation,—such are the props that support the tottering fabric of the Ottoman empire, which, though once the terror of the world, is now (to borrow the words of Knolles) "labouring with nothing more than with the weight of itself."

"But, to the amazement of all," (says Dr. Clarke) "who were well acquainted with the internal state of the Turkish empire, it has still survived; and the most impotent of human beings, cooped up with his eunuchs and his concubines in an old crazy hutch, at the mouth of the Thracian Bosphorus, still exercises a nominal jurisdiction over many millions of human beings, inhabiting the fairest and most fertile portion of the earth." The cause of this permanency is easily explained:—Osman I. gave his name to his people; he not merely founded the dynasty—he created the nation. The word Turk among the Ottomans is a term of contempt, synonymous with barbarian; while they glory in the name of Osmanli, as expressive of valour and politeness. In Turkey there is no hereditary nobility; all the great officers and ministers of state are considered in law as the slaves of the sultan; thus all the prejudices of an ignorant people in favour of antiquity, nobility, and power, are concentrated in favour of the race of Osman. A few families indeed have attained to hereditary rank; three of these who belong to the Ulemas, have also succeeded in confining to themselves the office of muphty; but this is in a great measure the work of management and usurpation. The family of Ibrahim Khan, vizir of Mahomet II., enjoys, it is said, like the Grand Signior, an exemption from the bonds of marriage, and also the valuable privilege of refusing to accept office: but still the splendour of the family of Osman stands single in the eyes of the nation, and the care to preserve that illustrious line has never been more conspicuous than in the midst of revolutions. The dynasty had nearly been extinguished however in 1808; at the time when Mustapha was put to death, executioners despatched by him were in search of Mahmoud, the present emperor, who was discovered by his deliverers lying concealed under some old tapestry. The preservation of his life was a great triumph to the nation, as he was the only surviving male of the family; and this circumstance, in all probability, has saved his life in the recent troubles, and more recent national disgraces. His eldest son, Abdul-Hamid, perished by a fire which consumed a great portion of the harem in 1817, and the Sultan Achmet, the heir to the throne, is still in his minority: thus the life of Mahmoud is still of great value to a nation unacquainted with regencies, and whose chief link of union is the attachment to the race of Osman.

The affection of the Ottomans for the family of their founder is not however sufficient to save the empire from decline. A government which does not acknowledge the good of society for its object, has no *vis medicatrix* to withstand the violence of casual shocks. The towering pride of despotism has a wide shadow, but a narrow basis; all that supports it is oppressed, all

beneath it is in gloom, and if once it swerves from the perpendicular, ruin and dilapidation speedily ensue. Towards the close of the last century, the period of the dissolution of the Ottoman empire seemed fully arrived. We do not refer to the plans for its partition by the two imperial courts; those plans, we are convinced, could never have succeeded; but the rebellious dismemberments were of the most formidable nature. Egypt was divided among rebellious beys; almost all the pashas from Bagdad to Aleppo refused obedience; Central Greece was in the power of the formidable Ali of Tepeleni: Servia was in arms, and successfully withstood the whole force of the empire: while Paswan Oglou, Pasha of Widdin, routed an army of 100,000 men, and carried his arms to the gates of Constantinople. The circumstances of these two last-named rebellions exhibit more clearly the weakness of the state: in both cases the leaders were obscure adventurers, who at first had not perhaps any definite object, but who knew the advantage of European tactics; and in both cases the rebels were completely successful. The effect of such shocks cannot be soon recovered: the Porte endeavours to preserve the calm by accepting a nominal submission, but the Grand Signior is probably not obeyed in more than a fourth of his dominions. Happily for mankind, experience has again confuted the authority of Machiavel, who asserts, "a chi assalta il Turco é necessario pensare di averlo a trovere unito." The possibility of disunion and successful rebellion in the empire of the Grand Turk is now no longer doubtful.

A sense of their declining strength has induced the Ottoman princes, since the beginning of the last century, to aim at introducing some military reforms, and to endeavour, by the adoption of European tactics, to retrieve the tarnished glory of their arms. A brief detail of these attempts, all of which failed from the stubborn prejudices of the people and their want of active spirit, cannot fail to prove instructive, and to guide us in our conjectures respecting the future destiny of the Ottoman empire.

Bonneval, an officer of prince Eugene's army, of a petulant and restless disposition, fled into Turkey from the consequences of his misconduct, and taking the turban in 1720, engaged in the service of the Porte. The Turks had been instructed in the casting of cannon about fifty years before, by an Italian renegade of the name of Sardi; but they were unskilful in the management of artillery, and totally unacquainted with the use of bombs. These defects Bonneval undertook to supply: a regiment of Combaradgis, or bombardiers, was formed on the European model, and Bonneval (or Achmet Pasha, as he was named), was placed at the head of it: he retained the command till his death in 1747,

when he was succeeded by his son Soliman Aga. In twenty years, nevertheless, after the death of Bonneval, the art of pointing, or even of firing a mortar, appears to have been totally forgotten by the Turks. The vizir, Morovandgi Pasha, who commanded the troops at Choczim, in the Russian war, begged of De Tott to show him a mode of firing mortars without a fuse, merely because a muezzin, who appeared to him to have great talents as an engineer, was a stranger to the use of fuses; so little benefit had been derived from Bonneval's instructions. De Tott also assisted in establishing a school of engineers; and afterwards the science of fortification was for some time diligently studied under General Lafitte, who resided fourteen years in Turkey, and was intrusted with some operations in the war of 1787. In 1793, Aubert de Bayet, the ambassador of the French Republic, brought with him to Constantinople a squadron of horse artillery, the rapidity and precision of whose movements were calculated to convince the Turks of their inferiority. At the same time an English renegade, named Campbell, who had held a high rank in the British service, received the command of Bonneval's corps of Combaradgis, another English renegade directed the cannon-foundries, and a Prussian had the controul of the engineer. It is needless to name the crowd of European officers who have been subsequently engaged in the service of the Porte; but what availed all this bustle of seeming reformation? The activity of a Mustapha, and the enlightened views of a Selim, could not change the passive character of a people sunk in ignorance and stupid arrogance, and who have no spirit but in the paroxysms of excitement. The Turks are considered as the inventors of trenches and parallels in the attack of places; but their defeat before Widdin, and the lingering blockades to which they have been obliged to have recourse in their late contests with the Greeks, show how completely they have lost their former skill, and how little they have profited from the lessons of their European instructors. When the English fleet passed the Dardanelles in 1807, the Turks who were stationed in the batteries and castles fled from their guns, (as we are informed by M. Juchereau de St. Denys, a distinguished French officer, who was present on the occasion,*) and threatened to kill all who offered to prevent their flight.

The reforms in the marine, during the same period, appeared to proceed under better auspices from the vigorous character of those engaged in their promotion. The Capitan Pasha, Gazi

* Révolutions de Constantinople en 1807 et 1808; précédées d'Observations générales sur l'etat actuel de l'Empire Ottoman. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1819.

Hassan, was a man of extraordinary boldness: he applied himself with unremitting zeal to the formation of an effective navy: and under his protection, a nautical academy was opened in 1773, in which instructions were given by an Algerine, not deficient in practical abilities. Before this time the Turks knew nothing of navigation, and were almost ignorant of the use of the compass, as was remarked by Boscovich. The best models of naval architecture were procured from Deptford and Toulon. European artists were engaged: docks were constructed by a Swede, named Rodé: the great natural resources of the empire—the forests of Taurus, and the mines of Trebisond,—were put in requisition, and Brun, Benoit, and Spurring launched in the port of Constantinople, some of the finest vessels of which any nation could boast. This ardour of the Porte to increase the naval strength of the empire did not abate on the death of Hassan. His successor, Kutchuk Hussein, was equally severe, active, and indefatigable; but both these men were ignorant barbarians, destitute of even the first elements of science; their improvements extended no further than the skill of the intelligent agents they employed: they created a fleet externally imposing; but what was its real strength?—We refer to Navarino for an answer. Cool intrepidity, strict discipline and science, are the ingredients of naval superiority; but the battles of Lepanto, of Chesmé, and finally of Navarino, are memorable proofs how incompatible these qualifications are with the Turkish character.

It deserves to be remarked, as a proof of the repulsive bigotry that exists under the Ottoman government, that almost all the European Christians who engage in its service retire from it in disgust; while the renegades, from whose intelligence a more permanent benefit might be derived, are generally put to death for slight offences: such was the fate of Soliman, the Prussian engineer, and of the Russian who instructed the army of Bairactar in European manœuvres. Ingliz Mustapha (so Campbell was called) died not long ago in misery and want; and the end of Selim, a man of wit and accomplishments, who had been, we suspect, a distinguished member of the Irish bar, was still more wretched.

Coeval with these attempts to improve the Ottoman army and marine, an innovation of a more important, but less ostentatious nature, was made by the introduction into Turkey of the art of printing. A Turkish printing press was, for the first time, established in Constantinople, in the year 1726, under the protection of the Sultan Ahmed III., by Ibrahim Motaferrika, a Hungarian renegade. Toderini insists that the types were cast in Constantinople; but of this there is no direct proof, and we prefer

the authority of Jänisch, in his preface to Meninski, who says that they were brought from Paris. This institution was liberally supported by the Sultan Ahmed, but languished under his successor, and on the death of Ibrahim totally ceased. The whole fruit of its labours, during the fourteen years of its existence, was three-and-twenty volumes. This great instrument of public instruction could not be introduced without the permission of the Ulemas; and they of course yielding to the wishes of the prince, sanctioned the printing of all works in the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian languages, except the Koran, and those of a religious nature. This inhibitory clause, which comprehends three-fourths of oriental learning, and nearly all that the Turks care to read, was necessary, Mr. Thornton says, to preserve religion in its purity; but we are unable to perceive that there is anything unholy or unclean in the nature of letter-press; or that religion is kept more pure by bearing a high price. The same writer adds, "that he wants no other evidence of the liberal encouragement given to learning by the Turks than their own unassisted efforts to introduce the art of printing." To this we will reply, that we want no stronger proof of their apathy and hopeless barbarism, than the fact, that their rich and populous capital was not able to support the *single* press, the short-lived existence of which was wholly due to the liberality of the prince, and the talents of a renegade. After an oblivion, however, of more than forty years, the experiment was repeated, and in the year 1783 the press was re-established by Abdul Hamid; and shortly after, the accession of the liberal Selim to the throne gave it ampler funds and fresh activity. The French, who at this time were making great efforts to civilize the Turks, co-operated with the Sultan, and a press was also established in the palace of the French ambassador. Several treatises on the art of war, translated from the French, were printed in the Turkish language; and two little volumes were printed in French, which, from particular circumstances, deserve to be mentioned. The one is entitled "*Tableau des Nouveaux Reglements de l'Empire Ottoman*," and appeared in 1798: it was the work of Mahmud Efendi, who had resided some time in England, and cost the author his life in the revolution which deposed Sultan Selim. The other is a pseudonymous pamphlet, on the Turkish army, and the state of military science at Constantinople. It bears the name of Mustapha, and the date of 1803; but it was in fact written by the Greek brothers, Argyropoulo, and after the accession of Mahmoud, with the intention of deceiving the courts of Europe with respect to the strength of the Ottoman empire. This palpable forgery, nevertheless, duped the learned M. Langlés, who republished it in 1810, with numerous notes.

Few elementary works proceeded from the press of Constantinople; and if we except the complete History of the empire from native authorities, nothing calculated to engage the favour of the people. The art of printing became, under Selim, part of the new order of things, and the establishment was fixed in the barracks of the new troops at Scutari; in consequence, when the revolution of 1807 broke out, the whole was reduced to ashes, and few of those connected with it escaped the fury of the Janizaries. Not more than forty volumes issued from the Turkish press during this second period of its existence. Thus ignorance obtained a second and complete victory; for although the press has been since re-established by Mahmoud, yet the general bigotry of the nation allows it only an inactive and stealthy existence. As the Turks are generally versed in Arabic and Persian, their literature of course is proportionally extensive; nevertheless, although they have known the art of printing one hundred years, they have not as yet printed as many volumes: this fact alone, this slowness to feel the merits of an art which ministers so largely to intellectual enjoyment, sufficiently shows how insusceptible they are of social improvement. It deserves, also, to be remarked, that the art of printing has been practised by the Jews of Constantinople from the earliest period of its discovery. A Septuagint was printed by them, we think, in 1486. This circumstance might have facilitated the adoption of that art by the Turks, if their apathy and bigotry offered less powerful resistance to their progressive civilization.

Reasoning from all those facts, we cannot agree with Mouradjha D'Ohsson, that the civilization of the Turks is not impeded by any insurmountable obstacles, or that the vices which waste away the Ottoman empire are not derived from its institutions, but are merely accidental.

"Pour reformer les Ottomans," says that author, "il ne faudroit donc qu'un esprit supérieur, qu'un sultan sage, éclairé, entreprenant; qu'il soit secondé par le génie puissant d'un Sinan Pacha, d'un Kupruli; qu'un mouphty animé du même zèle et du même esprit entre dans leur vues."

Certainly, with such *points d'appui*, the world itself might be moved; but where such a paradoxical combination of great qualities must take place, in order to effect improvements towards which every free community naturally tends, it is evident that the old fabric must be totally razed and a new one constructed on a different model. If gravitation does not support the globe, we must have recourse to the elephant and the tortoise; and when individual interests and the welfare of the community are not allowed fair play, prejudices alone can hold together the frame of society.

The power of the despot stands on a slender foundation: if he quarrels with ignorance, he loses his only friend, as is clearly evinced in the recent history of the Turks. Selim III. was a wise, enlightened, enterprising prince; his servants had zeal and abilities, and the muphty was devoted to his will; yet he could neither correct abuses, nor restore the empire to its pristine vigour. The reformations which he urged were not precipitately introduced by him; many of his ancestors had failed in similar attempts. Ahmed III. nearly a century before, resembled Selim in fortune as well as in character; both these princes were distinguished by their poetical talent and literary accomplishments; both knew how to appreciate the superior enlightenment of Europe; the former introduced into Turkey, and the latter revived and encouraged the art of printing; Ahmed sent the first Turkish ambassadors to the courts of Europe, Selim made them permanent; both were innovators with the best intentions, and—here is the point of resemblance most worthy of attention,—both lost their thrones by their zeal for improvement, and in each case the nation relapsed to its torpor, its ignorance and corruption.

We must not, however, impute to the people alone the continued degradation of the Ottoman empire; there is something in the character of Turkish genius which unfits it for the task of reformation; and under the Turkish government there is so frequent a delegation of absolute power, that the enlightenment of the prince can only operate within a very narrow sphere. In Turkey all may rise to power who manifest abilities; that is to say, who are at once wily and audacious. There is no country so fertile in genius of this kind, or which produces so many Napoleons on a small scale; but the natural energies of barbarians, bred in a school of corruption, are not of a humanizing kind. Bairactar Vizir, who effected the revolution of 1808, was originally a labourer, and fell the victim of his own arrogance; Gazi Hassan and Kutchuk Hussein, the chief supporters of the declining empire, had both been slaves, were both quite ignorant, cruel, and avaricious. Little need be said of Achmet, Pasha of Acre, originally a Bosnian slave, who gloried in the appellation of Djezzar, or the Butcher, or of Ali, of Janina, who, with a little mercy towards his subjects, might have fixed his independence on a solid basis; their atrocities are too well known. Czerni George, the Servian rebel, was a Turk in habits, and so ignorant that he could not even read. He shot his father, hanged his brother for a supposed affront, and had recourse to every means to increase his wealth; he resolved to rule as a despot, and refusing to listen to the Servian chiefs, who spontaneously met in council, he sacrificed the opportunity of firmly establishing his country's freedom.

Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, has stained his history by the massacre of the Mamelukes; he, also, is ignorant and of humble origin; and his system of ruling Egypt by troops of negroes and Albanians, together with his monopoly of the commerce, raise such a wall between himself and his subjects, that his power deserves at least to perish. But the Pasha of Widdin, Paswan Oglou, was one of the most extraordinary men the world ever saw: his name signifies the son of the sweep, but though of low origin he was not without some education: struggling from an obscure beginning and through numerous vicissitudes, he at length defeated the whole force of the empire, and imposed his terms on the humiliated Porte; yet even his course was marked with the Turkish vices of cruelty and avarice, and his want of moderation alone prevented the early consolidation of his power. These are the most distinguished men in the recent history of Turkey, and from these examples it is evident that the genius of the Turks is better fitted to overthrow an empire, than to establish one on principles of permanence and stability.

Few of the Ottoman emperors have been free from the prevailing vices of their nation; and the present sultan is no less distinguished for his unbounded rapacity than for his disregard of human life. He is the terror of the wealthy bankers, who are seldom fortunate enough to save their lives by the surrender of their properties. He appears, however, to have imbibed some of the leading opinions of his cousin Selim, to whose assiduous care he owes all his instruction; that unfortunate prince was far from being what the bigoted Toderini styles him, "*uno feroce anticristiano;*" he knew the superiority of European manners, and was well aware that the imputation of barbarism was cast upon his empire. This was his tender point, and it was by insisting on this that Mr. Arbuthnot obtained in 1807, in the case of the Russian minister, Italinsky, a departure from the practice of confining in the Seven Towers, the ambassadors of states which declared war against the Porte. Mahmoud appears to be actuated by similar views but different dispositions, and his conduct at the present moment implies a sulky adoption of the principles of international law. But though willing to treat the Europeans with respect, he is at the same time a rude barbarian; and his internal administration is energetic without being wise. His avarice has led him to debase the coin to such a degree, that the piastre, which at the commencement of the last century was worth nearly four shillings, and which when he ascended the throne was reduced to a third of that value, is not at present worth more than four pence; the same motive has led him to offend the prejudices of his nation in the tenderest points. After the massacre of the

Janizaries in 1826, he sold by public auction the wives of his two predecessors, who were confined, according to usage, in the *Eski Serai;* this is a deed unparalleled in the Ottoman history. But he went still farther; he demanded of the Ulemas whether circumcision and abstinence from wine were strictly enjoined or only recommended by the Koran; and they being called upon to answer, while the sword, bathed in the blood of their old comrades in rebellion was yet unsheathed, replied, by the muphty, that the observance of these precepts is an act of virtue, but not essential to salvation. Thus two of the great pillars of Islamism have been cast down to open a wider channel for the revenue, but who can doubt that the flames of bigotry are still smouldering beneath their ruins? or who can fail to learn from these facts the indissoluble connection between the military and the social reformation of the Ottomans? We are not to suppose, however, that Mahmoud is not a staunch Musulman; his scruples give way to avarice but not to the calls of humanity. When the chief of the Wechabites, or Arabian reformers, who was taken prisoner by the Egyptian army, was sent to Constantinople in 1817, the unhappy heretic was cruelly tortured and put to death before the eyes of the sultan.

The question then presents itself,—Can Mahmoud reform his country? we think not; the task exceeds his talents,—it exceeds his means,—and could not be accomplished within the life of a single man. The Ottoman empire must first sink in the political balance to dimensions more suited to its inveterate barbarism. But it may be said that he has succeeded in suppressing the Janizaries, an indispensable preliminary, and, in forming in their stead, an organized army; and that he is seconded in all his reformations by the voice of the Ulemas. If any thing, however, within the Ottoman empire be solidly and systematically combined, it is the interests and principles of the Ulemas; and these are directly opposed to innovations. If they now assist Mahmoud, it is because they must yield to force, as they have always done. The apparent advantages gained over them by the sultan are only the broken waves of a steady current; but their sentiments and their influence will outlast the strength of any single despot. If a season of national calamity should arrive, they will call the same Mahmoud an infidel, and the word will depose him; while their history will supply them with a recent precedent. Selim never meddled with religious rites or religious abstinence; his innovations extended no farther than military improvement, and all he did received the muphty's benediction; but when the rebels who sought to depose that prince asked the same authority "*Whether the emperor deserved to be left upon the throne, who by his conduct and his laws*

*subverted the religious principles of the Koran;*" the chief of the Ulemas formally pronounced "*No: God knoweth best.*"

The military reforms of Mahmoud are as insecure as his disregard of military scruples is impolitic: the Janizaries, with all their faults, contributed to preserve the integrity of the empire; they were not able to defend it from without, but they often saved it from internal dissolution; they were dangerous to the sovereign, but still more dangerous to the beys and pashas; they never forgot that they were *imperial* troops, and never arrayed themselves against their prince, unless in defence of their corporate interests. An organized army, on the other hand, is easily swayed by its leader, and, if regularly paid, may be always controuled by a conspiracy of officers. The sultan cannot lead against European armies the riotous levies of the beys and pashas, nor the raw conscriptions of Egypt and Nubia. The language of exhortation with which Busbequius sought to animate the European states in their early contests with the Ottomans, may now be addressed to the latter: "Arma vero! arma, non fortuita neque tumultuaria, nec procul quæsita, sed vestra, sed expedita, sed magno judicio, magnâque ratione delecta, instructa, et exculta." An organized army only can supply the place of the Janizaries; but can the sultan create an organized army? can he adopt the tactics of Europe? an organized army can only exist in an organized state; where this is all anarchy and corruption, can the other be all discipline and good order? The tactics of modern Europe require much knowledge both theoretical and practical; they require much arrangement, steady foresight and regular resources; but where will Mahmoud find all these? he has no science, no habit of extensive combinations, and a regular army cannot be maintained by rapine and confiscation. It is only on parade, we are convinced, that an army of Turks can be made to resemble the army of a civilized nation; in the field it will have no commissariat, no supplies, no succours for the wounded, nor concerted means of retreat; every repulse will be a rout, and every defeat dispersion. The illustration of this may be found in the fortune of the Egyptian army, the massacre of the Mamelukes, and the organization of a new military force by the Viceroy of Egypt, excited the emulation of the Turk; but Mehemet Ali had more ample funds as well as more plastic materials for the work than the Grand Signior; and the organization of his army would, nevertheless, disgrace a civilized nation. The camp of Ibrahim Pasha, without hospitals or provisions, is wasted by famine and disease, and the wretched soldiers, left to shift for themselves, suffer more from military execution than from the sword of the enemy.

We are, therefore, justified in concluding that it is morally impossible to reform the Turks; the sultan cannot create an effective army on European principles, without altering the whole system of society and the practice of his government; he cannot meddle with existing institutions without trenching on the sanctity of a religious legislation; and if he give offence to the prejudices of a bigoted people, how can he think of summoning the faithful to the standard of the Prophet? or how will he be able to affirm, in the language of the imperial mandate, "that the Sublime Porte being the court of Mahomet, must, of necessity, endure till the day of judgment?" Two-thirds of his subjects feel no interest in the integrity of his empire; the spirited and docile Greek has felt the contact of civilization, and the principle of alienation is actively at work.

Thus the fierce and haughty empire of the Ottomans, which once daunted all Europe with its fame, is now fast approaching to its end; and the chief impulse is given to its downfal by a people whose very language inspires the hatred of barbarians; who rise from obscurity, degradation, and servitude, to revenge the affront so long offered to that civilization which they nurtured and sent forth; and who, though long deprived of their heritage, are indisputably lineal heirs to the fairest prerogatives of humanity. The empire of the Turks, who, as Knolles energetically expresses it, "stuck not in their devilish policy to break and infringe the laws of nature and of nations," has been gradually wasted by its inherent vices, and its fall will illustrate to future politicians the instability of ill and the weak vitality of despotic power. Havoc and devastation always attended the march of the Turks; and as they never acquired industrious habits, and dissipated quickly what they obtained by force, the wealth of their tributary subjects soon began to decline. Two centuries ago the condition of the Ottoman empire is eloquently described by old Sandys:

"Those rich lands, at this present, remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves and murderers; large territories dispeopled or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced or oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted nor virtue cherished; violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security save to an abject mind and unlookt-on poverty."

Such was the state of Turkey in its most fortunate period; and since that was written ruin and depopulation have made a rapid progress; licentiousness and cruelty have increased with the misery of the people; the disgraces of the empire have soured the national temper of the Turks; their predicted expulsion from

Europe has rendered them more gloomy; the revolt of the Greeks has awakened their bigotry; robbers lay waste the provinces and incendiaries the towns; nothing is to be seen in their expiring empire but anarchy and riot, massacre and spoliation, smoaking ruins and human torture:

"crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago."

"Un pareil Etat," says Montesquieu, "sera dans la meilleure situation lorsqu'il pourra se regarder comme seul dans le monde." The empire of the Turks, without finances or established military force, cannot oppose itself to the dictates of the European powers. The Ottomans must give way in the field; they have in truth but one chance of victory left, and that is in the temerity of enemies who would drive them to despair. Though the strength of their proud empire is broken, their spirits are not degenerate, nor have they lost their fiery courage and contempt of death. Mahmoud is one who will hold with a firm grasp the last fragment of his shattered dominion, and, if pressed to extremities, he will animate his nation by the example of energy well applied.

Since Turkey, under its present system, cannot be restored from its political debility, we are glad that a decisive, though somewhat tardy interference has stopped the further progress of carnage and desolation; and that a new power is to be erected in the east of Europe. When we consider too the strong party which the Russian government has fostered in Greece for more than thirty years, we cannot but admire the dexterity which has restored that country to political independence, and dissociated it from the Imperial courts by conferring on it a constitutional form of government.

With respect to the right of intervention, our limits forbid our offering any remarks, nor could we indeed say any thing which has not been urged by M. de Pradt in the work which stands at the head of this article (No. 3). M. de Pradt is to politics what Bentham is to jurisprudence, and is careful to seek his principles in the constitution of society and the general interests of mankind. His advocacy of the cause of Greece and of humanity, in the volume now before us, is, on the whole, the best specimen we have seen of his vehement eloquence and acute reasoning.*

When the Emperor Joseph proposed a partition of Turkey to Catherine of Russia, that princess met all his plans with the question, "What shall we do with Constantinople?" This difficulty still remains, and so long as the two imperial courts view

* While this sheet is passing through the press, M. de Pradt has published another pamphlet, expressly devoted to the discussion of the question, "De l'Intervention Armée pour la Pacification de la Grèce."

each other with jealousy and mistrust, they will each feel averse from a project which involves the possibility of placing that great city in the hands of its rival. If the partition of Turkey by the two imperial courts be attended by such difficulties, the sacrifice of that country to the ambitious views of one of them is still less likely; nor could Austria and Prussia continue any longer neutral, if Russia ventured to overstep the stipulations of the treaty of London. We are not therefore alarmed at the apparently dangerous confidence reposed in Russia, since we feel convinced that the interests of the co-limitary powers and the general principles of European policy form a stronger security against the violations of the treaty than any which the guarantee of the contracting parties could afford.

That great capital, which to Catherine seemed worth all the provinces of Turkey, has had a singular fortune; it has hardly ever been at the head of a prosperous empire, and even its oldest monuments exhibit proofs of declining taste. The short-lived splendour of the Ottoman empire cannot be called prosperity; it consisted wholly of success in arms, unadorned and unsupported by commerce or the arts of peace. Constantinople, nevertheless, has always continued populous, owing not more to the care taken by the Emperors and Sultans to supply it abundantly with corn, than to the natural advantages of its situation. The spot on which this city stands appears to have been marked out by nature for the capital of the old world. Placed on the canal which connects the north of Europe with the shores of Africa, and where the caravans from the borders of China meet the cargoes of the West, it possesses every advantage of situation and climate which can stimulate industry, or quicken commercial intercourse. We shall not, however, think of effecting by description what the graphic art alone can achieve. Those who wish to be acquainted with Constantinople we refer to the work of M. Melling which stands at the head of this article (No. 1.); from his drawings alone they can derive an adequate idea of the imperial city. A residence of many years in Constantinople, and the favour of some members of the royal family, enabled M. Melling to execute a task which no European could venture upon in ordinary circumstances; and it must be gratifying to the lovers of art to find that the person to whom these opportunities offered, possessed the talent and the enterprise to turn them to account. The *Voyage Pittoresque de Constantinople* is, without exception, the most splendid work we have ever seen, and unparalleled in the size as well as richness of its landscapes; the value of them is increased by the interesting descriptions from the pen of M. Lacretelle, and, by what we believe to be rare, accurate maps of the city, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles.

ART. IX.—*Voyage en Italie and en Sicile.* Par L. Simond, auteur des Voyages en Angleterre et en Suisse. Paris. 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

HUNDREDS of English travellers visit Italy every year, and no inconsiderable portion of them favour their countrymen with their opinions of all they see and hear. And yet Italy is less generally known, and less generally examined than almost any other country. Whether it be that by some secret sympathy, or some sweet recollections of home, an English traveller is indissolubly bound to a post-road and post-horses, or whether the modesty and guilelessness of Italian postilions have irresistible charms for him, we know not, but a departure from the beaten high road is never dreamt of. It is true, no doubt, that Italian cities have peculiar attractions. Antiquities, and galleries of paintings, and sculptures claim the traveller's first regards, and may well excuse him whose time is limited from attending to any other objects. But considering the number of English who are constant residents in Italy, and remembering that almost every other country bears testimony to English love of research and adventure, we cannot but wonder that the rich field of inquiry which Italy presents has been so long neglected. Lombardy, indeed, is intersected by roads in every direction; and accordingly Lombardy is treated with honour due. Southward of Florence, however, the scene is different. There are two roads from that city to Rome, which pass through the ancient Etruria. But what have modern travellers told us of anything relating to any part of that country, rich as it is in every kind of interest, except what is on the side of the high roads? Have they found or looked for one of the many cities which are lost or mislaid in Etruria? One worthy gentleman, indeed, we remember seeing, who had ventured up the hill to Cortona; but as, in consequence of an unlucky misprint in Mrs. Starke's excellent guide-book, he mistook *Cortona* for *Crotona*, he made bitter complaints to us that he had wasted his time, for he could not find a vestige of Pythagoras! But few do so much as our worthy friend. They are contented to look even at Cortona, and rattle along the road at the foot of the mountain on which it stands. The same remark is hitherto applicable to the neighbourhood of Rome. It is, indeed, a singular fact, that the sites of many of the cities of ancient Latium, within a morning's ride of Rome, are absolutely unknown, so that one might almost believe of all the English the characteristic story which is told of one of them, who came for ten days to Rome, and went duck shooting nine out of the ten! That reproach, however, will, we

trust, ere long, be done away; and the scholar and antiquary will have to offer their grateful acknowledgments, for an accurate and beautiful map of the Campagna, to Sir William Gell, whose unwearied accuracy and research have enabled him to discover much that has hitherto been wholly overlooked, and whose ardent zeal in the cause of literature enables him to triumph over the attacks of infirmity and suffering, which would break a less resolute, a less patient, and a less cheerful spirit. But our remark, as to the apathy of English travellers for everything out of the high road, applies, with tenfold force, to the country south of Naples. Such chimæras dire are supposed to have taken possession of a country, which offers such singular charms to the scholar and the antiquary, that no man without threefold brass about his breast ventures on that region of banditti and murder. Mr. Keppel Craven, indeed, has presented us with a very pleasing and elegant volume, detailing his journey from Naples to the coast of the Adriatic, and then round a part of it:—a volume which we have lately read with singular pleasure, and which, by a comparison with a MS. tour of Bishop Berkeley, made above one hundred years ago, tends to show the calm and placid tenor of human life and human affairs in that country of fertility and beauty. The ceaseless flow of time there seems to produce no effects on the habits or habitations of men. All goes on at the beginning of the nineteenth as it did at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and even the storms of war and of ambition, which have occasionally broken on these peaceful scenes, no sooner pass away than they are forgotten. But the centre of Magna Græcia is still virgin ground; and he who should undertake really to examine that country and Sicily, would find a harvest of Greek antiquities, which would amply repay any toil or difficulty he might undergo.

But instead of such researches, what have we? Shall we, as the poet says—shall we dare to tell? Such a budget of commonplace absurdities as it would be difficult to equal. The ladies have taken Italy under their especial protection, and, heaven bless their learning! have been profuse in their illustrations of the classics. What can any reasonable man desire to know more of Italian manners than those delectable anecdotes, which Lady Morgan has evidently picked up from the Abigails of the Italian families of whose intimacy she boasts? And if he wishes to know a little of the nature of his journey to Rome, where can he desire to apply but to the fair author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, who was lucky enough, at one of the post-houses, to hear, in the very dining-room, the clank of an assassin's dagger, as he threw himself, vile wretch, on the floor! This, at least, we can promise,

that he will find information in this lady's volumes which he would seek for elsewhere in vain. We verily believe, that if he looked into every post-house on the road, he would never be so lucky as to hear the clank of an assassin's dagger again. Then comes a whole cargo of "*Continental Adventures*" and "*Diaries of Ennuyées*" beyond the patience, we should have thought of mortal woman to write, but at all events of mortal man to read. We do not mean that we are without books of a higher class. Forsyth, for example, is a traveller of no common acuteness, though we are always distressed by the morbid and caustic tone in which he speaks of all men and all things; and we are indebted to Messrs. Matthews, Hobhouse, and Burton, for much information, very well put together. Still not one of these gentlemen has quitted the beaten track, or done much more than would be done by illustrating from the volumes of one's library the first journal of the first traveller who has galloped through Italy behind a pair of mad postilions, or crept through it behind a sleepy Vetturino.

But it is time that we should come to M. Simond. We may fortunately spare ourselves the necessity of saying a word on his general character as a writer, for his former tours in this country and Switzerland have established his reputation as a shrewd and sensible observer of men and things, and a writer of no ordinary spirit and vivacity. We shall only say, that he might well have spared the expression of his fears, that his present work would detract from the fame he had gained by his former ones. On the contrary, it appears to us, that his spirit of observation is as keen and as active as ever, and his style as full of point and spirit. In one respect, indeed, he is like the English travellers whom we have mentioned; he keeps the high road, and gives himself up, in a very resigned and regular manner, to the guidance of a courier on his journey, and a valet-de-place in the towns; but he puts only his purse and his legs under these gentlemen's directions, and, unlike many other travellers, saw with his own eyes, and used his own understanding.

We must premise that his tour is not a political one, though it contains, as we shall presently see, information most interesting to the politician. The only matter directly political is to be found in the preface, in which he states that the tour was made just before the occurrence of the various revolutions in Italy, and may, therefore, have some interest as exhibiting the state of society which led to them. He professes nothing more, adding, with some humour, that even had he been in Italy in the midst of these movements, he should most probably have been able to tell very little about these revolutions, as it is not the fashion in Italy to make co spiracies the subject of drawing-room conversation.

In alluding to these political movements, he somewhat unnecessarily discusses the question of the constitutions promised to Germany; but in all he says as to Italy, we cordially agree. The revolutions there were so perfectly absurd, and many of the actors in them, though well-intentioned men, so unfit for what they undertook, that the old governments might safely have treated the whole matter as a farce, and certainly disgraced themselves by terminating it like a tragedy. Besides, as M. Simond justly observes, these revolutionists shed no blood, and the example well deserved to be encouraged. But up to this hour, the Neapolitan government, under the very king who accepted the charter, is persecuting many most excellent and upright men, (who, to our knowledge, refused taking office till he had done so, and who set examples of the most entire moderation,) and torturing them by exile, which, to an Italian, is worse than death. M. Simond's view of the cure of all the evils of Italy is one which we have long held. Nothing but the strong arm of power—foreign power it may be—uniting the Italian states under one government, and putting an end to their absurd jealousies of each other, and all the petty inconveniences and oppressions produced by petty tyrannies, will ever make Italy what it should be. That government might at first be more galling to the Italians than their present system, and they might ultimately shake it off; but it would leave them an united people, conscious of their own strength and advantages, and forming an integral part of the civilized world.

Before we proceed to accompany M. Simond in his tour, we think it as well to bring into one point of view the facts which he states as to the various governments of Italy. His account of them is nearly as follows:—On the Austrian dominion over the north of Italy he is silent, and of Tuscany he only states that the restoration of the old laws, which the French had exchanged for the Code Napoleon, has caused much confusion and disorder, and that fresh abuses have arisen and cause discontent. On the Papal government he speaks a little more at length. The French usurpation, though at first so detested by the Romans that every person of good character refused to hold office, soon recommended itself by the reform of many abuses, and the strict administration of justice. The Roman system of law was an heterogeneous compound of the canon and Roman law. The decisions of the civil and ecclesiastical tribunals were in constant opposition, and each of the three legations had a different penal system, which was, in fact, a collection of the edicts of different governors. The prison discipline was even worse than in the north of Italy; and the wretched captives often spent half their lives there, forgotten by those who had imprisoned them. Bishops and grandees had their own

pistons and officers. And in the mixture of feudal and ecclesiastical rights, the judges always decided in favour of the Fideicommis and the Causa Pia. In civil matters there were seventy-two appeals or methods of evading a sentence delivered, and of making it so expensive as to exceed the value of the object of litigation. A law-suit, indeed, lasted frequently for twenty or thirty years. All this was swept away at once by the French. Their code was certainly not fit for Italy, but still the trial was public, and in Italian, and the tribunals were on the same plan as in France. Even now the *Giustizia Francese* is bitterly regretted by the Romans. The Dounnes, more regularly organised, became at once more productive and less vexatious. The feudal rights of the grandees were done away, and asylums abolished. The simple plan of lighting the streets put an end to many assassinations, and the strict and unrelenting punishment of the assassins terminated the practice. The whole system of police was altered; the heads of it in the country were generally, under the Popes, brigands bought off, and the city *sbirri* were irregular and bad. Instead of this, a regular gendarmerie, composed of Italians, (principally Lombards,) was substituted. The national debt was paid off by the sale of the property of the monasteries. A great workhouse for the reception of beggars was set up at Rome, and various easy manufactures introduced. We are far from saying that all was well done, or even thinking that the Buonaparte system of *creating laws, systems, bodies, manufactures*, was effectual in practice or philosophical in theory. But, undoubtedly, the negative part of the system, the reform of abuses, was productive of both advantage and happiness to the Romans. Now, unhappily, many, though not all these abuses, are restored with the restoration of the Popes. And the present system may be judged of in some degree by the following particulars which M. Simond gives:—Rome has a population of 130,000, and 550 persons are arrested there every year. The Roman states have a population of about 2½ millions, and according to this proportion, about 10,000 persons are annually arrested,* and about half are often found guilty. Of the rest many are imprisoned a very long and indefinite time, and when enlarged, are often required to appear again. Of every 100 arrested, fifty are condemned, forty-five provisionally enlarged, and five declared innocent. Thus about 5,000 persons are turned loose on the public every year, deprived of the means of honest maintenance. The trial is not public; the witnesses are seldom seen by the prisoner, and never in presence of the judge who tries

* This is no doubt overstated. The arrests in the country would bear no proportion to those in the towns.

him. Nor does he know when his trial will take place. Torture, though re-established formally, has been abolished by the humanity of the late Pope and Consalvi. The guillotine, the galleys, the bastonade, and imprisonment, are the present modes of punishment. Of 100 persons condemned to the latter, seventy gain a pardon or commutation of their punishment. The governor of Rome is the president of the criminal courts, as the cardinal legate is in the provinces. Each decides, without having seen the prisoner, on the report of his secretary. If the prisoner demands an advocate, it is in the breast of the judge to grant or refuse his request. But the most curious practice of the Roman courts is what is called judging economically, where economy has reference only to the judge's time. This practice is simply finding the prisoner guilty at once, but inflicting the smallest possible punishment. Thus wretches are saved from hanging, but get a little bastonade that their judges may dine. The secretaries, however, are generally men of business, and tolerably respectable.

The laws are made, not by any legislative assembly, nor even by the Pope and his council, but by those who want them for themselves and against others. The governor of Rome, the senator, &c. have each their prison, and there they put whom they please. The fiscal laws are made by the minister of finance; the criminal ones by the governor of Rome, &c. &c. This system would be terrible, did not its weakness correct it. At Rome, said a foreign minister, everybody commands and nobody obeys, and yet every thing goes on pretty well. The minister of finance fixes at his pleasure, the amount of taxes which are collected by a religious corporation, over which there is no sort of controul. And it is a fact that the Papal government is so cheated, that what was enough under the French to maintain a large army, is now only sufficient for the supply of the court. In the last fifty years the price of necessaries has risen one half, and wages only one third; but the poor are not worse off, because they work harder. The wages of a carpenter or mason are from thirty-five to forty bajocchi a day, which is about twenty-pence; and a labourer in the country gets from ten to twenty, with his board. There are about 100 holydays (besides Sundays and parochial festivals for particular Saints) regularly kept, with shops closed; and this, no doubt, is a serious evil to the poor. The land in the Campagna is about the same price as it was fifty years ago; but this is said to arise from the depredations committed by the caterpillars and grasshoppers, for the vineyards on the neighbouring hills, which do not suffer in the same way,* have doubled in value. As to the amount of the cus-

* M. Simond has given a population table of some interest. In 1800, the population of Rome was 153,004; in 1817, 131,356, made up of 69,544 men, and 61,812 women.

tons, the value, or even the articles of imports and exports, not a soul in the government knows. The principal exports are said to be coarse wool, hides, flax, allum and marble. The spiritual revenues of the Pope (arising from dispensations and institutions, for example, 3000 francs on nominations to bishoprics, 3000 crowns on those to cardinalships, &c.) are managed, or not managed by an office called the Dataria; but Cardinal Consalvi tried in vain to procure any accounts of it, even from the heads of the department.

Having thus taken a rapid sketch of the state of things at Rome, we proceed to Naples and Sicily. The French code is not established there, and is applied in cases between individuals, if the judge pleases, except in cases of divorce, now entirely prohibited, and of successions, the half only of the goods, moveable and immoveable, being divided between all the children, without distinction. But where the government is concerned, the will of the sovereign is law. The king has a council, but no prime-minister; and though the projects of laws are occasionally submitted to a sort of Chancery, the members laugh at their own nullity. After that mockery of a court, there is absolutely nothing in the kingdom, except agents of government, who can be dismissed at will. The judges can be summarily dismissed for the first three years; after that, there is the form of a process. An accused person is put into prison nominally only till the next sittings of the court, but often for an indefinite number of years; so that when brought to trial there is often no witness to be found either for or against him, and the whole evidence is the first deposition. If he has friends, he is

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(and in another way, of 95,662 above, and 36,241 below, the age of receiving the Sacrament.) There were in the last mentioned year 31,705 families, (the parishes being 81,) 1434 secular and 1370 regular priests, and 1303 nuns; 1031 marriages, 3836 baptisms, 6437 deaths, (3997 of these were males.) M. Simond's returns, however, are, we think, incomplete, for we observe that in 1808 only 243 were admitted into the hospitals, and in 1818, 2992. Again, in 1803 there were 9269 deaths, and in 1804 only 1179. We mention this because he gives as the result of his tables for eighteen years, that the births are to the population as 1 to 30·70; the deaths as 1 to 25·93. The results from the last three years, where the tables are more full, are not, however, very different. They are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Baptisms to the population . | 1 to 31·21 |
| Deaths . . . . . | 1 to 25·12 |

If we are wrong in thinking the tables inaccurate, the fluctuation of health at Rome must be singular, for the deaths for the last four years of the table are thus stated:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In 1814 . . | 2993 | In 1816 . . | 4941 |
| 1815 . . | 4094 | 1817 . . | 6437 |

In 1808 they were 8457; in 1806, only 5117. We have looked at some other tables, and we see that from 1767 to 1776 the population increased, though not progressively, from 159,760 to 163,310; that the births progressively increased (except in 1771, when they were a little less than in 1770) from 4310 to 5212, and the deaths progressively decreased (with the exception of one year, 1768) from 7528 to 5656. In 1821 the population was 146,000; the births, 4756; the deaths, 5415.

often pardoned, if not, punished. The police is passable, and the present government has retained the schools and other establishments of education of the French system. In Sicily things are far worse;

"The government," says M. Simond, "seems to unite in itself every possible evil, theoretical and practical, and to be a perfect model of abuses. The system of laws is barbarous, and it is administered with shameless corruption. Heavy taxes are laid on unequally and collected arbitrarily. The land is inalienable and in few hands; the leases, at least of church-lands, are obligatory only on the tenant. The want of roads prevents the transport of produce, so that famine and overplus subsist together in different parts of the island. Corn may not be exported without leave, and then the right is granted to one or two favourites, who, in fact, regulate the price, and get all the profit; so that cultivation is discouraged, and Sicily, which was the granary of Rome when its own population was quadruple, often grows barely enough for itself. The system of town-taxes is carried to such a height, that a loaf or a pound of meat can neither be taken out of a town, or into it, without special permission."

Down to the time of the French invasion of Naples, there was a sort of parliament* in Sicily which enacted laws, but when the King of Naples took refuge in the island, he assumed the power of levying taxes without the parliament, seizing the common property of the cities, and even of disposing of the church property by way of lottery. Terrible contests arose, and five of the great nobles were arrested. The English interfered, and after a time a constitution in many points resembling ours was arranged; and the nobility renounced all their privileges which could interfere with the public good. The proceedings in the sessions of the Sicilian parliament were ludicrous, undoubtedly, and displayed sad ignorance and corruption,—but no fair trial was ever given them. As soon as Napoleon's power ceased to be formidable, Sicily was of no consequence to this country: and, we must say, that it was unfairly used. The national party were abandoned to the resentment of the Crown, and no effort was made at the Congress of Vienna in their favour. The English did nothing for the prisons, the hospitals, or the administration of justice. They laid down the law in every case, mixed themselves up with every thing, and asserted their own superiority in every thing.

* The Normans, in the 13th century, took about half the lands and left the clergy half. After a time the cities became powerful; about fifty of them sent deputies to the parliament; and there were then three bodies in it, the nobility, clergy, and free deputies. After the Sicilian vespers, these three bodies composed three separate chambers, and no tax could be laid on without the consent of all. At first they met every year, but afterwards every four years. In the mean time, there was a standing committee of twelve members, whose business it was to watch over the government.

They gave a constitution, and left it to die away as suddenly as it had sprung up. The Congress of Vienna again united Sicily to Naples; and the commission appointed to revise the constitution was never intended to do any thing. All went back to its worst state as far as the Crown was concerned; and there was this additional evil, that the feudal privileges of the nobility, which might have in some degree checked despotism, had been resigned, and they were never resumed.

If we turn to Sardinia, the picture is just the same. It is, in fact, an absolute monarchy. The king can dispose of means, property by taxes, and of their persons by an order of arrest. The judges can be dismissed at pleasure, and the lower ones are openly and notoriously venal; and though the upper ones are not so, the Crown can at its pleasure annul the sentence of the supreme courts. Any trifle serves to give room for an order of arrest—the term of imprisonment is quite indefinite—the trial is not public—the witnesses not examined in presence of the accused. Every act of the process has fees belonging to it, so that he who is pronounced innocent has still a heavy sum to pay on his enlargement.

This picture is not a pleasant one, and its colours are not rendered brighter by remembering the absurd jealousies and hatreds which each part of Italy bears to the rest. Ask a Roman, and he will tell you that the people of Perugia or of Naples are the most infamous of the human species; and the good people of Naples and of Perugia return the compliment in kind. There is nothing common in short to the people of the different parts of Italy, nay to the inhabitants of the two nearest towns, except their hatred of foreign dominion. That is an universal feeling, but it may be doubted whether there would not be equal hatred of a sovereign born in one division of Italy, in all the others. Indeed we cannot believe that there is any prospect of a voluntary union among the Italian states; and though there is, no doubt, public spirit, we perfectly agree with M. Simond, that it is quite a hole-and-corner public spirit, and will very rarely see the light. In awaiting the time when a wise Providence shall procure for this lovely region such a government as shall watch over the people, and call forth the resources and energies of the country, the lover of his kind may yet comfort himself with the reflection that all the misery which would be felt by an Englishman in the present Italian governments is not felt by the Italian. However advantageous in their effects to the public good, many of the rights of Englishmen are not productive of any happiness, or any immediate good to the man who exercises them. The vestry-room, the club, and the county-meeting, are too often productive at the

tions of imitation and ill-will; and man can exist without repeating every day, and in every place, that this is a world that "kings and priests are plotting in." The lovely climate in which the Italian lives makes the very act of existence a happiness, and his mind is exercised and elevated by the noblest productions of art and genius. The people who collect day after day to hear the poems of Tasso under a Neapolitan sky, or crowd the picture galleries of Florence and Rome, may be poor and oppressed, but cannot, we trust, be very unhappy.

The line of M. Simond's Tour is one well known to English travellers, and, perhaps, is well chosen for those who can spend only a limited time in the country. Entering Italy by the Simplon, he went from Milan to Venice; thence by Bologna to Florence, and from Florence by Terni (returning by Sienna) to Rome and Naples. He then crossed to Sicily, and went round the island. On his return he left Italy by Genoa, Turin, and Mont-Cenis. We perceive nothing very original or striking in his account of the Borromean islands, Milan, Verona, or Padua. But his sketch of Venice is most characteristic. The effect, indeed, produced by that most singular, most lovely, and most melancholy city, on every mind alive to the indications of grandeur and of decay, is most powerful. Venice is not approached, like other cities, with the vulgar rattle of a carriage over a straight sharp Macadamised road. The very bark which conducts you over the still waters that guard the city of Silence, has something of a peculiar character, a quiet gracefulness of form and a sombre hue. At length you arrive, and in the words of M. Simond, "you glide rapidly from canal to canal, turning first a corner on your right, then another on your left, as if you were passing through a series of narrow streets under water. From time to time another gondola glides by you, and always in silence—for the gondolier, since his country was no more, has forgotten the national songs for which he was celebrated. No noisy trade is heard around you; no carriage shakes the pavement, no living being is seen." At length you glide into the grand canal, a street of palaces, "built in the sea which bathes their walls," where architecture boasted all her arts, and where the finger of time and decay is effacing them all. You are conducted finally to an hotel which was once a palace. Its spacious entrance, its splendid marble staircase, its lofty saloon and frescoed wall, keep up the impression which the first view of the city has caused; nor is it easily or soon dissolved. The eye is charmed with grandeur which way soever it turns—the ear still soothed by the absence of all vulgar and distracting noise. But at length the marks of decline and decay are too obvious to escape even a stranger's eye.

The canals may, or must, be silent; but what mean the utter silence and stillness at the doors of these princely palaces? What mean their mouldering ornaments, and their closed or broken windows? or, worse than all, what means the imperial eagle over the entrance? These things tell a tale which cannot be mistaken, and admiration gives way to pity and regret.

"There were once," says M. Simond, "900 noble families at Venice, some of whom could date their origin from the Crusades. Now there are fifteen in good circumstances and thirty in indigence. The fortune of the first is in land cultivated by agents, who give the proprietors half the produce. The corn and the maize received in kind are shed on the marble pavement of the noble owner's palace, in his picture gallery, or among his statues. The lord sells his produce himself, inhabits a corner of his palace, and lives on macaroni."

A single instance tells more than a thousand descriptions. We knew a nobleman of Venice at whose door there used to lie six or eight gondolas of his own, with their crews. His palace was one of the most splendid on the grand canal. His elder daughters matched with the first families in Venice, and received a splendid dowry from their father. In his old age, the only resource for himself and two unmarried daughters, is the hope of selling a collection of antiquities given over to him, as the only payment in the power of a noble son-in-law, whose sinking fortunes he endeavoured to support at the expense of his own. There were above 200,000 souls in Venice in 1700, now there are barely half the number. There were formerly 8000 gondoliers, now there are barely 2000. There were formerly 3000 private gondolas belonging to the nobility, now the number is scarcely worth mention. Lord Byron mentions that in a single year seventy-two patrician mansions were demolished, and that only a positive order on the part of the government prevents a yet wider ruin. As M. Simond says—

"Venice has no manufactures, no industry, no great river to bring her the commerce of the interior. She is no longer a capital, has no carnival, no inquisition; no doge who marries the sea. The navigable passages by which the laden boats pass across the Lagoons are daily filling up. The mud of the Brenta and other rivers increases the shallows. And the time approaches when Venice will be only a great ruin in the midst of pestilent marshes."*

It is easy to answer, that the government was despotic and cruel, and that there is nothing to regret in its fall. Be it so. But let it be remembered that the people were happy under it,

* It is already, says M. Simond, become so unhealthy, that in the autumn there are twelve deaths a day in a population of 100,000.

and that every pains was taken to render them so; and the nobles were too secure of their own rank to have any objections to treat them with familiarity. The cruelties of the aristocrats were confined to themselves. The people had few taxes to pay. The revenue of the state was only about twelve millions of francs, while, with a reduced territory, the present taxes amount to fifty millions.* A soldier was never seen except on Ascension-day, when a few invalids were paraded for the amusement of the people. So much we would say on behalf of the ancient government against those who rejoice at its fall. And, on the other hand, when we remember that the fall of that government involves the fate of such a city, we certainly cannot join in the cry. Stand on the top of St. Mark's Tower on a sunny day, see on one side the bright blue sea glittering in the sun, washing the foot of the ducal palace with its gorgeous architecture, and covered with elegant gondolas, and on the other the barbaric magnificence of St. Mark's Church, and the splendid expanse of its square; or still more, in the bright moon-light which seems to restore all the mouldering grandeur of the princely palaces, slide over the noiseless waters in a silence only broken by the plash of the gondolier's oar, and you will feel indeed that when Venice is gone we shall never look on its like again, and you will join in the expression of regret which is painted on the countenance of every Venetian, and trembles on his tongue. *Fuimus*—and *Venezia è andata* is the language of every one, and the low whisper and the careful survey of the neighbourhood of the speaker before making any remark on the present state of things, are sure proofs that not only are the happy times passed away, but that the Venetians "are fallen on evil men and evil days." The Austrian yoke indeed, which we believe to be an easy one over the natural subjects of the house of Hapsburg, is a yoke of iron over her conquered subjects. Scarcely a week passes without the issue of some harsh and annoying order and vexatious commercial regulation. And what is the life of the Venetian of the present day? What, under such circumstances, can it be? M. Simond has given us the answer, and we will vouch for its correctness.

"The life of those who do not work for their bread is, according to their own account, as follows:—they get up at eleven or twelve o'clock, pay some visits or walk about till three, they then dine, sleep for an hour in the hot weather, dress and go to the café or casino till nine, then to the opera, which is another casino, then to the café where they stay

* The old town-taxes have been appropriated by the government, and, in consequence, a double tax is paid on all articles of consumption brought into the town. Even the fish caught pay a duty ere sold.

till day-break during the summer. No one reads. The nobles live in a corner of their palace, dine at a restaurateur's at two francs a head, or even at sixteen French sous. There is a library little frequented, and many reading-rooms full of bad novels. Music is the only talent cultivated (and even that very little) by the women; it is the only intellectual pleasure of which they seem susceptible. There is not enough of mental vigour for any political feelings of party; there is no energy at the best for any thing but sensuality and gambling. And thus the new masters of Venice have little to fear."—vol. i. p. 67. 69.

The description of the Venetian cafés is amusing and correct—

"The cafés (of which there are 375 round the square of St. Mark) were full of beau-monde of both sexes, very quietly seated round their little tables, and taking ices, for though the Italians, and especially the Venetians, are reckoned very lively, this vivacity, unlike the French, does not show itself outside. These cafés, full as they were already, would be much more so, we were told, after the opera, every one making a point of going there to finish the '*far niente*' before going to bed, which in summer no one does before day-break. The different classes are not mixed; there are cafés for the nobility, for the Jews, for the Turks, for the merchants, for the musicians, for the *nitirate*, or ladies on the retired list, who have quitted the world; and for the *fringantes*, who enjoy it still. Most persons have private apartments called Casini. And it is said, that nearly 40,000 persons pass their evenings thus in the square of St. Mark's alone, and an equal number in other cafés in different parts of the town."—p. 46.

There is an observation made by M. Simond, as, in his way from Venice to Florence, he passed through Padua, which we cannot refrain from repeating, as it does him the highest credit.

"Amid the great number of devout persons, whom one sees every hour on their knees, in obscure corners of the Italian churches, we see at least as many men as women, which is not customary elsewhere."—(M. Simond repeats this remark, which we can confirm, from actual observation.)—"These religious feelings are undoubtedly unworthy of the object to which they are directed; they may want purity and elevation, and the conduct of those who are animated by them may often not be in accord with their profession of faith; yet I should believe that profession sincere. I cannot imagine what these wretched people in rags, whom one sees prostrate in the shade, unknown to all, except God and their own consciences, can do there except pray—pray to the Madonna, it is true, or the crucifix against the wall, for their ideas can rise little beyond this; but they are, nevertheless, in relation and harmony with that inward feeling of something beyond this world, which seems to be born with us, which at least we remember from our earliest infancy, in some strange, perhaps, and singular form. Everlastingly obscured and degraded, but never destroyed, this mysterious sentiment reappears under every form, among people of every country, of every age. It accompanies us to our last hour, and seems to triumph over death."—vol. i. p. 75.

What may be M. Simond's creed it is not our business to inquire; but we honour him for recognising and reverencing the feeling which leads man to God under whatever form it may be. We are no friends to the Roman Catholic religion, and heartily wish to see a purer faith triumph over it through the world. But he would be a blind and bigoted Protestant who would deny or undervalue the devotion which he sees in the temples of another faith; and he would be anything but a man who could despise or ridicule it. There is a volume of Travels, by a "barrister-at-law,"* lately published, which, from one end to the other, is filled with these vulgar sneers. A priest—a church—a penitent—an humble worshipper are alike the objects of his contempt and ridicule. This miserable man is unable to raise his own grovelling thoughts beyond himself and his own littleness, and he would drag down all mankind to the same level. Let him be content to know nothing and believe nothing himself, but do not let him fancy that the world is like himself. It is a low and evil world to be sure; but there are those within it who can feel, and think, and believe, and know, what this unhappy person never dreamt of.

The road from Padua to Bologna lies along a wretched flat sandy road, through a rich and fertile, but unhealthy country. The towns (Rovigo for example, and Ferrara) are unwholesome and going to decay. The population is great, but, as M. Simond says, their condition must be wretched, for their time is of no value. They collect in numbers to see what they have seen a thousand times before, a traveller passing the river on the bridge of boats, or any similar novelty. The cultivation is good—the vines run along the road sides; and on getting near to Bologna there are rice plantations. But M. Simond's accounts of the manners of the inhabitants of the Bolognese territory are so curious and novel that we must extract them. We mean, of course, the manners of the peasantry; for in Bologna itself the life of the higher classes is very like that of the same order at Venice, except, that being a little richer, they can allow themselves a few extra luxuries.

* This book is a pleasing specimen of the trash which an indulgent public swallows. The writer asks, what have the Germans ever done for mankind except writing such mad stuff as Faust? And then to show his capability of judging, he gravely explains Zwanziger by Swans-egg! He visited the church of Maria sopra Minerva at Rome; and as he tells us, in his usual style of contempt, went through the statues and pictures it contains with the guide, but cannot remember any of them! Yet in that church is the celebrated statue of Christ by Michael Angelo. We really hope that some of our critical brethren, who deal with articles of home manufacture, will take this gentleman in hand. If they wish to try their hand in reproving gross ignorance, limited views, vulgar flippancy, and presumption, we could not direct their attention to a better quarter.

"The peasants are not proprietors, and have not even a lease of their farms, but hold them from father to son by a tacit understanding most faithfully observed. The same roof often contains thirty or forty persons, different branches of the same family, with one common interest, and governed by a chief, who is chosen by themselves, and is the sole person responsible to the landlord. He directs all without doors, and his wife all within; one or two other women take care of all the children, that the fathers and mothers may go to work. '*We have lost a child during the night*,' said one of them, who was not herself a mother. There reigns, in general, the most perfect harmony in this patriarchal family. When the chief becomes too old, or otherwise incapable, another is chosen who succeeds alike to the engagements and power of his predecessor. Sometimes the farmer pays a fixed rent, but oftener he gives half the produce to the landlord, and pays half the taxes. The landlord seldom takes the trouble to inspect the divisions; he chooses only between the heaps laid out by the tenant, and the grain is carried home. The same plan is observed with the hemp, which is not divided till it is pounded, and put up into packets. As to the grapes, they are picked into large barrels, and an equal number sent to the farm-house and to the landlord, an operation generally entrusted wholly to the farmer.

"Such a system," as M. Simond observes, "creates a stronger and more intimate tie* between landlord and tenant than the system of rents. There are few villages—each farm-house being on the farm. There can, therefore, be little intercourse between families, but there is also less risk of infectious diseases. These family associations live much at their ease, but have little money; they consume much of their own produce, and buy and sell very little. There is a great deal of poultry for home-consumption. The women spin and plait, and can even dye. As there is neither stone nor gravel, they generally go barefooted; and, in their Sunday dress, they are often seen, as in Scotland, carrying their shoes in one hand, and their fans (of which they know how to make good use) in the other. The country diversions go little beyond the game of bowls—they have no dances and no merry-meetings; but in lieu, they have fine processions, with music, discharge of cannon, and sometimes with horse-races. Though wine is very plentiful, a drunken man is a rarity; there are few bloody quarrels—few thefts, at least domestic ones. The roads are far safer here than in the Milanese, notwithstanding the Austrian police; for there the farms are large, and the work is done by poor labourers who have no tie; while here the tenants work for themselves, are at ease, and have no temptation. The education of the people is entrusted to the priests, who give themselves little trouble, for very few peasants can either read or write. Each large family generally consecrates a son to the church; they call him Priest Don Peter, Augustin, &c., and he becomes the oracle of the family; but all intimate ties with him are broken, and he is called 'my brother' no more."—p. 97—101.

* He appeals to La Vendée in proof of this observation. The political economist, we presume, would object to a system which does not give high rents or high cultivation.

The system of farming pursued will have some interest for our English agriculturists.

"Between the rows of trees, we see corn bent down by the weight of its ears; maize equally strong, or hemp finer and more brilliant than any other country can produce. The country is very much under the plough; and there are no natural meadows, and artificial ones can hardly enter into the system of alternate crops. The number of fine cattle is surprising, as the farms, from their proximity, must be small, and their court-yard is the only space which promises a supply of fodder. The thing is thus managed:—as soon as the wheat (sown alternately with hemp) appears above the ground, it is mown one, two, or three times, to check it; and what is mown is given, mixed with last-year's straw, to the cattle. If provender run short, the farmer has very often recourse to the rind of the pruned branches of the vine, which, when chopped up, is nutritive. He then begins to weed out the oats and bad herbs among the wheat, and gives them to the cattle. There is also a little trefoil sown in the preceding autumn, under the trees, between the rows of hemp. Then come the maize crop, the winter barley sown among the beans—then the vetches, fenugreek, and spring maize. In July, the farmer begins to strip the trees of their leaves—first the oaks (whose leaf is the worst), then the poplars, and then the elms; this affords a rich supply. After harvest, he puts the cattle into the portion of his land, which he has not yet broken up: he takes care to have maize or millet to give green to his working cattle, mixed with vine leaves. The wine-lees, straw, and chaff, and a little hay, made either in the yard, or at the edges of the fields, or sometimes bought, are the only winter food. If there is a scarcity, or the beasts are to be fatted for sale, there is a little grain given them, that is, mashes of wheat, beans, or barley. Very little oats is grown."—p. 102-104.

M. Simond afterwards tells us, that in Tuscany* the same system of paying rents by half the produce is adopted. We understood that the farmer there finds half the seed and implements. The landlord stocks the farm—a valuation is given to the farmer; and, on leaving the farm, he is to make all good. In the kingdom of Naples, we were informed that this system was not so general,—though practised;—that the landlord often keeps his land in hand, sows it, and sells the crops when growing. M. Simond, however, does not give exactly the same account. He says—

* As to wages, we know not if there are any fixed. One labourer, who was digging stone in Tuscany, not far from Arezzo, told us he was earning 14 crazie, which is from 9*d.* to 10*d.* Another said (nearer Arezzo) 25 bajocchi, that is, about a shilling. Near Pisa we know that a man can have bread enough to live for 3*d.* a day. M. Simond says, that at Naples a man may have macaroni enough to keep him for three crazie (that is, rather more than 1*d.*) and for the same sum a good *fritura* of fish and vegetables. For one-sixth of a grain, a glass of iced water, and capital lemonade for two grains more—in all, about 3½*d.* But it is clear that food enough for health can be got for about 1*d.* a day.

"That the soil round Vesuvius is divided into small lots of three or four arpents, and that the tenant pays two-thirds of the product to the owner, and has then enough for his family. There are about 5000 inhabitants to the square league—that is, one person to every arpent and a third. The ground is very fertile, and cultivated only by the spade. It gives three crops a-year without any fallows. There are no cattle kept, and the manure is, therefore, only what is picked up on the streets or roads, and brought on asses. The leases are very long, and the relations between the owner and tenant easy."—vol. ii. p. 135.

In leaving M. Simond's account of the Bolognese, we regret we have no room to extract his curious and interesting account of the patriarchal virtue and manners of the little town of Alagna, in the district of Varallo.

At Florence he speaks of the usual and well-known galleries and pictures; and, if we are inclined to dispute any of M. Simond's talents, it would be his judgement of pictures. He sets out by saying, that he does not pretend to be a judge, but merely states his own feelings and sentiments. This is all very well—we are much obliged to him for not pretending to be a judge—but not at all obliged to him for speaking in the tone of a very mistaken one almost perpetually. The Venus, he thinks, strange to say, indelicate, and is persuaded by some connoisseur to doubt the authenticity of the Fornarina, the Madonna, and the portrait of Julius II. in the tribune; the two first only because it is not easy to suppose that Raffaelle could have painted all the pictures ascribed to him,—the other, because there are two or three *replicas* of this admirable picture.

M. Simond's remarks on Florence are not interesting; and we are rather angry with him for not feeling more admiration for the splendid ecclesiastical architecture of Pisa, and especially the Campo Santo, whose light and graceful cloister exceeds in elegance and beauty every other building of the kind. The only novelty is his account of the university. There are thirty-five professors, five of whom live at Florence. Their salary is from 500 to 700 dollars (i. e. from £110 to £150) per annum. The students amount to about 500. These are all destined for various professions, for the young nobles are never sent to the university, but receive their education under the paternal roof; an education, as M. Simond, with his usual shrewdness, observes, really domestic, for it is achieved among the servants of the family.

Of the manners of Tuscany M. Simond does not speak very favourably. He has elsewhere made some strong remarks on the system of *cavalieri serventi;* what he says on the subject at Pisa deserves to be copied.

"Most of the ladies whom one meets in society are accompanied by their *cavaliere servente.* Some are said to have three, *il bello, il brutto, il*

*buono;* the first is the lover, the second does all the commissions, the third finds the money. Generally, however, one person unites in himself these different offices. The only conversation on our arrival at Pisa was about an unfortunate lady who had lost her *cavaliere.* Pity and indignation filled every heart. Though the lady was not young, nay, had a daughter of eighteen, she had still the remains of beauty, but her cavaliere, after wearing her chain more than three lustres, judged it right to take a wife. Not having courage to announce the fatal news himself, he desired a friend to undertake the office. On hearing the first words, the unfortunate lady rushed in desperation to find the dear perfidious lover, but he was on his guard, (for it was a matter of life and death with him,) and escaped by a back-door; he was not heard of for some months, and, when he re-appeared, it was with a wife. In the interval the lady had heard reason, and, be it from resignation or pride, gave up all thoughts of vengeance. The whole town paid her visits of condolence expressly on occasion of what had happened, and her husband, who talks much of the affair, and enters warmly into his consort's misfortune, complains only of not knowing it in time, as he flatters himself that he should have succeeded better than any one in preparing the susceptible heart of his wife for the fatal blow."

M. Simond very naturally asked how two persons, with minds so little cultivated as those of too many of the upper Italians, could go through the eternal tête-à-tête of the cavaliere and his lady. The answer was amusing enough: "Aimer et bâiller, puis bâiller et aimer, et enfin bâiller et toujours bâiller." He adds; that the custom of cavalierism is adopted by foreigners who settle in Italy, (a remark a little too sweeping, if M. Simond pleases,) and finishes with observing, that Italians defend the practice by saying that the cavaliere is, in fact, only the *amico della casa,* and that the publicity of the connection is the best proof of its innocence. The *fact* is, we doubt not, often as the Italians state, but the argument is a miserable one. For unblushing profligacy is not quite an unheard-of monster, nor a general corruption of manners a phenomenon of Italy, or of the last few centuries alone. This matter will not, in fact, bear any argument. If marriage is a blessed and holy ordinance, if the best happiness which the world affords is to be found in the centre of an united family, and if the best and holiest affections and dispositions are promoted by it, the system of *cavalieri serventi,* even supposing it begun in innocence, is a detestable one, because it must necessarily counteract every good which marriage produces.*

* M. Simond, in speaking afterwards of Rome, reverts to this subject, and says, that undoubtedly the custom of cavalierism still exists at Rome,—that the Romans admit it, and explain it by saying, that as girls are educated in convents, or if at home, by servants, and then married for family reasons, without any knowledge or love of their husbands, they are soon estranged from them. The husband himself often chooses the person who is in future to be his wife's companion in her shopping and visits. If his

Of the manners of the lower orders round Pisa M. Simond speaks favourably. There is no system of general education, but in all the numerous maisons-de-charité the children are taught to read and write, and then put out as apprentices. In the country, the curés teach any children whose parents can pay them with an occasional present of poultry and eggs. The people are quick, lively, and poetical. They know and recite with enthusiasm the favourite passages of Ariosto and Tasso, but Metastasio is their great favourite; and, under the excitement of wine, many of them become themselves poets. One begins, and another carries on the thread when the first is weary, and thus the improvisation is kept up for hours.*

We must pass over M. Simond's journey to Rome. His description of that city is extremely good and (except a long descriptive dissertation, by a learned antiquarian friend of his,) lively, nor have we observed many of those errors in it which are found in the works of persons of perhaps more profound acquirements,†

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choice does not suit her, she makes another, and continues wholly faithful to it, or at least for a series of years, while passing intrigues are almost out of the question. The cavaliere's business is to attend in the morning, and make a round of visits and shopping with the lady. For her purchases he often pays, and then leaves her to dine. After dinner he returns to conduct her to the Corso, a few more visits and a soirée, and then, after conducting the lady home, and, it is said, assisting her to take off her full-dress, retires to his solitary lodging. That such degrading and wearisome servitude can be ever undergone without guilty views, may perhaps be disbelieved. But they who remember the wretched education of the upper classes, the consequent utter blank of mind and feeling among many of them, the indolence which in such a climate ensues, and the love of the *dolce far niente*, will not find the matter so utterly unintelligible. However, that many of these connections are guilty there is no doubt, and what is the result? an utter neglect of the children, especially of the girls, who are sent off without care or mercy to a convent, while the boys are consigned to a pedante, or little abbé, who teaches them a little Latin, and lives with them, in the society of some fifty or sixty servants. A lady of great observation, well known at Rome, and of unblemished reputation, told M. Simond that, in her opinion, the wives of the lower classes were corrupt, and those of the shopkeepers, artisans, and generally of the artists correct, while, among the professional men, the leisure which their fortunes gave to their wives was ill spent, and that, among the nobility, about one-fifth of the ladies had avowed lovers. She inferred that, as there was little shame on these matters, the others were strictly correct. The Italians, it must be added, defend their state of morals as not at all worse than that of other nations, and they refer to the practices of many foreign ladies who visit Italy, for which, indeed, no defence can be offered.

* The quickness of these people is well known; and some of their bon-mots are worth repeating. When oil was very dear one year in Buonaparte's days of king-and-constitution-making and unmaking, a peasant was asked what was the reason. The answer was "Perchè hanno unto tanti rè, ed hanno fritto tante repubbliche."—vol. i. p. 154.

† Mr. Burton, of Christ-Church, a gentleman, we believe, of much classical acquirement, who has written a very pleasing volume on the antiquities of Rome, on inquiring as to the truth of the removal of the bronze roof of the Pantheon, by Urban VIII., says, very gravely, that it is asserted that an inscription stating the fact is erected at the Pantheon, but that he does not believe this. If, on going under the portico, he had cast his eyes to the left about three or four feet from the great door, this very inscription would have stared him in the face.

but who have not used their eyes so well as M. Simond. His description of the Coliseum is, indeed, by far the best we have seen—at once the most lively and the most accurate. They who like the wonderful will not be pleased with him for reducing the number which that vast historic ruin could contain from 80,000 to about 40,000. M. Simond is a little unjust in accusing antiquaries, in particular, of exaggeration on such points. Mankind love the immense and the indefinite, and wherever correction is not easy, like to deceive and be deceived. Witness the enormous exaggerations as to the number of books in all the great libraries of the continent, as well as of this country. Of the 300,000 or 400,000 which are quietly said to be found at Munich, Göttingen, or Vienna, we believe, that about one-half may be safely retrenched. But to return to the Coliseum, the ladies will be much indebted to M. Simond for strongly recommending a moonlight visit, and for their sakes we willingly extract a little sentimental morçeau.

"The gentle and fluctuating light spread over the vast and cavernous masses heaped around the arena, showed none of the melancholy details of decay, nor anything which could recal the rule or the compass. A sort of ideal grandeur, without colour and almost without form, was all that presented itself, and instead of an artificial work of walls and vaults, we might have imagined ourselves in the midst of the crater of an extinct volcano, whose craggy cone elevated itself around us. 'The moon' says the authoress of Corinna, 'is the star of ruins.'"—vol. i. p. 218.

We would only add, that we recommend all the fair friends of romance and ruins to put on their thickest shoes and take a little warm wine and water as soon as they get home. When M. Simond dresses up his picture of the moonlight visit by saying, that the effect is increased by the sentinels stationed among the ruins, the glitter of the arms, the *chè vivas*, and the clank of their boots on the ancient Roman pavement, we cannot help reminding him of the well-known line,

"The Spanish fleet thou canst not see."

Nor could he well hear any clank on the Roman pavement, inasmuch as there are sundry feet of modern mould covering the said ancient pavement.

M. Simond is not quite enthusiastic enough about the interior of St. Peter's to satisfy us. He wants to have three-fourths of the windows closed; the rest painted with a warm transparent colouring, and all the coloured marbles scraped off the walls, in order to produce the dim religious light which, as he truly says, constitutes the charm of the Gothic churches of England. But such a combination of opposites would never answer. These two classes of buildings produce their effects by perfectly different

means. They both impress the mind with the sensation of grandeur, but the one does it by indefiniteness and obscurity, which seduce the imagination, the other by a burst of enormous dimension which disdains any artificial means, and compels assent and admiration.

In the arrangements of a Gothic cathedral, the inter-penetration of a large variety of parts, each graceful and beautiful of itself, gives the impression of indefinite extent, and that impression is heightened as the eye is gradually led along the long-drawn aisle into a depth of shade which may conceal as much extent and beauty as has been already revealed. It is essential to this style that the eye should not be stopped by separate ornaments, nor by the richness of particular parts, but allowed to go on in tranquillity, till it is cheated into a belief that its progress may be endless. It is needless to point out how favourable the dim religious light is to this class of impressions; on the contrary, in the Roman or Italian style, the whole is revealed at once, and whatever effect is produced must be the result of an undisputed magnitude of dimension and richness of decoration. Strip this class of buildings of its ornament, and you reduce it to little better than a vast and dark barn. The interior of St. Paul's, with its cold and cheerless white sides, is a sufficient and crying testimony against the system of stripping the walls of ornaments. Of course, those ornaments may be faulty, or overdone, or vulgar, but give St. Paul's the warmth of colouring which the richer tone of varied marbles would supply, and it would indeed be a splendid temple. Its exterior is already, in our eyes, very far superior to any building in the same style which we know, either from actual survey or engravings. In St. Peter's, the only fault we have to find is with the *statues* on the walls, which break the lines, especially of the cornice, (we are not very sure of our architectural terms,) and prevent the eye from grasping the immensity of the length at once.

M. Simond mentions that there are 300 churches and 300 palaces at Rome, of which last 65 are said to be worth seeing. A palace at Rome is defined to be a house which has an arched gateway into which a carriage can drive. M. Simond's account of them is worth extracting.

"They are seldom isolated, but generally contiguous to other houses, and in the same line with them, distinguished only by a grand façade and a great number of windows strongly barred with iron. The character of their architecture is rather solidity than elegance; there are few rectangular ones, and an ungraceful obliquity often spoils the finest apartments. The court-yard is generally in the palace, and I know only one palace in a court-yard and isolated. You get out of your carriage

under cover, but then, the entrance door being always open, it becomes the receptacle of the most disgusting filth. I remember having read on the staircase of a palace, (I think the Doria,) a written prohibition against doing what no one would have dreamt of doing on the staircase of a palace in any other country. *Che volete? Non è questo un palazzo?* was the ingenuous exclamation of a Roman surprised 'flagrante delicto,' and reprimanded by the foreign tenant of one of these palaces."—vol. i. p. 236.

There are palaces at Rome with pictures and statues worth three or four millions of francs, but with scarce a window whose panes are all whole, nor a staircase without filth on it.

"The explanation," says M. Simond, "is as strange as the fact. The noble and his family live in a corner of the palace, and do not inhabit the great apartments. His pleasure is in having a magnificent palace which shall be talked of by all the world; but as the public cares nothing about dirt on the staircase, why should he? His own staircase is a private one: the grand door and the grand staircase he considers only as a part of the street."

There is one matter which we are anxious to notice, as we cannot assent to M. Simond's statements, and they may cause unnecessary alarm. The Romans, he tells us, consider the laws and justice as so arbitrary and oppressive that they have no wish to give them any assistance, and if a murder takes place in the street, no one attempts to take the murderer, but would think himself disgraced by acting the part of a *sbirro*. M. Simond says—

"that on an average, there is a murder a-day committed at Rome, and that in the last century there were four or five. They usually arise from drunken quarrels at the wine-houses."

We can only say, that in a whole winter's residence at Rome, we heard only of one; and the English are so timid on the point of assassination in Italy, that a stiletto would rarely be used without causing much conversation among them. We have, indeed, always understood, as M. Simond allows, that the severe measures taken by the French, put an end to this horrid practice.

For those who are not frightened by these tales of assassination—for the man of letters or of taste, we know no residence like Rome during the winter, when it is perfectly healthy, and, indeed, one of the best residences for invalids which Italy affords.* Its quiet and tranquillity enable him to feel himself settled and at home sooner than any other city in which we have ever been. There

* Dr. Clarke, a very sensible physician, now resident in London, has published a small volume, giving his own experience of the climates to which invalids labouring under pulmonary complaints are sent and he declares that Pisa and Rome are the only two from which he thinks them likely to derive benefit. These places are, in general, not subject to the scourge of cold winds from the Appenines. Pisa we should think the warmer of the two.

are several large and extensive libraries open to him, without difficulty; while the antiquities, the recollections, the *admonitus locorum*, and the collections in which Rome surpasses every other city in the world, create a constant and perpetual interest. The sides round the city, especially to the south, with the hills of Frascati in view, and the ancient aqueducts stretching across the plain of the Campagna, can hardly be equalled. The evening walk on the Pincian, and the glories of a Roman sunset, close the day as delightfully as it has been spent. And they who do not think it wise or right to turn Rome into Brighton, and travel a thousand miles in order to act bad farces, and form a set of exclusives, may find society, both Italian and foreign, which will add even to the pleasures we have enumerated. We do not say a word about the *funzioni*, for we cannot speak in their favour. The ceremonials of the Romish Church at Rome, might not only be, what they certainly are, splendid in dress and decorations, but might produce much effect; but this is lost on the great occasions, (for example, when the Pope officiates,)* by the eternal fidgetings and petty movements in detail, and all the changes of his robes, and the everlasting pulling-on and putting-off his head-dress. These things are, undoubtedly, symbolical, but they are φανάντα συνέτοισιν, and little worth the pains of comprehending; and after one or two exhibitions, we perfectly concurred with the Romans in thinking them tiresome to the last degree, and turned from them with true Roman indifference. To our fancy, the benediction in the evening, in a fine church, when the high-altar alone is lighted up, and a crowd of worshippers, kneeling in the shade which encompasses the rest of the building, joins in the response and the short hymn, is by far the most impressive ceremony of the Roman Church. We do not know that we could present a more favourable specimen of M. Simond's light and lively style than the description of one of the occasions on which the Pope officiated.

"Le Pape officiait en personne ce matin au Quirinal, et sa musique était, comme à l'ordinaire, admirable. C'était, je crois, à l'occasion d'un nouveau cardinal, et le sacré collége, qui occupait les trois cotés d'un carré dont le trône pontifical formait le quatrième, à joué le rôle princi-

* Lady Morgan, we believe, says, that the attendants on the Pope even blow his nose for him on these occasions. This is not true, we should think, *à la lettre*, but he is undoubtedly supposed to do nothing for himself. Awkward cases occur sometimes. We remember seeing the Archbishop of Pisa *pontificate*, as the phrase is, on Easter-day, that is, act as pope, and be served by prelates and clergy who stand round the foot of his throne. His Grace had the usual Italian habit of spitting; and when it was necessary to get rid of the superfluous humour, he directed his fire with a dexterity which cleared the heads of the surrounding clergy indeed, but exhibited a degree of vigour and activity, not at all in accordance with the state of calm repose and holy contemplation which is supposed to possess him.

pel dans cette solennité. Le chef de file pensait le cardinal s'est levé d'un air solennel, et plaçant ses deux mains sur la poitrine du cardinal son voisin de droite, leurs deux têtes vénérables se sont inclinées l'une vers l'autre, et on les a vus s'embrasser sur les deux joues. Après avoir ainsi reçu le baiser fraternel, le second cardinal, se levant à son tour, à croisé les mains sur sa poitrine, dans une attitude de recueillement béatifique, et a fait plusieurs fois le signe de la croix. Passant alors au rôle passif du rôle actif, il s'est tourné, plein d'amour, vers la troisième Eminence, et lui a rendu le baiser fraternel qu'il venait de recevoir. L'extase et la tendresse se sont ainsi propagées d'une Eminence a l'autre pendant une bonne heure, et comme il y en avait une soixantaine, cela faisait un baiser par minute ce qui n'était pas mal, pour des personnes presque toutes d'un age très mûr et point ingambe.*

"Le Cardinal Fesch s'en est acquitté à merveille, personne ne baisait avec plus de ferveur, et ne faisait le signe de la croix plus souvent, et de meilleure grace. Sa Sainteté avait cependant l'air de s'ennuyer mortellement, et n'a pas été moins satisfaite que nous de voir fini tout cela."—vol. i. p.343.†

Before we quit Rome, we must express our regret, that neither M. Simond nor any other traveller attempts to give any sufficient account of the marvellous collection of soil by which the streets of modern Rome are raised so many feet (in some places more than twenty) above the ancient ones. The common notion is, that this is an accumulation of the ruins of ancient buildings, &c. But this is to us inconceivable. That in an open place, like the Forum, the falling of many large edifices, and the accumulation of soil by the washing of the surrounding rising grounds might do much, if the ruins were left where they fell, is true. But this does not seem to be the case by any means. It is soil, and not stones, which is dug out; and even if this were true, it in no degree accounts for the same phenomenon in streets which are, and have probably been inhabited ever since the days of Republican Rome.

We must say a word or two, also, on the malaria, as M. Simond gives some particulars of considerable interest. Rome is said, in the time of Claudius, to have had a population of above six millions; to have extended from Tivoli to Ostia, i. e. through country now uninhabitable. There is no question that the country was always unhealthy, and that there was a constant endeavour to render it more healthy by drains, &c. But still it cannot be

* We rather wonder that M. Simond did not give us a description of vespers in the chapel at St. Peter's. He would have hit off the incensing or smoking the prelates, the bows to each, &c., &c., most admirably.

† As the English edition of M. Simond's work has appeared while this sheet was passing through the press, the necessity of giving translations of this and some subsequent extracts is superseded. There are differences also between the French and English editions which make it interesting to compare them.

denied, that things are worse than they were—that there is more country unhealthy, and that the diseases are more violent. In the Campagna, fevers are known to kill in four-and-twenty hours. The sentinels have died on their posts, or as they were taken to the hospital, and in the whole extent of unhealthy country, from 50 to 60,000 are said to die every year of these diseases.* In ancient times there were vast forests in Latium, and now there are scarcely any. The closest and most thickly inhabited parts of Rome are the healthiest, while all the south, which was formerly so, is now deserted, and under the influence of malaria. Is this effect or cause? The mischievous principle does not travel far, for the south wind, though it traverses the Pontine Marshes,† does not bring it to Rome—nor does it rise high—for example, the Forum is unhealthy, the Capitol immediately above it is quite healthy. We have been assured by a foreign minister, who has a young family, and inhabits the Palazzo Caffarelli in the Capitol, that he never leaves Rome, and that his family has never suffered. The height, however, required for safety, is a very considerable one when the infection is strong. M. Simond mentions 500 feet even as requisite in the Pontine Marshes. The houses, which have gardens are unhealthy, even in the better quarters of the city.

Heat and moisture seem necessary for the production of the noxious principle; but heat under a certain point does not effect it. At Rome the temperature is not above 3 or 4 degrees above that of Milan; yet at Milan there is no fever, although there is moisture in plenty, for 100 inches of rain fall every year in Lombardy, and only from 25 to 30 at Rome. But then, on the other hand, the thermometer may be at 20° in the shade and 30° in the sun, and this explains, in some degree, why places covered with trees or houses are more free from malaria than those where the soil is exposed. The part round Rome, which is now a positive pest-house, was healthy in ancient times when covered with houses. The reverse is true of the chief site of modern Rome, the Cam-

* Italy has 18 millions of inhabitants, and only 22,500 square miles, so that it is still thickly peopled.

† We find in a paper by Dr. M'Culloch, in the Quarterly Journal of Science (New Series, Number for July—September, p. 52,) an assertion that the Malaria has been let in on Rome from the Pontine Marshes, from the cutting down some forests on the declivities of the hills to the southward of Rome. Though we have a sincere respect for Dr. M'Culloch, we must say, that, unless he can give some authority and proof for this assertion, we attach no credit to it whatever, and could assign reasons for believing that the Malaria in that quarter of Rome arises from mischief much nearer at hand. Dr. M'Culloch also states, that the Malaria has become sensible at the Vatican. We had heard the same report; but in January, 1825, Monsignor Mai assured us, that he entirely disbelieved this, and had passed the preceding summer entirely at the Vatican without suffering.

pus Martius—so Latium, when covered with trees, was far more healthy than it is in its present bare and exposed state. These observations of M. Simond are so far important, as they confirm the experience of Sir G. Blane and others as to two material points, viz. that the noxious influence does not rise high, nor travel far. M. Simond's notion as to the *use* of forests and buildings, as a defence against malaria, may also deserve notice, as differing from those of other writers, as Forsyth, the author of an article in the Quarterly, No. 60, &c. who think that they act as a screen,* while he believes that they protect the ground from sudden and excessive changes of temperature. Both causes may perhaps be true. What is in favour of M. Simond is, that the cutting down and clearing forests, as in America, is frequently found to produce malaria, though there is no evidence of any peculiarly noxious vapours existing beyond them. What seems against him is (although the extent may be said to be too small to prove anything,) that the Villa Borghese, abounding in trees and thick avenues, is perfectly deadly.

That much may be done to remedy this at Rome, the experience of other countries shows. Moisture, it is known, produces this noxious vapour; care must therefore be taken to get rid of marshy ground, whether in small or large quantities;† care, too, should be taken to get rid of all the moist and unwholesome filth which renders so many parts of Rome beastly and unhealthy, and which, as M. Simond remarks with some humour, of all the antiquities of Rome, seems to him the most antique, for it can never have been removed since the days of the Consuls. Simple means, too, will do a good deal to preserve health in the midst of malaria. Every one knows the famous instance of the postmaster of Tre-Ponti, mentioned, we think, by M. Chateauvieux, who lived in the worst air in Italy for forty years, in perfect health. His only precaution was not to go out till after sunrise, and to return before sunset; then to light a little fire, and to take wholesome and nourishing food. M. Simond adds another: Ostia is, we can aver from observation, situated in a country where the yellow faces, dropsical legs and bellies, short cough, and misery of the inhabitants, tell a tale which cannot be

* The article in the Quarterly Review mentions that at Velletri, when a wood between that place and the Pontine Marshes, which are very near it, was cut down, immediately, and for three successive years, most dreadful fevers came on; and that a convent on Mount Argentel, famous for its salubrity, while certain woods round it were standing, has become pestilential since they were cut down. M. Simond mentions a fact which serves to show that matter will act as a screen, for at *Nettuno* the inside of the houses surrounded with walls is healthy, the outside perfectly deadly.

† M. Simond's observation on the unhealthiness of houses surrounded with gardens in healthy quarters of the town, is in favour of Dr. M'Culloch's remarks as to the small quantity of space which will generate Malaria.

mistaken; yet a Douanier had lived there three years without suffering, by taking the simple precaution of not exposing himself to the night air, especially soon after sunset, not stripping himself when hot, nor eating at night. Good food, good fires, living up-stairs, and the simple precautions above mentioned, would do wonders. The people are not particularly poor here, and might take some of these steps; but human nature is a strange thing. The labourers of the Basse Bresse are quite paralleled by the Ostians. "How old are you?" said M. Simond to Prince Chigi's subfactor. "Thirty," was the answer. "How many years have you been ill? "Thirty," was the second reply. He had no notion of any other way of existing. When M. Simond asked some others how they passed their time, they answered, with a hearty laugh at what they seemed to think a good joke, "Oh, we eat and drink, and *then* are laid up ill in bed."

From Rome to Naples is a distance of only 150 miles, yet one might imagine oneself at the other end of the world. The heavy stately Roman coach-horse, and the little fiery galloping Neapolitan pony, are not more different than their masters,—the quiet, taciturn and dignified Roman, and the talking, laughing and noisy Neapolitan. M. Simond entered Naples on a Sunday, and his description gives one some of the leading features of that city.

"Nothing," says he, "is more surprising than the crowd in the streets of Naples, and the infernal din it makes. This multitude, in their Sunday clothes, generally rose colour, seemed intoxicated with joy; but in the midst of them were shoals of beggars, in their most hideous gear, which they had evidently reserved for Sunday use. Carriages full of people were coming into the city, to the sound of the fiddle, after the amusements of the day, drawn by a single horse, and the thin jade, all raw, was ornamented with bows and flowers.

"Though we were only in a faubourg, the houses seemed both clean and built in a good style; and the windows had all smart iron balconies. Like the Via Appia, the streets were all paved with vast pieces of basalt, but with parallel sides. Innumerable cabriolets" (the Neapolitan name is carratella,) "dashed along the smooth surface with extreme rapidity, to the great danger of the passengers. Three or four men were stuffed into many of them, each bigger than the little horse which drew them. Beside these, the driver sat in front, and a boy with a whip stood behind. The whole equipage, traces, body, even the reins, were red or blue, and gilded; but old, and ready to fall in pieces. On the horse's saddle was some strange ornament,—a tin windmill, a dragon, or a saint,—always gilt, or a great tuft of white feathers! We could scarce find a bed before night, which was almost as noisy as the day."

We have said so much of Rome, that we cannot spare any room for the lively account which M. Simond gives of Naples.

We must only say, that this city and Pompeii are admirably described, and that we could not recommend a better book on these subjects to the traveller. The information which M. Simond gives as to Sicily, a country which is just becoming a part of the fashionable tour, is valuable and curious. But we cannot think that he has been very kind to his Sicilian friends in speaking of them as *liberal*. He should have remembered the Canon Ricupero. The nobility of Sicily are enormously rich; some of them have a million of francs per annum, and even more. They would, under a better government, constitute a most important body; but now their riches can be of little avail, except for the mere purposes of enjoyment, or, as M. Simond says, for buying justice; which is so openly sold, that the judges give their servants no wages, but leave them to live on the presents of suitors; nay, make them keep their equipages. Such, at least, is the tale openly told by all the world in Sicily.

The regular clergy of Sicily (and the remark applies elsewhere) are generally good men; the monks are intriguers in every sense. They meddle in every family, govern, cheat, and seduce. Life in Sicily with the higher classes is much like life in Italy.* Late rising, a short walk or drive, dinner between three and four, sleep, a drive by the sea-side, the opera, and to close all, gambling till day-break. The tour of Sicily must be made on horseback, or in a *lettiga*, as there are no good carriage roads, and very few or no inns. In that delightful climate, this in fine weather is no evil, nor are we very anxious that the travelling accommodations should be much better. There is nothing now to prevent any person at all capable of profiting by the tour, from making it with sufficient ease and comfort. The gentry are rich and most hospitable,† the poor very comfortable and contented. If we have fine inns in Sicily, and fine gentlemen and ladies unhappily think it necessary that they should go to see antiquities and ruins, which they

* The character of the lower orders in Sicily and Naples is very different. M. Simond mentions the coolness with which the upper classes at Naples beat the lower ones, and the patience with which it is received. He and an Italian friend almost drove over a poor Lazzarone busy in eating his macaroni. His friend put his cane out of the carriage as he passed and gave the man a severe blow on his head, to teach him to take care of himself. This was done, says M. Simond, by an impulse of sentiment; the man took it in good part, and the passers-by were quite charmed with the thoughtful humanity which dictated the act. In Sicily this would cost a man his life. But on the other hand we believe the Sicilians to be far more honest than the Neapolitans; and the traveller pursues his journey entirely in safety. A male servant in Sicily costs in money about 18*l.* per annum, besides his board and clothing. Female servants can hardly be got. This does not look like poverty. Land used to return 4½ per cent; but now only about 4, as the taxes are higher. The seed is advanced by the owner; this is first paid, and then the rent in kind, at a valuation made in every parish.

† Any recommendation opened their houses to M. Simond, and at Syracuse one gentleman lent him his carriage, and several a box at the opera.

have neither learning nor taste to appreciate, we shall have all the evils which rich travellers produce elsewhere. They will be insolent to the rich, who will consequently exclude all travellers from their society: they will first overpay, and so corrupt the people, and then wonder that they are cheated; and finally, their money, and their silver dressing-cases and diamond rings will tempt the people to rob them. This is the state of things in the Neapolitan dominions. The robberies are not indeed wholly due to the folly of travellers, but their egregious absurdities have doubtless inflamed the cupidity of the wretched peasantry. And as to the rest we appeal to any person who knows Italy, as to the insults which have been offered to the feelings of the upper classes, and their consequent dislike to admit English into their society, as well as to the miserable system pursued with respect to all persons concerned in money transactions with the English. They have made many of the tradesmen cheats; and now they suspect all, and bargain with every body, in a way disgusting to others and degrading to themselves.

Some years back, Sicily suffered from robbers, but a good district police was organized, and the robberies have long ceased. Nothing can be more singular than the sights which offer themselves to the northern traveller as he leaves Palermo by Monte Reale.

"The corn and beans in flower, under olive plantations occupy the greater part of the valley; and the orangeries and vineyards have the rest. The vines are six weeks forwarder than in Burgundy, and the wheat was already turning yellow. (May 2.) The orange bushes are towards twenty feet high, but are not in themselves beautiful, except when the eye rests on their thick masses of shining leaves, covered with fruit and flowers of an almost overpowering perfume. The palm tree balanced its graceful top in the air, the aloe raised its pyramidal stalk full fifteen feet in height, the gigantic bamboo, the laurel, the oleander, and especially the *Ficus Opuntia*, stretching its vast mass of agglomerated leaves on the rocks, each as long and broad as a mattrass, all gave the country an appearance equally new and striking to us."

At Sciacca, M. Simond learned, (vol. ii. p. 203,) that the farmers are not generally proprietors, but have leases of three, six, or seven years, and pay about three louis for the salma, equal to about four arpents. It requires about 430 pounds of corn to sow this, and the return is eight for one. If the land is manured it will grow corn every year; otherwise once in three years.

As to the ruins of Sicily, M. Simond does not add anything to what we already know; nor does he appear to have any particular interest in these objects. He seems not to have known that there was anything worth seeing at Palazzuolo, where he actually

slept; though the labours of a single Italian gentleman, the Baron Guidica, have disinterred there the ruins of the ancient Acræ. This gentleman is a very singular and amiable specimen of the antiquary. He has devoted his life and his fortune to this favourite object, and has given the result to the world in a large folio, (we believe there is now a second,) a little tedious and twaddling no doubt, but still a singular record of patient industry and perseverance.

At Catania there is an university, with 500 students lodging in the town, and not under any university discipline. The professors receive from 25*l.* to 50*l.* per annum. There are eighty families in this very place, with fortunes varying from 1,800*l.* to 5,000*l.* a year.

M. Simond's account of Etna is a little tedious, and not very new. His attempt to reach the top was rather unlucky. De all he could to keep his shoes on, they would come off; and as he very justly says, to go up without them would have been "de trop magnanime." So like the king of Spain, having marched up the hill for some hours, he very contentedly marched down again. Indeed, to do him justice, he seems to have no great taste for encountering difficulties. He *meant* to get to Lavinium and Ardea, but his horse lost his shoe; and as we have seen, he *meant* to go up Etna, but lost his own. He had every disposition to go to Palæstrina, "but then," says he, "it would have been seven miles (!) out of our way: the road was bad, the weather hot, and we were afraid of robbers." Our excellent friend is delightful in the comforts of a town, and writes most sensibly of men and manners; but has certainly no taste, and not much talent for exploring. We are not very sure that we do not agree with him in thinking it a disagreeable service. He concludes his Sicilian tour with ingenuously confessing that "though he had travelled all day along a magnificent country, he was very glad to arrive at Messina, and make a happy termination to his excursion in Sicily." We could add with great pleasure many further interesting remarks of M. Simond, on the products and agriculture of Sicily, but this article has already run to far too great a length: we must conclude it with a specimen or two of M. Simond's style, which may at the same time have some interest for our readers. The first is the account of an "Arcadia":—

"M. Mathias, l'auteur supposé des célèbres *Pursuits of Literature*, ayant publié à Florence une traduction Italienne du poème anglais de Saphio, qui y a été fort goutée, encouragé par ce succès, se proposait d'en faire une seconde édition à Rome, en y joignant la traduction du *Lycidas* de Milton. Mais le moîne franciscain chargé de la censure littéraire, ayant trouvé que le Pape y était comparé à un loup, signifia au poète

anglais, que son dépo ne pouvait pas. Le poète cependant, qui tenait à sa bête, ne voulut rien retrancher, et le livre n'a pas été publié.

On lisait l'autre jour cette traduction de Sapho à l'academie *Tiburtina*, et nous y fûmes conduits. Il était six heures de soir, et il fallût attendre long temps dans l'obscurité, gardés par les factionaires à moustaches, les baïonnettes au bout du fusil; qui étaient là, nous dit on, pour faire honneur à l'académie. A l'ouverture de la séance, on nous lut d'abord, d'une voix chantante et monotone, une longue lettre de l'auteur de la traduction, qui lui-même dormait profondément; divers poètes, parmi lesquels figurait une dame, nous firent ensuite la lecture de leurs propres ouvrages, sonnets pour la plûpart du genre laudatif; quelques-uns étaient en latin. Leur prononciation, fortement accentuée, avait une sorte de prosodie musicale et de retour périodique, sans égard au sens, comme les écoliers récitent leur leçon. Les sonnets furent tous plus ou moins applaudis, avec une sorte de bonhomie, aimable sans doute, mais nuisible aux progrès de l'art. On donne ici, et on reçoit des louanges trop facilement, par envie de plaire; mais sans y attacher assez d'importance, pour qu'on pulsse être accusé de faussété. On craint peu le ridicule, et l'on s'y expose gratuitement et sans y faire attention."—Tom. i. pp 326—328.

The next is a sketch of the effects of Sgricci's eloquence. Of Sgricci himself M. Simond has spoken at large in the former volume.

"Il parla pendant deux heures, avec son energie accoutumée, et à la grande admiration de ses auditeurs; cependant, s'il y avait des yeux baignés de larmes, d'autres, il faut l'avouer, étaient fermés par le sommeil. Dans le fait, les tragédies de M. Sgricci sont trop longues, et sa declamation, bien qu' excellente, me parait trop uniformément passionnée. Les emotions de son auditoire ne peuvent toujours se maintenir à la hauteur des siennes; et après de vains efforts, on se laisse aller à un état de repos et de distraction. Une jeune personne, vive et sensible, dont les impressions n'étaient pas de nature à rester ainsi en arrière, et qui avait constamment suivi le poète à travers toutes les phases de sa tragique histoire, entendant ronfler doucement son voisin de droite, detourna la tête avec un sentiment de mepris du côté opposé; mais voilà que le voisin de gauche dormait aussi; dans son étonnement, elle se tourne vers son père, placé derrière elle; il dormait! A cette vue, la honte et l'indignation firent place, chez elle, au sentiment du ridicule de cette scène; et pendant le reste de la soirée, elle ne pût parvenir à surmonter entièrement une envie de rire, non moins contagieuse, et plus offensante encore que la disposition soporifique. Tout celà néanmoins ne diminue en rien l'admiration que l'on se sent pour le talent miraculeux de cet homme, qui improvise un poème dramatique en vers, un longue tragédie sur un sujet donné, après dix minutes de réflexion."—Tome ii. pp. 327—328.

We have shown our high value for M. Simond's labours, by the length at which we have dwelt upon them. He is a shrewd, sensible, and right-hearted man, with moderate notions as to politics, and very excellent feelings as to religion; acute in observation,

and much alive to everything that concerns the best interests of man. His style is remarkable for its liveliness, and for a happy but quiet humour, which sets all the common occurrences of this every-day world in a comic point of view. He possesses this talent indeed in a peculiar degree, so as forcibly to remind us of the conversation of a far greater traveller than himself, a well-known nobleman, who has lately been taken from his admiring and affectionate friends, carrying with him the deepest regrets of the wise, the learned, the good, and the unfortunate. M. Simond, like him, never uses this talent out of season, never on serious subjects, never so as to wound the feelings of others. If he does not possess the knowledge of the connoisseur, the learning of the antiquary, or the research of the adventurer, his observation, his knowledge of mankind, his remarks on foreign society, to which few travellers have attained so full access, have yet enabled him to write a book of travels full of information, of interest, and of amusement.

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Art. X.—1. *Œuvres de Molière, avec un Commentaire, un Discours Préliminaire, et une Vie de Molière.* Par M. Auger, de l'Académie Française. 9 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1819—1827.

2. *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Molière.* Par J. Taschereau. Paris. 1825. 8vo.

It will be universally admitted that in tragic performances nothing can be more distinctly different than the laws which regulate the French and English stage. The dissimilarity is so great, that a native of either country, however candid or liberal, must have studied with some attention the literature of the other, to enable him, not merely to relish, but even to endure the tragedies of the neighbouring kingdom. A Parisian critic would be shocked at the representation of Hamlet *au naturel,* and the most patient spectator in a Drury Lane audience would incur some risk of dislocating his jaws with yawning, during the representation of a chef-d'œuvre of Racine or Corneille. This difference betwixt the taste of two highly civilized nations is not surprising, when we consider that the English tragedy existed a hundred years at least before the French, and is therefore censured by our neighbours as partaking, to a certain extent, of the barbarity and grossness of the age of Queen Elizabeth. The two great tragedians of France, on the contrary, had the task of entertaining a polished and highly ceremonious court, whose judgment was at least as fastidious as it was correct, and in whose eyes a breach of etiquette was a more formidable crime than any deficiency in spirit or genius.

Thus the English stage exhibited in word and in action every

"change of many-coloured life," mingled the tragic with the comic, the ludicrous with the horrible, seized by storm on the applause of the half-startled, half-affrighted audience, and presented to the judgment, like Salvator's landscapes to the eye, a chaos of the wonderful, mixed with the grotesque, agitating the passions too strongly to leave time to inquire whether the rules of critical taste were not frequently violated. The French stage, on the other hand, is carefully and exactly limited by a sense of decorum, which, exercised in its rigour, may be called the tyranny of taste. It is not lawful to please, says this dramatic code, unless by observance of certain arbitrary rules: or to create a deeper and a more intense interest, than a strict obedience to the precepts of Aristotle and his modern commentators will permit. The English authors have therefore preferred exhibiting striking incidents and extraordinary characters placed in violent contrast, at the risk of shocking probability; and their keenest partizans must own, that they have been often absurd, when they aimed at being sublime. The French, on the other hand, limiting themselves in general to long dramatic dialogues, in which passion is rather analyzed than displayed, have sometimes become tedious by a display of ingenuity, where the spectator expected touches of feeling. It follows as a matter of course, that each country, partial to the merits of its own style of amusement, and struck with the faults which belong to a cast of composition so extremely different, is as severe in censuring the foreign stage, as it is indulgent in judging of its own. Two important questions arise out of this: first, whether, considering the many differences betwixt the taste both of nations and individuals, either country is entitled to condemn with acrimony the favourite authors of the other, merely because they did not hit a mark against which they never directed their arrows? and, secondly, whether there may not remain to be trodden, by some splendid genius yet to be born, some middle path, which may attain the just mean betwixt that English freedom approaching to license, and the severe system of French criticism, that sometimes cramps and subjects the spirit which it is only designed to guide or direct?

Happily for us, our present subject does not require us to prosecute an inquiry so delicate as that which we have been led to touch upon. The difference in the national tastes of France and England, so very remarkable when we compare the tragedies of the two countries, is much less conspicuous in their comic dramas; where, setting aside their emancipation from the tenets of the Stagyrite, the English comic writers do, or ought to, propose to themselves the same object with the French of the same class. As a proof of this, we may remark, that very few French trage-

dies have ever been translated; and of these few (the *Zaire* of Voltaire excepted) still fewer have become permanently popular, or have been reckoned stock-plays,—whereas the English authors, from the age of the great man of whom we are about to speak, down to the present day, have been in the habit of transferring to the British stage almost all the comedies which have been well received in France. How it happens, that two nations which differ so much in their estimation of the terrible or the pathetic should agree so exactly in their sense of the gay, the witty and the humourous, is a different question, which we are not called upon to discuss very deeply. Lord Chesterfield, however, has long since remarked (with the invidious intention of silencing an honest laugh) that laughter is a vulgar convulsion, common to all men, and that a ridiculous incident, such as the member of a company attempting to sit down when he has no chair behind him, will create a louder peal of mirth, than could be excited by the most brilliant sally of wit. We go no further with his lordship than to agree, that the sense of the comic is far more general among mankind, and far less altered and modified by the artificial rules of society, than that of the pathetic; and that a hundred men of different ranks or different countries will laugh at the same jest, when not five of them perhaps would blend their tears over the same point of sentiment. Take, for example, the Dead Ass of Sterne, and reflect how few would join in feeling the pathos of that incident, in comparison with the numbers who would laugh in chorus till their eyes ran over at the too lively steed of the redoubtable John Gilpin. The moralist may regard this fact, either as a sign of our corrupted nature, to which the ludicrous feeling of the comic distress of a fellow-creature is more congenial than a sympathy with his actual miseries,—or as a proof of the kindness of Providence, which, placing us in a valley of sorrows, has enabled us, from our conformation, to be readily moved by such mirth-exciting circumstances as it affords, and by this propensity to counteract the depression of spirits occasioned by all that is gloomy and melancholy around us. To us it is enough to be assured, that the universal sense of the humorous renders such a complete master of comedy as Molière the property, not of that country alone which was honoured with his birth, but of the civilized world, and of England in particular, whose drama has been enriched by versions of so many of his best pieces.

As, however, we suspect that the history of this great author, the prince certainly of comic writers, is but little known to our English readers, we shall give a sketch of Molière's life from the interesting and well-told narrative of his recent biographer, Mons. Taschereau.

*Le Menteur* of the Great Corneille, (known to the British reader under the title of *the Liar*,) which appeared in 1642, was perhaps the first approach to the more just and elevated species of comedy. It was, however, a translation from the Spanish, and although it must be termed a comedy founded upon character, in which the whole incidents bear regularly on each other, and tend to enhance the ridicule attached to the foible of the hero, the plot has nevertheless a strong relish of the old Spanish school, which turned upon disguises, scaling ladders, dark-lanterns, and trap-doors. The comedies of *Don Bertrand de Cigaral*, and *Le Geôlier de Soi-même*, composed by Thomas Corneille, are more distinctly and decidedly comedies of intrigue and bustle, similar to those borrowed from that exhaustless mine, the Spanish drama, where, generally speaking, at the expense of little save a wild imagination, the poet

> "—— fill'd the stage with all the crowd
> Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued,
> Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
> Whose deepest plot is how to break folks' noses."

We may therefore say, that, relieved occasionally by the lively absurdity of the Italian farce, the comedy of intrigue, depending for its success upon mere stage-trick and stratagem, had usurped the place of that Thalia, who was to derive her interest by the lectures which she proposed to read upon the human heart and national manners. It was then that Molière arose, to whom we can scarcely hesitate to assign the first place amongst the comic writers of any age or nation.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin was christened at Paris, 15th January, 1622. His family consisted of decent burghers, who had for two or three generations followed the business of manufacturers of tapestry, or dealers in that commodity. Jean Poquelin, the father of the poet, also enjoyed the office of valet-de-chambre in the royal household. He endeavoured to bring his son up to the same business, but finding that it was totally inconsistent with the taste and temper of the young Jean-Baptiste, he placed him at the Jesuits' College of Clermont, now the College of Louis-le-Grand. Young Poquelin had scarcely terminated his course of philosophy, when, having obtained the situation of assistant and successor to his father, in his post of valet-de-chambre to the king, he was called on to attend Louis XIII. in a tour to Narbonne, which lasted nearly a year. Doubtless, the opportunities which this journey afforded him, of comparing the manners and follies of the royal court and of the city of Paris, with those which he found still existing in the provincial towns, and

amongst the rural noblesse, were not lost upon the poet by whose satirical powers they were destined to be immortalized.

On his return to Paris, young Poquelin commenced the study of the law; nay, it appears probable, that he was actually admitted an advocate. But the name of Molière must be added to the long list of those who have become conspicuous for success in the fine arts, having first adopted the pursuit of them in contradiction to the will of their parents; and in whom, according to Voltaire, nature has proved stronger than education.

Instead of frequenting the courts, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin was an assiduous attendant upon such companies of players as then amused the metropolis, and at length placed himself at the head of a society of young men, who began by acting plays for amusement, and ended by performing with a view to emolument. His parents were greatly distressed by the step he had taken. He had plunged himself into a profession which the law pronounced infamous, and nothing short of rising to the very top of it could restore his estimation in society. Whatever internal confidence of success the young Poquelin might himself feel, his chance of being extricated from the degradation to which he had subjected himself must have seemed very precarious to others; and we cannot be surprised that his relations were mortified and displeased with his conduct. To conciliate their prejudices as much as possible, he dropped the appellation of Poquelin, and assumed that of Molière, that he might not tarnish the family name. But with what indifference should we now read the name of Poquelin, had it never been conjoined with that of Molière, devised to supersede and conceal it! It appears that the liberal sentiments of the royal court left Molière in possession of his office, notwithstanding his change of profession.

From the year 1646 to 1653, it is only known that Molière travelled through France as the manager of a company of strolling players. It is said, that with the natural turn of young authors, who are more desirous to combine scenes of strong emotion, than of comic situation, he attempted to produce a tragedy called *The Thebaid*. Its indifferent success disgusted him with the buskin, and, it may be observed, that in proportion as he affects, in other compositions, any thing approaching to the tragic, his admirable facility of expression seems to abandon him, and he becomes stiff and flat.

In the year 1653 Molière's brilliant comedy of *L'Etourdi* was performed at *Lyons*, and gave a noble presage of the talents of its illustrious author. The piece is known to English readers by a translation entitled *Sir Martin Marplot*, made originally by the celebrated Duke of Newcastle, and adapted to the stage by the

pen of Dryden. The piece turns upon the schemes formed by a clever and intriguing valet to facilitate the union betwixt his master and the heroine of the scene, all of which are successively baffled and disconcerted by the bustling interference of the lover himself. The French original has infinitely the superiority of the English imitation; not only as being the original, but because the character of the luckless lover is drawn with an exquisitely finer pencil. Lélie is an inconsequential, light-headed, gentleman-like coxcomb, but Sir Martin Marplot is a fool. In the English drama, the author seems to have considered his hero as so thoroughly stupid, that he rewards the address of the intriguing domestic with the hand of the lady. The French author gave no occasion for this gross indecorum. *L'Etourdi* was followed by *Le Dépit Amoureux*, an admirable entertainment; although the French critics bestow some censure on both for a carelessness of style, to which a foreigner may profess himself indifferent. Both these performances were received with the greatest applause by numerous audiences; and as far as the approbation of provincial theatres could confer reputation, that of Molière was now established.

There was, however, a temptation which threatened to withdraw him from the worship of Thalia. This was an offer on the part of the Prince of Conti, who had been his condisciple at college, to create Molière his secretary. He declined this, on account of his devoted attachment to his own profession, strengthened on this occasion, perhaps, by his knowledge how the place had become vacant. This it seems was by the death of Sarrasin, (who had held the office,) in consequence of *un mauvais traitement de Monseigneur le Prince de Conti*. In plain English, the Prince had, with the fire-tongs, knocked down his secretary, who never recovered from the effects of the blow. It is probable that, notwithstanding the laurel chaplet worn by Molière, he had little faith in the *Sic evitabile fulmen*.

This was in 1654. He continued to perambulate the provinces with his company for several years longer; in 1658 he returned to Paris, and at last, through the influence of his patron the Prince of Conti, was introduced to Monsieur, the king's brother, and by him presented to the king and queen. On the 24th of October, his company performed in presence of the royal family, and he obtained the royal license to open a theatre under the title of *Troupe de Monsieur*, in opposition to, or in emulation of, the comedians of the Hotel de Bourgogne. The pieces which Molière had already composed were received with great favour, but it was not until 1659, that he commenced the honourable satirical war with folly and affectation which he waged for so

many years. It was then that he produced *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

To understand the purpose of this satirical drama, the English reader must be informed, that there existed at Paris a coterie of women of rank, who pretended to the most exalted refinement of thought, expression, and sentiment. These were waited upon and worshipped by a certain number of men of fashion and several literary characters, who used towards them, in conducting their gallant intercourse, a peculiar strain of high-flown, pedantic gallantry, like that which was formerly in fashion in England, when every maid of honour spoke the affected jargon called Euphuism. This society met in the Hotel de Rambouillet, under the protection of the marchioness, its mistress. There were amongst them several persons of real wit and talent, a circumstance which only served to render the false taste which presided in the assembly more whimsically conspicuous. The language which the adepts of this sect piqued themselves on using, was a series of cold, far-fetched, extravagant metaphors and emblems, as remote from good taste as from common sense; and adorned with flights which resembled those of Cowley and Donne in their love verses. If wit, as Dr. Johnson observes of the metaphysical poets, consists in a combination of dissimilar images—a discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike—the conversation of the Hotel de Rambouillet had more than enough of it. Their amorous intercourse was all in trope and figure; the more remote and extravagant so much the more to be applauded. The land of gallantry was graphically illustrated as a country through which the pilgrim-lover travelled, possessing himself successively of the village of *billets-galans*, the hamlet of *billets-doux*, and the castle of *petits soins*. The expressions of real passion are always obvious and intelligible, but this pragmatical association made love without interest or concern; their courtship was void of tenderness—their sorrow could excite no sympathy;—it was sufficient that they said what had never, they hoped, been said before. The whole language, or rather jargon of the society, was a succession of enigmas, the sense of which much resembled the Highlandman's horse, that could not be taken without much labour, and when caught, was not worth the trouble it had given. A dictionary of this galimathias was published by Ribou, in 1661, from which or some similar authority, Bret, the editor of Molière, quotes the following tropes of rhetoric, which cannot easily be rendered into English. A night-cap was called (the reader must divine wherefore) *le complice innocent de mensonge*—a chaplet, *une chaine spirituelle*—water, *l'humeur celeste*—thieves, *les braves incommodes*, and a disdainful smile, *un bouillon d'orgueil*.

It might render this high strain of fashionable affectation more tolerable in one point of view, that the Cupid of the Hotel de Rambouillet affected strict Platonism, nor was there indeed much danger to be anticipated to the honour of families from the frigid affectation of his conceited jargon. The *fashion* had only the effect of making the young female aspirant treat with contempt the good man whom she chanced to call husband, for his total ignorance of the regular procedure in love matters. Such, at least, were the ostensible bounds within which these apish and fantastic tricks were practised; whether the limits were ever transgressed, is a question rather for the scandalous chronicle than the critic. To add singularity of manners to abstruseness of language and sentiment, the lady who entertained these coteries received the company in bed, and the company arranged themselves around her in the alcove where it was placed. Then flowed that inimitable tide of affected conversation, in which one ambiguous, tortuous and metaphysical conceit gave place to another still more obscure,—where, by dint of what the circle termed delicacy of sentiment and felicity of expression, they became perfectly unintelligible, and language, instead of being put to its natural and legitimate purpose of asking and receiving information, was employed to give vent to all the nonsensical extravagances of a bizarre fancy, which resembled legitimate wit as little as a Will-of-the-Wisp is like the evening star. True wit, doubtless, (but for the time distorted and abused,) had some place in the coterie, since Sevigné, Menage, Deshouillères, L'Enclos, and other persons distinguished for talent, encouraged this absurd fashion; forgetting or neglecting the precept of a bard who himself seldom remembered it:—that it is better wit should not be displayed at all, than that every expression should be tortured into a witticism.

There could not be more legitimate food for satire than a system of solemn pedantic foppery, which its proselytes, in the extremity of self-conceit, considered as the most refined perfection of gallantry. While this ridiculous affectation was adopted by the learned and noble, and even by prelates as well as nobles, Molière, so lately the manager of a company of strolling players, was loading that piece, the discharge of which was to disperse this flock of jackdaws in borrowed feathers.

The title of his drama was taken from one of the rules of the society at the Hotel de Rambouillet not yet alluded to. As the females were frozen towards their insipid gallants, they made amends by lavishing the extremity of tender friendship upon each other. *Ma chère, ma précieuse*, were their usual terms of endearment, and from thence the title of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. In

this celebrated piece, Molière introduced two females, (daughter and niece of a worthy burgess called Gorgibus,) who, having become infected with the false wit and gallantry of the *ruelles*, and having substituted, according to a fashion practised by the *élégantes* of the day, the sonorous names of *Aminte* and *Polixène* for their baptismal ones of Cathos and Madelon, with all the sentimental jargon which belonged to their new appellatives, have set themselves up as *précieuses* of the first class. They have of course, a suitable contempt for honest Gorgibus, whose distress, perplexity and resentment are extreme, and all occasioned by the perverse elegance of his woman-kind, who, in their attempts to emulate the follies and conceits of the incomparable Arthenice, (a romantic epithet by which Madame de Rambouillet was distinguished, even in her funeral sermon,) talk in a style which he cannot comprehend, and act in a manner that leads him to doubt their sanity of mind. The proposals of two gentlemen, approved by Gorgibus, who thought them fit matches for his damsels, have been rejected with such extremity of scorn by the two princesses, that the rejected suitors determine to revenge themselves, which they do by causing their two valets, impudent conceited coxcombs of course, to be introduced to Aminte and Polixène, as men of fashion and quality. The *Précieuses* mistake the extravagant and absurd foppery, the second-hand airs of finery, and the vulgar impudence of the Marquis de Mascarille and the Vicomte de Jodelet, for the extremity of wit and gallantry: while the discovery, and the shame and confusion with which the unfortunate sentimentalists are overwhelmed, form the diverting conclusion of this amusing drama.

The piece was acted for the first time 18th November, 1659, and received with unanimous applause. The public, like children admitted behind the scenes, saw, with wonder and mirth, the trumpery which they had admired as crowns, sceptres, and royal robes, when beheld at a distance,—thus learning to estimate, at their real value, the affected airs of super-excellence and transcendental elegance assumed by the frequenters of the Hotel de Rambouillet.

On the other hand, the party who were consequently made the laughing-stock of the theatre, were much hurt and offended, nor was the injury at all the lighter, that some of them had sense enough to feel that the chastisement was deserved. They had no remedy, however, but to swallow their chagrin, and call themselves by their own names in future. Menage expressed his own recantation in the words of Clovis, when he became a convert to Christianity, and told his assembled Franks they must now burn the idols which they had hitherto adored. The affectation of the

period, such as we have described it, received a blow no less effectual than that which Ben Jonson, by his satire called "Cynthia's Revels" inflicted on the kindred folly of Euphuism; or as the author of "The Baviad and Mæviad" dealt to similar affectations of our own day. But Molière made a body of formidable enemies amongst the powerful and the learned, whose false pretensions to wit and elegance he had so rudely exposed.

Two things were remarkable as attending the representation of this excellent satire; first, that an old man, starting up in the parterre, exclaimed, "Courage, Molière, this is real comedy!" and, secondly, that the author himself, perceiving, from the general applause, that he had touched the true vein of composition, declared his purpose henceforward to read his lessons from the human bosom, instead of studying the pages of Terence and Plautus.

*Les Précieuses Ridicules* has been imitated by Shadwell with considerable success in his comedy of Bury-fair. And here we may remark, that M. Taschereau is led, probably from the example of most English authors, to speak of this dramatist with more contempt than he deserved. Shadwell was unfortunate in being placed in rivalry with Dryden, and still more so in becoming the object of his satire. But he had a strong sense of humour, and occasionally great power in expressing it. He was the Ben Jonson of his day, however inferior to him in genius; and as a painter of manners, his works ought not to be lost sight of by the English antiquary.

Molière next produced, in 1660, *Sganarelle*, ou *Le Cocu Imaginaire*. His biographer, like Master Ford, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, censures this second title as coarse and indelicate, unpleasing to the ear as the names of Asmaimon, Lucifer, and Barbason. We trust that detestation of the vice has since Molière's time introduced among his countrymen such laudable horror against the appellative of the principal sufferer. Since the days of the Italian novellieri, Boccacio, Bandello, and the rest, their tales of intrigue had been imitated in the Cent Nouvelles, the Tales of the Queen of Navarre, and other works of a similar kind. In all of these collections, the seductive intrigues, which carry dishonour and desolation into the bosom of families, had been exposed by the novelists, and listened to by their hearers, the courtiers of a licentious age, as fitting subjects for jest and raillery rather than crimes imperatively demanding censure. If Molière, on the present and future occasions, lent his admirable talents to the same depraved purpose of entertaining profligates by placing their guilt in a ludicrous point of view, Fortune reserved for him a severe retaliation, of which we shall speak hereafter.

After an unsuccessful effort at a serious piece, (*Don Garcie de Navarre*, ou *Le Prince Jaloux*,) Molière resumed his natural bent; and in *L'Ecole des Maris*, presented one of his best compositions, and at once obliterated all recollection of his failure.

It was acted at Paris with unanimous applause, and again represented at the magnificent entertainment given by the superintendent of finances, Fouquet, to Louis XIV. and his splendid court. Fouquet, at once the most opulent and the most splendid man of his time, had exhausted every species of incense which could be offered to a royal idol. The beautiful Bejart, whom Molière afterwards married, appeared as a Naiad, in a shell shaped like the chariot of a sea-goddess, and delivered an elegant compliment composed by Pelisson. Le Brun painted the decorations of the scene,—Le Nôtre laid out the surrounding architectural ornaments,—La Fontaine wrote verses,—Molière composed and performed parts which none but himself could have invented. All visible to the eye was mirth unbounded, wealth immeasurable, a mighty king receiving the homage of a devoted subject. But never was there so complete a resemblance of the banquet of Damocles. The sharp glaive, suspended by a single hair, was hanging above the head of the devoted entertainer. Accustomed, like the successful lover of Danaë, to make love in a shower of gold, the financier had found an unexpected resistance in Mademoiselle La Vallière, a beautiful young person, attached to the train of Madame, the king's sister-in-law. Provoked at his want of success, the superintendent watched so closely every motion of the lady, that he discovered he had the king for his rival. Fouquet, at this moment, was not without hopes of attaining the unbounded power possessed by the lately deceased prime minister, the Cardinal Mazarin. Yet though he nourished this distinguished ambition, his views as a courtier and statesman could not make him suppress his resentment, and, with extreme imprudence, he let La Vallière know that he was acquainted with the secret of her attachment. Indignant at the freedom of the communication, La Vallière lost no time in informing her royal lover of the discovery. It was at the period of the magnificent fête at Vaux, that the king's resentment and jealousy were roused to the highest pitch, by his seeing a portrait of Mademoiselle La Vallière in the cabinet of the ambitious financier. He would have had him arrested and sent to prison on the spot, had not the queen-mother deterred him by the simple yet expressive words—"What! in the middle of an entertainment which he gives to you?" The punishment was only delayed till it could be less scandalous. The disgrace of the superintendent followed close on his magnificent entertainment.

Besides *L'Ecole des Maris*, Molière contributed to the celebrated entertainment at Vaux a dramatic representation, called *Les Fâcheux*, consisting of a series of detached scenes, which were only designed to be acted during the intervals of a ballet, to fill the stage while the dancers were changing their dresses and characters for a new exhibition. In these scenes, a lover, who has an assignation with his mistress, is represented as successively interrupted by various importunate persons, (in modern tongue *bores*,) who come to intrude on him their company and their follies. But out of such slender materials, what a lecture upon follies of character and manners has Molière contrived to read us!

Even the jealous fury which animated Louis did not prevent his entering into the humour of "Les Fâcheux," and pointing out to Molière another folly, which might augment the list of the tormenting intruders. This existed in the person of Monsieur de Soyecourt, Grand Veneur or Great Huntsman to the King, wildly and exclusively attached to the pleasures of the chase. The royal hint was not neglected, but it became necessary, in order to acquire the terms of the chase necessary to be placed in the mouth of the new character, that Molière should apply to Monsieur de Soyecourt himself, who with unsuspicious good-nature, furnished the comedian with an ample vocabulary of the phrases destined to render himself ridiculous. The scene which Molière composed on this occasion exhibits a strong contrast betwixt French and English manners. Dorante is a courtier devoted to the chase, who insists upon telling Eraste a long story about a late hunting-match in which he was engaged; and which was broken off by a country gentleman, who, against all the rules of *venerie*, shot the stag dead with a pistol. In England, such a country gentleman as Squire Western would have understood hunting better than all the nobles of the court of St. James's.

M. Taschereau observes, that in one scene of this little unconnected string of scenes, which nevertheless has more wit and nature in it than most regular comedies, the poet has shown his philosophy as well as his power of comedy. It is where he recognizes the efforts of the King to put a stop to the Gothic and barbarous custom of duelling. "It is an example which ought to teach poets how to employ the influence they possess over the human heart." We subscribe to the opinion, yet must add that it was also a high and exquisite touch of flattery, although very properly introduced in the only drama which Molière inscribed to Louis XIV.

*L'Ecole des Femmes* was Molière's next work of importance. It is a comedy of the highest order. An old gentleman,

who had been an intriguer in his youth, and knew (as he flattered himself,) all the wiles of womankind, endeavours to avoid what he considers as the usual fate of husbands, by marrying his ward, a beautiful girl, simple almost to silliness, but to whom nature has given as much of old mother Eve's talent for persuasion and imposition as enables her to baffle all the schemes of her aged admirer, and unite herself to a young gallant more suited to her age. The "Country Wife" of Wycherly is an imitation of this piece, with the demerit on the part of the English author of having rendered licentious a plot which in Molière's hands is only gay.

Although this piece was well received and highly applauded, it was at the same time severely criticised by those who had swallowed without digesting the ridicule which the author had heaped on the Hotel de Rambouillet in the "Précieuses Ridicules," and on the various conceits and follies of the court in "Les Fâcheux." Such critics having shown themselves too wise to express the pain which they felt on their own account, now set up as guardians of the purity of the national morals, and of the national language. A *naive* expression used by Agnès was represented as depraving the one; a low and somewhat vulgar phrase was insisted upon as calculated to ruin the other. This affected severity in morals and grammar did not impose on the public, who were quite aware of the motive of critics who endeavoured to ground such formidable charges on foundations so limited. The celebrated Boileau drew his pen in defence of his friend, in whose most burlesque expression there truly lurked a learned and useful moral: "Let the envious exclaim against thee," he said, "because thy scenes are agreeable to all the vulgar; if thou wert less acquainted with the art of pleasing, thou wouldst be enabled to please even thy censors." Molière himself wrote a defence of "L'Ecole des Femmes," "in which," says M. Taschereau, "he had the good fortune to escape the most dangerous fault of an author writing upon his own compositions, and to exhibit wit, where some people would only have shown vanity and self-conceit."

The wrath of these paltry and prejudiced critics proceeded beyond all the bounds of literary censure. The Duc de la Feuillade, supposed to be the original of a ridiculous man of quality introduced by Molière in his *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, was guilty of an action equally unbecoming and brutal, considering that the aristocratic laws of the French society of the day left him at liberty to put a personal affront on the manager of a theatre, whatever his genius or respectability, without being exposed to render him a personal account. He met Molière in one of the galleries of the Tuilleries, and assuming the appearance of one who wished to embrace and salute him—then no uncommon compli-

ment—he seized rudely upon the poet's head with both his hands, and rubbing his face violently against the buttons of his own dress, repeated again and again the words, *tarte à la crême—tarte à la crême*—being one of the phrases in "L'Ecole des Femmes" on which the critics had fastened as unpolite and barbarous. Greatly to the honour of Louis XIV., he censured with severity the courtier who, under the pretence of zeal for the elegance and purity of the French language, had taken the unmanly opportunity to insult a man of genius within the precincts of his master's palace.

*L'In-promptu de Versailles* was another fugitive piece, in which Molière, under the eyes of the sovereign, repelled the invidious criticism with which he had been assailed. Boursault, a man of talent and genius, had joined the cry against Molière, under the belief that he had himself been aimed at in the character of Lysidas, the poet, in the interlude. But Boursault prudently retired from the combat.

*La Princesse d'Elide,* executed upon a signal of the royal sceptre, was composed in haste to garnish a splendid fête of Louis, at Versailles, on the 9th of October, 1664, under the title of "The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island." As the scene belongs to the gorgeous and romantic drama, it afforded little scope to Molière's comic powers, though he has thrown in what the old English stage would have called the humours of Moron, a court jester. There may have been, however, allusions which are now lost, but which had poignancy at the time, since the entertainment was received with great applause. This production is, like the interlude of "Les Fâcheux," rather a series of detached scenes, connected by one single interest, which they neither advance nor retard, than a comedy bearing a regular plot.

His next production, of the same year, was a one act comedy, entitled *Le Mariage Forcé.* Sganarelle, a humourist of fifty-three or four, having a mind to marry a fashionable young woman, but feeling some instinctive doubts and scruples, consults several of his friends upon this momentous question; and the inimitable wit of Molière sustains so bald and simple a plot without permitting the reader to feel a sensation that the piece is wire-drawn or devoid of interest. The ridicule falls in a great measure on the sophists of the Sorbonne, whose attachment to the categories of Aristotle rendered them so obstinately opposed to every species of philosophical inquiry which transcended the limited sphere of the Stagyrite. The Aristotelian philosophers of the Sorbonne are treated with as little mercy as those of the ancient schools by the satirist Lucian, to whose works Molière seems to have been no stranger. Receiving no satisfactory counsel, and not much pleased with the proceedings of his bride elect, Sganarelle

at last determines to give up his engagement, but is cudgelled into compliance by the brother of his intended; and so ends an entertainment which in the hands of any other would have been meagre enough, but as treated by Molière is full of humour and gaiety.

The concluding incident was taken from an adventure of the celebrated Comte de Grammont, renowned for his wit and gallantry, which made much noise at the time. While residing at the court of Charles II. Grammont had paid his assiduous addresses to the beautiful Miss Hamilton, sister of his future historian, Count Anthony Hamilton. But as fickle as brilliant, the Comte de Grammont being permitted by Louis XIV. to return to Paris, set off for Dover without taking leave of his mistress. Two brethren of the deserted Ariadne pursued and overtook the fugitive Theseus. "Have you not forgotten something in London, Comte?" was the question of the Hamiltons. "In faith, I have," replied the Comte, (more prudent than Sganarelle, and not waiting till things came to extremities)—"to marry your sister." And he returned and redeemed his pledge accordingly, with a better grace at least than most other persons would have manifested in similar circumstances.

In the evening of the same day which saw "Le Mariage Forcé," came out as a part of the royal fête, the three first acts, or rough sketch of the celebrated satire, entitled *Tartuffe*, one of the most powerful of Molière's compositions. It was applauded, but from the clamour excited against the poet and the performance, as an attack on Religion, instead of its impious and insidious adversary Hypocrisy, the representation was for the time interdicted; a fortunate circumstance, perhaps, since, in consequence, the drama underwent a sedulous revision, given by Molière to few of his performances.

*Le Festin de Pierre*—the Feast of the Statue—well known to the modern stage under the name of Don Juan, was the next vehicle of Molière's satire. The story, borrowed from the Spanish, is well known. In giving the sentiments of the libertine Spaniard, the author of Tartuffe could not suppress his resentment against the party, by whose interest with the King that piece had been excluded from the stage, or at least its representation suspended. "The profession of a hypocrite," says Don Juan, "has marvellous advantages. The imposture is always respected, and although it may be detected, must never be condemned. Other human vices are exposed to censure, and may be attacked boldly. Hypocrisy alone enjoys a privilege which stops the mouth of the satirist, and enjoys the repose of sovereign impunity." This expression, with some other passages in the piece, (the general tenor of which is certainly not very edifying,) called down violent clamours upon the imprudent author; some critics

went so far as to invoke the spiritual censure, and the doom of the civil magistrate on Molière, as the Atheist of his own "Festin de Pierre." He was, however, on this as on other occasions, supported by the decided favour of the king, who then allowed Molière's company to take the title of *Comediens du Roi*, and bestowed on them a pension of seven thousand livres, thereby showing how little he was influenced by the clamours of the poet's enemies, though attacking his mind on a weak point.

In the month of September, 1665, the king having commanded such an entertainment to be prepared, the sketch or impromptu called *L'Amour Médecin*, was, in the course of five days composed, got up, as the players call it, and represented. In this sketch, slight as it was, Molière contrived to declare war against a new and influential body of enemies. This was the medical faculty, which he had slightly attacked in the "Festin de Pierre." Every science has its weak points, and is rather benefited than injured by the satire which, putting pedantry and quackery out of fashion, opens the way to an enlightened pursuit of knowledge. The medical faculty at Paris, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was at a very low ebb. Almost every physician was attached to some particular form of treatment, which he exercised on his patients without distinction, and which probably killed in as many instances as it effected a cure. Their exterior, designed, doubtless, to inspire respect by its peculiar garb and formal manner, was in itself matter of ridicule. They ambled on mules through the city of Paris, attired in an antique and grotesque dress, the jest of its laughter-loving people, and the dread of those who were unfortunate enough to be their patients. The consultations of these sages were conducted in a barbarous Latinity, or if they condescended to use the popular language, they disfigured it with an unnecessary profusion of technical terms, or rendered it unintelligible by a prodigal tissue of scholastic formalities of expression. M. Taschereau quotes the verses of a contemporary:

"Affecter un air pedantesque,
Cracher du Grec et du Latin,
Longue perruque, habit grotesque,
De la fourrure et de satin:
Tout cela reuni fait presque
Ce qu'on appelle un médecin."

The rules taught to the faculty were calculated to cherish every ancient error and exclude every modern improvement, for they were sworn never to seek out discoveries in the science which they practised, or to depart from the aphorisms of Hippocrates. Daring empirics were found amongst them, who adventured upon the administration of chemical receipts, of which they could not even

conjecture the effect, and there were individuals believed capable, if gained by a sufficient bribe, of accelerating the death of the patients whom they came to cure. The medical science was, in short, enveloped in ignorance, and to encourage those who followed the profession in the attainment of real knowledge, it was necessary to expose the pedantry and insufficiency of these formal and empty pretenders to a science of which they knew nothing. To rescue the noble power of healing, which has in our days been followed by so many men of minds as vigorous and powerful as their hearts were benevolent, from the hands of ignorance and empiricism, was a task worthy the satire of Molière, who with Le Sage for his colleague, went far in accomplishing it.

The venerable dulness and pedantic ignorance of the faculty was incensed at the ridicule cast upon it in *L'Amour Médecin*, especially, as four of its most distinguished members were introduced under Greek names, invented by Boileau for his friend's use. The consultation held by these sages, which respects every thing save the case of the patient—the ceremonious difficulty with which they are at first brought to deliver their opinions—the vivacity and fury with which each finally defends his own, menacing the instant death of the patient, if any other treatment be observed, seemed all to the public highly comical, and led many reflecting men to think Lisette was not far wrong, in contending that a patient should not be said to die of a fever or a consumption, but of four doctors and two apothecaries. The farce enlarged the sphere of Molière's enemies, but as the poet suffered none of the faculty to prescribe for him, their resentment was of the less consequence.

The *Misanthrope*, accounted by the French critics the most correct of Molière's compositions, was the next vehicle of his satire against the follies of the age. Except for the usual fault of his gratuitously adopted coarseness, it is admirably imitated in the "Plain Dealer," of Wycherley. Alceste is an upright and manly character, but rude, and impatient even of the ordinary civilities of life and the harmless hypocrisies of complaisance, by which the ugliness of human nature is in some degree disguised. He quarrels with his friend Philinte for receiving the bow of a man he despises; and with his mistress for enjoying a little harmless ridicule of her friend, when her back is turned. He tells a conceited poet, that he prefers the sense and simplicity of an old ballad to the false wit of a modern sonnet,—he proves his judgment to be just,—and receives a challenge from the poet in reward of his criticism. Such a character, placed in opposition to the false and fantastic affectations of the day, afforded a wide scope for the satire of Molière. The situation somewhat resembles that of Eraste, in

"Les Fâcheux." But the latter personage is only interrupted by fools and impostors during a walk in the Tuilleries, where he expects to meet his mistress: the distress of Alceste lies deeper,—he is thwarted by pretenders and coxcombs in the paths of life itself, and his peculiar temper renders him impatient of being pressed and shouldered by them; so that like an irritable man in a crowd, he resents those inconveniencies to which men of equanimity submit, not as a matter of choice, indeed, but as a point of necessity. The greater correctness of this piece may be owing to the lapse of nine months, (an unusual term of repose for the muse of Molière,) betwixt the appearance of "L'Amour Médecin" and that of the "Misanthrope." Yet this chef-d'œuvre was at first coldly received by the Parisian audience, and to render it more attractive, Molière was compelled to attach to its representation the lively farce of *Le Médecin malgré lui.* In a short time the merit of the "Misanthrope" became acknowledged by the public, and even many of those critics who had hitherto been hostile, united in its praise.

Yet scandal was not silent; for Molière was loudly censured, as having, in the person of Alceste, ridiculed the Duke de Montausier, a man of honour and virtue, but of blunt uncourteous manners. The duke, informed that he had been brought on the stage by Molière, threatened vengeance; but being persuaded to see the play, he sought out the author instantly, embraced him repeatedly, and assured him, that if he had really thought of him when composing the "Misanthrope," he regarded it as an honour which he could never forget.

The lively farce of "Le Médecin malgré lui," was translated by Fielding, under the title of the "Mock Doctor." The story is taken from an old fabliau, which in its turn has probably been derived from an eastern tale. In the original tale, the Mock Doctor having been cudgelled into a leech of deep skill, is commanded by the king of the country, on pain of perishing under the bastinado, to cure at once all the sick of the capital, whom the well-meaning sovereign has assembled for the purpose, in an immense hospital. The "médecin malgré lui" extricates himself with dexterity. He assembles his patients in a great hall, in one end of which is lighted a mighty fire.

"My friends," says the physician, "I can, it is true, cure all your complaints, but the principal ingredient in my panacea, is the ashes of a man who has been burned alive! As this is indispensable to the composition of the medicine, I have no doubt that the patient amongst you who feels himself most deplorably indisposed, will willingly agree to be sacrificed as the victim, by means of whose death the rest are to be cured. You, sir," addressing a gouty patient, "have much the appearance of being the greatest invalid present." "Who, I, sir?" replied Gout,

"appearances are deceitful, I was never better in my life than at this moment." "If well in health what business have you among the sick? Get out with you! You," to a paralytic patient, "have, I presume, no objection to become the scape-goat." "Every objection p-p-possible," stuttered Palsy, and was turned out to hobble after Gout. The doctor gets rid of all his patients in the same manner, without any loss of reputation; for as they leave the hospital they are interrogated severally by the king, to whom, under apprehension of being sent back to be calcined, they all report themselves perfectly cured."

We cannot help thinking, that if Molière had been acquainted with this singular conclusion of the story, he would have, under some form or other, introduced it into his whimsical and entertaining little drama. The author himself treated the piece as a trifle, for which he is affectionately reproved by the author of the following verses:—

> "Molière, dit-on, ne l'appelle
> Qu'une petite bagatelle:
> Mais cette bagatelle est d'un esprit si fin,
> Que, s'il faut que je vous le die,
> L'estime qu'on en fait est une maladie,
> Qui fait que, dans Paris, tout court au *Médecin*."

But not even the praises paid to the "Misanthrope," though a piece of a mood much higher than *Le Médecin malgré lui*, satisfied Molière. "*Vous verrez bien autre chose*," said he to Boileau, when the latter congratulated him on the success of the chef-d'œuvre which we have just named. He anticipated the success of the most remarkable of his performances, the celebrated "Tartuffe," in which he has unmasked and branded vice, as in his lighter pieces he has chastised folly. This piece had been acted before Louis, before his queen, and his mother, and at the palace of the great Prince of Condé; but the scruples infused into the king long induced him to hesitate ere he removed the interdict which prohibited its representation. Neither were these scruples yet removed. Permission was, indeed, given to represent the piece, but under the title of the "Impostor," and calling the principal person, Panulphe, for it seems the name of Tartuffe was peculiarly offensive. The king, having left Paris for the army, the president of the parliament of Paris prohibited any further representation of the obnoxious piece, thus disguised, although licensed by his majesty. Louis did not resent this interference, and two compositions of Molière were interposed betwixt the date of the suspension which we have noticed, and the final permission to bring "Tartuffe" on the stage. These were—*Mélicerte*, a species of heroic pastoral, in which Molière certainly did not excel,—and *Le Sicilien, ou L'Amour Peintre*, a few lively scenes linked

together, so as to form a pleasing introduction to several of those dances in costume, or ballets, as they were called, in which Louis himself often assumed a character.

At length, in August, 1667, *Le Tartuffe*, so long suppressed, appeared on the stage, and in the depth and power of its composition left all authors of comedy far behind. The art with which the "Impostor" is made to develope his real character, without any of the usual soliloquies or addresses to a confidant, for the benefit of the audience, has been always admired as inimitable. The heart of a man who had least desired, and could worst bear close investigation, is discovered and ascertained in all its bearings, gradually, yet certainly, as navigators trace the lines and bearings of an unknown coast. The persons amongst whom this illustrious hypocrite performs the principal character are traced with equal distinctness. The silly old mother, obstinate from age as well as bigotry; the modest and sensible Cléante; his brother-in-law, Orgon, prepared to be a dupe by prepossession and self-opinion; Damis, impetuous and unreflecting; Mariane, gentle and patient, with the hasty and petulant sallies of Dorine, who ridicules the family she serves with affection; are all faithfully drawn, and contribute their own share on the effect of the piece, while they assist in bringing on the catastrophe. In this catastrophe, however, there is something rather inartificial. It is brought about too much by a *tour de force*, too entirely by the 'de par le roi,' to deserve the praise bestowed on the rest of the piece. It resembles, in short, too nearly the receipt for making the "Beggars' Opera" end happily, by sending some one to call out a reprieve. But as it manifested at the same time, the power of the prince, and afforded opportunity for panegyric on his acuteness in detecting and punishing fraud, Molière, it is certain, might have his own good reasons for unwinding and disentangling the plot by means of an *exempt* or king's messenger.

Besides the honourable tribute paid to the sovereign in the close of the "Tartuffe," a diverting part of the colloquy in the first act was borrowed from an expression of Louis himself. It chanced that upon the eve of a fast, the king being hungry, sat down to a repast, and invited Perefixe, Bishop of Rhodez, to bear him company. The prelate declined with affectation, and with an obstinacy of which the king desired to know the motive. After the bishop had left the apartment, some one gave Louis a particular account of his reverence's dinner; which consisted of so many dishes, and was so well done justice to, that his majesty could have no apprehension of his suffering from famine. At the name of each new dish, the king exclaimed, in a varied inflection of voice, "*Oh, le pauvre homme!*" the very expression which

Orgon uses to express his sympathy with Tartuffe. This anecdote associated the prince, in a certain degree, with the success of the play, and may have inclined him at last to the favourable estimate which he formed of "Tartuffe."

But our readers may request, after all, to know our sentiments on the objection of profanity, which, though unquestionably it was advanced against Molière by men actuated by personal and invidious motives, was also supported by the authority of Bossuet and Bourdaloue.

"As true and false doctrine," says the latter preacher, "have I know not how many actions in common betwixt them, and the exterior of the one can hardly be discriminated from the other, it is not only an easy but almost a necessary consequence, that the raillery which attacks one should affect the other, and that the features imputed to the one should disfigure the other. Such has been the actual consequence when profane wits have undertaken to censure hypocrisy, and thereby caused unjust suspicions to be entertained of real piety, by malignant interpretations put upon that which is false. This is what they have attempted in exposing to the laughter of a public theatre, an imaginary hypocrite, and turning, in his person, the most holy things into ridicule, representing him as blaming the scandals of the world in an extravagant manner, and as affecting a scrupulous conscience on indifferent matters, while he scrupled not, secretly, to meditate the most atrocious crimes, assuming a rueful penitentiary visage, which only served to cover the most sensual indulgences, and affixing to him, as their caprice suggests, an exterior of austere piety, as a cover for the basest and most mercenary purposes."

Such is the charge brought by a wise, eloquent, and pious man, in his sermon on the seventh Sunday after Easter. But wisdom, eloquence, and piety, are all liable to error, and differing essentially from Bourdaloue in the opinion which he has expressed, we have deemed it only justice to state the case in his own forcible words before we venture to express our humble sentiments.

We may remark, in the drst place, that were the preacher's arguments to be carried to extremity, it would follow as a result, that no vice could be blamed, lest a censure should arise on its corresponding virtue. In that mode of reasoning, a satire upon avarice would be objectionable as a censure of economy, and the blame applicable to profusion would be proscribed as discrediting generosity. For every virtue, brilliant in itself, is followed by a vice, attached to it as shadow is to substance, bearing in its milder aspect the appearance of the virtue carried to excess, and seeming as inseparable from it as Bourdaloue declares hypocrisy to be from true religion. But are we, therefore, to refrain from censuring the vicious excess, because we render due honour to the virtue practised in its just mean? We do not, however, insist on this general argument, because we willingly concede that it is less

lawful and even more dangerous to treat lightly the language and observances of religion, than those which only regard moral conduct and social life.

We agree, therefore, with Father Bourdaloue, that the rash application of satire or ridicule, as the single test of truth, from which there lies no appeal, may lead to the worst consequences where religion is in question. To hold up to ridicule the scruples of a conscience really tender and fearful of offence, even if these scruples are stretched, in our estimation, to the verge of absurdity, is, we think, likely to be attended with all the scandal to true religion which the learned preacher apprehends. But, grant the existence of such criminals as Tartuffe, (and, alas! who dare deny that there have existed, and perhaps are yet to be found such snakes in the bosom of Christian society,) we search in vain in Scripture, or in the practice of the best friends of religion in all ages, for any warrant to spare them. If we look to the Holy Scripture, our best and safest guide, no crime is denounced more frequently, or described as more odious to the Author of our Religion, than that of the hypocrites who made a gain of godliness, and possessed themselves by means of long prayers of the goods of orphans. We find them repeatedly mentioned, and with a deepness of denunciation on their practices which seems to authorize their being held up to detestation by every means which can be taken to expose moral criminals. If the state of society be such, that characters of a cast so dangerous,

> "Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Are touched and shamed by ridicule alone,"

where shall we find the means of assailing them unless by the influence of satire?

If ridicule as well as reason had not been employed, and that with an unsparing hand, the whole Christian world would at this day have groaned under the oppressions and usurpations of the Church of Rome; or if Louis XIV. had fully apprehended the satire of Molière, he might have saved that great blot on his name, the persecution of his Protestant subjects, and the breach of public faith, in revoking the Edict of Nantes. Ridicule is, we allow, a hazardous weapon, to be used with caution; yet when employed with a good faith and honest purpose, it is the most formidable and effectual which can be directed against a crime equally odious in the sight of God and dangerous to human society. It is, we think, in the allegorical romance of Spenser, that a champion is introduced bending with awe and reluctance his lance against an opponent covered by the red cross shield. But when that sign is found to disguise an impostor and a felon, the true knight does

not permit him for an instant to enjoy its protection. There is much less danger of religion being discredited by the discovery and exposure of devoted and self-seeking hypocrisy, than in permitting that vice to lurk like a concealed and consuming canker in the bosom of society, undetected and uncauterized. To assert that the practice of exterior observances is to preserve the hypocrite from exposure, because it may occasion a scrupulous inquisition into the conduct of the really conscientious, is saying, that we ought to receive a false coinage because it is an imitation of that which is true, or that the profession of religion ought to serve, like the churches in Popish countries, as an asylum for all that is vicious and criminal in society.

If, indeed, hypocrisy is to be sacred from ridicule, it is not easy to see to what tribunal that odious vice is to be delivered for trial and censure. The scandal which Père Bourdaloue apprehends to real religion must be incurred by every species of inquisition that shall be made into the reality of religious pretexts; and yet without some such inquisition the tares cannot be severed from the wheat—the forged and worthless imitation distinguished from the precious and inimitable reality. The same evil would arise from punishing the crimes of Tartuffe in a court of justice as from exposing them upon the stage. But, surely, although such exposure may lead men to try more severely the pretensions of such as make peculiar professions of devotion, the separation of the pure gold from the dross must in the end lead to the first being held in higher estimation, and to the worthlessness of the second being exposed to deserved contempt.

We have hitherto considered the case of an incorrigible hypocrite, as of one who is punished not with a view to his correction, but to his detection and the prevention of the mischief he may work in society. But this is only half of the real question. Spiritual pride, a sin, and a great one, often creeps insensibly into bosoms which are most formed to nourish devotional sentiments. The self-supposed elect of the Deity is too apt (so easily are our best inclinations turned to corruption and perversion,) to look down on the race of worldly men, and, in his delusion, to return thanks, with the Pharisee, that he is not like the contrite Publican. A portrait like that of Tartuffe may arrest such a man in his course, by showing him that the fairest professions and the strictest observances may be consistent with the foulest purposes; and that though we may strictly discharge our religious duties, we are not to arrogate to ourselves merits towards heaven, or entertain hopes which can only be grounded on merits far different from our own. Such a picture may also call to reflection the bold and ambitious impostor, who, from the desire of acquiring

influence over his fellow men, is tempted to use his religious character as the means of effecting his purpose. As the career of such a character often begins and proceeds to a certain length in the sincere feeling of devotion, it may be prevented from ending in a course of hypocrisy equally dangerous to the individual himself and to society, by the public exposure of the contents of one of those sepulchres, whitened on the outside, which are a charnel house within.

We do not desire to travel out of the record, or to lay down any general rule in what cases satire ought, or ought not, to be employed in reprehension of hypocrisy. Undoubtedly there may be instances to which Bourdaloue's arguments are applicable, and where it may be better that a criminal person should be punished, or expelled from society, without public exposure. But the case of Tartuffe is that of a vilely wicked man, rendering the profession of religion hateful, by abusing it for the worst purposes; and if such characters occurred, as there is little reason to doubt, in the time and court of Louis XIV., we can see no reason against their being gibbeted in effigy. The poet himself is at pains to show that he draws the true line of distinction betwixt the hypocrite and the truly religious man. When the duped Orgon, astonished at the discovery of Tartuffe's villainy, expresses himself doubtful of the existence of real worth, Cléante replies to him with his usual sense and moderation.

"Hé bien! ne voilà pas de vos emportemens!
Vous ne gardez en rien les doux tempéramens.
Dans la droite raison jamais n'entre la vôtre;
Et toujours d'un excès vous vous jetez dans l'autre.
Vous voyez vôtre erreur, et vous avez connu
Que par un zèle feint vous étiez prévenu:
Mais pour vous corriger quelle raison demande
Que vous alliez passer dans une erreur plus grande,
Et qu'avecque le cœur d'un perfide vaurien
Vous confondiez les cœurs de tous les gens du bien?
Quoi! parce qu'un fripon vous dupe avec audace
Sous le pompeux éclat d'un austère grimace,
Vous voulez que partout on soit fait comme lui,
Et qu'aucun vrai dévot ne se trouve aujourd'hui?
Laissez aux libertins ces sottes consequences:
Démèlez la vertu d'avec ses apparences,
Ne hasardez jamais vôtre estime trop tôt,
Et soyez pour cela dans le milieu qu'il faut.
Gardez vous, s'il se peut, d'honorer l'imposture:
Mais au vrai zèle aussi n'allez pas faire injure;
Et s'il vous faut tomber dans une extrémité,
Pêchez plutôt encor de cet autre côté."—*Act V. Scene* 1.

After the victorious reception of "Tartuffe," and before the clamour and controversy to which it gave occasion were nearly ended, Molière presented the stage with the wild and lively comedy of *Amphitryon*. We must own that a piece founded on such a subject does not appear to us to have been wisely calculated to efface the reproaches cast upon the author of "Tartuffe," as a corrupter of national morals, and that a satire on some decided vice, fashionable at the time, would have much better supported his defence against the devotees, whether true or false, than a drama, which, though drawing its origin from pagan times, must always remain censurable. But the subject had been admitted on every stage in Europe, although, according to Riccoboni, it should not be received on any theatre, where morals are respected.

The truth may, perhaps, be, that Molière, weary for the moment of contention, was willing to compose a play, entertaining from its subject, and affording room for jests, which neither men of fashion, doctors, princesses, nor bigots, could regard as personal. He might remember what the great Condé said to Louis XIV., when the king asked him how the auditors, so sensitive about Tartuffe, listened, without indignation, to the profanities and indecencies of a coarse farce called *Scaramouche Hermite*. "Because," replied Condé, "it only violates decency and religion, without attacking priests and bigots." Be that as it may, Amphitryon was handled with infinite humour, and with as much decency as the story permitted, and censure was drowned in laughter.

Molière was not so fortunate in his next piece, though equally well received, and no less deserving of it. *George Dandin*, a wealthy citizen, who has had the imprudence to marry a sprig of quality, daughter of an old jackass of nobility called Monsieur De Sotenville, and his no less noble spouse Madame de la Prudoterie, is exposed at once to the coquetry of a light-headed wife, who despises his birth and understanding, and to the rigorous sway of her parents; who, called upon to interfere with their authority, place their daughter in the right, and the unhappy roturier, their son-in-law, in the wrong, on every appeal which is made to them. Angelica is represented as thoughtless, not criminal, and appearances, at least, are thus saved. Nevertheless, there was more than one Sotenville about court, and Dandin in the city, who felt the ridicule sting home, and complained, as Rousseau did afterwards, that, in seeking food for his satiric vein, Molière was not unwilling to pervert the order of society, and to sow dissension in the bosom of families. The public again laughed at the sufferers, and exculpated the poet, or became, by their applause, his accomplices in the pretended crime.

*George Dandin* was acted 18th July, 1668. On the 3d September, in the same year, the moral comedy of *L'Avare* was presented to the public by the fertile muse of our author. The general conception of the piece, as well as many of the individual scenes, are taken from Plautus, but adapted to French society, with a degree of felicity belonging to Molière alone. The poor, (and most people think themselves so with relation to their expenses,) are usually somewhat envious of the rich, and very willing to enjoy a laugh at their cost; especially if the latter stand convicted of avarice, or saving money, not for the sake of what it can procure, but for the purpose of amassing and hoarding it. No vice meets with less sympathy than avarice, for the good reason that all think that they could employ, to advantage, what the miser seems to possess only after the manner of Æsop's dog in the manger, withholding it from others, yet denying to himself the enjoyments which it might command. The vice also, when it gains possession of an individual, shows so mean, inconsequential, and unreasonable, that we cannot wonder at its being a favourite subject for satirical poetry. The highest compliment paid to the truth of Molière's picture was by an actual miser, who was so much delighted with the representation, that he did not grudge the money which his admission had cost, because the piece, as he argued, contained such excellent lessons of economy. It is remarkable that M. Taschereau, while he mentions this play as an immortal page in the history of French manners, seems to think that it records a character which has now ceased to exist in Paris. Elwes has been long in his grave; but we believe that Harpagons could yet be found on this side of the Channel. "L'Avare" was less favourably received than usual; the reason assigned is its being written in prose;—but posterity did Molière ample justice:—it was transferred to the British stage, of which it still retains possession, by the celebrated Fielding.

*Monsieur De Pourceaugnac,* acted in autumn, 1669, "is," says Voltaire, "a farce; but in all Molière's farces are found scenes worthy of the highest class of comedy." It is mixed, undoubtedly, with much buffoonery of a coarse and low kind; but this was necessary to attract large popular audiences. "I am the manager of a theatre as well as an author," said Molière, "I must make some money, as well as correct and instruct, and I am necessarily sometimes induced to consult the profit and interest of my company, at the expense of my own fame as an author." To a confession so frank and manly no critic can venture to reply; the only wonder is, how little, comparatively speaking, there is of meanness or sacrifice to public taste, how much of real wit and comedy, in compositions which claim no higher name than farces.

The province of Limoges has been esteemed the Thebes of France, and its natives, as if born in a grosser air, are popularly supposed peculiarly dull, and liable to imposition. A Limosin gentleman named Monsieur De Pourceaugnac (almost all the names of that country terminate in *ac*,) comes to Paris to marry Julie, the heroine; the authority of her father having destined her hand to him. But Julie has a lover, and this lover has the art to play off so many tricks and mystifications upon the provincial suitor, that he finally relinquishes his suit in despair. The piece being a *comedie-ballet*, the comic scenes are intermingled with pageants resembling the ancient masque, which were ingeniously contrived so as to blend with the interest of the piece. What is delivered as real comic dialogue is so excellent, that Diderot has well said, the critic would be much mistaken who should think there were men more capable of writing "Monsieur De Pourceaugnac" than of composing the "Misanthrope." This piece was brought on the English stage under the title of the "Brave Irishman." The object of the tricks and jests of the scene is, in that little piece, an honest Hibernian, whom the author has gifted with a perfect ignorance of the town, and a competent quantity of confusion of ideas, but, at the same time, with so much of the native gallantry of his country, that, instead of encountering the fate of Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, he breaks through all the toils which have been spread for him, and carries off the lady in spite of his intriguing rival.

Omitting *Les Amans Magnifiques*, called by Molière a minor comedy, but which may be rather considered as a piece of framework for the introduction of scenic pageantry, and which is only distinguished by some satirical shafts, directed against the now obsolete folly of judicial astrology, we hasten to notice a masterpiece of Molière's art in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. This piece was written to please the court and gentry, at the expense of the *nouveaux riches*, who, rendered wealthy by the sudden acquisition of immense fortune, become desirous to emulate such as have been educated in the front ranks of society, in those accomplishments, whether mental or personal, which cannot be gracefully acquired after the early part of life is past. A grave, elderly gentleman learning to dance is proverbially ridiculous; but the same absurdity attaches to every one, who, suddenly elevated from his own sphere, becomes desirous of imitating, in the most minute particulars, those who are denizens of that to which he is raised. It is scarcely necessary to notice, that the ridicule directed against such characters as Monsieur Jourdain properly applies, not to their having made their fortunes, if by honest means, but to their being ambitious to distinguish themselves by qualities inconsistent with their age, habits of thinking, and previous manners. Jonson,

before the time of Molière, had described, in the character of Sogliardo, a character something like Monsieur Jourdain, to whom the Herald's College had assumed for crest a headless boar. "And rampant too—troth I commend the herald's wit," observes one of the personages. "He has decyphered him with a swine without a head, without brain, wit, or anything, indeed, ramping to gentility." But the comic power of Molière has dwelt upon and illustrated the character, which Jonson only indicated by a few rough outlines; and there are few scenes, even in this admirable author's performances, more laughable than those of Jourdain's scenes with his various teachers, illustrated by the raillery of Nicole, who sees and exposes so naturally the folly of her master.

The subjects of raillery most generally piquant to the high-born and courtly, are those directed against such intruders as Monsieur Jourdain, whom wealth emboldens to thrust upon them an awkward pretension to equality. Yet the court of France did not receive *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in a favourable manner, when first presented at Chambord, on 14th October, 1670. Louis XIV., contrary to his wont, sate silent during the entertainment, and did not, as had been his custom hitherto, address a single word of encouragement to the author. *Regis ad exemplar*, the lords of the court looked cold on Molière, and the tongues of all his enemies were unchained. Some called shame upon him, for having represented Dorante, a man of quality, united in a scheme for duping Monsieur Jourdain, and partaking his spoils. Others, with more judgment, exclaimed against the extravagant interlude, in which the *bourgeois gentilhomme* is persuaded that the Grand Seignor has made him a Mamamouchi, a knight of an imaginary order, and goes through the ceremony of a mock installation. Those very critics who asked how Molière had hoped to pass such gibberish upon them as was sung on this occasion, had listened with tranquillity, nay, with affected delight, to entertainments of the same kind, in which Louis himself had appeared as a performer. The friends of Molière made no very judicious defence. They endeavoured to represent the plot of the interlude as probable, and quoted the instance of the Abbé St. Martin, who had been duped into a belief that he had received honours from the King of Siam. But Molière's apology rested on the very nature of the comedie-ballet, which admits of every species of incident, provided it produces good music and merry dances.

Several days elapsed between the first and second representation; during which Molière sustained all the anxiety of a discountenanced author. But after the piece had been acted for the

second time, Louis at once did justice to the poet, and to his own judgment. The piece, he said, was excellent, and he had only suspended his opinion till he should be assured that he was speaking on mature reflection, and not under the seductive impression of excellent acting.

Of course the tone of the courtiers changed; the chorus of "Ha la ba, Ba la chou," became wit and sense, and Dorante was only a man of quality who inflicted condign punishment on an insolent roturier, and abated his fever of conceit by assisting to drain his pocket. A certain duke, in particular, who had been loud in declaring against the dancing Turks and their unintelligible mummery, now exclaimed in well painted rapture, "Molière is inimitable. He has reached a point of perfection to which none of the ancients ever attained."

*Les Fourberies de Scapin*, an imitation of the Phormio of Terence, was Molière's next performance. It was written not for the amusement of the court, but for the diversion of the city of Paris, and possesses no other interest than what can be produced by whimsical interest, the tricks of an ingenious valet,

"From top to toe the Geta now in vogue,"

upon an ill-tempered and avaricious father, in behalf of a giddy and extravagant son. There is no severe strain of morality in such a plot, but it is absurd to suppose that either parents will become dishonest, or sons disobedient, because they see Scapin and Leandre cheat old Argante. It would be as reasonable to suppose that a peasant would go home and beat his wife, because Punch in the puppet-show cudgels Joan. This comedy is one of adventure and intrigue, with little pretension to delineation of character. But Molière's exquisite skill in dialogue could not be suppressed or concealed. We doubt if, with his utmost efforts, he could have been absolutely dull, without the assistance of a pastoral subject and heroic measure. The phrase *Que diable alla-t-il faire dans cette galère?* will live as long as the French language.

*Psyche* may be omitted as a subject totally unfitted for Molière's genius; we are even tempted to say it could not be the work of the author of the "Misanthrope," with its brilliant associates in fame—*Non omnia*—the highest genius has its natural bounds. *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, which next appears, turns entirely upon the oddities, absurdities and affectations of the provincial noblesse, who had at that time manners and habits of thinking extremely ridiculous in the eyes of the more polished society of the court. Molière must have been completely acquainted with these ludicrous points in the character of this class of society, as he had resided in so many different parts of

France at the head of his wandering troop. Accordingly he has presented us with the rural Dowager, who is deeply incensed that a man of quality at court, whose family is not, perhaps, above two hundred years old, should dare to compare his gentility with that of her deceased husband, who had lived all his life in the country, kept a pack of hounds, and signed himself *Count*, in every bill, bond or acquittance. The clownishness of the poor lady's servants is humourously contrasted with her vain attempts to make them keep up the appearances she thinks suitable to her rank. It is, perhaps, the piece of Molière's in which foreigners feel the comic point least forcibly; but it was followed by one, the interest of which is vivid and unimpaired by the course of time.

This is *Les Femmes Savantes*, acted on 11th March, 1672; it was directed against a new female foible which had sprung up in the world of fashion, after the explosion of that of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Always ambitious of exclusive distinction, as they dared no longer render themselves conspicuous by the jargon of romance, they adopted the honours of science, and aspired to the dignity of learned ladies. Molière, "the Contemplator" as his friends called him, did not suffer this new species of pedantry to elude his vigilance. In fact it was of the same *genus*, though of a different species from that which he had formerly assailed successfully; for modish affectation possesses as many heads as the fabled hydra, of which

"One still bourgeons where another falls:"

and the satirist, on his part, deserved the praise due to a moral Hercules.

Out of a fashion or humour, which to an ordinary man would have but afforded a few scenes, Molière has found sufficient interest to fill up five acts of one of his best regular comedies. The Abbé Cotin—a personage who, affecting to unite in himself the rather inconsistent characters of a writer of poems of gallantry and a powerful and excellent preacher, had obtained in the satires of Boileau a painful immortality—was also distinguished in "Les Femmes Savantes" as one of the leading beaux-esprit of the day, a poet *à la mode*, who, with equal truth and modesty, had the assurance to claim for himself the title of the Father of French Epigram. His dramatic name was originally Tricotin, which, as too plainly pointing out the individual, was softened into Trissotin. The following are the colours with which Molière has painted the unfortunate academician, for such Cotin had the honour to be.

——————— "Monsieur Trissotin
M'inspire au fond de l'âme un dominant chagrin.

Je ne puis consentir, pour gagner ses suffrages,
A me déshonorer en prisant ses ouvrages;
C'est par eux qu'à mes yeux il a d'abord paru,
Et je connoissois avant que l'avoir vu.
Je vis, dans le fatras des écrits qu'il nous donne,
Ce qu'étale en tous lieux sa pedante personne,
La constante hauteur de sa présomption,
Cette intrépidité de bonne opinion,
Cet indolent état de confiance extrême,
Qui le rend en tout temps si content de soi-même,
Qui fait qu'à son mérite incessamment il rit,
Qu'il se sait si bon gré de tout ce qu'il écrit,
Et qu'il ne voudroit pas changer sa renommée
Contre tous les honneurs d'un général d'armée."

The coxcombry of Trissotin is most pleasantly contrasted with the severe, grave and more formal folly and presumption of Vadius, a pedant of heavier pretensions, founded upon his scholarship. The effect produced by the introduction of this brace of pretenders to the heroines, upon whom their supposed merits produce the same effect as the fashionable brilliancy of Mascarille and Jodelet in "Les Précieuses Ridicules" is extremely comical; nor is the behaviour of the two originals to each other less so, since, after dispensing the necessary degree of mutual flattery, a mistake of the pedant in criticising a madrigal of which Trissotin was the author, sets them together by the ears, and produces a scene of quarrelling as ridiculous as that of mutual flattery which preceded it.

The character of the learned ladies, who exclaim in rapture at sight of a man who understands Greek, dismiss their female domestic because she does not understand the delicacies of French grammar, and well-nigh cashier a lackey, not for dropping a chair, but because he does not know the consequence of any derangement from the centre of gravity, is well contrasted with the foible of the Father of the Family, a man not devoid of good sense, and extremely fond of vindicating his title to be obeyed, so long as his wife is absent, but submitting on all occasions when he is called upon to maintain his rights by courageous perseverance against the will of his helpmate. This play has been always considered one of Molière's most powerful, as it is one of his most regular comedies.

The last of this great author's labours was at once directed against the faculty of medicine, and aimed at its most vulnerable point—namely, the influence used by some unworthy members of the profession to avail themselves of the nervous fears and unfounded apprehensions of hypochondriac patients. Instead of treating imaginary maladies as a mental disease, requiring moral

medicine, there have been found in all times medical men, capable of listening to the rehearsal of these brain-sick whims as if they were real complaints, prescribing for them as such, and receiving the wages of imposition, instead of the honourable reward of science. On the other hand it must be admitted that the faculty has always possessed members of a spirit to condemn and regret such despicable practices. There cannot be juster objects of satire than such empirics, nor is there a foible more deserving of ridicule than the selfish timidity of the hypochondriac, who, ungrateful for the store of good health with which nature has endowed him, assumes the habitual precautions of an infirm patient.

Molière has added much to the humour of the piece by assigning to the *Malade Imaginaire* a strain of frugality along with his love of medicine, which leads him to take every mode that may diminish the expense of his supposed indisposition. The expenses of a sick bed are often talked of, but it is only the imaginary valetudinarian who thinks of carrying economy into that department; the real patient has other things to think of. Argan therefore is discovered taxing his apothecary's bill, at once delighting his ear with the flowery language of the Pharmacopœia, and gratifying his frugal disposition by clipping off some items and reducing others, and arriving at the double conclusion, first, that if his apothecary does not become more reasonable, he cannot afford to be a sick man any longer; and secondly, that as he has swallowed fewer drugs by one-third this month than he had done the last, it was no wonder that he was not so well. The inference "*Je le dirai à Monsieur Purgon, afin qu'il mette ordre à cela,*" is irresistibly comic.

It is scarcely an overstrained circumstance that an original, at once so fond of medicine and so chary of his money, should think of marrying his daughter to a young cub of a medical student, who is to be dubbed doctor in a few days. He is directed to this choice, both by the honour in which he holds the faculty, and the desire to possess the necessary medical advice within his own family which he is obliged to purchase at so dear a rate. A second wife, the stepmother of the destined bride, soothes her husband in this as well as his other humours. The match is opposed, and finally with success, by the inclinations of Angélique, the daughter, and the intrigues of her lover, Cléante, seconded by Toinette, a *fille de chambre* of the same brisk lively humour which the author loved to draw. Thomas Diafoirus, the young candidate for the privilege of killing or curing, is an admirable portrait of its particular class. Pedantry is never more ridiculous than when associated with youth, upon which it sits so awkwardly.

There is a stage anecdote about the representation of the characters, worth the remark of more than one manager. An actress of his troop, of considerable pretensions, had married an inferior comedian named Beauveau, who had been at one time a candle-snuffer in the theatre. The parts of Toinette and Thomas Diafoirus were entrusted to this couple. Molière made so many critical objections to the lady's performance that she lost all patience. "You say all this to me," said she, "and not a word to my husband." "Heaven forbid I should attempt to instruct him," said Molière, "nature has given Monsieur Beauveau an instinctive comprehension of the part, which I should spoil in attempting to mend it."

Argan is at last persuaded, that the surest and cheapest way of securing himself against the variety of maladies by which he is beset, will be to become a doctor in his own proper person. He modestly represents his want of preliminary study, and of the necessary knowledge even of the Latin language; but he is assured that by merely putting on the robe and cap of a physician, he will find himself endowed with all the knowledge necessary for exercising the profession. "What," says the patient, "will merely putting on the habit enable me to speak scholarly upon diseases?" "Assuredly," reply his advisers, "under such a garb gibberish becomes learning, and folly wisdom." This leads to the interlude which concludes the piece, being the mock ceremonial of receiving a physician into the Esculapian college, couched in macaronic Latinity, which was afterwards introduced by Foote in the farce where Dr. Last makes a figure so distinguished. Another of these interludes we may barely mention as containing one of those flashes of humour of which Molière was so lavish, that they are to be found in his most trifling productions. Such certainly is a dance in which Polichinelle (Punch namely,) is pursued in the dark by the officers of justice (archers), and puts them to flight by making a sound resembling the report of a pistol. But though this is even childishly farcical, what can be more truly comic than the exclamation of the *archers* when they rally on the unfortunate jester:—

> "Faquin, maraud, pendard, impudent, téméraire,
> Insolent, effronté, coquin, filou, voleur,
> *Vous osez nous faire peur!*"

As the "Malade Imaginaire" was the last character in which Molière appeared, it is here necessary to say a few words upon his capacity as an actor. He bore, according to one contemporary, and with justice, the first rank among the performers of his line. He was a comedian from top to toe. He seemed to

possess more voices than one, besides which every limb had its expression;—a step in advance or retreat, a wink, a smile, a nod, expressed more in his action, than the greatest talker could explain in words in the course of an hour. He was, says another contemporary, neither corpulent nor otherwise, rather above the middle size, with a noble carriage and well-formed limbs; he walked with dignity, had a very serious aspect, the nose and mouth rather large, with full lips, a dark complexion, the eyebrows black and strongly marked, and a command of countenance which rendered his physiognomy formed to express comedy. A less friendly pen (that of the author of L'In-promptu de l'Hotel de Condé) has caricatured Molière as coming on the stage with his head thrown habitually back, his nose turned up into the air, his hands on his sides with an affectation of negligence, and (what would seem in England a gross affectation, but which was tolerated in Paris as an expression of the *superbia quæsita meritis*,) his peruke always environed by a crown of laurels. But the only real defect in his performance arose from a habitual *hoquet*, or slight hiccup, which he had acquired by attempting to render himself master of an extreme volubility of enunciation, but which his exquisite art contrived on almost all occasions successfully to disguise.

Thus externally fitted for his art, there can be no doubt that he, who possessed so much comedy in his conceptions of character, must have had equal judgment and taste in the theatrical expression, and that only the poet himself could fully convey what he alone could have composed. He performed the principal character in almost all his own pieces, and adhered to the stage even when many motives concurred to authorize his retirement.

We do not reckon it any great temptation to Molière, that the Academy should have opened its arms to receive him, under condition that he would abandon the profession of an actor; but the reason which he assigned for declining to purchase the honour at the rate proposed, is worthy of being mentioned. "What can induce you to hesitate?" said Boileau, charged by the Academicians with the negociation. "A point of honour," replied Molière. "Now," answered his friend, "what honour can lie in blacking your face with mustachioes, and assuming the burlesque disguise of a buffoon, in order to be cudgelled on a public stage?" "The point of honour," answered Molière, "consists in my not deserting more than a hundred persons, whom my personal exertions are necessary to support." The Academy afterwards did honour to themselves and justice to Molière by placing his bust in their hall, with this tasteful and repentant inscription—

"Nothing is wanting to the glory of Molière. Molière was wanting to ours!"

That Molière alleged no false excuse for continuing on the stage, was evident, when, in the latter years of his life, his decaying health prompted him strongly to resign. He had been at all times of a delicate constitution, and liable to pulmonary affections, which were rather palliated than cured by submission, during long intervals, to a milk diet, and by frequenting the country, for which purpose he had a villa at Auteuil, near Paris. The malady grew more alarming from time to time, and the exertions of voice and person required by his profession tended to increase its severity. On the 17th of February, 1673, he became worse than usual; Baron, an actor of the highest rank and of his own training, joined with the rest of the company in remonstrating against their patron going on in the character of Argan. Molière answered them in the same spirit which dictated his reply to Boileau: "There are fifty people," he said, "who must want their daily bread, if the spectacle is put off. I should reproach myself with their distress, if I suffered them to sustain such a loss, having the power to prevent it."

He acted accordingly that evening, but suffered most cruelly in the task of disguising his sense of internal pain. A singular contrast it was betwixt the state of the actor and the fictitious character which he represented; Molière was disguising his real and, as it proved, his dying agonies, in order to give utterance and interest to the feigned or fancied complaints of Le Malade Imaginaire, and repressing the voice of mortal sufferance to affect that of an imaginary hypochondriac. At length on arriving at the concluding interlude, in which, assenting to the oath administered to him as the candidate for medical honours, in the mock ceremonial, by which he engages to administer the remedies prescribed by the ancients whether right or wrong, and never to use any other than those approved by the college—

> "Maladus dût-il crevare,
> Et mori de suo malo,"

as Molière, in the character of Argan, replied *Juro*, the faculty had a full and fatal revenge. The wheel was broken at the cistern—he had fallen into a convulsive fit. The entertainment was hurried to a conclusion, and Molière was carried home. His cough returned with violence, and he was found to have burst a blood-vessel. A priest was sent for, and two scrupulous ecclesiastics of Saint Eustace's parish distinguished themselves by refusing to administer the last consolations to a player and the author of Tartuffe. A third of better principles came too late; Molière was insensible, and choked by the quantity of blood

which he could not discharge. Two poor Sisters of Charity who had often experienced his bounty, supported him as he expired.

Bigotry persecuted to the grave the lifeless reliques of the man of genius. Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, who himself died of the consequences of a course of continued debauchery, thought it necessary to show himself as intolerantly strict in form as he was licentious in practice. He forbade the burial of a comedian's remains. Madame Molière went to throw herself at the feet of Louis XIV. but with impolitic temerity her petition stated, that if her deceased husband had been criminal in composing and acting dramatic pieces, his Majesty, at whose command and for whose amusement he had done so, must be criminal also. This argument, though in itself unanswerable, was too bluntly stated to be favourably received; Louis dismissed the suppliant with the indifferent answer, that the matter depended on the Archbishop of Paris. The King, however, sent private orders to Harlai to revoke the interdict against the decent burial of the man, whose talents, during his life-time, his Majesty had delighted to honour. The funeral took place accordingly, but, like that of Ophelia, "with maimed rites." The curate of Saint Eustace had directions not to give his attendance, and the corpse was transported from his place of residence, and taken to the burial-ground, without being, as usual, presented at the parish church. This was not all. A large assemblage of the lower classes seemed to threaten an interruption of the funeral ceremony. But their fanaticism was not proof against a thousand francs which the widow of Molière dispersed among them from the windows, thus purchasing for the remains of her husband an uninterrupted passage to their last abode.

In these latter proceedings all readers will recognize the bigotry of the time. If in the peculiar circumstances in which Molière died, while personating a ridiculous character, and affecting an imaginary disease, there are precisians, even in the present day, who may be disposed to regard this catastrophe as a special manifestation of the divine displeasure, we would remind them, first, of the passage in the Gospel of St. Mark, chapter xiii. verse 2, &c. strongly discountenancing such deductions. Secondly, we would observe, that the benevolent motive expressed by Molière for acting upon that occasion could not be other than sincere, since bodily malady of the severe nature under which he laboured must have silenced personal vanity, or any less powerful reason than the one alleged. Lastly, we may add, that if it be in any circumstances lawful to correct vice and folly by ridicule, and by an appeal to the feelings of the ludicrous which make part of our nature, the exposure of the selfish folly of the Malade Ima-

ginaire, and of the ignorance as well as covetousness of those who assume the robe of knowledge without either knowledge or probity, must be a lawful and a useful employment.

We have now finished with Molière's public life, which was, in many respects, one of the most triumphant, and even apparently the most happy, that a man of genius could well propose to himself. From the time he returned to Paris in 1658, till 1673 when he died, fifteen years of continued triumph had attended his literary career; and, wonderful to tell, notwithstanding the proverbial fickleness of courts and of popular audiences, Molière never for a moment appears to have lost ground in their high opinion. His most insipid pieces, such as Mélicerte and the like, incurred no disapprobation, they served their purpose, and were so far applauded; while those in which his own vein of wit and humour was displayed, were, in every instance, welcomed with shouts of applause at their first representation, or with universal approbation after a short interval of doubt, which must have rendered it still more flattering; like favours won from a mistress who would have refused them if she could. These were years, indeed, not of peace,—for Molière was surrounded by enemies,—but years of victorious war with enemies whom he despised, defied, and conquered. Nor were they years of ease and indolence, but a far more happy period of successful exertion. His reputation was unbounded, and his praise the theme of every tongue, from that of the Grand Monarque himself, to the meanest of his subjects.

Other men of genius have been victims to poverty and difficulties. But of these Molière knew nothing. His income, arising from his profits as manager, actor, and author, was extremely considerable, and, together with his pension, amounted to a sum amply sufficient for every purpose, whether of necessity or elegance. He was, in fact, an opulent man. This good fortune was well bestowed, for he was indefatigable in acts of charity. He sought out objects for his liberality amongst sufferers of a more modest description, and was lavish of his alms, less justifiably perhaps, to the poor whom he met in the streets. It is well remembered how, on one of these occasions, having given a piece of money to a beggar as he ascended his carriage, he was surprised to see the man come hallooing and panting after him, to tell him he had made a mistake, in giving him a piece of gold in place of some less valuable coin. "Keep the money, my friend, and accept this other piece," said Molière, "*Ou la vertu va-t-elle se nicher?*" The action, as M. Taschereau says truly, shows Molière's benevolence, and the exclamation, in finding an expression so happy for such just wonder, marks his genius.

The private circle of Molière embraced the most distinguished men of the age. La Fontaine, Boileau, the joyous Chapelle, Racine, and other names of distinction in that Augustan age of French literature, formed the society in which he commonly enjoyed his hours of leisure, and in which literature, taste, and conviviality were happily blended. Many of the nobility had taste enough to wave the difference of rank and to choose Molière for a companion. "Come to me at any hour you please," said the great Prince de Conde to our author, "you have but to announce your name by a valet-de-chambre, your visit can never be ill-timed."

When aristocratic pride, or more frequently private malice and wounded self-conceit, assuming the pretext of difference of rank, endeavoured to put an affront upon Molière, he usually received instant indemnification from some noblemen of better taste. Thus when the other valets-de-chambre of the royal household showed an unwillingness to assist Molière in the discharge of his office, Monsieur de Bellocq, a man of genius as well as rank, rebuked them by saying aloud to the object of their paltry spite—"Permit *me* to assist you in making the King's bed, Monsieur de Molière—I shall esteem myself honoured in having you for a companion."

Louis XIV. as we have already observed, was the constant and firm supporter of Molière. When assailed by a horrible calumny, which we will presently notice, the King showed his total disbelief by becoming god-father to one of his children. In fact, to his own great honour, he spared no opportunity of showing favour to a man whose genius he was fortunately able to appreciate. The following is a remarkable instance, occurring in the Memoirs of Madame Campan.

All the world has heard of the hearty appetite of the Grand Monarque. The liberal means which he took to appease his hunger at meal times not appearing uniformly sufficient to parry its attacks, the King introduced a general custom, that there should be a cold fowl, or some such trifle, kept in constant readiness *en cas de nuit*—in case that his Majesty should awake hungry. The King had been informed that the officers of his household had refused to admit Molière to the table provided for them, under pretence of the inequality of his condition. He took an opportunity to correct this folly. "Molière," said he, "I am told you make bad cheer here, and I myself feel something of an appetite. Let them serve up my *en cas de nuit*." He then caused Molière to sit down, cut up the fowl, and helping his valet-de-chambre, proceeded to breakfast along with him. It was at the King's levee, so that the noblest about the court saw the society

in which it pleased his Majesty to eat his meals; and it may be well believed there was no objection in future to the introduction of Molière to the table of service, as it was termed.

Yet Molière had his cares and vexations; and the doom of man, born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, was not reversed for this distinguished author. The plague and vexation arising from quarrels amongst his players, led him to exclaim, in "L'Impromptu de Versailles,"—"What a troublesome task to manage a company of players." To a young man, also, who wished to embrace the profession of an actor, and really had some talents for it, he painted his own art in the most degrading colours; described its followers as compelled to procure the countenance of the great and powerful by the most disagreeable condescensions, and conjured him to follow out the law, for which his father had destined him, and to renounce all thoughts of the stage. There is room to believe that Molière's temper was so impatient, quick, and irritable, as to make him unusually sensible of the plagues and disappointments incidental to the situation of a manager. He was sensitively alive to the mispronunciation of his own verses; and the anecdote which M. Taschereau gives us as to his extreme agony on this subject, induces us to give credit to what is told of his impatience at any occasional want of punctuality, or accidental derangement of the business of the scene.

But Molière's greatest source of unhappiness arose from his marriage; and upon this subject, the license of his younger years became the means of subjecting him to the most cruel calumnies in his more advanced life.

During the time that Molière was travelling about in the provinces, he formed a connection with an actress of his company, named Madelaine Bejart. This lady had been previously a favourite of the Count de Modene, by whom, in 1638, she had borne a daughter, named Françoise, who is supposed to have died soon afterwards. After the amour of Madelaine Bejart and Molière had terminated, our author, in 1661, married another Bejart, whose Christian name was Armande, and who, according to M. Taschereau, was the sister of his mistress Madelaine. In this connection there is something disgusting, and which the laws of some countries even regard as criminal. But a much more foul accusation was framed upon it. One Montfleuri, the favourite performer of a troop of comedians, called of "l'Hotel de Bourgogne," who were the rivals of that of Molière, extracted out of the above circumstance a most horrible and unnatural accusation, which he had the audacity to put into the form of a petition to his Majesty. According to this atrocious libel, Armande Bejart was not the sister of Molière's former mistress

Madelaine, but her daughter, and the fruits of her communication with Molière himself; thus confusing her with Françoise, daughter of the Count de Modene, the fact of whose birth seemed to give some credit to the horrible assertion.

Such is the account, given by M. Taschereau, of the real family of Molière's wife. According to another hypothesis, detailed in three letters published as a supplement to the last edition of Molière's works, Armande Bejart was not the sister, but actually the daughter of Madelaine Bejart and of the Count de Modene. Under this supposition, Molière married the child of his former mistress. The subject is disgusting, and the evidence on either side very imperfect. Undoubtedly it underwent some examination at the time; for the king refused all credit to the odious imputation of Montfleuri, and, as we elsewhere hinted showed his total incredulity on the subject, by condescending, along with the Duchess of Orleans, to stand godfather to Molière's first child,—the best refutation, certainly which could be given to the calumny.

But this marriage was in every respect imprudent and inauspicious, and laid the foundation of his principal misfortunes. His wife was gay, beautiful, and coquettish in the extreme, yet he was not able to forbear loving her with an attachment which was neither deserved nor returned. She disgraced him repeatedly by her intrigues during his lifetime, and her scandalous adventures after his death were dishonourable to his memory. The honest men whom his satire had ridiculed on account of domestic distresses of the same nature, had no doubt some feeling of internal satisfaction, when they found that the author of the "Cocu Imaginaire" shared the same apprehensions with his hero, without having the slightest reason to doubt, in his own instance, of their being founded in reality.

Leaving the consideration of his private life, chequered as it was by favourable and painful circumstances, we willingly take some general view of the character of Molière as an author, in which we feel it our duty to vindicate for him the very highest place of any who has ever distinguished himself in his department of literature. His natural disposition, his personal habits, his vivacity as a Frenchman, the depth of his knowledge of human nature, his command of a language eminent above all others for the power of expressing ludicrous images and ideas, raise him to the highest point of eminence amongst the authors of his own country and class, and assure him an easy superiority over those of every other country.

Our countrymen will perhaps ask, if we have forgotten the inimitable comic powers of our own Shakespeare. The sense of

humour displayed by that extraordinary man is perhaps as remarkable as his powers of searching the human bosom for other and deeper purposes. But if Johnson has rightly defined comedy to be "a dramatic representation of the lighter faults of mankind, with a view to make folly and vice ridiculous," it would be difficult to show that Shakespeare has dedicated to such purposes more than occasional and scattered scenes, dispersed through his numerous dramas. The "Merry Wives of Windsor" is perhaps the piece most resembling a regular comedy, yet the poetry with which it abounds is of a tone, which soars, in many respects, beyond its sphere. In most of his other compositions, his comic humour is rather an ingredient of the drama, than the point to which it is emphatically and specially directed. The scenes of Falstaff are but introduced to relieve and garnish the historical chronicle which he desired to bring on the stage. In the characters of Falconbridge and Hotspur, their peculiar humour gilds the stern features of high and lofty chivalry: in the "Tempest," the comic touches shine upon and soften the extravagance of beautiful poetry and romantic fiction. These plays may be something higher and better, but they are not comedies dedicated to expose the vices and follies of mankind, though containing in them much that tends to that purpose. It must also be remembered, that the manners in Shakespeare (so far as his comedy depends on them) are so antiquated, that but for the deep and universal admiration with which England regards her immortal bard, and the pious care with which his works have been explained and commented upon, the follies arising out of the fashions of his time would be entirely obsolete. We enjoy such characters as Don Armado, and even Malvolio, as we would do the pictures of Vandyke in a gallery; not that they resemble in their exterior any thing we have ever seen or could have imagined, until the excellence of the painter presented them before us, and made us own that they must have been drawn from originals, now forgotten.

The scenes of Molière, however, are painted from subjects with which our own times are acquainted; they represent follies of a former date indeed, but which have their resemblances in the present day. Some old-fashioned habits being allowed for, the personages of his drama resemble the present generation as much as our grandmothers' portraits, but for hoop petticoats and commodes, resemble their descendants of the present generation. Our physicians no longer wear robes of office, or ride upon mules, but we cannot flatter ourselves that the march of intellect, as the cant phrase goes, has exploded either the "Malade Imaginaire," or the race of grave deceivers who fattened on his folly. If, again, we look at Molière's object in all the numerous pieces

which his fertile genius produced, we perceive a constant, sustained, and determined warfare against vice and folly,—sustained by means of wit and satire, without any assistance derived either from sublimity or pathos. It signified little to Molière what was the mere form which his drama assumed: whether regular comedy or comédie-ballet, whether his art worked in its regular sphere, or was pressed by fashion into the service of mummery and pantomime, its excellence was the same,—if but one phrase was uttered, that phrase was comic. Instead of sinking down to the farcical subjects which he adopted, whether by command of the king, or to sacrifice to the popular taste, Molière elevated these subjects by his treatment of them. His pen, like the hand of Midas, turned all it touched to gold; or rather, his mode of treating the most ordinary subject gave it a value such as the sculptor or engraver can confer upon clay, rock, old copper, or even cherry-stones.

It is not a little praise to this great author, that he derived none of his powers of amusement from the coarse and mean sources to which the British dramatic poets had such liberal recourse. This might, and probably did, flow in part from the good taste of the poet himself, but it was also much owing to that of Louis XIV. Whatever the private conduct of that prince, of which enough may be learned from the scandalous chronicle of the times, he knew too well *son métier de Roi*, and what was due to his dignity in public, to make common jest with his subjects at any thing offensive to good morals or decorum. Charles II., on the other hand,—

"A merry monarch, scandalous and poor,*—

had been too long emancipated by his exile from all regal ceremonial, to lay his sense of humour under any restraints of delicacy. He enjoyed a broad jest, as he would have done an extra bottle of wine, without being careful about the persons who participated with him in either; and hence a personal laxity of conduct which scandalized the feelings of Evelyn, and a neglect of decency in public entertainments, encouraged by the presence of the sovereign, which called down the indignation of Collier. Some comparatively trifling slips, with which the critics of the period charge Molière, form no exception to the general decorum of his writings.

Looking at their general purpose and tendency, we must be convinced that there is no comic author, of ancient or modern times, who directed his satire against such a variety of vices and follies, which, if he could not altogether extirpate, he failed not at all events to drive out of the shape and form which they had assumed.

The absurdities of L'Etourdi, the ridiculous jargon of the Précieuses, the silly quarrels of the lovers in the Dépit Amoureux, the absurd jealousy of husbands in L'Ecole des Maris, the varied fopperies and affectations of men of fashion in Les Fâcheux, the picture of hypocrisy in the Tartuffe, the exhibition at once of bizarre and untractable virtue, and of the depravity of dissimulation in the Misanthrope, the effects of the dangers of misassorted alliances in George Dandin, of the tricks of domestics in Les Fourberies de Scapin, of the pedantic affectation of learning in Les Femmes Savantes, of the dupes who take physic and the knaves who administer it in the Malade Imaginaire,—all these, with similar aberrations, exposed and exploded by the pen of a single author, showed that Molière possessed, in a degree superior to all other men, the falcon's piercing eye to detect vice under every veil, or folly in every shape, and the talons with which to pounce upon either, as the natural prey of the satirist. No other writer of comedy ever soared through flights so many and so various.

We have said that the comedy of Molière never exhibits any touch of the sublime; and from its not being attempted in those more serious pieces, as Don Garcie and Mélicerte, where a high strain of poetry might have been struck to advantage, we conceive that Molière did not possess that road to the human bosom. One passage alone strikes us as approaching to a very lofty tone. Don Juan, distinguished solely by the desperation of his courage, enters the tomb of the Commander, and ridicules the fears of his servant when he tells him that the statue has nodded in answer to the invitation delivered to him by his master's command. Don Juan delivers the same invitation in person, and the statue again bends his head. Feeling a touch of the supernatural terror to which his lofty courage refuses to give way, his sole observation is, "*Allons, sortons d'ici.*" A retreat, neither alarmed nor precipitated, is all which he will allow to the terrors of such a prodigy.

In like manner, although we are informed that Molière possessed feelings of sensibility too irritable for his own happiness in private life, his writings indicate no command of the pathetic. His lovers are always gallant and witty, but never tender or ardent. This is the case, not only where the love intrigue is only a means of carrying on the business of the scene, but in Le Dépit Amoureux, where the ardour of affection might have gracefully mingled with the tracasseries of the lovers' quarrels; and in Psyché, in which it is to be supposed the author would have introduced the passionate and pathetic, if he had possessed the power of painting it. Nor do any of his personages, in all the

distresses in which the scene places them, ever make a strong impression on the feelings of the audience, who are only amused by the ludicrous situations to which the distresses give rise. The detected villainy of Tartuffe affects the feelings indeed strongly, but it is more from the gratification of honest resentment against a detected miscreant, than from any interest we take in the fortunes of the duped Orgon.

Neither did Molière ornament his dramatic pieces with poetical imagery, whether descriptive or moral. His mode of writing excluded the "morning sun, and all about gilding the eastern horizon." He wrote to the understanding, and not to the fancy, and was probably aware moreover that such poetical ornaments, however elegant when under the direction of good taste, are apt to glide into the opposite extreme, and to lead to that which Molière regarded as the greatest fault in composition, an affectation of finery approaching to the language of the *Précieuses Ridicules*. Alceste, in Le Misanthrope, expresses the opinion of the author on this subject:—

> Ce style figuré, dont on se fait vanité
> Sort de bon caractère, et de la verité,
> Ce n'est que jeu de mots, qu' affectation pure,
> Et ce n'est point ainsi que parle la nature.
> Le méchant gout de siècle en cela me fait peur,
> Nos peres tout grossiers l'avoient beaucoup meilleur.

In what, therefore, it may be asked, consisted the excellence of this entertaining writer, whose works, as often as we have opened a volume during the composition of this slight article, we have found it impossible to lay out of our hand until we had completed a scene, however little to our immediate purpose of consulting it? If Molière did not possess, or at least has not exercised the powers of the sublime, the pathetic, or the imaginative in poetry, from whence do his works derive their undisputed and almost universal power of charming? We reply, from their truth and from their simplicity; from the powerful and penetrating view of human nature, which could strip folly and vice of all their disguise, and expose them to laughter and scorn when they most hoped for honour and respect; also from the extreme *naïveté* as well as force of the expressions which effect the author's purpose. A father consults his friends about the deep melancholy into which his daughter is fallen: one advises to procure for her a handsome piece of plate, beautifully sculptured, as an object which cannot fail to give pleasure to the most disconsolate mind. The celebrated answer, *vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse*, at once unmasks the private views of the selfish adviser, and has afforded a measure by which all men, from Molière's time to our own,

may judge of the disinterested character of such friendly counsels. This short, dry, sudden and unexpected humour of Molière, seconded as it always is by the soundest good sense, is one great proof of his knowledge of his art. The tragic may be greatly enlivened by some previous preparation, as the advance of a mighty host with its ensigns displayed has, even at a distance, an effect upon the nerves of those whom it is about to assail. But wit is most successful when it bursts from an unexpected ambush, and carries its point by surprize. The best jest will lose its effect on the stage, if so much preparation is employed as leads the spectator to anticipate what is coming, as it will suffer in society if introduced with the preface of "I'll tell you a good thing!" In this species of surprize Molière surpasses every writer of comedy, but the jest at which you laugh springs as naturally out of the subject, as if it had been obvious to your apprehension from the very commencement of the scene. A brief sentence, a word, even an exclamation, is often sufficient to produce the full effect of the ludicrous, as a spark will spring a mine, in the place and time when the explosion is least suspected. The most unexpected means in the hands of this great artist are also the most certain; and you are first made sensible of what he has aimed at, when you admire his arrow quivering in the centre of the mark.

The depth and force of Molière's common sense is equally remarkable in displaying his own just and sound opinions, as in exposing the false taste and affectation of others. Ariste, Philinte, and the other personages of his drama, to whom (as the ancients did to their choruses) he has ascribed the task of moralizing upon the subject of the scene, and expressing the sentiments which must be supposed those of the author himself, have all the firmness, strength, and simplicity proper to the enunciation of truth and wisdom; and much more of both will be found within the precincts of Molière's works, than in the formal lessons of men of less acute capacity.

Molière himself knew the force and value of his simplicity, although sometimes objected to by fastidious critics as hurrying him into occasional vulgarity. In order that he might not depart from it, he adopted the well-known practice of reading his pieces while in manuscript to his housekeeper, La Foret, and observing the effect they produced on so plain, but shrewd and sensible a mind, before bringing them on the stage. The habit of being called into consultations of this kind had given the good dame such an accurate tact, that it was in vain that Molière tried to pass upon her the composition of another poet for his own. The circumstance proves how well she deserved to sit in the chair of censorship which her master had assigned her. Mons.

Taschereau thinks that the opinion of La Foret was only demanded by Molière upon low and farcical subjects. But though we allow that some parts of his higher comedy might be above her sphere, we can easily conceive that the author might have an interest in knowing exactly how much his housekeeper,—at once an exact and favourable specimen of a great majority of his audiences,—might be able to comprehend of his higher comedy, and in what particulars it was elevated beyond the line of her understanding. Nor is it unreasonable to conceive, that an author who desired above all other things to be generally understood, should have paused on the passages which La Foret comprehended less perfectly, and omitted or explained what was like to prove *caviar* to the multitude. It would not be perhaps unnatural to suppose, that to the shrewd, frank, acute, and penetrating character of Molière's housekeeper we owe the original idea of those clever and faithful, but caustic and satirical female domestics, the Toinettes and Nicoles, whom he has produced on the stage with so much effect.

We must now take our leave of M. Taschereau, to whose entertaining work we are obliged for so much instruction or amusement. Some readers may be disappointed, that after pronouncing Molière the prince of the writers of comedy, we should have limited the talents by which he attained such pre-eminence to the possession of common sense, however sound, of observation however acute, and of expression, however forcible, true and simple. It is not, however, by talents of a different class from those enjoyed by the rest of humanity that the ingredients which form great men are constituted. On the contrary, such peculiar tastes and talents only produce singularity. The real source of greatness in almost every department is an extraordinary proportion of some distinguishing quality proper to all mankind, and of which therefore all mankind, less or more, comprehends the character and the value. A man with four arms would be a monster for romance or for a show; it is the individual that can best make use of the ordinary conformation of his body, who obtains a superiority over his fellow-creatures by strength or agility. In a word, the general qualities of sound judgment, clear views, and powerful expression of what is distinctly perceived, acquire the same value, as they rise in degree above the general capacity of humanity, with that obtained by diamonds, which in proportion to their weight in carats become almost inestimable, while the smaller sparks of the same precious substance are of ordinary occurrence, and held comparatively in slight esteem.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** We have learned, with concern, that a respectable family in Badenoch, Inverness-shire, North Britain, have conceived the popular tale in our Article on German Romances (No. I.) to relate to the melancholy fate of Captain Macpherson, of that county, who perished many years since in a manner nearly resembling that of the Captain M. of our legend. Their feelings have, of course, suffered from the invidious light in which popular report had placed the character of the individual, whose actual conduct, we are assured, laid him open to no such impeachment. We gave the legend as it was given to the author of the Article many years ago, by the late regretted and beloved Lord W—— S——r, and we still possess the manuscript in his hand-writing. We thought it necessary, at the same time, to enter a caveat, that it was merely to be read as a popular tale, by which the character of the principal personage was by no means to be judged of. We were not even certain that the outline of the occurrence was true, had no belief whatever in the supernatural machinery introduced, and considerable doubts as to the dark shades thrown into the portrait of Captain M. We have since had full reason to be assured of what we partly intimated at the time, viz. that common report had done great injustice to the character of the unfortunate gentleman, in order to engraft a tale of superstition upon his extraordinary fate.

We have just received the following account, which may be relied on as authentic, and which we doubt not affords a just representation of the character, which popular rumours, joined with superstitition, had placed in such an unfavourable point of view.

"In the first Number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, in the Article, No. II., on the works of Hoffmann, the writer has introduced a narrative of a catastrophe that occurred in this country, in the year 1800. The facts of that melancholy event are mostly all mis-stated, and shall be in this notice adverted to; though its principal object is, to controvert the statements in the narrative regarding the character of Captain Macpherson, one of the unfortunate sufferers. His character is there alluded to in the following terms:—' Captain M.'s character was likewise remembered,—that he was popularly reported to be a man of no principle, rapacious and cruel, that he got money by procuring recruits from the Highlands, an unpopular mode of acquiring wealth; and that, amongst other base measures for this purpose, he had gone so far as to leave a purse upon the road, and to threaten the man who picked it up, with an indictment for robbery, if he did not enlist.' To the narrator of this notice Captain Macpherson was intimately known, and he begs to state, that Captain Macpherson never did, in any one instance, recruit for money. He did, no doubt, recruit at two different periods. He did so, first, to raise a certain number of men, to procure a lieutenancy that had

been offered him in the 101st Regiment of Foot, when commissions, it may be remembered, were given to several gentlemen in the Highlands, on the terms of their supplying a certain quota of men. The 101st Regiment was reduced at the close of the first American war. Sometime after, Captain Macpherson obtained a company in the regiment then called the Duke of Hamilton's, and on the same terms. To raise his company, he again recruited in Badenoch, and on no other occasion, and for no other purpose. Instead of his being rapacious and cruel, the remembrance of all his surviving friends in this country will readily testify that he was not only free of those blemishes, but possessed the opposite virtues, in a degree truly eminent. He was, in all his dealings, a man of strict honour and unblemished reputation. As a friend, an intimate, a companion, and a neighbour, he was open, candid, sincere, faithful, and liberal. And the narrator of this could very easily advert, were it necessary, to many instances, where Captain Macpherson's kindness and sympathy were most amiably shown, in his listening with heart and with feeling to many a poor man's tale, who felt or considered himself ill-treated by more powerful neighbours; and where he not only listened, but actively and generously exerted himself, with his local influence and his means, to procure such persons redress:—and in very many of such cases, when his own personal expenses were considerable, he never once would accept of any compensation or return. It is not, however, surprising, that on the opposite side of the Grampians, by a native, or resident in Rannoch, Captain Macpherson's melancholy end, and his character should be misrepresented. In that district, he had rendered himself unpopular, if not feared, from his having been more than once engaged there, in the apprehending of deserters from the army; a species of service for which his great bodily strength, his activity, and hardiness of habits peculiarly fitted him, however unwelcome it might be to his feelings. On one occasion of this kind, when a deserter apprehended, effected his escape from the captain's party, from the inn of Dalnacardoch, the poetic talents of the districts of Rannoch and Athol, (never very celebrated,) were put in requisition to ridicule his prowess, and the military character of his clan. Captain Macpherson had been, in his youth, a keen sportsman. Some months previous to his death, he had the misfortune to lose his wife, and to that domestic affliction were added some very severe pecuniary losses, incurred by his having been surety for a friend. Both together preyed not a little on his mind, and did certainly produce a degree of change in his manners and wonted habits, at which his acquaintances could not wonder, while they felt cause to sympathise with him. The effect of those trials was to lead him again to his long-neglected field sports, for which, it might be said, he re-acquired a passion. This had made him obnoxious to his grace the Duke of Gordon's forester at Gaik. Not six weeks before his death, he had an interview with the Duke of Gordon on the subject, when the captain pledged his word of honour, that he should never be found to contravene his grace's pleasure, on any extent of liberty granted to him. At that period, indeed, the game laws were almost unknown on his grace's domains. His grace expressly allowed, or rather requested,

him to take a deer or two more, as he might wish, from the forest of Gaik, during that winter. With regard to the facts narrated in the Review, it may be observed, that instead of the place at Gaik lying to the west of Dalnacardoch, it lies to the north-east of it. Instead of the time being the 14th of February, 1799, it was the night of the 4th of January, 1800. Instead of three men perishing besides Captain Macpherson, unfortunately there were four. Three fine greyhounds also perished in the ruins of the house. Instead of this being a temporary hut, or bothy, it was a substantial house, built after the usual country manner, with a centre wall, dividing it into two comfortable apartments. It had been built by the late Mr. Stuart, of Garth, for the accommodation of his shepherds, and they had lived in it for several years previous, both in summer and winter; but the lease of Gaik had been given up by Mr. Stuart some time before, when the Duke of Gordon determined to preserve the place as a deer forest. It is, indeed, correct, that the timber and stones of the house were scattered about to an amazing distance, the former twisted and broken. It may be easily supposed, as was in reality the case, that a catastrophe so fatal, and of such rare occurrence in this part of the world, would awaken into activity all the superstitious feelings of the country:—true it is, that marvellous conjectures were circulated respecting its causes; and which soon formed themselves into tales tenfold more terrific than what even the old schoolmaster communicated. But unusual as such an event was, no one who sees the spot, and who recollects the quantity of snow then on the ground, can for a moment doubt, that the whole mystery might be readily explained by the single term of an avalanche."

## POSTSCRIPT.

We think it necessary towards a due explanation of the views which we entertain on the subject of Legal Reform, to state that our article on M. Rey, "*Des Institutions judiciaires*," &c. was not only written, but actually printed off before Mr. Brougham gave his notice of motion, and before even the change of administration which preceded the present meeting of Parliament. It is needless to say that these recent events have conspired to strengthen our former impressions, or that we noticed with pride and pleasure the many striking coincidences of opinion with our own, manifested in the powerful and comprehensive speech of the honourable mover.

We beg leave, with all deference, to add a few words with respect to the immediate object of Mr. Brougham's motion—the appointment of a commission, which, if granted, we hope will be on a scale of extensiveness suited to the magnitude of the work, and estimated by a just regard to the consideration, that the several parts of our judicial system are so interwoven with one another as to render it, in our judgment, impossible to effect a safe and substantial repair of any single compartment without a previous survey of the entire edifice. The labours of such a commission would easily admit of subdivision with a view to an early practical result; and the requisite unity of its operations might be ensured by a system of regulations calculated to promote a free and constant intercourse between the members of the several branches of which it may be composed.

*Feb.* 8, 1828.

# CRITICAL SKETCHES.

Art. XI.—*Ismalie, ou La Mort et L'Amour; Roman-Poëme.* Par M. Le Vicomte D'Arlincourt. (Ismalie, or Death and Love, a poetical romance. By Viscount D'Arlincourt.) Paris. 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

M. D'Arlincourt is not very well known in England, although he has had the honours of translation; and, in the present state of literary intercourse between the two countries, we may fairly assume, from this circumstance, that he has not as yet deserved to be so. Our remark, however, will be understood to relate only to authors in the lighter departments of literature. Many circumstances may exist to prevent the speculations of learned or scientific men from being popular in a foreign country; but at a time like this, when, at least among ourselves, the luxuries of mind and body are in equal demand, and the whole world is ransacked for excitements to the palled appetites, both moral and physical, whether in the shape of a turtle or a romance, a writer of almost any country, more particularly our intimate acquaintance the French, if he were capable of administering pleasure, could not fail to receive praise. There can be no general standard of taste, however, or surely countries, approaching so nearly to each other in knowledge and civilization as France and England, would have found it out; and M. D'Arlincourt, who is scarcely read at all in the latter, has attained to considerable popularity in the former. This popularity has been procured by his novels of "Le Rénegat," "Le Solitaire," and "Ipsiboé." It is the design of the poem before us, like the two first, to inspire melancholy and awe, exaggerated occasionally in the present instance to horror; while its effect, like that of the last, is to make the reader laugh sometimes, not at the story, indeed, as in Ipsiboé, but at the author. Germany seems to be the natural home of *supernatural* romance; and, when transplanted into other countries, with the usual fate of exotics, it is sure to lose its flavour. In Germany alone the creations of superstition are something real and tangible; they do not flit before us like shadows or dreams, to surprise for one moment, and be forgotten the next. In England we are more timid; and, without meaning to insult the country of metaphysicians, it may be we are more philosophical. Our agents, generally, are human fears, and not the super-human creations of those fears. We seldom introduce devils and spectres among our *dramatis personæ*, but the ideas of these imaginary beings often. The air-drawn dagger of Macbeth has as great an influence upon the action as if the way of the murderer had been marshalled by an actual apparition; while the fact of its being merely an idea, conjured up by his own guilty thoughts, throws the moral responsibility of the guilt upon himself. This part of the play has always more effect upon an English reader than the ghost scenes in Hamlet. In drama the national taste runs altogether in a different channel. The supernatural machinery of the Henriade is the most useless, flimsy, and unsubstantial in the whole range of epic poetry; the ghosts of the French are neither the creations of superstitious fear, as in England, nor the real *bonâ fide* spectres of Germany; their battles are only glittering tournaments, and their most romantic love is a species of fantastic gallantry. The author of "Ismalie," desirous of establishing a supernatural school in France, without seeming to borrow anything from England or Germany, has founded his poem on a story

"never treated before—never written; the thought of which was never conceived, and the execution never attempted." This poem contains neither more nor less than the relation of the loves of an unhappy corpse, which cannot sleep o'-nights for an earthly passion. The gravest persons, however, will occasionally give way to such follies, and our defunct makes no bones of insinuating himself from under a huge stone to keep the tender rendezvous; he throws himself on his knees before his mistress with as much suppleness as could be expected in the circumstances, squeezes her hand with fingers as cold as iron, presses her to a bosom where no beating of the heart represents the inquietudes of passion, and ogles her with eyes as fixed as a sconce against the wall, and sparkling with all the tender brilliance of a boiled oyster. But, for the sake of the theatres, where such subjects are patronized, (we do not mean the theatres of anatomy,) and of our "dramatic" authors, who are not expected to understand very well their own language, much less a foreign one, we shall prevail upon ourselves to give an outline of the plot, and, if our muse does not get sick with supping full of horrors, a few quotations. The poem commences with an invocation to the Harp of the Olden Time, which we shall translate in the stanza adopted on the same occasion by the Scottish Minstrel.

"Harp of the Olden Time, which once had'st power
With thy wild harmony my youth to charm,
Come, I adjure thee, from thine ancient tower,
My voice sustain, and my cold accents warm.
Be then by turns the trump when warriors arm,
The Ossianic lute, the funeral bell,
The peasant's reed, who guards the flocks from harm,
The lyre of troubadour, that sounds love's soft alarm!"

The invocation, doubtless, being heard, the story commences in the midst of rain and thunder, exactly at nine o'clock. A page from the castle of Saint Paër is travelling in the forest, where he meets with a sorceress named Olnézer, and surnamed the "Daughter of Hell," who proceeds to expound to him the destinies of his young mistress, Ismalie. "Tremble," she says, "O daughter of Neustria!—The casque of gold will appear!" and concludes with these meaning words—"The tomb has its loves, the dust its voice, and nothingness (*le néant*) its prodigies!" The heroine is now described; she is young, beautiful, and unhappy—not that she has anything in particular to be unhappy about; but there are strange prophecies afloat among the old women, to which her boding heart answers like an echo.

"And she, Saint Paër's lonely fair
Towards the world in secret turns
Her virgin looks, while mingle there
The fear that chills, the hope that burns.
A fatal oracle has cast
O'er her young days its shadow vast;
And, one by one, away they fly,
Her joys, with careless infancy.

* * * * *

"To gaze on nature's beauteous face
Alone her wandering sense recalls;
Her desart path through woods to trace,
To list the water's murmuring falls,
To gather wild-flowers in the vale,
To bréathe afar the mountain gale,
To watch the phases of the sky,
To drink the wild-birds' melody—
Delights that would not yet depart,
And pure as her own virgin heart!

"Her temper equal, meek in mind—
Her sweetest duty is to pray;
But, to ideal worlds confined,
Still runs her dreary life away.
Invoking joy, she waits with fear;
Embraces love unconsciously,
In bliss believes, that ne'er for her
Can be, and weeps, she knows not why."

The feelings of this sensitive being may be imagined, when the page repeats the mystical words of the sorceress—and when the next moment she sees a "casque of gold" enter the castle, and under it a handsome young knight. This turns out to be her cousin Oscar, returned from the wars of Cœur-de-Lion in the Holy Land; Ismalie falls in love with him at one souse; but in the coldness of the "Paladin" sees reason to repent of her precipitation. Her mother, however, who is more knowing in these matters, discovers that the coldness is assumed, and, without ceremony, offers him the hand of the heiress of Saint Paër. This offer is joyfully accepted, and Oscar and Ismalie are in the ninth heaven. There is one thing, however, extremely odd; he has never all this time made any explicit declaration of his passion; he has never used the words which sound so sweetly in a lady's ear—I love thee! Ismalie ponders, then pants, then listens to some friendly cautions of the sorceress, and, finally, commands her reserved lover to go through the short formula in distinct language; and, when he refuses, binds herself by an oath never to be his until the words have passed his lips. The unhappy Paladin reels as if in an earthquake, and in a voice of love, horror, and despair, utters the fatal sentence "I love thee!" and in the midst of thunder, storm and darkness, falls bleeding and dead at her feet. An author of less original genius would have finished the story here, after explaining that Oscar had seduced and abandoned the sorceress before she had studied the art, and, in a fit of remorse, had vowed never to say "I love thee!" to anybody again before marriage. Our poem, however, is only beginning. Ismalie is at the tomb of Oscar—the stone moves—her name is pronounced—she falls fainting to the ground, and the Paladin is kneeling at her feet.

"The mantle of a Templar knight
O'ershadows half his armour bright,
Its wavy folds of dazzling white
Around the warrior fall;
The furious wind the welkin rends,
The forest-oak before it bends
His branches stout and tall—
But though the tempest wildly rave
Around, it hath no power to wave
A feather of his plume!
So stiff, so cold—immoveable—
The dead in lonely stillness dwell
Within their ancient tomb."

The dead lover proves to be much more *au fait* in the article of courtship than the living one had been; his words are full of the energy of fleshly passion—*but*—

"O! fearful contrast—see his eye
Cold as a marble effigy,
Dull even as death—fix'd heavily—
And silent as the grave."

On noticing this circumstance Ismalie faints, and the amorous spirit vanishes. A new pretender to her hand appears, and her mother is still willing that she

shall be married. Driven to despair, the persecuted maid seeks the tomb of Oscar—becomes more reconciled to his dead eye—and promises to become his wife. She keeps her word soon after—Death himself is the officiating priest—dead men the witnesses, and storm and thunder the music! We have no room for farther extracts, although, it must be confessed, it is excellent fooling. The original of the story, it seems, was contained in the MSS. of the sorceress Olnézer; but even if M. D'Arlincourt should claim the merit of its invention himself, we suspect, that in place of entitling him to rank with such personages, it would only prove him, beyond a doubt, to be—no conjuror.

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Art. XII.—*L'Homme du Midi, et l'Homme du Nord.* Par Charles de Bonstetten. 8vo. Génève. 1826.

There is something touching in the character of a man who has passed through the busy scenes of this life, untainted by its vices, and free from its prejudices—who has almost terminated his pilgrimage, and looks back on the past with joy and to the future with hope—who at the age of fourscore still sympathizes with his fellow creatures, and still feels, at a period when the heart beats faintly and the senses are rarely the inlets of pleasure, the fervour and the affection which characterized earlier years: such a man is M. de Bonstetten.

"Listen," (says he in a letter written to the celebrated Matthison in 1824,) "Listen, and let me whisper softly in your ear, that on the 3d of September I entered my eightieth year. Farewell to the threescore-and-ten, for I feel I have lost ten excellent friends, who received and watched me with kind care. I never in my life was more active or happy than in my seventieth winter. The eightieth has not an engaging air. On all sides I am surrounded by avalanches and abyss; and then I know that when we reach the summit there is an end to all."

The book which we propose here to notice very briefly, is the produce of his last years, and if it has not all the vigour and depth which might have been discovered in it, had it been struck off in his prime, yet the graceful garrulity which runs through its pages, and here and there a sketch of the days gone by, fix the attention without wearying it, and leave us content with ourselves and our companion. It is impossible to read it without discovering that the author had taste enough to be worthy of the friendship of our Gray, philosophy enough to have been intimate with Bonnet, and learning sufficient to have captivated John Müller, the celebrated historian. Indeed, the amiable qualities which tincture the style of the present work are warrant sufficient for the affection which universally seems to have been given to Bonstetten, and we can scarcely read half a dozen pages without figuring to ourselves a kind old man serene and calm,

"Adown whose neck the reverend locks
In comely curl do wave,
And on whose aged temples grow
The blossoms of the grave."

"After a year or two," (says he in the preface, p. ix) "of this philosophical life with Bonnet, they forced me to quit my beloved master, my sweet habitudes, my friends, and a world as enlightened as it was kind. From that period the imperious force of things, the tyranny of circumstances, suddenly weighed upon my being. However well placed I might have been in the world, I had put out the deepest root in Geneva, and long I languished like a plant torn from its native soil. I studied at Leyden; but Leyden was not Bonnet nor his circle. I travelled and saw the celebrated men of the age. I connected myself with men. I entered into public employments. Notwithstanding, the interior life became gradually dimmed by the glare of the world. The

sweet habit of reading my soul, as it were living with her, was about to be lost for ever. It was almost thirty years after I quitted Bonnet, that I slowly recovered the thread of my thoughts in the very place where I had left it."

The present work professes to develope the influence of climate on man, a gigantic undertaking, involved in so many intricacies that ages have not given us any thing certain or very useful on the subject. The ideas which the author has thrown together form an interesting series of chapters, but must not be regarded as any thing more than the generalisations of a clever man. Montesquieu attributed too much to the direct influence of climate, and modern physiologists have agitated the question as to its effect on the animal frame with great keenness but little profit. No *experimentum crucis* has as yet been made to disprove the Mosaic dogma, that all the varieties of the human frame are accidental. It is not, however, with the effect of climate on the physical constitution of man that we have to do. The question which M. de Bonstetten wishes to determine is: What effect it has on the moral part of our frame? What are the causes of national character? Why does one nation differ from another?

The effect of climate on the mind is proverbial. No one can sit in his solitary chamber on a November day, with the dense fog obscuring the daylight, and looking in at his window with the deadening stare of a dull grey eye, without feeling oppressed, and wearied of existence; and few are able to resist the excitement of a fair summer sky. Where these causes are constant, the effects will be no less so, and we perfectly agree with our author in the statement that, in the long run, they influence the national character in a prodigious degree. It is true that political institutions will and do alter at all times and seasons the character of a nation. The climate continues the same, but the people change and run through their periods of growth and decay. But this proves only that climate is not the sole element of those causes which influence us,—not that it has no influence. Giving the argument therefore its true value, namely, that climate is a general, a powerful, though not a sole cause of national character, we may follow our author into some of his detail, by way of proof of this proposition.

"A great part of the habits of a nation," says M. Bonstetten, "has its source in agriculture." In other words, food must be supplied to every nation, but the facility or difficulty of procuring it must have a great influence on the character. In the south of Europe, and countries in general where nature is bountiful, man is careless and improvident. In Italy and in Greece whole days are spent in some pleasant shady spot, and the "dolce far-niente" forms the happiness of the peasant or the proprietor. The labours of the field are left for the most part to women. So remarkable is the indolence of the inhabitants of the Greek Islands, that our government has been induced to encourage the settlement of Maltese and Italians; and were it not for the former, very little of the splendid improvements going on at present in the Ionian Islands would ever be completed. The habits of the Italian are, on the whole, more industrious than those of the Greek; because, though the climate of each country be on a par, the population is more dense in the one than the other, and the means of livelihood, therefore, more inaccessible, and requiring more effort to attain them. Every thing approaching to foresight seems to be banished from the inhabitant of the south. In the day he can retire to the shade to escape from the heat, and at night he can fearlessly lie down in the fields with the serenest heaven above and the coolest breezes around him. He takes little or no thought about his clothing, for he requires little or none. His food may be called almost at the road side, and at every nook there is a fountain or a stream. They who have witnessed the mode of life of the Italians, Greeks, and Spaniards, will not find the above at all exaggerated. The inhabitant of the north

on the other hand, is surrounded by an adverse nature, a dreary heaven, a long winter, a few weeks of a flitting and uncertain summer. His food must be procured, the necessity of raiment and a shelter from the inclemencies of the weather are imperative wants. All this forces him to be an economist of his time, to be industrious and methodical; and the very length of the time during which he is unable to prosecute his agricultural pursuits, by confining him to his house, in a great measure obliges him to cultivate habits of reflection. The inhabitant of the south has no home, his house is merely his sleeping place: while, to the inhabitant of the north, his habitation is what the shell is to the snail, that without which he could not exist. Hence the deep attachment of mountaineers to their barren regions; each spot is remembered as the scene of some pleasure, as supplying some gratification, or administering to some want. The green spots amid the surrounding waste were laboured by many an anxious day. From this place he procured the wood which built his cottage—to that he toiled for the pure fountain which flowed from the rock. The very difficulties which surround the mountaineer tend to develope feelings unknown to the inhabitant of the south. The mutual assistance required to eke out existence produces the kindliest sociality, as far removed from the loose attachment of the inhabitant of the south as it is from their fierce passions. And the sound of home to the mountaineer is a spell that conjures up all that can bind him to this world.

"My father and my father's tent,
My brethren and my brethren's herds,
The pleasant trees that o'er our noon day bent,
And sent forth every song for sweetest birds,
The little rivulet which freshen'd all
Our pastures green,
No more are to be seen.
When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,
I turn'd to bless the spot,
And not a leaf appear'd about to fall;—
And now they are not!—" BYRON.

"The result is, that to conquer the inhabitant of the north it is sufficient to be the master of his house, while the man of the south can exist wherever he finds sun or shelter, a tree or some corner of the earth unknown to the enemy. The example of the Spaniards proves that that which is wanting in the character of the inhabitant of the south is all that relates to reflection and foresight. His courage is misdirected, and for want of reflection he loses what a rational experience might have taught him. On the other hand, this very want of reflection and its consequent ignorance serves him marvellously. The mind accustomed to reflect calculates dangers: but dangers do not exist for him who has courage only. The man of reflection sees all, knows all, except those mysterious forces of the heart and passions which are sometimes the inheritance of the inhabitant of the south. From what has been said, the inhabitant of the south is disposed to act without reflection, and the inhabitant of the north to reflect without acting."—p. 32.

Our limited space will not allow us to follow the author into any further detail of the effects of climate on national character; first, because it is difficult to compress that which is already short, and secondly, because it is impossible to render in our own words that which has been so admirably said in the original.

From these few excerpts it will be seen that this work is little more than a collection of anecdotes and reflections appended to two general ideas, viz., that the climate of the south developes the senses, and therefore imagination; that of the north the reason. Education, poetry, courage, conquests, drunkenness, mendicity, and other subjects, are all, somehow or other, philosophically wove into this staple.

ART. XIII.—1. *Dictionnaire des Proverbes Français.* Par M. de la Mésangère, de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France. Troisième édition. Paris. 1823. 8vo. pp. 756.

2. *Explication Morale des Proverbes populaires Français.* Par M. Basset. (Formant partie de la Bibliothèque d'instruction élémentaire). 18mo. Paris. 1826.

THE earliest and one of the best assemblages of apophthegms is contained in the Sacred Volume, and ascribed to Solomon: but perhaps he was rather the gleaner than the author of them all. Some persons employed under Hezekiah to make a fresh transcript of the Proverbs, added five chapters more, and imputed these also to Solomon, who was become the sage of his nation by excellence. A further addition of little value was made by Agur, the son of Jakeh, who flourished after the captivity; for he quotes the book of Job, which in Bishop Stock's admirable preface to his less admirable version, has been proved to be a composition posterior to that event. Lastly occurs the moral advice of some literary lady of antiquity, who styles herself mother to king Lemuel, and who was probably the queen of Sheba, and the guest of Solomon.

Another early and admirable collection of moral aphorisms is the Ecclesiasticus, which was apparently composed in Hebrew by the Babylonian Jesus Hillel, and afterwards translated into Greek by his grandson at Alexandria. Pythagoras, Theognis, and Plutarch, also enriched Greek literature with select sentences. From Plautus, Terence, Laberius, Syrus, and other dramatic writers, the Latin collectors of aphorisms derive copious contributions, as also from Horace and Seneca.

The Arabians ascribe to Lokman much of their proverbial wisdom, and make him a contemporary of Solomon. Pococke translated from the Arabic proverbs of Meidan, and Schultens, proverbs of Zamachsjar. Sir William Jones, in the fourteenth chapter of his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, enumerates the several Persian gnomologists, and quotes from them many beautiful sentences. Gentius has translated and edited those of Sadi.

Of modern maxims the earliest collection is contained in the Havamaal, ascribed by the Edda to Odin. Of English sentences Howell's *Paræmiographia* is the oldest assemblage, but it has been popularly superseded by Ray's *Proverbs*, first printed in 1672, which contains a fuller, though not a very select compilation. Mr. Bland has more recently (1814) republished in an English version the Adagia of Erasmus, and illustrated them by corresponding examples from the Spanish, Italian, French, and English languages.

Moral philosophy may be said to begin in proverbs; since, among all nations, the first attempts of the savage man to infer a rule of action from a personal incident are couched in short sentences. Such sayings are quickly understood, and when stimulantly expressed are easily remembered: hence they echo far and wide. Tradition preserves awhile these efforts to generalize experience, and at length they are compressed into a code of conduct by some judicious gnomologist.

Every time that such a recorded sentiment is compared with the passing occurrences which it is adapted to characterize and to class, it gains or loses something in the confidence of the repeater. Maxims which fail on trial are suffered to expire, and those which stand their ground are taught to grandchildren as a treasury of wisdom. Yet the number of contradictory proverbs is very considerable. Whatever almost be the proposition advanced, in some language or other we are sure to find a Rowland for an Oliver. The antithetic maxim is somewhere as current and as neatly expressed as the original saying, as if experience, like Janus, was double-faced, and delivered from each mouth an opposite oracle. After studying these repositories of counsel, if a person

does not exercise discrimination as to circumstances, he may be more at a loss what to *do* than at the time of sitting down to his task. However, as he will be less at a loss what to *say*, and may find solemn sentences applicable to either determination, and apologetic of failure in either direction, he may acquire something of eloquence if not of wisdom. Skill in practical conduct necessarily anticipates advice: it consists in seizing opportunities at their crossing our station: he who stops to ask—"shall I snatch at this?" will find that the forelock might have been caught, but that the wings can never be overtaken.

If, however, proverbs contribute more to the resources of diction than to the arts of life, they are not therefore the less interesting to the reading or writing world; and the literature which collects, which explains, which classes them, is still of welcome circulation. Paræmiology has not been neglected by the French. Peter Gringore of Lorraine published, in 1527, *Notables Enseignemens, Adages, et Proverbes.* Peter Grognet of Burgundy printed, in 1533, *Mots dorés du sage Caton.* Gilles Corrozet issued, in 1540, some proverbs and apophthegms under the title *Hecatomgraphie.* Charles de Bovelles of Noyon wrote, in 1557, his *Proverbes et Dits sententieux.* And in the following century many more such productions might be enumerated. In 1710, at Brussels, appeared a very comprehensive *Dictionnaire des Proverbes Français,* which was reprinted at Amsterdam, and republished with additions by Panckoucke at Paris, in 1748, and which remained we believe until the appearance of the present volume, the most convenient repertory of French proverbial literature.

The sources of currency in expression are various. Sometimes mere conciseness accomplishes the end; as in the French proverb, *Peu et bon,* and in our *Short and sweet.* Sometimes an allusion to popular mechanical arts becomes generally vernacular; as in French, *Battre toujours la même enclume,* and in our *Harping always on the same string.* Sometimes a popular classic, Æsop's Fables for instance, has supplied a familiar illustration; as, *C'est la mouche du coche,* as our *The fly on the chariot wheel.* Sometimes the manners of domestic animals furnish natural allusions; as in the French, *Hurler avec les loups,* or with us, though quite in another sense, *To take the bull by the horns.*

M. de la Mesangère, the erudite author of the compilation before us, classes among proverbs those hacknied allusions to the writers of antiquity which have been repeated by successive stylists; but these are rather trivialities of rhetoric than idiomatic ways of speaking. Such are, *C'est le tonneau des Danaïdes. C'est la toile de Penelope. Une voix de Stentor.* What is not popularly intelligible ought not to be ranked among national proverbs. In different countries the same quotations from ancient writers have a very different degree of acceptation. There is a Latin verse,

"*De malè quæsitis non gaudet tertius hæres,*"

Which is well translated into French at p. 30, by the words,

"*Un troisième heritier ne jouit pas des biens mal-acquis.*"

But to rank this phrase as a proverb is surely a strange extension of the meaning of the word: the whole assertion is so contradictory to experience, that even superstition would hardly venture to employ it in a sermon.

These proverbs are arranged alphabetically; the principal thought in the sentence serving for the word of reference: but the chapters often contain mere historic anecdotes which, though amusing, have small connection with the expressions intended to be explained.

This work is amusing and instructive; some articles are superfluous, and little connected with proverbial literature; some expressions are not explained which appear unaccountable to a foreigner; but on the whole it rewards perusal, and deserves imitation elsewhere.

Art. XIV.—*Précis du Système Hieroglyphique des Anciens Egyptiens.* Par M. Champollion. Seconde édition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée. Royal 8vo. *Avec un Atlas de planches.* Paris. 1828.

The long-called-for second edition of this most important and valuable work has at last made its appearance. The general principles of the System remain the same; the additions and improvements with which we are now presented, are the result of a more extensive examination of ancient monuments, and new analogies are pointed out between the hieroglyphics and the Coptic alphabet. The *Letter to M. Dacier*, first published in 1822, which forms an introduction to the system, is incorporated with, and forms the second chapter of this edition. M. Champollion still cherishes the hope of receiving the king's permission to visit Egypt, for the purpose of exploring its ruins, and of adding additional strength, if that be necessary, to his system. He will carry with him the best wishes of the literati of Europe for the success of his endeavours.

The English public has been already so fully made acquainted with the merits and details of M. Champollion's discoveries, in the complete and admirable analysis given of his and the other works on the subject in the Edinburgh Review, that we are spared the necessity of any further discussion of it. It must be gratifying to the author of that article to learn that his performance has already had the honour of two French translations, one in a separate form, and another incorporated in the "Revue Britannique," a monthly Parisian periodical, (consisting entirely of translations from the more important and striking articles of our monthly and quarterly journals,) which has already met with great success.

Connected with the subject of Egypt, we cannot but express our sincere regret for the premature loss of our distinguished countryman Mr. Salt, who had, after being at first an unbeliever in it, at last become a warm convert to M. Champollion's system, and whose opportunities would, had he survived, have enabled him to shed additional and important lights on the subject.

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Art. XV.—*Almanach Philanthropique, ou Tableau des Sociétés et Institutions de Bienfaisance, d'Education, et d'Utilité Publique de la Ville de Paris. Seconde Année.* 18mo. Paris. 1828.

The pretensions of the metropolis of France to be the centre of gaiety and the arbitress of fashion to the rest of Europe, are universally acknowledged; but her claims to a higher and better distinction are not so generally known. We allude to that spirit of association for religious, philanthropic, and scientific undertakings which has now taken such firm hold of the public mind in France, and which has mostly sprung up since the peace. We rejoice to see a plant of our native soil (for we cannot help regarding such associations as peculiarly of English growth,) naturalizing itself in foreign countries; and from the deep interest we take in the progress of social improvements, we feel it a subject of congratulation that the state of peace, which has already done so much for their more rapid dissemination, is likely to continue undisturbed. The little volume before us is intended to be continued annually, and this is the second year of its appearance; to show its object and spirit we cannot do better than quote the following passage from the preface:—

"The traveller who visits Paris on business or pleasure, or who is led thither by a love of the arts, finds on his arrival numerous guides for his direction. The public monuments force themselves on his attention, all his wishes are anticipated, and he finds it impossible to avail himself of the numerous facilities that are afforded him; but the

traveller of elevated sentiments, who is a true philanthropist, and actuated by a nobler curiosity, wishes to see Paris under another aspect; such a one inquires for the establishments devoted to the most important objects of civilised society; he wishes to contemplate and to study monuments of another description—monuments raised by the hands of science and of virtue; in such establishments he seeks to observe the effect of our institutions and the marks of national character; and he feels interested in comparing them with those of the same class that are to be found in the other capitals of Europe. At present, the number of travellers who leave their homes in pursuit of philanthropic objects has much increased. The friends of virtue in all countries have formed in truth a *holy alliance*, productive both of pleasure and utility. In general the attention of the public is everywhere more earnestly directed to whatever bears on the moral interests of society. But establishments of this description do not court the glare of day, and are seldom mentioned in conversation: where then is the guide that will conduct us to them?"

We may safely answer this question by referring the reader to the little work before us. The contents of the *Almanach Philanthropique* are arranged under the following heads:—I. The Hospitals of Paris.—II. Philanthropic Societies.—III. Education Societies.—IV. Religious Societies.—V. Learned and Literary Societies.—VI. Public Instruction.—VII. Prisons, Civil and Military.—VIII. Societies for Insurance against Fire. Under the first head are enumerated thirty-seven hospitals, besides six institutions for providing medical aid to persons at their own houses. The able surgical assistance rendered at these establishments is sufficiently attested by the number of valuable works that enrich the medical literature of France, and which have mostly been composed from cases observed at the hospitals. Here also the devoted services of the "*Sœurs de la Charité*," who attend on the sick and administer alike both bodily and spiritual aid, must not be forgotten. In the second chapter 232 societies are enumerated, 190 of which are Friendly Societies among the working-classes. In this head appear the Societies of Christian Morality and for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, together with many others that prove how rapidly public opinion is associating in France on all the great points conducive to the commonweal. Chapter III. enumerates eleven societies or committees that direct their attention to Education; among these is pre-eminent the Society for Mutual Instruction, which has done so much for diffusing the improved system over all parts of France, and even over many countries of Europe and America. Pity it is that its efforts should have been so thwarted by mistaken or designing men; but such is the inevitable lot of all, be they societies or individuals, whose labours for the good of their species attack the prejudices or the selfishness of others. Sixty gratis-schools for children of both sexes are conducted by the *Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne*, and the indefatigable *Sœurs de la Charité*. Chapter IV., on Religious Institutions, enumerates thirty-seven bodies that labour in this divine work, and we are happy to perceive that the Protestants are not behind their brethren the Catholics in associations of this nature, although it would appear that Bible Societies are peculiar to Protestantism here as well as elsewhere. Chapter V. is devoted to Scientific and Literary Institutions, respecting the former of which any encomium here would be useless. Only we may be permitted to remark, that some of our learned bodies in England would do well to copy the liberal spirit of their French neighbours. Public Instruction in chapter VI. commences with an account of the University of France, which is divided into twenty-six academies governed by rectors. The courses of lectures are open gratuitously to all, as well here as at the other institutions supported by the Crown. These courses include the various oriental languages, and the different branches of science and art. In this chapter also are included the numerous and admirable public libraries, that open their treasures to rich and poor alike, unfettered by restrictions that impede in other countries the fructifying progress of knowledge. But our space is limited,

and we must hasten to a conclusion by stating that the Prisons, which form the subject of chapter VII., have undergone most important improvements of late years, for which they are greatly indebted to the enlightened and benevolent views of the Dauphin. Chapter VIII. is on Fire Offices, which are under excellent regulations, and have justly merited the gratitude of the Parisians. In conclusion, we warmly recommend this little work to all our enlightened countrymen who visit Paris.

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Art. XVI.—*Dictionnaire Technologique, ou Nouveau Dictionnaire Universel des Arts et Metiers, et de l'Economie industrielle et commerciale.* Par une Société de Savans et d'Artistes. Tom. I.—XII. 8vo. Planches cahiers, 1—18. 4to. Paris. 1822 to 1827.

The Technological Dictionary, begun at Paris in 1822, has attained some celebrity in this country. One or two of our scientific journals have borrowed largely from it, and more than one Dictionary of the Arts, avowedly planned in imitation of it, were announced here, though never published, during the excitement of 1824 and 1825. The utility of collecting in one work a complete description of the arts and occupations of life—they being all regulated in some measure by the same principles, and most of them throwing light on each other—cannot be disputed. Up to a late period, however, most of those who have had a practical knowledge of the arts have been unable to describe them, while those who have had a command of language have had no acquaintance with the workshop and the laboratory. The diffusion of a better education among all classes is reconciling this discrepancy, making the principles of art better known, and artizans more intelligent. In France, where the gratuitous means of scientific education, at least for the middle and upper classes, have for a long time been superior to what are possessed by this country, it has been comparatively easy to compose such works; and we generally find the *élèves* of the Polytechnical School, of the School of Mines, or the professors at these or other national establishments the principal compilers of them. To the Technological Dictionary the principal contributors are M. Francœur, professor at the Faculty of Sciences, Paris; M. Molard, junior assistant-director at the Conservatory of Arts, Paris; M. Lenormand, professor of Technology; M. Robiquet, professor at the School of Pharmacy, Paris; and M. Payen, a manufacturer of drugs. The work is what might be expected from such an association, copious and elaborate, but more diffuse than precise. The twelfth volume is already published, and only comes down to the letters M A G, so that it cannot possibly be completed according to the prospectus in fifteen volumes. We are afraid the bookseller and the authors, having found the speculation rather a good one, are willing to extend it as much as possible, which has led them to swell their pages with descriptions of a great variety of subjects which obviously do not belong to a Technological Dictionary. That there is too much of it, that it is too diffuse, and in a few cases too trifling, are the only objections we have to make to it; if it were compressed into six or at most ten volumes, it would be much improved. The authors give a minute description of the arts as they are practised in France, including all the latest improvements, and show at every page that they are acquainted with the practices of other countries, and with the most recent scientific discoveries. They are not indeed contented with explaining the principles of the arts, which is all that ought to be attempted in such a work; they add a variety of suggestions, and sometimes transcribe from the pages of periodicals, recommendations of mere scientific theorists, which have been found impracticable. Much information however may be obtained from the work relative to the present state and the recent

progress of the arts in France, though their statements must be received with caution; for the authors, having it at heart to improve as well as describe the practices of their countrymen, have in general confined their descriptions to the best methods, and have painted them *en beau*. To give an example or two, we observe that the different processes employed in manufacturing the chemical acids, such as the sulphuric, the nitric, and the muriatic, which in general are rather looked upon as secrets in this country, are minutely described; as are also, with many other things peculiar to France, the *Abattoirs* at Paris, the police regulations relative to the slaughtering of cattle, the methods in use for preserving ice, and making the various refreshing and cooling drinks, for which that capital is almost as famous as any city of Italy. Nor is the work deficient in statistical and historical notices, such as an account of the rapid increase in manufactures of different kinds, the number of cattle slaughtered at Paris, the date of the introduction of ices into Paris, and the effects of a warm winter, by preventing a harvest of ice and snow, on the rate of mortality in Italy. The plates, which are separate from the text, are remarkably neat and distinct, and altogether the work, both from what it contains, and the manner in which it is got up, gives a favourable idea of the state of the useful arts in France.

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Art. XVII.—*Mémoires Inédits de Louis-Henri de Loménie, Comte de Brienne, Sécrétaire d'Etat sous Louis XIV.; publiés sur les manuscrits autographes, avec un Essai sur les Mœurs et sur les Usages du XVIIme Siècle.* Par F. Barrière, éditeur des Mémoires de Madame Campan. Paris. 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

These Memoirs are edited by M. Barrière, the editor of the Memoirs of Madame Campan, who has given us in his preface some curious details respecting the author and his manuscripts. The first he characterizes as "ambitious and a gamester, devout and a libertine; who passed from the ministry to the bosom of a cloister, and from the court to a prison." Dr. Dibdin has already introduced him to us as an accomplished bibliomaniac; he was equally fond of pictures and prints, and continued to indulge his taste for all these luxuries, even when immured within the walls of St. Lazare, where he spent nearly twenty years of his life. Of the authenticity of the MSS. from which these Memoirs are published, there can be no doubt; his descendant the archbishop of Toulouse (who was prime minister to Louis XVI.) had actually prepared to publish them at the time the Revolution broke out. The editor has prefixed a most amusing and instructive "Essay on the Manners and Customs of the Seventeenth Century," and he has added very copious notes illustrative or explanatory of such passages as required this aid. We have only one reproach to make to M. Barrière, but it is one to which almost every editor of Memoirs of this period has equally laid himself open—and that is, that he has not only allowed passages to stand in the Memoirs which were utterly unfit for publication, but introduced into his notes details equally offensive on the same score. Were it not for these blemishes, we should say that since the publication of St. Simon's Memoirs, no work has appeared which throws so much light on the secret history of the court of Louis XIV., and of the period immediately antecedent.

The father and grandfather of our author had both been secretaries of state, and he himself had the reversion of his father's office granted to him by Anne of Austria at the early age of fifteen. At sixteen he set out upon his travels, in which he spent three years; during that period he visited Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia, Germany and Italy. He was an

elegant Latin scholar, and five years after his return published an account of his travels in that language, which went through two editions (in 1660 and 1662). Having passed several of his earliest years immediately attached to the person of Louis XIV., with whom he was a great favourite, and acting as secretary of state at the time that monarch assumed the reins of power into his own hands, no man had better grounds for anticipating a brilliant career than the Count de Brienne. As his own Memoirs give no explanation of the causes which led to his disgrace and the subsequent extraordinary vicissitudes of his life, his editor has from other sources endeavoured to supply this deficiency. The love of play, (a passion which seems reviving in our own age and country in an alarming degree,) appears to have been one of the rocks on which he split; and his conduct in other respects was so extraordinary that his own family interfered and had him shut up as a lunatic. "If he lost his reason," says M. Barrière, "he certainly neither lost his wit, nor his memory, nor the art of relating the adventures of his youth with grace." During this confinement it was that he wrote the Memoirs now published.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into much farther detail of their contents. The chapters which relate to Cardinal Mazarin form one of the most curious portions of the work. We shall extract the one which gives the account of the circumstances immediately preceding his death, and leave the reader to his own reflections upon the extraordinary exhibition which it presented.

"The cardinal was then very ill. One day when I entered his apartment in the Louvre, treading with measured steps on tiptoe, (because Bernouin, his valet-de-chambre, told me that he was asleep,) I found him seated in his arm-chair before the fire, and had full time to observe him well, in a state of extraordinary agitation. His body, from its own weight, fell sometimes forward and sometimes backward; his head was at one time very nearly striking his knees, and at another falling on the back of his chair; he threw himself about unceasingly from right to left, and in this short interval of time, which was only a few minutes, the balance of his watch did not go quicker than his body. You would have said that a demon had possession of him; and what is remarkable, he was speaking, but as he did not articulate his words, I could not comprehend what he said. Fearing lest he should fall into the fire, I called Bernouin, who immediately came, laid hold of him, and shook him well. 'What's the matter, Bernouin?' said he, awaking; 'What's the matter? *Guenaud has said it!*'* 'Deuce take Guenaud and his saying,' said the valet, 'will you be always repeating that?' 'Yes, Bernouin, yes, *Guenaud has said it!* and he has spoken but too truly; I must die, I cannot escape it. *Guenaud has said it! Guenaud has said it!*' I then heard most distinctly those sorrowful words, which I could not understand when he pronounced them in his sleep. I was confounded and horrified; and still more so with the terror which appeared painted in his looks. Bernouin told him that I was in waiting; 'Bid him come forward,' and stretching out his hand, which I kissed, he said to me: 'My poor friend, I am dying!'—'I see it well,' answered I, 'but believe me, my dear master, it is you who are killing yourself. Do not distress yourself by these cruel speeches which kill your servants, and do more injury to your Eminence than even your malady.'—'It is very true,' said he to me, 'my poor M. de Brienne, but Guenaud has said it, and Guenaud knows his business well.'

"Hearing him speak in this manner, I could not help being melted even to tears; I had a sincere affection for him, and his state excited in me the greatest compassion. He stretched out his arms and embraced me very tenderly. His breath affected me to such a degree that I was almost on the point of fainting, on perceiving which he took a lozenge into his mouth and gave me another. 'I am very sorry for it,' said he very obligingly, 'but you see, my friend, what is man—I have good teeth, and I eat sparingly, but I carry within me the cause of a speedy death.' He seemed heart-broken on pronouncing these words, and then began repeating afresh, '*Guenaud has said it.*'

* Guenaud was the physician, who had shortly before this, when called into consultation on the cardinal's malady, fairly told him that he must prepare for death, and that he had not more than two months to live.

"The cardinal, notwithstanding, four or five days before his death, had his head shaved, and his mustachioes curled with irons; they put rouge on his cheeks and his lips, and painted him so well with ceruse and whiting, that he had probably never in his life looked so fair and rosy. Getting then into his sedan-chair, which was open in front, he proceeded in this fine equipage to take a turn round the garden, to bury, as he said himself, the synagogue honourably. I was never more surprised in my life than I was at sight of this rapid and complete metamorphosis, this sudden change of scene, from the bed of death, where I had just left him, to a renewal of youth, in appearance more real than that of Æson. Notwithstanding, he was then, it may be said, on the very brink of the grave; and I am persuaded that the violent effort which this cost him, hastened his death by several days. If he had not thus attempted to cheat nature, he would not have fallen so soon; but this folly, great in the sight of God, was still greater in the presence of men, who, like myself, were quite aware of his state, and looked upon this scene as a dream or a vision, which only served to throw greater odium on this dying politician, and made the courtiers, who are always unmerciful, say of him—'*A knave he lived, a knave he resolved to die.*'

"The Count de Nogent, a wicked wit, meeting him in this equipage, said to him,—'The air is good for you; it has already produced a great change. Your Eminence should take it often.' Whether he grew red or pale at this compliment, which discovered his knavery, is not known; it is certain that he was struck with it, as might be perceived from the change in his eyes, if none could be seen in his countenance. The cardinal said, 'Turn back: I find myself ill.' Nogent, urging his point with unparalleled cruelty, said to him, 'I believe it: for your Eminence looks very red.' This stroke went like a dagger to the heart of the cardinal. I followed him, and saw him carried back to his bed, on which he fell like a man in a fit. They gave him some reviving cordial, which recovered him. Bernouin, his valet-de-chambre, then said to him, 'I knew well what would happen, and I told you so. What is the use of this foolery?' The cardinal replied not a word, and every one was dismissed from the apartment."*

"The Count de Nogent, who had been a spectator of the whole of this comedy as well as myself, hastened to pay his court to the queen-mother by telling her of it: her Majesty could not refrain from laughing, and really believed that he was only jesting. I confirmed what he said, on his appealing to me as a witness; but having less hardness of heart about me, I related the fact with greater delicacy, and threw the blame of it upon the physician who had obliged him to take the air. 'He ought not to have been shaved,' said the queen, 'it will hasten his death;' and she sent to inquire after him. 'Every one knows the state he is in,' added she, 'it was useless to disguise it, and this only serves to make people talk.' In fact, nothing else was talked of at court, and I do not believe the cardinal was ever more severely handled than he was on this occasion. My father, to whom I related it the same evening, would not believe me, and treated me as if I had told him a lie. In vain did I swear to him that I told nothing but the truth; he reproached me severely, and was as angry with me as if I had committed a serious fault; at last he believed me, and shrugged up his shoulders."

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Art. XVIII.—*Antonio Foscarini; Tragedia di Gio. Batista Niccolini.* 8vo. Firenze. 1827.

As this author has been exalted by certain critics in opposition to Manzoni and the romantic school, and considered by others as a sort of conciliator between the two parties, we have bestowed some attention on his play, which, we understand, has been acted at Florence with considerable success. The subject is taken from the history of Venice in the early part of the seventeenth century, and shortly after the discovery of the famous conspiracy of Bedamar, which has been illustrated by our own Otway. The fears of the Venetian government

* It was probably at this moment that the Count Fuelsaldagna, the Spanish ambassador, said very gravely, after looking for a moment at the prime minister, "*Este señor representa muy bien el difunto Cardinal Mazarin.*"—"This gentleman reminds me very much of the deceased Cardinal Mazarin."

and their hatred of the Spanish power had rendered them doubly jealous of foreign influence. In order to check the latter more effectually, a law was proposed by Loredano, one of the *Ten*, and approved of by the senate, making it a capital crime for any patrician to enter the house of, or hold converse with, any foreign ambassador. This is the opening of the drama: we are afterwards let into the secret of an old rancorous hatred of this same Loredano, and his brother Inquisitor Contarini, against the reigning doge and his son Antonio Foscarini. The latter has just returned from a mission to the Swiss cantons, full of ideas of liberty and independence, which he pours forth in a strain not unworthy of a modern reformer, and without loss of time at his first interview with his father the doge; which, be it remembered, takes place in the very *lion's den*, the senate-hall, the walls of which might be supposed to have ears. This is one of the various sacrifices of probability which the author has been induced to make to the precious system of the unities. The old doge, after endeavouring in vain to check his son's intemperate loquacity, by reminding him of the *dangers of the place*, at last succeeds in turning the current of his thoughts, by apprizing him of the marriage of Teresa Navagero, Foscarini's beloved, to Contarini, the inquisitor, and his bitter enemy. Upon which the young man, after much storming and raving, takes the wise determination of proceeding at night in a gondola to serenade his former mistress, under the windows of her husband's mansion. Teresa recognises his voice, and with equal prudence and propriety desires her maid to introduce the young man, that she might warn him of the danger he incurs from the hatred of her husband. The interview takes place in Teresa's garden, which adjoins the house of the Spanish embassy. Teresa explains to her lover that she was induced to marry Contarini by the entreaties of her aged father, who it seems had also incurred, we are not told how nor wherefore, the hatred of the inquisitor, and was threatened to be immured in those dreadful dungeons called *i pozzi*, the idea of which so frightened the old man, that he hesitated not in sacrificing his daughter to appease the wrath of the cruel Contarini. While Teresa entreats her lover to fly from Venice, her husband, as might be foreseen, returns home, and Foscarini, whose retreat is now cut off, leaps over the garden-wall into the premises belonging to the Spanish envoy, although warned by Theresa of the penalty he would thereby incur. But once in the forbidden enclosure, instead of endeavouring if possible to escape observation, this hair-brained youth, in a fit of sentimental despair, reckless alike of his life, of his father's feelings, and of his mistress's reputation, fires a pistol at himself, so awkwardly however, that he is only slightly wounded. Contarini hears the report, and soon discovers his rival, who is immediately conveyed to prison. Being examined by the inquisitors and afterwards by his own father, he remains silent about the suspicious circumstances of his concealment and apprehension. In the last act the final sentence is passed upon the contumacious culprit, and he is ordered for execution within an hour's time: an indecorous scene takes place between the inquisitors, one of whom, Contarini, breaks the hour-glass and hurries the execution of the sentence, when on a sudden his wife Teresa rushes into the council-room and reveals the circumstances that led to Foscarini's rash act. But her disclosure comes too late; at a signal from Loredano a curtain is raised, and Foscarini's strangled body is seen in a recess behind. Teresa stabs herself, the old doge exclaims, *oh sight!* and the three inquisitors remain upbraiding and threatening each other for the murderous deed.

Such is the meagre plot of this tragedy, such the poverty and weakness of its characters, beginning from the hero, and such the incongruities of its plan. The author, who is capable of better things, has been led into this new attempt at a classic tragedy to please his friends of that school, but we apprehend that

the day of these productions is passed in Italy, at least speaking with regard to the stage. Considered as written poetry, Niccolini's play is not destitute of fine passages and sketches of character, although from the nature of the subject it abounds, as we have observed, in declamation. Alfieri stands alone in the classic drama; none of his imitators have succeeded in that ghastly severity of action and sentence which imparts such thrilling effect to the stoic loftiness of his sentiments, and strikes even the reader with awe.

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Art. XIX.—*Reise-bilder.* Von H. Heine. 2 vols. 12mo. Hamburg, Hoffman u. Campe. 1828. (Heine's Travelling Sketches. 2 vols.)

Both prose and verse of this author are lively and entertaining, nor does it seem improbable that he may one day make a considerable figure in the world; for, although these volumes have apparently been written with the utmost carelessness and non-chalance, yet passages occur here and there, which prove that Mr. Heine is perfectly able to adopt a higher tone, when he thinks proper to use the requisite exertion. This is particularly indicated by his poetry. As the matter now stands, Mr. Heine has (very unintentionally, perhaps,) given such offence to many people, by his facetious levity of style, and satirical illustrations of character, that his book has been actually proscribed in the Austrian and Prussian states! Even the following hasty notice of Göttingen has, we believe, been severely censured:—

"The town of Göttingen, renowned for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains 999 houses, divers churches, a lying-in-institution, an observatory, a prison, a library, and the *Ratskeller*, (senatorial cellar,) where the beer is most excellent. The stream which flows hard by is called the 'Leine,' and in summer is convenient for bathing; the water is very cold, and in some places so very broad, that Lüder must have, in truth, taken a long run before he could leap over. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases the visitor best of all, when he turns his back upon it. It must have stood already an enormous time, for I remember, five years ago, when I matriculated there, it had already the self-same grey, weather-beaten, and reverential appearance,—being already provided too, with watchmen, poodle-dogs, counsellors, judges, washer-women, compendiums, tea-assemblies, pigeon-roasts, Guelphic orders, graduation-coaches, *meer-shaum*, pipeheads, and so forth. Some people even maintain that the town was built at the time of the general migration—that every great German house had left here its representative; hence the various tribes with their distinctive appellations, and peculiar colours of caps and pipe-tassells, who move in hordes through the streets, still keeping up their ancient manners and customs, partly governed by their living chiefs, partly by reference to a venerable code of laws denominated '*Commerce*' which well deserves a place in the *leges barbarorum*.

"Generally speaking, the inhabitants of Göttingen may be divided into students, professors, philistines, and beasts, which four classes are far from being accurately distinguished from each other. The class of beasts is by far the most considerable. To reckon up the names of all the students, and all the professors ordinary or extraordinary, would occupy too much space; besides, at this moment, the name of every student is not in my recollection; while of the professors, there are many who have as yet no name in the world. The multitude of philistines* at Göttingen must be numberless as the sand on the sea-shore, (though mud would be a better similitude;) and in truth, when I saw them in the morning, with their black smutty visages, and long white reckonings, standing at the gates of the Academical Law-Court, I could scarcely conceive how Providence should have created such a pack of raggamuffins.

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* A name bestowed by German students not only on shopkeepers, citizens, artizans, duns, bailiffs, &c., but indiscriminately on every one whom they happen to dislike.

"A more detailed account of Göttingen may be readily found by turning to its Topography, by R. F. H. Maux. Yet, although devotedly attached to the author, who was my physician, I cannot praise his work unconditionally, and must venture to blame him for not having more pointedly controverted that very erroneous opinion that the ladies of Göttingen have large feet. Indeed I have most anxiously applied myself, for a whole year past, to resist and annihilate this vile prejudice; on this account I have attended lectures on comparative anatomy, made extracts from very rare books in the library, studied for hours the feet of ladies passing along the principal street, and in my profound Essay, containing the result of such labours, I treat, 1st. Of Feet in general; 2d. Of Ditto in ancient times; 3d. Of the Feet of Elephants; 4th. Of the Feet of Göttingen Ladies; 5th. I collect *en masse* whatever has been said about these last at Ulrich's Garden; 6th. I contemplate all these feet as to their mutual connections, and take this opportunity of extending my speculations to ancles, calves, knees, &c.; and, finally, 7th. If I can discover paper of sufficient size, I shall add some copper-plates from drawings *ad vivum*, in which will be found absolute *facsimiles* of the interesting objects which I have so carefully studied at Göttingen."

These fantastic remarks form the preamble to Mr. Heine's recollections of a walk through the Hartz forest, in which we regret that we cannot at present enable our readers to follow him. At Osterode, where he rests for the first time, he contrives another hit against Göttingen, by transporting himself in a dream back to the University; thereafter he pursues his way through the dark woods of Scotch fir, exploring every old ruinous castle, descending into the mines, climbing the Brocken mountain, &c. &c. Of all which he has afforded us excellent descriptions, varied by humorous sketches of character, from the society which he happened to encounter on his route.

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Art. XX.—*Reise des Freiherrn Augustin Baron Von Meyerberg nach Russland.* (Travels of Augustin Baron Von Mayerberg in Russia.) St. Petersburg. 1828. In 8vo. with a folio atlas of 64 plates.

These travels were performed about the middle of the seventeenth century. The author was sent on a special mission from the emperor of Germany to the court of Russia, of which the following was the occasion:—

The Cossacks of Little Russia having revolted against John Casimir, king of Poland, because he had infringed their religious usages and political rights, implored the protection of the Tzar, Alexis Michaelovitch, who interceded for them, but in vain. A war with Poland then became inevitable, and in 1654 the Tzar, having taken the Cossacks under his protection, received their oath of allegiance; their country was from that time called *Sloboda of the Ukraine.* The Tzar entered Poland with a considerable force, took Mohilev and Polotzk, and conquered all Lithuania; but he was stopped in the career of his victories by Charles X. king of Sweden, who had also invaded Poland to oppose the pretensions of John Casimir. The contest between Sweden and Russia was so unfavourable to the latter, that the Tzar readily listened to the proposals for an accommodation between the contending parties made by the emperor of Germany. In 1656 an armistice was concluded, and had lasted for two years, when the Don Cossacks, dissatisfied with their new monarch, returned to their former protector, John Casimir, who gladly received them. The war was renewed, and prosecuted with such rancour, that both parties soon felt the want of peace, and readily accepted, for the second time, the proffered mediation of Austria. The better to prepare the peace which was to be concluded under his auspices, the emperor Leopold I. resolved to send an

extraordinary embassy to Moscow; two distinguished statesmen, Baron A. Von Meyerberg, and Guglielmo Calvucci, were selected for the purpose, and their journey and negociation form the subject of the interesting volume now published, of which Mr. Adelung is the editor. It is one of the most remarkable accounts of the state of Russia at that period which has ever been published; and its value is increased by the atlas of engravings, taken from drawings made by an artist who accompanied the ambassadors, which had been preserved in the library at Dresden. In what manner they had come there is not known.

The editor has prefixed an account of Meyerberg, and has added in an appendix an extract from an unpublished manuscript of Kaempfer, the celebrated naturalist, entitled "*Diarium Itineris ad Aulam Moscoviticam indeque Astracanum suscepti.*"

Two editions of this work have been published, one in German and one in Russian.

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Art. XXI.—*Novum Testamentum Græcè ad optimorum librorum fidem edidit, et in usum Scholarum brevibus notis instruxit* Jo. Ernestus Rud. Kaeuffer, Professor in Reg. Scholâ Grimmensi, Fasciculus I. Londini, (*Lipsiæ*) 1827. 12mo.

This is the first part of a pocket edition of the New Testament, specially designed for the use of schools, for which purpose it appears to be admirably adapted. In the Greek text, the editor, Professor Kaeuffer, has, for the most part, followed the revision of Dr. Griesbach; but he has judiciously adopted the punctuation of Dr. Knappe's critical edition of the New Testament. The notes have been compiled with a twofold design:

1. As the book is intended for the youth in the first and second classes of the school intrusted to Professor Kaeuffer, he has introduced numerous questions, in order to exercise their memory and attention, together with references to the Greek grammars of Buttmann and Matthiae, (both of which are well known in this country, through the medium of translations,) to the Greek and German Lexicon of Passow, and occasionally to Hermann's excellent edition of Viger on the idioms of the Greek language.

2. In other notes, which are designed for a higher class of students, the editor has elucidated numerous passages by apposite quotations from the works of Josephus, and from the Talmudical writers, besides adding short but excellent scholia from Chrysostom, Euthymius Zigabenus, and Grotius. The labours of other expositors have also been consulted with advantage, but without implicitly adopting the opinions of any one.

The portion now before us comprises the Gospel of St. Matthew; those of Mark and Luke are announced for publication in the course of the present year. Concise prolegomena are prefixed, in which the editor discusses the author of the Gospel, the language in which, and the persons for whose use it was written, and with what design, and also the date, together with a perspicuous analysis of the Gospel.

The Greek text is very neatly printed; and the value of the book is enhanced by a map of Palestine, compiled from the best authorities, but especially from the travels of the late lamented Burckhardt.

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Art. XXII.—*Inscriptionum Latinarum selectarum amplissima Collectio, ad illustrandam Romanæ Antiquitatis Disciplinam accomodata, ac Magnarum Collectionum Supplementa Complura emendationesque exhibens.* Cum ineditis J. C. Hagenbuchii suisque adnot. edidit Jo. Casp. Orellius. Vol. i. Turici, 1828. In 8vo. maj.

It has long been a desideratum with philologists and antiquarians to possess a work which would, in a moderate compass and convenient classification, give a collection of the choicest Latin inscriptions, for which readers of this class are at present compelled to toil through the immense folios of Grævius, Gronovius, Gruter, Maffei, Muratori, and others, whom the present author styles the Decemviri of Archæology. The work, of which the first volume is now before us, appears to be most admirably calculated to meet the wishes of the learned. The author, Professor Orell, of Zurich, has distributed into twenty-two chapters the materials which he has selected from the vast depositories above alluded to, and from a variety of others of more recent publication. This volume contains nine of these chapters, of which we copy the titles. 1. Geographica. 2. Monumenta Historica. 3. Historia Literaria. Studia. 4. Dii Immortales. 5. Religiones et Cærimoniæ Deorum Immortalium. 6. Ludi. Res Scenica, &c. 7. Matrimonium. 8. Nominum Ratio apud Romanos. 9. Servi. Officia Domûs Augustæ. Liberti. The materials of each chapter are also subdivided into sections in the most natural order. In this first volume are included no less than 3,035 inscriptions; the second and concluding volume, which is in the press, will contain the remaining thirteen chapters. From the examination we have bestowed on the present volume, we are warranted in saying that the selection, the arrangement, and the accuracy of the inscriptions it contains, reflect the highest honour on Mr. Orell; and that the work is extremely well adapted to form the taste of youthful students, to afford them great facilities for mastering the difficulties of the lapidary science, and to enable them to distinguish the true from the false or interpolated inscriptions. The author has prefixed a copious table of the principal works which he has consulted or referred to in the notes, which is followed by a *Literary Supplement to the Art of Lapidary Criticism*, in which he has carefully characterized the authorities of the science, or given an analysis of the opinions of others on these points. He has also added fourteen unpublished *Epistolæ Epigraphicæ* of his predecessors, Hagenbuchius, Maffei, Ernesti, Reiske, Seguier, and Steinbrüchl.

The preface to the work abounds with new and striking ideas, although the author's Latinity is not altogether divested of harshness, and the construction of his sentences is rather roundabout.

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Art. XXIII.—*P. Papinii Statii Libri quinque Silvarum. Ex vetustis exemplaribus recensuit et notas atque emendationes adjecit* Jer. Marklandius, Coll. S. Petri Cantabrig. Socius. Editio auctior indicibusque instructa. Dresdæ, Libraria Wagneria. 1827. In 4to.

It is unnecessary here to repeat the eulogiums which were bestowed on Markland on the appearance of his first edition of the Silvæ of Statius, published in London in 1728. But as that edition is now extremely rare, especially on the continent, Mr. Sillig, the editor of the Dresden reprint now before us, is entitled to great commendation for the pains he has bestowed in giving us a correct copy of this excellent edition, as well as for the improvements which he has made in it. The five books of the text are first given, with the *varientes* at the bottom, a few of which are furnished by the new editor. Then follow

the notes of Markland, in which those which he originally printed at the end of his preface are incorporated in their proper places, but marked with the words Ex Add. The new editor, at the end of his preface, gives us also the result of a careful collation by Passow of the Rehdigerian Codex of this poem, which is generally admitted to be the best manuscript of Statius in existence. The typographical execution, though not of the very first order, is respectable, and the paper is of a better quality than that of the generality of the German editions of the Classics.

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Art. XXIV.—*Totius Latinitatis Lexicon, consilio et curâ Jacobi Facciolati, operâ et studio Ægidii Forcellini, Seminarii Patavini alumni lucubratum,* in hâc tertiâ editione auctum et emendatum a Josepho Furlanetto, alumno ejusdem Seminarii. Patavii, typis Seminariis, 1827. Tom. i. fasc. 1. In 4to.

In this new edition of the excellent lexicon of Facciolati, from the university press of Padua, where it was originally printed, advantage has been taken of the late edition of it published in London. It is calculated that nearly five thousand new words are introduced into this edition which were not in the former, and that there are at least 10,000 corrections of, and additions to, those it already possessed. The paper is good, and the printing very distinct. The prospectus states that the work will be completed in four volumes, each consisting of four fasciculi, or sixteen in all, and the price in England is 7*s.* 6*d.* each. We shall probably notice it again in its progress, or at all events when it is completêd.

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Art. XXV.—*Repertorium Bibliographicum, in quo libri omnes ab arte typographicâ inventâ usque ad annum M.D. typis expressi ordine alphabetico vel simpliciter enumerantur vel adcuratius recensentur.* Opere Ludov. Hain. Vol. I. in 2 partibus. Stuttgard. 1827. In 8vo.

The appearance of this work, which, in the form of a dictionary, professes to describe all the books published in every part of Europe, from the date of the invention of printing to the end of the fifteenth century, will be hailed with pleasure by every lover of bibliography. The first volume, divided into two parts, includes the letters A—G; and upon each book the author gives every species of detail which is desirable. He transcribes the entire title of the book, even to the publisher's address; indicates the lines and words with which it begins and ends; copies exactly the colophon usually found at the end, and which, when it does not state the date or place of the impression, often affords a clue to their discovery; and adds details respecting the size, signatures, justification of the pages, form of the types, &c. All these indications are given by marks of abbreviation, occupying very little space, but which we think are quite sufficient to direct the book-amateurs who may consult this dictionary, and enable them to judge of its accuracy by comparing the books that fall in their way with the author's descriptions. Among the articles on which he has given the fullest details, we have remarked those of *Albertus Magnus; Biblia,* of which he has noted 150 editions in various languages; *Boccacius; Brant* (the author of the Ship of Fools); *Breviaria,* of which 170 are enumerated; *Cicero; Gerson, &c.* Mr. Hain has given his descriptions in Latin, to make his work accessible to the bibliographers of all countries. He calculates the extent of it to be four volumes, and we have no doubt that, when finished, it will form the most complete and useful Manual of the kind in existence. We only hope that he will not allow too long an interval to elapse before he publishes the subsequent volumes.

# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

## No. III.

## AUSTRIA, HUNGARY, AND BOHEMIA.

However just may be the complaints of travellers with regard to the police-restrictions at Vienna, they have little to complain of in a scientific point of view. At the reading rooms of the two public libraries they are allowed the free use of *every book allowed by the Censorship*. Baumgärtner, who, in conjunction with Ettingshausen, edites a scientific Journal, is a man of distinguished merit in the sciences. His lectures are highly praised for their elegance and solidity. The apparatus in the Cabinet of Natural Philosophy, attached to the University, particularly as regards the latest discoveries in light and electro-magnetism, far excels those of Berlin and Munich. The Cabinet of the Polytechnic school is also admirable. The Observatory is easily accessible to every scientific man; the director, Professor Littrow, being equally distinguished as a gentleman and a savant, and nothing affords him greater pleasure than to communicate the rich stores of his astronomical knowledge. Every department of study is well organized and effective; the students *must* learn, and strict discipline can do them no harm.

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Count J. von Mailáth has made us acquainted both with the Poetry and the Tales of his native country (Hungary) in many translations. He has also published a View of Hungarian Poetry, and an Essay on its Prosody.

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Dr. Bischof, of Eisenach, has just published a Dictionary of nearly 3500 words and expressions used by the Gipsies, with a German translation. These he collected with uncommon labour, from a number of gipsies who were confined in prison at Eisenach. The author undertook the work from a wish to promote the objects of law and justice, but it will no doubt prove highly interesting to every philological inquirer.

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By a letter from Bohemia, it appears that the circulation of the Scriptures in that country is prohibited, and that, in consequence, many families are leaving the Romish Church and embracing the Reformed doctrines, as they cannot reconcile it to their consciences to continue in a Church that dreads the fullest liberty of perusing the Divine Record.

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A History of Bohemia, Hungary, and Austria is expected, from the pen of Professor Schneller, of Freyburg.

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The celebrated Pölitz, assisted by many of the most eminent literati in the department of history, intends publishing an Annual Register for History and Statistics for 1828.

## BAVARIA.

*The University of Munich.*—On the 30th November, in the presence of all the Professors, the new regulations were announced on the part of the University to the Students, according to which their mode of life and course of study are henceforth to be directed. After a short address of the Rector Magnificus to the audience, which was so numerous that the Hall and the adjoining apartments could not contain it, the new law was read aloud by the Secretary of the University, upon which the Rector again spoke and developed the spirit of it in a judicious address. For several weeks past the most lively interest had been excited by the discussions, which were carried on upon the subject under the immediate direction of the King, and by the generous intentions of his Majesty, in favour of the greatest freedom of action in the field of science. The fairest hopes were excited in those who consider that all outward restraint interfering with the studies of youth is injurious, and that the welfare of the German universities is founded on the respectability of the Professors, and the unfettered choice by the Students of their course of study. The spirit of the new regulations will be best understood by comparing them with the ancient code, which is thus described in a late work.

"The general character which essentially distinguishes the Bavarian Universities from all others, lies chiefly in the law which *prescribes* to the Students all the sciences which it is thought useful or necessary for them to learn, and *compels* them to attend the Lectures of the Professors, or at least the greatest part of them. In order to insure the observance of these regulations, it is further provided, that no person shall be admitted to examination for a public office, unless he can prove by his academical certificate, that he has complied with those regulations to their full extent."

We shall not undertake to develope the evil consequences of this system of restraint, which are very clearly demonstrated in the work above quoted. Besides this law there was another equally injurious, by which every Student was obliged to apply, at one time three years, then one, and at last two years, to what are called the *General Sciences*, before he was permitted to commence the studies proper to his intended profession. The same work proves that this regulation, far from attaining its object, caused the general sciences to be still more neglected in the Bavarian universities than the Spanish; while the measures adopted to inforce the system of constraint were the more readily evaded by the young men, as far as the general studies were concerned, because the greater part appeared to them to be of little importance to their future destination. Hence the obligation to devote one or two years to general sciences was converted into a licence for idleness, and a main source of demoralization in the Students.

Many of the most judicious Professors and friends of science had long wished for the abolition of this pernicious system, when his Majesty, thoroughly convinced of the injurious tendency of such restraints in the domains of literature, resolved to restore to the Students their ancient freedom in the choice and prosecution of their studies. The whole subject having undergone the most mature deliberation, the new regulations, which prepare another era for the German universities, were published as we have above mentioned. It is the second chapter in particular, containing "Regulations for the Studies," in which his Majesty's gift to the studious youth is recorded. They are, indeed, bound, § 14, as was to be expected, seriously to apply to the general sciences as well as to those relative to their future destination; but the obligation to attend certain lectures, the examinations and certificates are all abolished, and by § 16. it is left to the option of the Students in what succession and order they will

acquire the knowledge necessary for them. All the old regulations for the control and determination of their diligence and progress in their studies, the half-yearly examinations, the testimonials founded on them, and inscriptions in the several faculties, are abolished; and the only guarantee of the satisfactory fruit of their studies shall be sought for in the result of the examinations for the public service, which are henceforward to be made with the greatest strictness, and with particular regard also to the knowledge they have acquired by the general course of study. In order that the Student may be able immediately on his entrance into the University to acquaint himself with the extent, the means, and the course of the studies which he is to pursue, each Faculty is to draw up a short and perspicuous view of the number, connection and method of the sciences belonging to it. These directions of the Faculties are to be printed together, and, as *monita paterna*, given to each Student upon his matriculation. A certain term of years for academic study is prescribed; for the present five, which in the sequel will probably be reduced to four. Suitable measures are adopted that the immatriculated Students may really attend the University. The Bavarian youth may frequent other German universities without asking the permission of the government, only they are to attend a Bavarian University for one year. When it was known that the course of study was to be left free, some persons imagined that an entire liberty with respect to time and place was also intended, and were not a little surprised when they found, on the contrary, that the conditions of entering the University were maintained in their full extent; that the regulations for the direction of the course of study even cut off the hope of a limitation in favour of individuals; and that those who during the lectures should be absent from the University longer than one night, without permission, or without sufficient cause, are liable to punishment. Other persons, and with them not a few of the Students themselves, wondered that the prohibitions and penalties were mentioned in great detail, but it does not appear that the freedom of their way of life is in any danger from them; in fact, the penal laws of the University are of such a general nature, that every well-behaved Student lives according to them, even without knowing them. The relations of the Students to each other are regulated with great indulgence, and with just consideration of the peculiarities and wants of their mode of life. Associations are permitted, with the exception of that known by the name of the *Allgemeine Burschenschaft*, provided they produce their regulations correctly and without reserve, name their chief and members, and neither do nor propose anything contrary to religion, morality, the laws and decorum.

There is no doubt that this liberal system of study will be productive of the most beneficial effects on the Students themselves, who have expressed in the most unequivocal manner their gratitude to the King for this proof of his confidence and regard.

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The posthumous work of Dr. Spix on the Shells of Brasil, has just appeared, edited by Drs. Schrank and Martius. It forms one of the volumes of the interesting series of works on the Natural History of Brasil, undertaken at the expense of the late King of Bavaria, by Drs. Spix and Martius, who travelled for several years over these magnificent regions.

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## DENMARK.

About four years ago a society was formed in Denmark, entitled *Nordiske Oldskrift Selskab*, or Society of Northern Antiquities. The objects which it

proposed were, 1st, to establish with critical accuracy the true and original text of the different Sagas, and to publish editions of them; 2d, to investigate whatever could throw light on the ancient history of the North, and on its language and antiquities. Professor Rask is the President. In the prosecution of the first part of their task, the editors of the Sagas, to ensure the purity of their text, have had recourse to the collection of Arne Magnusen, as well as those in the great libraries of Copenhagen. MSS. have also been brought from Iceland for the same purpose. There will be three series of works; first, a series in Icelandic, entitled *Fornmanna Sögur;* second, a series in the Danish language, entitled *Oldnordiske Sagaer;* and a third in the Latin language, entitled *Scripta Historica Islandorum, de rebus gestis veterum Borealium, Latinè reddita, et apparatu critica instructa, curante Societate Antiq. Septent.* The latter two are translations of the first. Three volumes have already appeared, which contain the Saga of the Norwegian king Olaf Trygvason, and other minor personages who lived at the same period. This Saga of King Olaf is one of the most valuable in existence, as this prince experienced the most strange vicissitudes of fortune, and his life and reign present a series of surprising events, related in an animated and picturesque style. This work is one of the best that can be consulted relative to the establishment of the Christian religion in the North, and the struggle between it and the votaries of Odin and Thor. It also contains curious documents on the state of England, Germany and Russia, the countries which the king inhabited or traversed while an exile from his native country. This Saga is accordingly particularly esteemed by the Icelanders, while it has attracted in an equal degree the attention of learned foreigners.

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The Chevalier Abrahamson, Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty the King of Denmark, zealously seconds the benevolent views of this monarch in extending elementary instruction over all parts of the kingdom, and has received the most flattering testimonials from the Society of Instruction at Paris, in regard to his unwearied and philanthropic efforts.

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M. Jahn, of Copenhagen, has published a View of the Military System of the Northern Nations, particularly the Danes, during the Middle Ages, till the invention of Gunpowder; his work, however, is deficient in information respecting naval affairs.

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Bishop Tegnér's exquisite poem *Frithiofs Saga* appears to enjoy, in Denmark as well as Germany, the full degree of popularity it merits. Two translations of it into the Danish language have lately appeared, one at Copenhagen, by Miller, the other at Bergen, by Foss. A writer of taste in a number of the *Dansk Litteratur-Tidende* for the last year, compares several corresponding passages of these versions with the original, and with each other, and gives a very just preference to the version of the Norwegian. Of some passages he brings forward a third version from some specimens given by a gentleman named Böie (the translator of Tegnér's *Axel*) in the 35th and 36th Numbers of *Nyt Oftenblad* (New Evening Paper), for which last version he shows an apparently undue partiality. It is singular that, though the Danish and Swedish languages are so near akin, in not one of the passages given does any one of the versions come fully up to the original; it is also not undeserving of notice, that occasionally the translators, especially Miller, miss the sense of it.

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Tegnér's charming and pious poem of *Nattoards-Barnen, (the Supper's Child)* or *Confirmation Day,* written in Swedish hexameters, has also had the fortune to be translated by three different persons in Denmark and Norway into the Danish language. One version is by Professor Rahbek, another by Professor

Guldberg, and the Norwegian one is by a Mr. Sagen. The first was published in 1821, the last in 1826. The advantage of fidelity is here also on the side of the Norwegian. All three are in hexameters.

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Oehlenschläger, the Poet, *par excellence*, of Denmark, has lately collected his various poetical pieces that had hitherto been scattered about in Christmas and New-year's Gifts, and combining them with what he had previously published, has given the entire, revised and corrected, to the world, in three volumes, under the title of *Oehlenschläger's samlede Digte*. The first volume contains his pieces written from 1799 to 1807: the second volume is composed of pieces written from 1808 to 1823. This volume contains his spiritual poetry. It commences with his celebrated "Aarets Evangelium" (The Gospel of the Year), and concludes with nine elegies on the poet's departed mistress, under the title of "Min Kirkegaard" (My Churchyard). In the third volume are to be found his various romances and ballads, with songs and humorous pieces written at various periods of his life. As in this republication of his works the poet has acted the critic on himself, some pieces are omitted which appeared to him of inferior merit. This is to be regarded as the only complete collection of the Poems of Oehlenschläger.

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There issue from the presses of Denmark about thirty works every month, during the season, comprising Theology, Medicine, Botany, History, Antiquities, Poetry, Commerce, and various other subjects. They also include translations from the ancient and modern languages. Among the latest of these are Danish versions of "Waverley," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Old Mortality;" Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and Lord Byron's "Heaven and Earth."

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A lady named Luise Augusta Welker has lately given a free version of "Marmion" into Danish prose, which is a capital illustration of the old simile of the wrong side of tapestry; for her prose rolls on as cumbrously as the original octosyllabics trip lightly and boundingly before the reader.

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The best of the Danish Annuals appears to be the *Gefion*, edited by a lady named Eliza Beyer, an actress on the Copenhagen boards. She is ably supported by some of the first names in Danish literature, and she also judiciously adorns her pages with unpublished pieces of the older poets of Denmark. This New-year's Gift has the reputation of being thoroughly Danish in contents as well as in title. The latter is taken from Gefion, one of the Asyniers or goddesses of Northern Mythology, whom the reader of the poetic Edda will recollect that Loki, when at Æger's banquet he is giving it to all the Aser round, twits with her amour with a certain "*white swain*," who gained her love by the present of a necklace. The same Gefion it probably was who, when Gylfe, King of Sweden, gave her for her singing as much land as she could plough with four oxen in a day, ploughed up the isle of Zealand out of Sweden, and cast it into the sea, to the great gain of the Danish monarchy. Fru Beyer therefore could not have chosen a more suitable patroness for a Danish New-year's Gift. The Swedish journal *Idunna*, it may be observed, is under the patronage of another Asynie of that name.

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Professor Rahbek has announced a new and complete collection of the *Dansk og Norsk almindelig ældgammel Moerskabelæsning*, or the Old Danish and Norwegian Story-Books. It is to be published in 8vo. in parts of about eight sheets each. The price to subscribers, 8*sk*. a sheet on ordinary paper; 12*sk*.

on fine paper. It will commence with the old Danish translations of the Chronicles of Charlemagne and Holger Danske (Ogier le Danois), made by Christen Pedersen, the celebrated favourite of Christian II. which Professor Nyerup regards as the most remarkable phenomena of the old Danish literature.

A very faithful and elegant translation of the *Æneid* into Danish hexameter verse has lately appeared. It is from the pen of Dr. Meisling, whose version of the *Bucolics* had already excited considerable attention. The verses are uncommonly harmonious, and the soft and sweet tones of the Danish language, and its comparative freedom from compounds, enable it, perhaps, better to imitate the character of the mind and poetry of the Mantuan, than the rougher dialect employed by Voss. The Swedes have in their manly well-sounding tongue a version of considerable merit by Adlerbeth, also in hexameters.

## FRANCE.

A *Horticultural Society* has been recently established at Paris, and publishes a Monthly Journal, circulated gratis among the members, of which four Numbers have already appeared.

Modern French literature is becoming more and more imbued with the spirit of the *Romantic* School. Almost all the novelties of the day are of this description, and not the least so is the dramatic poem entitled *Cromwell*, by Victor Hugo, a name not unknown to many of our readers. This drama is the most formidable affair of the kind we have ever seen, being spread over no less than thirty printed sheets; we may, perhaps, revert to it as a curious indication of the general political views of the present race of literary men in France.

Keratry's new novel, *Frederic Styndall, ou la Fatale Année*, is a curious picture of the Court of Vienna during the reign of Maria Theresa. The characters are vigorously drawn, and the interest is kept up to the last. The author has mingled some episodes in his work that recal his favourite topics—such as the barbarity of capital punishment—Duelling—the Beau Ideal in the Arts, &c.

M. Riffaud, of Marseilles, has lately returned to his native city from Egypt, bringing with him, 1, a vast collection of plants, collected during his travels in Nubia and Egypt; 2, drawings of the fishes, insects and testaceous animals found in the Nile and its neighbourhood; 3, nearly 1000 drawings of mammalia, reptiles, birds and insects, partly found in Nubia, and partly in Lybia and Egypt; 4, a series of drawings of remains of antiquity in Nubia, and Egypt, and 160 hieroglyphical inscriptions collected among the ruins; 5, agricultural and chirurgical instruments, articles of dress, and ornaments of the natives, topographical plans, meteorological observations. M. Riffaud has also kept a regular Journal of his travels. He is now busy in arranging and classifying his numerous materials, preparatory to committing the important work which is to embrace them to the press.

The Asiatic Society of Paris has published a Report, drawn up by M. Burnouf, on the Series of admirable Views in India, published by Messrs. Daniel, in which these works are warmly recommended to the friends and promoters of the arts and knowledge of Asia; and the highest praise is bestowed on the fidelity of the drawings, and the general interest which they present.

Baron Cuvier has also announced a *Histoire Naturelle des Poissons*, containing more than 5000 species, described from nature, and arranged according to the connection of their structure, with observations on their anatomy, &c. The work will be in 15 or 20 vol. in 8vo., or 8 or 10 vol. in 4to., with a part of plates along with each volume. The plates will be on vellum paper, and some will be coloured.

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The great work of M. Cailland, entitled, *Voyage à Méroé, ou Fleuve Blanc, au-delà de Fazokl, dans le Midi du Royaume de Sennar, à Syouah, et dans cinq autres Oasis*, is now completed, in 2 vol. of folio plates, (published in 30 livraisons), and 4 vol. of text in octavo. The circumstances which enabled M. Caillaud to ascend the Nile higher than had ever been accomplished by any former traveller, are of a nature not likely to occur again soon. When Ismail Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt, undertook an expedition into Nubia in 1821, he was accompanied by Mr. C., who was employed to assist in the search for gold mines. He possessed all the necessary facilities for making astronomical observations, observing the direction of roads, reckoning distances, taking views, copying inscriptions, sketching ancient remains, and making trigonometrical surveys. Thus prepared, the result of his travels possesses the highest interest for the amateurs of ancient geography, arts, and science. The valuable work of M. Gau, on the Antiquities of Nubia, (also just completed in 13 folio Numbers,) contains nothing beyond Wadi-Halfa, and it is precisely here that the labours of M. Caillaud commence. These two works, therefore, have a natural connection, by means of which, and the great work on Egypt by the Savans of the French expedition, we possess an uninterrupted series of the monuments in the valley of the Nile, from the banks of the Mediterranean to the very heart of Ethiopia.

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Baron Cuvier has published a *third* volume of his *Eloges Historiques*, which embraces the period from 1820 to 1827, and contains notices of MM. Palisot de Beauvois, Sir Joseph Banks, Duhamel, Haüy, Berthollet, Richard, Thouin, Lacépède, Corvisart, Hallé, Pinel, and Fabroni; also Discourses at the funerals of MM. Vanspaendonck and Delambre; the extract of a report on the state of natural history, and its progress since the maritime peace; an extract from another report on the principal changes in chemical theories, and on some of the advantages which society has derived from chemistry.

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It is made a subject of complaint by some of the most eminent men in Mexico, that the republic is deluged by some of the Paris booksellers with translations of such immoral and obscene works as the *Compère Mathieu*, *Liaisons Dangereuses*, and many others of a similar description. Such books, it is said, instead of the classical works of philosophers, poets, and moralists, are but too frequently met with in the hands of the rising generation, and it is entreated that good elementary works at moderate prices may be sent, and not works calculated to unhinge all principles of morality and religion. A French writer remarks on this, that such an influx of irreligious works is a natural and almost inevitable consequence of the long prevalence of superstition among the Mexicans, who purchase these books with an eagerness proportionate to the little experience they have had of the blessings of liberty. Such works, in France, it is said, are no longer sought after; and it is only some weak-minded people who advocate their cause in consequence of the assumptions of the *parti prêtre*.

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The celebrated M. de Pradt is engaged in forming an experimental farm, as a school of practical husbandry for a part of central France. It is situated

about a league from Allanches, on the great road from that city to Bort, in the department of Corrèze.

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At the last sitting of the Geographical Society of Paris, M. Pacho read a discourse relative to the project of M. Drovetti, consul general of France, for the civilization of the interior of Africa. This plan consists in bringing from Egypt a number of young Africans, and educating them in the principles of an improved state of society. M. Drovetti announces that he will chearfully bear the first expense of such a philanthropic enterprize, from which the sciences, as well as humanity, may derive the most important advantages. "These young Africans," says M. Pacho, "on their return to their native country, will propagate their new ideas. These ideas, like the *flèche messagère*, will pass from tribe to tribe, from Oasis to Oasis; reflection will be induced, knowledge will spread, and a few children may effect what a course of centuries has failed to accomplish.

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Every thing that Voltaire wrote is excellent, according to some of his enthusiastic admirers. Some of his fanatical detractors on the other hand assert, that his works contain nothing but what is bad. The truth probably lies between these two extremes, and his character appears to be very well delineated in the following passage from the article Voltaire, in the *Biographie Universelle*. "There was in him a perpetual struggle between the good and the evil principle. According as the one or the other was predominant, his conduct was praiseworthy or reprehensible, at one time producing works worthy of admiration, and at another emitting others deserving only of contempt. To estimate him aright, we might borrow the allegory employed by himself, of the beautiful statue formed in equal proportions of the most precious and the vilest materials, which was presented by Babouc to the angel Ithuriel, to enable him to judge of the city of Persepolis. Following a similar course, we may blame the excesses into which Voltaire fell, and deplore the evils of which he was the cause; but at the same time let us do justice to his good qualities, and enjoy the master-pieces of genius which he has left behind him. In short, let us not destroy the statue of a great man, because it is not wholly composed of gold and diamonds."

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The Academy of Sciences, at its sitting of the 31st of December last, proceeded to the election of two corresponding members for the section of Mineralogy. The section had presented two lists of candidates, one of *mineralogists*, properly so called, and the other of *geologists*, and expressed a wish that the readers should select one from each list. Mr. Mitscherlich, of Berlin, and Mr. Conybeare, of London, were the successful candidates.

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Among the competitors for the prize of physiology, founded by the late M. Monthyon, is M. Vimon, a physician at Caen, who comes forward with a collection of more than 2000 sculls of mammalia and birds modelled in wax, and a numerous series of drawings and observations. This collection is the fruit of several years' research into the doctrines of Gall, relative to the seat of the moral and intellectual faculties of man and animals. We are informed that Dr. Vimon, after having attended Dr. Gall's course of lectures at Paris, left it with strong prepossessions against his doctrines, and on his return to Caen prosecuted his researches with the express object of refuting them; but after the fullest investigation, his inquiries have terminated in making him a thorough convert to the system.

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Notwithstanding the violent clamour which Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon* has excited in France, particularly among the zealous Bonapartists, it appears that the original is still in considerable demand there; at least we should conjecture so from the circumstance that Messrs. Galignani have just published a new edition of the English, compressed into one volume large octavo, which forms the sixth volume of their collected edition of Sir Walter's prose works.

## GERMANY,

### Including PRUSSIA, SAXONY, HANOVER and MINOR STATES.

At Stuttgart is held a musical meeting which annually commemorates the day of Schiller's death. The person of the great poet is represented on this occasion by the fine marble statue of him by Dannecker. It has, however, been determined by the society to erect a more suitable monument to Schiller's memory in his native town—Marbach. A piece of ground has been obtained for the purpose, which will be planted round with oak and lime trees. A collection is making over all Germany to defray the expenses, and the managers of the different theatres will set apart the proceeds of one night to be added to the fund, on which occasion some of the poet's dramas will be acted. At Stuttgart, on the night appropriated, "Wilhelm Tell" was performed.

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It is intended to publish at Halle a *Corpus Reformatorum*, or Complete Collection of the Works of the Reformers, commencing with Melancthon, and continuing with Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius, and the minor reformers. The celebrated Dr. Bretschneider is to be the editor. The works of every reformer will be accompanied with a portrait, a fac-simile of his handwriting, and a short account of his life, together with a supplement of literary matter, and a copious index.

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Professor P. von Bohlen has lately published, at Königsberg, an interesting tract, entitled *Tentamen de Buddhaismi Origine et Ætate Definiendis*. He regards this doctrine as a branch of the philosophical sect *Sankyha*, whose monatheistical principles received further developements from Buddha, *i. e.* the Wise, whose proper name was Godama or Gaudetama. He is supposed to be the same whom the Chinese call Fo, and the Moguls Schakamoni.

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Professor Kosegarten has inserted, in volume 28 of the Hermes, a very interesting and well-written article—"On the Study of the Languages, &c. of India in Germany." He shows the present amount of Hindoo literature in Germany, and endeavours, calmly and dispassionately, to refute the accusations made by Voss, in his *Anti-Symbolik*, against the Hindoo mythology. Without at all disparaging Voss's merits in other respects, his ideas on this subject were not very distinct, and Professor Kosegarten attempts to show that he has violated his own canons of criticism, in availing himself of the testimony of two writers whom Professor Kosegarten regards as exceedingly incorrect and fallacious, namely, Polier and Ward. The Professor endeavours to prove, that the gods of the Hindoos were not so degraded—their religion not so crude and obscene—nor the character of the Hindoos themselves so depraved—as Voss represents. Other proofs are brought forward, to show the light that may be thrown on Greek and Roman writers from Hindoo sources; and more particularly of the etymological connection between the languages of India, Persia, Greece, and Rome, as well as those of Sclavonic origin.

*Goethe's Kunst und Alterthum*, volume 6, part 1, 1827, contains four articles of importance to philologists—viz. I. Something more on Homer, in which the poems of Homer are represented as forming an admirable whole, composed by one person.—II. A Summary of the Bacchæ of Euripides, together with some translated specimens.—III. Remarks on the Phædon of Euripides, in which are given two attempted restorations of passages in the piece.—IV. Gleanings on Aristotle's Poetics; on his view of Tragedy.

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The *Jahrbuch* for 1827 contains a notice of Wachsmuth's *Hellenische Alterthumskunde*, in which the reviewer praises the original and independent research, and the copious illustrations of the work, from which he gives too few extracts, but he blames the author for attempting, after the fashion of modern times, to represent Hellenic antiquity under a purely political aspect, whereas its religion and mythology were the ground-work of the earliest period, and had an evident influence on succeeding times. The work is also represented as deficient in clearness, in elegance of style, and good arrangement.

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M. Köppen recently published at St. Petersburg, in 4to. with plates, part I. of a *Collection of Slavonic Monuments* found in different countries, with the exception of Russia. This first part contains the monuments collected in Germany, with nine plates. An appendix contains twelve fragments of the Gospel of Ostromirou, (the most remarkable remains of the Slavo-Russian language, written at Novgorod in 1056 and 1057).—Prayers in the Russian language.—An Alphabet, arithmetical figures and signs.—Prayers in Polish, taken from a work printed at Nuremberg in 1512, intitled *Statuta Sinodalia Wratislaviensia*.—An Alphabet from the copy of the Four Gospels, written on vellum in 1491, now at Munich, and which formerly belonged to the metropolitan, Peter Stogita.

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For many years past the Germans have applied themselves, with their usual energy, to the study of the language and antiquities of the ancient Hindoos. The recent work of M. Rhode—*Ueber die religiöse Bildung, Mythologie, und Philosophie der Hindus* (on the Religious System, Mythology, and Philosophy of the Hindoos) deserves to rank with the best works of this class. It is divided into two parts. The first part is in four sections, which treat, I. Of the Original Sources. II. Of the most Ancient History of the Hindoos and neighbouring States. III. Of the Doctrine of Buddha, so far as it is necessary to explain the religion and mythology of the Hindoos. IV. The Revelations of Ekhummaccha, according to the Sastra of Bramah. The second part has three sections, treating, I. Of the Doctrine of Veda viewed mythologically and philosophically. II. On the Popular Religion. III. On the Religious and Civil Institutions—on the Bramins and Kschatras, or warriors—the Waisyas, or working classes—the Government—the Sacerdotal Aristocracy—the Monarchy—the Laws relative to Marriage and Inheritance—on Politics, War and the Rights of Conquest—General View of the Hindoos. A useful table concludes the work.

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Among the celebrated men of whom modern Germany has to boast, there is, perhaps, no one, who, after Goethe, deserves better to be known in foreign countries than Tieck. His Tales are, for the most part, master-pieces of easy narration; his Comedies present an agreeable medley of wit and imagination, of poetic grace and strong powers of humour; his Poems—perhaps occasionally somewhat too dreamy and undefined—please by their agreeable carelessnes of sentiment and style. Endowed with great versatility of imagination, he is

alternately energetic and delicate, sarcastic and melancholy. Tieck, at the same time, possesses a remarkable talent for literary criticism, in which it may be said that, at present, he takes the lead in Germany. His recent work—*Dramaturgische Blätter*, (a selection of his dramatic critiques from the *Abend-Zeitung*, in which he still continues to write,) contains a variety of articles on the theatrical representations at Dresden, and on the dramatic productions of Germany and England, in which latter country he has travelled. The *Globe* French newspaper has lately given some specimens of his criticism on Shakspeare, in which, however, we must confess, we find more ingenuity than sound judgment.

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Professor Krug, of Leipzig, is now engaged in the publication of a New Dictionary of the Philosophical Sciences, together with their Bibliography and History. The Professor is known in Germany as a man of liberal opinions and enlightened mind, and as a zealous advocate for freedom in speaking and writing. Since the peace, he has displayed extraordinary activity in opposing, both in pamphlets and journals, that party, in his native country, which is labouring, with all its might, to plunge society into its former state. The object of this new Dictionary (the first part of which has just appeared) is to define the terms employed in the philosophical sciences—to give a brief explanation of systems and doctrines—and to refer to other works containing fuller elucidations. It also contains biographical notices of the most eminent philosophers. The articles are brief and perspicuous, as they ought to be in a dictionary, while the bibliographical notices enable the reader to refer to more copious sources of intelligence.

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That the sister arts of poetry and painting mutually assist the imagination in its flights to the fairy world of poetical creation—that they adorn and exalt whatever subject they are employed upon—and unitedly tend towards the same object, no higher proof, we think, can be afforded, than the innumerable illustrations to which the divine muse of Shakspeare has given birth. Every artist who truly merits to be called such—is proud to employ his profoundest studies on the works of that immortal poet, whose glowing conceptions again start to life in the magic creations of the pencil. Such an artist is the German Retsch. Mind, deep feeling, and poetical vigour, clothed in all the attributes of truth and grace, eminently distinguish his compositions. His masterly illustrations of *Goethe's Faust*, *Schiller's Fridolin*, and the *Fight with the Dragon*, have gained him universal fame. England, in particular, where the arts are held in such high estimation, has conferred on him the most honourable distinction, and we have no hesitation in saying, that his fame will receive fresh accessions by his forthcoming illustrations of Shakspeare, whose universal genius will now be worthily embodied in every variety of illustration, drawn from the tragic and comic muse. The work is dedicated, by permission, to King George IV. the munificent and enlightened patron of the arts.

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Several of the Minor German States have recently united in taking measures to prevent the piratical invasions of the rights of authors. Goethe, indeed, by the unanimous vote of the German people, is secured from all such invasions of his property; and the heirs of Schiller also enjoy a similar privilege for his works.

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The poet Hebel, whose productions, in the *patois* of his native place, have gained him so much reputation in Germany, was also author of many works

intended to diffuse a love of knowledge among the lower classes. That part of the "Popular Baden Almanack" (or *Rheinländische Hausfreund*, and *Rheinischer Hausfreund*, printed from 1808 to 1815), appropriated to miscellaneous reading, was edited by him. In this work, his talent for passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," was eminently displayed, while it was uniformly rendered subservient to useful lessons in natural history, in domestic economy, in morals, and in religion. Those who have not read this work can scarcely form an idea of the peculiar charm diffused over his anecdotes and stories, which have an air of perfect originality. The articles inserted by him in the Almanack during the first years of its existence, have been collected, and successively reprinted under the following title—"Schatzkästlein des Rheinischen Hausfreundes." Tubingen. 8vo. To the philanthropic individuals in England who have at last commenced administering an antidote to the poisonous trash of Francis Moore, physician, and his worthy coadjutors, we have no doubt this work may suggest many useful hints.

## ITALY.

Two journals are published at Florence, the *Antologia*, a monthly literary and scientific journal, perhaps the best in Italy, distinguished by a sound spirit of free discussion; and a new Journal of Agriculture, which reckoned, on the appearance of its second number, more than 600 subscribers in Tuscany alone, a fact not only highly honourable to the editors, but also to the country at large. On this subject it is not unappropriate to remark, that the printing presses of Florence have been doubled within the last six years.

Of all the Italians the Tuscans have shown the greatest zeal for the progress of the system of mutual instruction. The Marquis Charles Pucci, the superintendent of various schools in the Tuscan dominions, in a report drawn up relative to their present state, has shown, that without departing from the spirit of the system, several ameliorations and reforms have been beneficially introduced. The Hamiltoninn system has been adopted for reading exercises. M. Bracciolini, a gentleman eminent for his knowledge and activity, intends giving a statistical view of the progress of these schools from the period of their foundation to the present day. Since May 1819, that is, in the short space of eight years, 2124 individuals, the greater part of whom belonged to the most indigent classes of society, have received elementary instruction in the city of Florence alone. Why do not the other cities and provinces of Italy imitate so noble an example?

Niccolini has just published a small volume of poems, entitled "The Two Novembers; Meditations." It breathes a spirit of noble and affecting sentiment, far removed from the common places we are so often doomed to read, on the subjects of old age and winter.

Nota, the celebrated comic poet of Italy, produced a new piece in April last at Turin. It is entitled *La Novella Sposa*, and although the author had concealed his name, he was generally recognised by the regularity of the plot, the truth of the characters and the dialogue.

## THE NETHERLANDS.

The Dutch Society of Arts and Sciences has proposed the following question to be answered by the 1st of 1829:—

"What are the advantages accruing to the prosperity, the civilization, and morals of a people, from the preservation of their own language; and what disadvantages may be expected from the entire or partial neglect of their mother tongue?"

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His Majesty has approved of the choice of members made by the first class of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, for science, literature, and the fine arts. Among these members are Sir Humphrey Davy of London, Baron Cuvier of Paris, Mr. Blumenbach of Göttingen, Mr. Olbers of Bremen, Baron Alexander von Humboldt of Berlin, and Mr. A. P. Decandolle of Geneva.

The same class has elected the following gentlemen as foreign correspondents:—Messrs. F. Arago and Gay-Lussac, at Paris; Professor Tiedemann, at Heidelberg; Mr. F. W. Bessel, at Königsberg; Messrs. Robert Brown, Thomas Young, and Philip Astley Cooper, in London; and I. Berzelius, at Stockholm.

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The following is a summary of the number of works, as well original as translated, published in different languages in the kingdom of the Netherlands during the last year, exclusive of periodical journals, newspapers, &c. and reprints of works published in foreign countries:—

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| Theology, | 99 |
| Jurisprudence, Medicine, Physics, &c. | 146 |
| History, | 96 |
| Philology, Poetry, and the Drama, | 114 |
| Miscellanies, Novels, and Romances, | 286 |
| Total, | 741 |

We must observe, however, that there are several defects in the list published monthly at Amsterdam, and mistakes both in the classification and the enumeration of the several works.

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Naturalists have long lamented the loss of the MS. of the second part of the work of the celebrated P. Lyonet on the *Phalæna Cossus*, (la chenille qui ronge le bois du saule). At length, however, the indefatigable researches of Mr. W. de Haan Phildoc, at Leyden, have succeeded in recovering the MS., with the plates engraved by the author himself, in perfect preservation. The title of it is *Récherches sur l'Anatomie, et les Metamorphoses de differentes espèces d'Insectes*, and contains, besides farther particulars respecting the Phalæna, important observations on several other insects, butterflies, spiders, &c. Mr. de Haan intends to publish this work in the course of the present year.

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At a sitting of the Netherlands Institute, the class for history, philosophy, and ancient literature, held at Amsterdam in November, M. Stuart gave a view of the labours of that class during the last two years. They chiefly consist of researches on the language, manners, &c. of the natives of the north coast of Africa. It was also then announced that the French translation of Mr. Titsingh's (formerly Dutch resident at Japan,) works on that country is extremely erroneous. Professor Hamacker of Leyden read an essay on the influence

of political events at the end of the last, and during the present century, on the study of the oriental languages.

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We have just seen the Programms of the course of study pursued at the two celebrated universities of Louvain and Gröningen for 1827 and 1828. In looking over them, we observed with a delight that will be shared by all the friends of sound literature and philosophy, that the order in which the various branches of study are taught, is excellent; and that several courses of lectures are delivered on subjects not usually attended to in other countries that boast of the excellence of their learned institutions. We particularly allude to a professorship of the national history and statistics of the Netherlands, and to another devoted to the general theory of statistics, with illustrations from past facts, together with the history of the science. Others are devoted to the history of the European governments, to the exposition of political doctrines, and to a critical comparison of the constitutions of Great Britain, the Netherlands, France, and Germany. These professorships belong to the university of Louvain, and form part of the faculty of philosophy and belles lettres. *M. Dumbeck* is professor of the political history of Europe; *M. Mone* of the general theory of statistics, and the comparative view of constitutions; and M. Urischer of national history and statistics. The university of Gröningen is distinguished by its lectures on the diplomatic history of Europe, and on Hebrew and Oriental antiquities.

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## RUSSIA AND POLAND.

The Jews scattered over the Polish provinces begin to cultivate the arts and literature. A *Jewish Gazette* has been published for some time at Warsaw; a Polish Grammar of the popular Jewish language has also been printed there. This language is a mixture of Polish, German, and Hebrew words. The author is a M. Lessebroth. Another Jewish writer, M. Tougenhold, is engaged in the composition of a Polish and Jewish Dictionary, to be followed by the Elements of the Polish Grammar.

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St. Petersburg.—In our last number we gave some account of the important discoveries of Fraunhofer, and of the fine achromatic telescope made by him, which was purchased for the university of Dorpat. Mr. Struve, director of the observatory in that university, has from time to time communicated the results of his observations with this magnificent instrument. Anxious to employ it in a branch of research which promised to be fertile in discoveries, he undertook in the month of February, 1825, a general view of the firmament, visible at Dorpat. He had especially in view the double stars. After two years' indefatigable labour, his success has been most complete. Out of a number of more than 120,000 stars, he recognized 3,060 as belonging to the first four classes of double stars; whereas the catalogue which he had drawn up in 1820, contained only 500 of this kind. So remarkable an increase in one of the most important branches of the science, has induced the university of Dorpat to publish a new catalogue of double stars, under the title of "*Catalogus novus Stellarum duplicum et multiplicum, maximâ ex parte in speculo universitatis Cæsareæ Dorpatensis per magnum telescopium achromaticum Fraunhoferi detectarum.* Dorpat, 1827." This catalogue is accompanied by a correct and well-engraved chart of the Heavens, and by a report, addressed by Mr. Struve to Lieutenant-General Prince Lieven, curator of the university, with some preliminary and general remarks on the nature of the fixed stars, and the

motions of those celestial bodies, the immobility of which was, at no very remote period, taken for granted by all astronomers.

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Mr. Fraehn has published the first volume of a learned work upon the collection of Mahometan medals which are preserved in the Asiatic Museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

The study of oriental numismatics commenced in the last century and has been perfected in the present. This science, of which but few persons yet know the importance, already furnishes, in its application to history and geography, data as fruitful in results as those with which the study of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian antiquities enriches the same sciences. And it must be confessed that history and geography never had more need of the solid foundation of monuments of this description than in the case of the Mahometan countries of the east. The numerous labours of Mr. Fraehn entitle him to be considered as the founder of the science of oriental numismatics; he has been placed indeed in extremely favourable circumstances. First, professor of the oriental languages at Warsaw, and afterwards member of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, he declares in the preface to this volume that he has had occasion to examine above a hundred thousand oriental coins. When placed in the situation which he now fills, he found in the cabinets of the academy about twenty thousand coins, which have been continually increased by new purchases, presents, and exchanges. Mr. Fraehn was first obliged to arrange and class the medals in the Asiatic museum, among which he found an immense number of duplicates; and this operation being completed, he had a select collection of five thousand three hundred and seventy-four medals, which is daily increasing, and among which there are above three thousand different dies. This first volume will soon be followed by another containing the engravings of the medals. The subsequent volumes will contain a detailed commentary, with which the public is already in part acquainted by the numerous and excellent specimens which he has published.

Among the vast number of medals described by Mr. Fraehn, the coins of the Khans of the Golden Horde fill a distinguished place. We are indebted to his researches for an almost unbroken series of numismatic documents relative to that too celebrated Mongol dynasty, under whose barbarous and oppressive yoke Russia so long suffered. This part of his work throws so much light on the history of those unhappy times, that it will henceforth be impossible to write upon the history of that period without thoroughly studying and taking as a guide the discoveries and observations of our learned orientalist.

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Dorpat.—Mr. Engelhardt, Professor in this University, has just returned from a visit to the Oural mountains, which he performed at the expense of the University. He has presented a very interesting report on his journey, of which he intends publishing a detailed narrative. He has made a great number of valuable observations on the geology and mineralogy of these countries, and has been enabled to correct, in many important particulars, the maps of the several provinces which he visited.

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Another tour in Asia has been performed by Professor Ledebuhr, Dr. Meyer, and Dr. Bunge, to the Altai mountains, on the frontiers of the Chinese empire, This tour, the object of which was the almost unknown Flora of those remote regions, has proved eminently successful. The travellers have collected sixteen hundred species of plants, of which nearly five hundred are new; so that Professor Ledebuhr intends to publish a *Flora Altaica*. Geography, statistics, zoology, and mineralogy, were not neglected in the course of this excursion,

the narrative of which is expected to be highly interesting, and will be published, as we are informed, first in English.

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St. Petersburg.—An interesting pamphlet has just been published, in the Russian and German languages, under the title of "The Last Days of the Life of his Late Majesty Alexander I." ornamented by a pretty view of the Port of Taganrog, and a plan of the Palace which the late Emperor Alexander and the Empress Elizabeth inhabited in that town. It contains many affecting particulars, derived from sources, the authenticity of which appears to be unquestionable.

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A new edition of the Works of the celebrated tragic poet Ozerov has just been published in two volumes octavo.

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On the 3d of November, in the sitting of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Dr. Granville, physician to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, delivered a Lecture on the Art of Embalming, as practised by the Ancients, and on the Dissection of a female Mummy, in perfect preservation, which served him to make his demonstrations.

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On the 24th of November, her Majesty the Empress-Mother was pleased to honour the Academy, by transmitting to it two Gold Medals, accompanied by a rescript, addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction, in the following terms:—"*Alexander Semenovitch*: Animated by the sentiments which I expressed to you in my rescript of the 27th of October, I have endeavoured to find the most suitable means of leaving a striking proof of them to the Academy of Sciences, and I have thought that I could not better fulfil this intention than by giving it some specimen of my own work, consecrated to the memory of the illustrious protectors of that Society. I accordingly send you two Gold Medals, struck with dies which I engraved myself, representing the late Emperors, my beloved husband and son, requesting you to present them to the Academy of Sciences as a testimony of the sincere regard which I feel for it.—I am, with particular esteem, yours, &c. Maria." The Academy received, with due respect, this mark of her Majesty's favour.

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The work of Mr. Macdonald Kinneir on the Geography of Persia has been translated into Russian, and published by the Topographical Depot of the Staff, by order of the Emperor.

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The Comedies of Count Alex. Fredro, which rank among the most distinguished productions of the modern literature of Poland, lately appeared at Vienna in two volumes.

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The Morgenblatt for August 1827 contains some interesting articles on the national poetry, music, and dancing of the Russians.

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The Lectures of the Professors at the Russian Universities are now delivered in the Russian language, and not in the German, as formerly. Since the commencement of the past year, courses of philosophy have been forbidden.

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The *Journal d'Odessa*, since the beginning of 1827, has been printed in two languages, Russian and French, and is published twice a-week. Besides foreign and domestic news, copied from various papers, this journal contains news from the provinces composing New Russia, or the governments of Ecatherinoslav, Kherson, Tauridia, and Bessarabia. Its principal object being to

make known the resources of these provinces, in regard to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, many notices are found in them of great interest, relative to these subjects, and remarkable for the new data they afford. Occasionally, also, we meet with historical, geographical, statistical, and archæological notices relating to New Russia, a country so celebrated in antiquity for its numerous Greek colonies. It contains, besides, notices of voyages, of new works treating of these countries, dramatic criticisms, meteorological observations, &c.

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M. Kutschinskji, of Moscow, has published in Russian a small work intitled, "A Village in Little-Russia," which exhibits a romantic picture of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that district, compared with those of Great-Russia. The author has annexed some popular songs and pastoral poems.

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Dr. Schmidt, of St. Petersburg, will shortly publish his translation of the History of the Eastern Mongols, from *Suanang Sanetsan, Chungtaitschi*, together with the original text. The emperor has given 10,000 roubles towards the printing of the work. Dr. S. is also employed on a Mongol Grammar; and M. Igumnow, of Irkutzk, on a Mongol and Russian Dictionary.

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## SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The King has given orders to establish Schools of Navigation in the ports of Stockholm, Gefle, Calmar, Malmoe, and Gothenburg, where able masters are to give instructions in the theory and practice of all such branches of knowledge as are necessary to form good captains of merchantmen—the pupils are to be divided into two classes, those who intend to navigate the Baltic and the neighbouring seas, and those who intend to make longer voyages. It is farther ordered, that, from the beginning of 1829, no captain of a merchantman shall obtain the rights of a citizen, who has not been previously examined in the art of navigation, by the master of such a marine school, or by a naval officer.

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The system of mutual instruction has made great progress in Sweden within these few years. There are schools on this plan in many towns and villages, which are extremely well attended. The society for the promotion of this system at Stockholm has resolved to establish a Normal School, and to connect with it Schools of Industry for both sexes. When it expressed this intention to the King, and stated that it wanted funds to establish Schools of Industry, his Majesty granted 2000 dollars for the purpose, and promised to assign a fund for the salaries of the masters.

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The *Berlin. Schnell-Post* contains an Account of the State of Swedish Literature and Science for the last thirty years. Respecting the state of music and musical productions in the same country, *vide* the *Leipzig Allg. Musik. Zeitung* for 1826 and 1827.

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The Swedish Academy has awarded the prize of Poetry to M. Nicander for his poem, entitled "The Death of Tasso."

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## Periodical Literature of Norway for 1827.

### I.—Journals.

1.—*Magazin for Naturridenskaberne.* This journal contains many good articles, some of them original.

2.—*Magazin for Politik, Historie og Litteratur* contains a good selection of translated articles, chiefly from the Edinburgh Review. The editor seems averse to meddling with the politics of the Union.

3.—*Cyr*—a medical journal.

### II.—Newspapers.

1.—*Rigstiteden.* The official journal. Very cautious.

2.—*Morgenbladet.* The columns of this paper are open to all parties, as well for, as against, the government.

3.—*Budstikken*—contains many historical and statistical notices, and accounts of foreign voyages and travels. Of late it has been very carelessly conducted.

4.—*Hermoder*—contains, among other matter, light tales, poems, accounts of travels at home, &c.

5.—*Patrioten.* This paper is probably extinct, as no number has appeared for a long time.

6.—*Patrouillen.* A constitutional, and partly opposition paper. For some time it was not in favour with government, and could not go free by post, as other papers.

7.—*Intelligent-Bladet.* Chiefly of interest for the inhabitants of the capital.

8.—*Handels-Tidenden.* Miscellaneous.

The above eight appear at Christiana.

9.—*Drammens Avis.* Formerly written in a very high tone, but now somewhat more prudent in regard to violations of the liberty of the press, after repeatedly getting into trouble. It occasionally contains good articles, but written in so bitter a manner as greatly to destroy its usefulness.

10.—*Trondhjems Avis.*

11.—*Bergens' Avis.*

12.—*Christiansand Avis.*

These three latter are provincial journals, and are rather barren of interest. Bergen had formerly an excellent journal, entitled "*Tilskueren,*" which was given up, when complaints against the violations of the liberty of the press first began to assume a threatening aspect under the present governor, who is unquestionably an enemy to all intellectual light. According to article 100 of the fundamental law, the freedom of the press is secured to Norway. Of late complaints have ceased in regard to its violation. In Norway we repose with confidence on the liberal principles of the king, so that, at present, the nation enjoys, according to the constitution, a tolerably fair share of this blessing, although this is far from being agreeable to all in the higher ranks. The liberty of the press is almost the only means by which the truth can reach the king, and serves to bridle the insolence of a foreign governor. The good done in Norway by such freedom more than compensates for its occasional excesses. The watchful government of Charles John certainly knows this, and he will, no doubt, impress the same doctrine on the mind of his son.

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The Norwegian press is one of the least prolific in Europe. It does not send forth more works in a year than that of Denmark in a month. Its productions are for the greater part mere pamphlets.

## SWITZERLAND.

An extremely valuable work of its class, the result of thirty years labour, is the long-promised *Flora Helvetica* of Mr. T. Gaudin, Professor and Pastor at Nyon, which is now completed in manuscript, and will form six volumes, the first of which is published, and the remainder will shortly appear. An interesting Preface gives an account of the author's excursions, during this long period, among the valleys and mountains of Switzerland. The author has followed the Linnæan system; he is an enemy to the multiplication of species, and even thinks that he has hardly gone far enough in reducing their number. He says "Fateor etiam nunc, in mea flora non paucas superesse formas quas omnino varietates potius quam speciei lege describi debuissent." A number of copperplates, representing new species, are added to the work.

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At Bern, authors, artists, and printers have been for some months busily engaged upon works intended to celebrate the Jubilee of the Reformation, about the middle of the year 1828. Of these works, we shall only mention that of Mr. Samuel Fisher—"The History of the Disputation and Reformation at Bern," with a Collection of lithographic Portraits of the Reformers of Germany and Switzerland, designed after the best originals by Ostervald. The first number contains the portraits of Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, Melancthon, Haller, and Wyttenbach.

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A new Description of the City of Bern and its Environs, in the French Language, by Rod. Walthard, is a splendid specimen of typography, with copperplates and a map.

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The Helvetic Society for the Study of Natural History will speedily publish the first volume of its Memoirs.

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The liberty of the press in Switzerland is much curtailed by the influence of certain great powers in the neighbourhood, that find it inconvenient to have an example of much freedom of discussion so near them. It would be rather a dangerous experiment to speak evil of the Jesuits in the canton of Fribourg, which may be termed the Spain of Switzerland—in the Valais, or even in the smaller cantons.

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M. Meyer of Trogen, in the canton of Appenzel, announces a work intended to embrace a Register of Swiss Writers still alive, and of those dead since 1801. It will contain, I. Their names, with the date and place of their birth. II. The offices they held, or may be still holding. III. The books, pamphlets, articles in newspapers, &c., that they have published, with detailed and exact references. IV. A biographical notice and portrait, if to be had. To accomplish so extensive a task, M. Meyer solicits the contributions of the Swiss literati; and if he is seconded as he wishes in this work, it will be a worthy monument to the national glory.

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## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

It has long been matter of surprise and regret to every cultivator of Oriental Literature, that no native Hindû histories should have been found,—a fact which almost established the belief that none existed. This supposition is however disproved by Mr. Wilson's *Essay on the History of Cashmeer*, which commences the fifteenth volume of the Asiatic Researches. This precious document has been received with the deep attention which its contents demand, and the analysis of it in the October number of the *Journal de Savans* from the pen of M. Abel Rémusat, displayed the erudition of that writer, as well as the interesting and important service derived by such talent from similar sources of knowledge. The history of Cashmeer has been marked by fortune with singular honours; noticed by the able vizier of the great Akbar, and by Jehanghire, translated by several hands, and known to the last Mogul sovereign who sat on the throne of Delhi, the unfortunate Shah Alum,—the Taj Taringini claims the interest of Europe at the present day, from its being the only native Hindû history as yet opened to our research. But Cashmeer cannot boast the exclusive pre-eminence of supplying materials for history. The island of Ceylon, the most celebrated of the isles of the east, and the refuge and depository of the literature of Southern India, has been long known to possess important works of history; although the language hitherto had not been studied so as to translate these records. This important undertaking has been at last accomplished under the most favourable circumstances, and the three Cingalese histories—the *Mahavansi*, the *Raja ratnacari*, and the *Rajé valé*, are on the point of appearing in an English translation. These works are of first rate celebrity in Ceylon, and are capable of supplying the most important body of dates and facts of its history, in conjunction with that of Southern India and other parts of the Peninsula, wherever the faith of Buddhoo has spread. These works comprise a period of above 1,800 years from the date of the death of Buddhoo, and are compiled with the most rigid attention to dates; the *Mahavansi* is divided into eighty-nine chapters, all of which are coupled with dates, treating upon the most important points of Cingalese history. Thus the Cashmeer history (*As. Res.* Vol. xv. page 23,) will receive great illustration from the notice of the same era in the *Mahavansi*, which gives in detail the Sangáyanas, or missions for the propagation of Buddhuism, the establishment of which, in Cashmeer, and also in Candahar, by the priest Matjantikè Maha Terrunahuse, is circumstantially detailed. This fact, therefore, stands confirmed by the double testimony of two manuscript histories of the east, one existing on the northern, and the other on the southern limits of India, and stamps with great interest their mutual details.

M. Uphan, the editor of these curious works, will also publish, in May next, a preliminary quarto volume, entitled "Buddhuism illustrated, from original manuscripts of its doctrine, metaphysicks, and philosophy; accompanied by forty plates lithographed from the originals."

# LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

## PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

### From October, 1827, to January, 1828, inclusive.

## THEOLOGY.

1 Bibliothèque Choisie des Pères de l'Eglise, Grecque et Latine, par Guillon. Tom. XXII. et XXIII. 8vo. *Paris.* 18s.

2 Bibliothèque Sacrée, ou Dictionnaire Universel, &c. des Sciences Ecclesiastiques, par les RR. PP. Ruhard et Giraud. Tom. XXIX. (et dernier.) 8vo. *Paris.* 9s.

3 Mélanges de Réligion, de Critique et de Littérature, par M. de Boulogne, Evêque de Troyes. Tom. II. 8vo. *Paris.* 9s.

4 Sainte Bible de Vence, en Latin et en Français. 5me edit. révue et augmentée des Notes, par Drach, rabin converti. Tom. III. et IV. 8vo. *Paris.* each 9s.
This Edition will form 25 vols. 8vo. with an Atlas of maps and plates.

5 Carové, F. W., über allein seligmachende Kirche. 2te Abtheilg. die Römisch-katholische Kirche. 8vo. *Gottingen.* 10s.

6 Weda, Dr. S., Beiträge zur Geschichte der Proselytenmacherei. 8vo. *Neustadt.* 6s.

7 Knapp, Dr. G. G., Vorlesungen über die christliche Glaubenslehre nach dem Lehrbegriffe der evangelischen Kirche. Aus der hinterlassenen Handschrift mit einer Vorrede herausgegeben von C. Thilo. 2 Thle. 8vo. *Halle.* 1l.

8 Schröder, Dr. J. F., Handbuch der Geschichte der christlichen Kirche für gebildete evangel. Christen. gr. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 15s.

9 Rosenmülleri, Dr. E. F., Scholia in Vetus Testamentum. Partis VII. prophetas minores continentis, Vol. III. Micha, Nahum et Habacuc. Editio secunda, auctior et emendatior. 8vo. *Lipsiæ.*

10 Schott, Dr. H. Aug., Theorie der Beredsamkeit, mit besonderer Anwendung auf die geistliche Beredsamkeit in ihrem ganzen Vonfange dargestellt. 1r Theil, gr. 8vo. *Leipzig.*

11 Wetzer, Restitutio Veræ Chronologiæ rerum ex controversiis Arianis inde ab anno 325 usque ad annum 350 exortarum contra chronologiam, etc. cum præfamine Leandri van Ess. 8vo. *Frankfurt, a. M.*

12 Darstellung, (geschichtliche,) des Rüchtritts Sr. Ex. des Herrn Staatsministers Grafen Chr. E. von Benzel-Sternau und seines Herrn Bruders des Grafen Gottfr. von Benzel-Sternau aus dem Schosse der Römisch-Katholischen in die Gemeinschaft der Evangelisch-Protestantischen Kirche, nebst 3 Beilagen, enthaltend die neuesten ansichten des Herrn Grafen Chr. E. von B. über Religion und Kirchenthum und die herrschenden Misbräuche in beiden. gr. 8vo. *Frankfurt, a. M.*

13 Luthers, Dr. M., Werke. In einer das Bedürfniss der Zeit berücksichtigenden Auswahl. 2te Aufl. (10 Bde.) 1r u. 2r Bd. 8vo. *Hamburg.* 17s.

14 Rosenmülleri, Dr. S. G., Scholia in Novum Testamentum. Tom. II. continens Evangelia Lucæ et Joannis, editio sexta. 8vo. *Norimbergæ.* 14s.

15 Luthers, Dr. M., Briefe, Sendschreiben, und Bedenken, vollständig aus den verschiedenen Ausgaben seiner Werke und Briefe, aus andern Büchern und noch unbenutzten Handschriften gesammelt, kritisch und historisch bearbeitet von Dr. W. M. L. de Wette. 3r Theil. Mit 2 Briefen in Steindruck. gr. 8vo. *Berlin.* 9s.

## LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

16 Locré, La Législation Civile, Commerciale et Criminelle de la France. Tom. XI. et XII. 8vo. *Paris.* each 9s.

17 Causes Celèbres Etrangères publiées en France, pour la première fois. Tom. III. 8vo. *Paris.* 8s.

18 Pastoret, Histoire de la Législation. Tom. VIII. et IX. 2 vol. 8vo. *Paris.* 18s.
19 Barkow, Dr. et Fr., Lex Romana Burgundionum. Ex jure Romano et Germanico illustravit. 8vo. *Greiswald.*

## MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION.

20 Krug, (Prof. W.,) allgemeines Handwörterbuch der philosophischen Wissenschaften nebst ihrer Literatur und Geschichte, nach dem heutigen Standpuncte der Wissenschaft bearbeitet. 2r Bd. (F—M.) gr. 8vo. *Leipzig.*
21 Schlegel, F. von, die 3 ersten Vorlesungen über die Philosophie des Lebens. 8vo. *Wien.* 4s. 6d.

## MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS, CHEMISTRY.

22 Wunder, Katechismus der Mathematik, oder die gemeinnützlichsten Lehren dieser Wissenschaft kurz und leichtfasslich dargestellt. 8vo.
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THE

# FOREIGN

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. C. M. Wielands *Sämmtliche Werke.* 49 Bde. 12mo. Leipzig. 1824—1827.

2. C. M. Wielands *Leben. Neu bearbeitet von J. G. Gruber, mit Einschluss vieler noch ungedruckter Briefe Wielands.* (50. 51 Bde. der Werke.) 12mo. Leipzig, bei Georg. J. Göschen. 1827.

THERE are few names of equal eminence in literature of which so little is known in this country as Wieland. The British public, in general, are acquainted with his name only as the author of Oberon, some few as the historian of Agathon and Aristippus. But as a whole, neither the character of the man nor that of his writings is understood or appreciated. The scattered hints which are to be found in those foreign works with which we are most familiar, are not calculated to throw much light on the subject. The chapter on Wieland, in Madame de Staël's Germany, is one of the most sketchy and least satisfactory in that eloquent work, and is evidently tinged with the spirit of some of those literary prejudices to which that lady was accessible. Falling, as Wieland latterly did, "on evil tongues, and evil times," when sudden revolutions of empire and opinion were unsettling many of those landmarks to which the German Nestor clung with something of the pertinacity of old age, his fame, as well as his feelings, suffered much, and often very unjustly, from the violence of literary hostility; and those to whose influence Madame de Staël was most exposed in Germany, were not likely to furnish her with the most impartial estimate of the merits of Wieland.

Professor Gruber's book, however, is well calculated to supply the deficiency to which we have alluded. The second edition, which is remarkably improved, (in fact, almost a new work,) contains a very full account of his life, liberal extracts from his correspondence, and a very anxious and elaborate, though certainly much too partial an estimate of his works. Differing, as we do, from the biographer in many of his views, we must do justice to the ability with which they are usually supported; while his book

possesses this additional recommendation, that he furnishes us, in most cases, with the means of judging for ourselves.

Wieland was born at Oberholzheim, a village near Biberach, in Swabia, on the 5th of September, 1733. His father, a clergyman of the place, a man of varied erudition, and well read in the ancient languages, began to superintend the instruction of his son as soon as he had attained his third year. The rapidity of the young student's advances equalled the zeal of his teacher; for, at seven years old, he read Cornelius Nepos with pleasure, and at thirteen, Virgil and Horace with as much ease as his father himself. His inclination to poetry developed itself very early.

"From my eleventh year," says he, in a letter to Gellert, "I was passionately fond of poetry. I wrote a mass of verses, chiefly little operas, cantatas, and ballets, in the style of Brockes. I used to rise for that purpose at day break, not being allowed to write verses during the day." "I was fond of solitude, and used to spend whole days and summer nights in the garden, feeling and describing the beauties of nature."*

The idea even of an epic poem, "that *first* infirmity of noble minds," on the subject of the destruction of Jerusalem, occurred to him at that early age, and the work was actually commenced. It appears, however, to have been laid aside, and was probably committed to the flames by Wieland himself along with most of these productions of his childhood. This is to be regretted, not on account of its probable worth, but because in the absence of other information, such early attempts as Wieland's Jerusalem and Pope's boyish epic on Alcander are valuable as contributions to the progressive history of their minds.

At the age of fourteen he was removed to the school of Klosterberg. The character of this institution, so celebrated for its classical instruction, was of a severe and almost monastic kind. The pietism which was at that time the prevailing tone of sentiment in Protestant Germany, seemed to have placed its peculiar seat and "procreant cradle" in Klosterberg, under the directorship of Steinmetz. The frequency and character of the devotional exercises to which the students were accustomed—the seclusion of study—the strict and unvarying discipline which prevailed within its cloistered precincts, were all calculated to produce a strong influence upon the mind, and to create or foster a spirit of mystical devotion. On Wieland, whose disposition was naturally gentle and serious, and whose imagination was keenly sensitive to impressions of a lofty and enthusiastic kind, the spirit of the institution operated strongly, and unques-

* Gessnerische Sammlung von Briefen, vol. i. p. 46.

tionably left a deep, though, as it afterwards appeared, not an indelible impression. What influence it might have produced, had it not been counteracted by the nature of his other studies, it is difficult to say. But, turning with indifference, if not dislike, from the polemical questions and dogmatical divinity of Baumgarten, which then formed the text book of the theological lectures, Wieland had applied himself to the more attractive pages of Grecian philosophy; and, contented with a devotional spirit and the recognition of the grand outlines of theology, had exchanged metaphysical niceties for the philosophy of life, in the pages of the Memorabilia and Cyropædia, the Epistles of Cicero, and the Spectator and Tatler, with which he had become acquainted in the translation of Gottsched. Other works, too, of a more dangerous character soon after fell into his hands. The Dictionary of Bayle, and the works of D'Argens and Voltaire, which he perused at this time, though they did not eradicate his convictions, involved his mind in a temporary tumult of doubt and anxiety, which cost him many a tear and many a sleepless night.* But the early dispositions of youth, and the spirit of the institution were yet too powerful for these occasional assaults of infidelity, and he left Klosterberg at sixteen years old, with acquirements far beyond his years, with a disposition as gentle, religious, and amiable as when he entered it, and with opinions which promised to be the more durable, because they had already been tried in a contest of no common kind.

After a residence of about a year and a half with his relation, Baumer, in Erfurt, which appears to have been by no means a pleasant one,† he returned, in 1750, to his native town of Biberach. This residence within his birth-place, short as it is, (for in autumn of that year he commenced his studies at the University of Tubingen), is remarkable as the period of that attachment to which his first poem owes its origin, and from which much of the spirit which characterized his earlier productions is derived. Sophia von Guttermann, (afterwards known in German literature under the name of Sophia de la Roche, as the author of the History of Miss Sternheim, and Melusina's Summer Evening,) a young lady of amiable character and distinguished talents, was the subject of this youthful passion. She was two years older than himself, a great advantage on the side of the lady, who had to do with a young and susceptible enthusiast. Wieland's love for her at that time seems to have been reverential, his admiration a species of idolatry, and her influence over him was consequently unbounded.

* Gessnerische Sammlung, vol. i. p. 42. et seq.

† Brief an Riedel, 10 Aug. 1763. Wielands Sammlung, vol. i. p. 200. "I know Baumer better than you can do, having *lived* or rather *starved* with him for a year," &c.

That the lady shared his feelings, though with more reserve and less of illusion, we cannot doubt. The strong emotion with which in her account of her visit to Wieland, in Osmanstadt, forty-nine years afterwards, she describes her feelings while listening to the notes of his harpsichord, and retraces their early meetings by the solitary church-yard of St. Martin, proves the original strength of that feeling which had thus lived unimpaired in the memory for half a century. Thus situated, poetry was the natural channel in which Wieland's emotions were likely to vent themselves, and the first of that long series of works by which the author has added so much to the literature of his country, was the result of one of those conversations with his mistress, in which the enamoured poet had poured out, with his native eloquence, the visions of universal perfection which then floated before his imagination.

He had been listening to a sermon of his father, on the text, "God is Love." The discourse was well written and well reasoned, but to the son everything appeared far too cold, and he could not help thinking how very differently,—how much more warmly and convincingly,—he would have treated the subject. In the evening, as he walked with his mistress, their conversation turned on the text of the day, and full of his system, Wieland broke out into a stream of enthusiastic eloquence in its exposition, which astonished Sophia—and, perhaps, himself. "I spoke," says Wieland, in his account of the matter afterwards to Bodmer, "of the destination of men and of spirits, of the dignity of the human soul, and of eternity. Never in my life had I been so eloquent. I did not forget to place a large portion of the happiness of spirits in the enjoyment of heavenly love." The order of this oration, however, Wieland himself admits was rather more lyrical than logical, and the lady, though quite convinced at the time, expressed a wish to see the argument committed to paper. All at once the idea occurred to Wieland, that the theory could only be properly embodied in verse, and a poem *On the Nature of Things* was immediately resolved on. It was begun in Feb. 1751, at Tubingen, and finished in April.

To represent God as the central point of the universe, and the compendium of perfection, and the world itself as reflecting his image; to vindicate the ways of Providence, and solve the great problem of moral evil, was a design analogous to that of Pope in his celebrated Essay; but nothing can be more opposite than the mode in which these works are executed. Pope pleases us by the vigour and compression with which he has condensed the system of Bolingbroke—by the clearness and perspicuity of his poetical reasoning—by the happiness and point of his illustra-

tions—by the general strength and mastery of the versification. Wieland surprizes us by the extent of his metaphysical reading, the ingenuity of some of his hypotheses, and the grandeur of his general views; while he as often startles us by extravagances both of conception and expression, wearies us by the minuteness of his criticisms on the systems of the Pantheists and Naturalists, or confuses us by the cloudy extent of his own. Could he have exchanged the slumberous metaphysics, as he himself afterwards styles them,* of the second and third book, for pictures like those of the characters of the sexes, or his representation of those master-passions by which virtue is assailed, and abandoned the idea of imitating Lucretius in a poem, the whole scope and tone of which is so decidedly anti-Lucretian, the work would be entitled to no inconsiderable rank even among the productions of Wieland. In any view, however, it is remarkable as the production of a youth of seventeen. To be familiar at that age with the languages of antiquity, and acquainted with those of France, England and Italy; to have read, understood and appreciated the metaphysical systems of Greece and Rome, as well as those of his own age, and to have framed one of his own, which, whatever might be its weak points, was "just as respectable as many other approved hypotheses;"† and to have embodied these views in a poem abounding with lofty feeling and energetic expression—these are acquisitions which few at his age are entitled to boast of. When we consider too, that, with the exception of Haller, Wieland had in his own language no great predecessor in the path of didactic poetry; and that compared with the works of Zernitz, Sacro and Kastner, this boyish effort maintains its place beside these labours of experienced men, it seems undeniable that, had Wieland written nothing else, this first poem would have procured him an honourable place in the literature of his country. But "himself has to his own turned enemy,"—the lustre of this early production has been eclipsed by the maturer brilliancy of his meridian, and the fame of the youthful Wieland, the philosophical opponent, but poetical imitator of Lucretius, has merged in the more extended renown of Wieland, the historian of Agathon, and the poet of Oberon.

Law was the nominal study to which the attention of Wieland was to be directed at Tubingen. But his heart was not in the science, and poetry, philosophy and history, the literature of foreign nations and of his own, engrossed the time which should have been devoted to the Code. Here he amassed those vast stores of varied and accurate knowledge which give an appearance of catholic learning to his works, and which are constantly

* Preface to the 3d edit. of 1771. † Ibid.

recurring in the shape of apposite and almost unconscious allusions. At this period (1771) appeared his *Moral Letters*. The idea had been suggested to him by the *Epîtres Diverses* of Baron Ludwig von Bar, which, in Wieland's opinion, excelled those of Boileau as much in substance, as they fell short of them in the external accompaniments of style and versification. The *Moral Letters* of Wieland, though deficient in that knowledge of the world, and of the varieties of human character, that ripeness of judgment, and that tolerant and comprehensive view of moral relations, which are necessary to command success in didactic poetry, display much vigour and freedom of thought, many successful strokes of character, and penetrating though partial glances into the human heart. In these Letters, too, appear the elements of that Socratic irony of which Wieland afterwards obtained such a mastery,—not, as in his later works, pervading the whole tissue of the poem, but alternating with exalted sentiment and eloquent invective. The work was addressed to his beloved Sophia, for whom his attachment seemed to have been increased rather than impaired by separation, and whom he has occasionally introduced under the Arcadian disguise of Doris.

Another work, which appeared in 1752, the *Anti-Ovid*, is deserving of notice only as indicating an increasing stoicism in his moral views, and as exhibiting in place of the Alexandrines, in which his other poems had been written, his first attempts in that irregular species of versification, the idea of which the Germans had borrowed from the French Poesies Fugitives, and which was subsequently carried to such perfection by Wieland himself.

Wieland quitted Tubingen in 1752 for his native town. His principal motive for returning thither probably was the wish to revisit his mistress; for he seems to have been aware that he had little chance at that time of procuring any situation in Biberach. His intention was to offer himself as a candidate for the humble situation of *Magister Legens* at Göttingen. But his hopes were suddenly raised, and his views changed, by an unexpected communication from Switzerland.

In the peaceful environs of Zurich was situated a villa, which at that time might be regarded as the temple of the muses. Placed at the base of a mountain crowned with lofty and immemorial pines, surrounded with spreading plains, watered by the windings of the Limmat and the Siel, and shut in by the snow-crowned peaks of the distant Alps, amidst scenes to which the lyric strains of Kilchberg, Von Warte, Husen, Trosberg and others had lent an additional interest, it united at once the grandeur with the softness of nature, and the advantages of society with seclusion. It was the residence of Bodmer, a name at one time of great,

perhaps undeserved, eminence in literature, but whose life presents a fine picture of studious leisure and devotion to the muses. Abandoning the pursuit of fortune, and retiring from those civic dignities which were pressed upon his acceptance, he had pitched his tabernacle in this quiet valley, consoling himself for the loss of a numerous family by the study of poetry and the sciences, and delighting to assemble round his evening fire those master-spirits of the time who were beginning to shed a lustre over the infant literature of Germany.

It was of this Helvetian Tusculum that Wieland was now to become an inhabitant by Bodmer's invitation. His acquaintance with the Swiss circle had originated in consequence of his having transmitted to Bodmer, anonymously, a fragment of an epic poem, Herman (Arminius), which that patron of literature had honoured with his approbation, and which led to a subsequent correspondence between them. The correspondence terminated in an invitation from Bodmer to Wieland to take up his residence in his house as his literary companion. The offer was too tempting to be declined, and in October, 1752, we find him established in that hospitable mansion.

What a situation for a young poet—placed as it were in the centre of the poetical world of Germany, daily mingling in familiar intercourse with Breitinger, Hirzel, Meister, Gessner, Füssli, Hess, Kleist, and others of Bodmer's circle, and imbibing knowledge or correcting error from these symposia round this hospitable hearth, which seemed to recal to mind the attic entertainments of Plato! Bodmer's attachment to the young poet exceeded even that which he had felt for Klopstock, who had preceded Wieland in his residence. The truth was, he had been a little disappointed in Klopstock. The perusal of the Messias had led him to form an idea that the author must be a kind of disembodied spirit, a pure essence, whose ethereal frame and spiritual habits were suited to the ideal he had formed of him. But to his woful disappointment he had found, that the young seraph was in his outward habits and corporeal part very much like other men. Wieland, on the contrary, from whom he expected less, surpassed his expectations. He was nine years younger than Klopstock,—a great difference at that enthusiastic period of life,—while his yielding temper induced him more easily to adopt the sentiments and echo the opinions of the literary patriarch, to whose really extensive reading he at first looked up with admiration, and whose kindness he always acknowledged with the deepest gratitude. To these feelings we are to attribute the strong influence which the opinions of his patron exerted on Wieland, which induced him about this time to publish an essay

on the beauties of Bodmer's Scriptural poem of Noah, and to superintend the new edition of his friend's controversial writings against the school of Gottsched. Wieland was incapable of mean flattery. The praise he bestowed upon these works, though exaggerated, was sincere; the offspring of that almost reverential attachment he felt for one, who, besides his services to himself, was entitled to an honourable rank in the literary annals of his country as the translator of Milton, and the author of a poem, which Sulzer and the critical Aristarchs of the time had placed side by side with the Messias itself. With Bodmer he now read, wrote, and walked; imbibing his poetical views, regarding himself as the child of his instruction, adopting the rigour of his principles, and losing himself in the cloudy reveries of religious mysticism. To this ascetic temper was added a strong tendency to the visionary, arising from the study of Plato, whose works were constantly in his hands, and which produces in Wieland's works of this date a singular blending of stoical severity of principle, with a dangerous infusion of imagination. Such is the general character of that crowd of writings which he poured forth about this period; the *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (1753), of which the idea seems borrowed from Elizabeth Rowe's Friendship in Death; the *Trial of Abraham;* the *Hymns* and *Psalms;* the *Platonic Contemplations on Mankind; Timoclea;* the *Sympathies;* the *Vision of Mirza,* and the *Prospect of a World of Innocence,* which appeared during the years 1754 and 1755. In 1756 the seven years war broke out in Germany. In the fate of this war, and particularly in the fortunes of Frederick the Great, Wieland took a deep interest. The events of the war recalled to his recollection the narrative of his favourite Xenophon; in its hero he seemed to retrace the outlines of *Cyrus,* and at last he resolved on an epic poem under that title, of which the machinery was to be derived from the system of Manicheism, and in which the ideal of a hero uniting with his military talents every virtue essential to the man, the monarch, and the legislator, should be developed. We are tempted to smile at the idea of finding such a compendium of moral perfection in Frederick, or conceiving that any hints for the poetical creation of a Cyrus were to be derived from the contemplation of his character. Five cantos only of the poem were finished, and the reception of these by the public was by no means so encouraging as to induce the poet to proceed. The hero in fact is "too moral by half," one of those immaculate beings with whom we can have no sympathy; while the moral aphorisms, with which the work is interspersed, are so frequent and so obtrusive, that the narrative interest is impaired or lost in the didactic. On

the whole, the work is dull, and perhaps it has lost nothing by being left as a fragment. A tragedy on the subject of Lady Jane Gray followed, which, not to speak of it profanely, is pilfered from that of Rowe, and a drama, entitled *Clementina von Porretta*, from Sir Charles Grandison, neither of which were successful. Both in truth were deserving of that caustic ridicule which Lessing knew so well how to use, and which he has most unsparingly applied to them in his Literatur-Briefe.* One other work, the *Araspes and Panthea*, from the beautiful episode in the Cyropædia, at one time intended to be interwoven with his Cyrus, but afterwards published in a separate form, completes this first cyclus of Wieland's works, and is remarkable both as being the first dramatized romance in German literature, and as faintly indicating the rise of some of those ideas which were afterwards to be more fully developed in Agathon.

When we look back from this point, upon the character and literary career of Wieland, we find much to admire, much to condemn, and much to fear. Already at the age of 26, he had appeared in the character of a didactic, epic, romantic, and moral poet, and evinced his extensive and accurate acquaintance with classical literature and philosophy. It is true that these earlier performances, in a merely literary point of view, will bear no comparison with the efforts of his maturer powers. Through mist and vapour we catch glimpses of a grand outline of philosophy, but based on no sure foundation of religion, cemented by no band of practical sagacity, and ever and anon shrouded again in clouds and thick darkness. Still the shadows of excellence that float before us, vague and dim as they are, are sufficient faintly to reveal the form of that exalted beauty which the poet's imagination is struggling to embody and to realize. But as we accompany him in his career from Tubingen to Switzerland, we perceive the gradual growth of opinions equally unfavourable to steadiness of conduct, to moral and intellectual improvement. Even at the date of quitting Tubingen, his moral creed, though elevated, was not extravagant or impracticable. Though fully impressed with the conviction of the loftiness of those ends for which life has been given to us, he had not then learned to look with an ascetic eye upon its pleasures. Socrates and Horace still divided in his mind the empire of Plato; and his philosophy, though drawn from an elevated source, was made to apply itself to the earthly wants and inevitable weaknesses of man. If a tendency to a visionary spirit appeared to be gaining ground, when he first involved himself in metaphysical specula-

* Lit. Br. pp. 63, 64.

tions on the nature of things, and plunged "extra flammantia moenia mundi" in this modern Theodicea, that tendency was apparently on the decline, when his attention was directed to the world as it is, in the Moral Letters. But with his residence in Switzerland the inclination returns, and under the influence of Bodmer, the mists that seemed to be clearing up, settle down upon his mind more dense and impenetrable than before. Daily we perceive the progress of a mystical devotion; a sectarian spirit, which not content with the quiet pursuit of virtue in the way most suited to its views, thinks all are wandering in darkness who are not pursuing the same track; and identifying religious improvement with gloom and self-denial, smiles with a stern contempt on every system which admits the harmony of pleasure and virtue. Daily his religion becomes more a matter of impulse, and less of reason, his maxims of life more impracticable and dangerous. Gradually the Graces are excluded from his paradise. He stills the mirth and music of the banquet, and snatches the cup from the hand, and the wreath from the brow of the reveller. He pities Petrarch, because he speaks of his Laura with a devotion which no mortal beauty should inspire; and Pindar, that his genius should have been wasted in giving beauty to the creations of ancient mythology. He assails Gleim as a German Anacreon, Uz as a devotee of Bacchus and Venus, and maintains that that man is insensible or indifferent to religion who should hesitate for a moment to prefer the most wretched of spiritual songs, to the most inspired of the Lyrische Gedichte.* An evil omen for his future consistency of conduct, this premature and over-strained mortification, this harsh condemnation of what was in itself so innocent and laudable! Such extravagances may proceed, as we believe they did in Wieland's case, from temporary conviction; but they indicate a profound ignorance of human life, an over-heated imagination, an over-weening vanity, and they prepare us for some of those sudden revulsions of thought, by which the poles of opinion are reversed, and the enthusiastic theosophist is converted into the sceptic and scoffer. Such a change was already at work within the mind of Wieland. Placed under new circumstances, mingling with new associates, conversant with new studies, other sentiments and other ideas of human nature, other views as to the objects of poetry and art, more palpable and less ennobling, were about to replace these empyreal reveries. The curtain now closes for ever on the PLATONIST; it is about to rise on the EPICUREAN.

Some space however, it may be supposed, elapses between the

* Sympathien, passim.

acts. Wieland had quitted Bodmer's house in 1754 to superintend the education of two families in Zurich, where he remained about four years. After a residence of other two years in Berne, he returned to Biberach in 1760; and in 1762 appeared *Nadine*, "a tale in Prior's manner." It was followed by the *Don Sylvio de Rosalva* (1764), the *Agathon* (1766), *Idris and Zenide*, and *Musarion* (1768), the *New Amadis*, and that long range of poems and tales, all breathing the same spirit, and tinged with the hues of the same philosophy, which appearing in rapid succession, astonished all Germany.

How strange is the contrast which they present to their predecessors! How startling the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober! Where was now the poet who had "amphored the spirit of Plato," and for whom even *his* philosophy appeared too material and accommodating, unless united with the practical austerity of Zeno? Who could recognise the assailant of Uz and Gleim in this trim disciple of the Garden, whose aim at first sight seems to be to inculcate a principle of universal mediocrity, and to patch up a miserable alliance between the senses and the soul? By what steps or with what struggles had such a change been accomplished?—what was its precise extent and limit?—how far was it to be defended or condemned?

These are difficult questions to answer, and, unfortunately, too little is still known of the progress of Wieland's mind during the interval which elapsed between his leaving Bodmer's, and the appearance of this new series of his works, to enable us satisfactorily to account for the change. But considerable light is thrown upon the history of his mind by considering the train of circumstances under the operation of which he was then placed.

Wieland had been unwillingly recalled from Berne in 1760, by an appointment in the Council of his native town. In Berne, mingling with general society and freed from the influence of Bodmer, he already began to be more tolerant of what he still considered as dangerous errors. In 1758 he writes to Zimmermann,*—"I am not quite so much of a Platonist as you think me; I begin to be a little more familiar with the inhabitants of this lower world..... My morality is not that of the Capuchins. I no longer confound wisdom with austerity, nor admire those authors who paint the virtues which they recommend to us as so ugly and disgusting. I think with you that the wise man cultivates all his senses, internal and external; exercises all his faculties, and enjoys all nature."

On his return to Biberach, the duties of his new office, though

* Gessner, Sammlung. i. 259.

irksome and dry, were favourable to the increase of his knowledge of mankind, while the translation of Shakspeare, which now engaged his attention, tended still further to render his literary tastes more comprehensive and tolerant. But, perhaps, the first strong shock which his former opinions received was on the side of affection. He had left his mistress in 1750, with feelings, the vivacity of which seemed to have increased with absence. He found her, on his return to Biberach in 1760, a wife and a mother. Of the circumstances which had led to this step, Wieland's biographer gives no very satisfactory explanation, nor shall we trouble our readers with the discussion. The fault, we are sorry to say, appears to have been on the side of the lady. Her husband, La Roche, had been attached to the person of Count Stadion, the Minister of the Elector of Mentz. This venerable nobleman, now 72 years of age, had settled at Warthausen, a village in the neighbourhood of Biberach. Circumstances again threw Wieland into the society of La Roche and his wife, and they met as friends who had parted as lovers. Of the particulars of their first meeting, we know nothing. Years afterwards, Wieland could afford to make it the subject of one of his ironical pictures; but at the time he probably felt it to be no matter for mirth. How many occurrences are there in life at which we can bear to smile fourteen years afterwards, the seriousness of which we have at the time attested by our tears! Wieland's real sentiments are more likely to be traced in the pathetic allusions to the subject which he has introduced into his Psyche.* In fact, the comparison of the present with the past, the conviction that the being whom he had associated with all his future prospects must now be disjoined from them, sunk deeply into his sensitive mind, and seemed for ever to have withered his enthusiasm. Anticipating the reflections and almost the words of Wallenstein, after the early death of Piccolomini, he paints with pathetic beauty, in one of his letters to Zimmermann, written some years afterwards,† the charms of this early illusion, "for which no joys, no honours, no gifts of fortune, not even wisdom itself, can afford an equivalent, and which, when it has once vanished, returns no more."

Thus the warmth of his feelings received a sudden check, by which the equilibrium of his mind was destroyed. For the whole fabric of his moral and philosophical creed hung so completely on his feelings, that it was jarred and shattered by the same stroke by which they were assailed. An opening was at once made for the reception of new views. In Wieland the imitative principle

* "O! Wonnetage, gleich den Stunden
In ihren Anschaun zugebracht," &c. &c.—Gess. Samm. ii. 247.

† Jan. 7th, 1765.

was peculiarly strong; and as in Switzerland he had imbibed the doctrines and yielded to the despotism of Bodmer, so his mind now gradually submitted itself to the influence of those new impressions which were forced upon him by his visits at Warthausen, where he had been introduced by La Roche, and where he had soon become a frequent and a welcome guest. The amiable manners of the count and countess, the spirit of order, good taste and cheerful hilarity that pervaded their house, the conversation of those visitors whom they assembled around them, the free circulation and discussion of all the opinions of the day, strongly, but insensibly, operated upon his mind. He felt that though those with whom he associated differed with him in his theoretical views, and were contented to walk in a lower path than that which he would at one time have prescribed, he could neither refuse them his respect nor his attachment. To complete the change thus begun, the library of the Count contained almost every modern work on the subject of philosophy and metaphysics, the representatives of that general fermentation of opinion which then prevailed, and these soon attracted the curiosity, and became the constant study of Wieland. The writings of Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, Voltaire, Hume, Helvetius, Montesquieu, and others, gave the final blow to those doctrines which other circumstances had already shaken. Some disputes too, which at the same time took place in Biberach as to the appointment of a clergyman, in which Wieland thought he detected obvious traces of hypocrisy and unfair dealing among the churchmen of his native town, combining with his other impressions, inspired him with a suspicion of imposture in all high pretensions to piety, till, like Orgon after his detection of Tartuffe, he was led to draw the rash consequence that all such pretensions were assumed. If then his former ideas of the native nobleness of the human mind and its capacities had been exaggerated,—if, as he now began to believe, the philosophy of sensation lay at the bottom of all thought and all happiness,—had he not erred most widely in thus playing the anchoret, imposing upon himself a self-denial which the wise and the good did not find it necessary to practise, and banishing from life its natural and legitimate enjoyments?—

> "Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

To state with accuracy the precise opinions now entertained by Wieland is, perhaps, even more difficult than to account for the change which had taken place in his mind: for his letters are frequently inconsistent with the inferences deducible from his

works, and the conclusions to which we should be led from the perusal of one work from those suggested by another. The fullest picture of his mind is, perhaps, to be found in *Agathon*, but there are even there many *lacunæ* to be filled up, and many things which it is very difficult to reconcile with the opinions he has elsewhere maintained. We speak at present of the Agathon as first published. The important alterations introduced at a later period, in the third edition, were the result of another modification of the author's views.

Softly nurtured in religious purity among the still groves and sacred temples of Delphi, Agathon, like the Ion of Euripides, has imbibed, more from feeling than reason, the philosophy of Plato, and the sublime speculations of the Orphic theology. In the contemplation of the essence of goodness, the beautiful, the immortal and the infinite; in the belief that virtue consists in a perpetual warfare with the world and its temptations, his days have passed over his head in peace and innocence. But thrown suddenly on the world, his innocence, exposed at once to the practical assaults of a Danaë, and the theoretical influence of the Helvetian philosophy of Hippias, gives way in the contest, and the enthusiast of Delphi sinks by degrees into the contented voluptuary of Athens. At last he breaks loose from the trammels of pleasure, is engaged in active life at Athens, and at the court of Dionysius of Syracuse, and after many vicissitudes of pleasure and pain, finally endeavours to collect from his experience, those practical maxims of goodness, and that theory of virtue, which appear to him best calculated to reconcile his first belief of the native nobleness of human nature with his fatal experience of its weakness and debasement.

And what are the conclusions at which Agathon-Wieland arrives in his inquiry "quid virtus et quid sapientia possit?"* That he ever adopted to its full extent the theory of Sensation with all its brutal consequences we cannot believe, though there are expressions in his letters which leave even this point in doubt.† But that he did so to a certain extent is evident, both from his candid admission in the preface, that his reason for not attempting fully to refute the sophisms of Hippias, and even allowing him at times the best of the argument, was, that, in truth, the sceptic was not always in the wrong; and from the impression which the general tone of the romance is calculated to leave upon the mind. This at least is plain, that much is taken from us, if little is reared in its room. That the idea of a positive revelation of moral law

* The motto to the first edition of 1766.

† "Je pense" says he in one of his letters, "sur la morale speculative comme Helvetius."

as the source of virtue is rejected by Wieland, as the Orphic dogmas are by Agathon: that all philosophy which has for its basis the innate nobleness of man's nature or his capacity of exalted virtue is exposed to ridicule; that mind, if not shorn of its immortality (a point upon which little can be gathered in this work) is at least deprived of one of its noblest qualities, the capability of infinite improvement; that the only idea of virtue deducible from the whole history is that of a comprehensive and well-understood principle of utility; that enthusiasm in religion is in general but a synonym for hypocrisy,—in love and friendship but a fantastic and illusive principle unsuited to our nature, and undesirable even if it were attainable, as being inconsistent with that moral and physical equilibrium, in which resides the essence of pleasure, and leading to those excesses in feeling and extravagances in practice, which are the necessary parents of evil and of pain.

But it is against enthusiasm in the affections of the heart that the shafts of Wieland's satire are particularly directed. Idolater as he had once been, he was now as devoted an Iconoclast. To perceive the persevering ridicule with which these feelings are assailed, we must look beyond the Agathon. The state of female society in Greece, at least that portion of it with which the hero is necessarily most conversant, could not probably have been painted in other colours. But in the *Idris*, the *New Amadis*, and others of that class, we perceive more fully his scepticism, or rather disbelief in constancy, or chastity. Virtue "in man or woman, but still more in man;" steadiness or consistency of attachment, are made the subject of perpetual pleasantries, which would be dangerous, if by the frequency of their introduction they did not become tedious. It is in vain to say that the sarcasm is aimed only against those Platonic attachments which since the days of the great founder of the system have formed a subject of ridicule for the satirist. Such may by possibility have been Wieland's intention, but certain it is that his shafts, whether aimed against Platonism or not, often strike as forcibly against those virtuous affections in which the heart, the imagination and the senses are united. The moral effect of a piece consists, not so much in the general plan, as in the sentiments which it insinuates, and the impressions which it leaves; tried by this test, it is impossible to deny that the impression conveyed by these poems of Wieland would be, that self-denial or constancy is but a name, and chastity a dream.

A chill and heartless philosophy is this, though embellished by a pallid moonlight of imagination, and sparkling over with the graces of attic elegance! How rashly has Wieland hurried from

one extreme to another, resigning important realities while he believed he was parting only with illusions, and denying the existence of sincere and exalted feeling in other hearts, because the sentiment seemed to have withered and died in his own! How unworthy of his great intellect, even as a mere matter of human prudence, is a system so limited in its application to the vicissitudes of existence! For were we even to resign the doctrine of a positive revelation as the basis of morals, would not the Deist and the Christian equally concur in rejecting this theory of self-interest, and this calculation in practice? We have no intention of reviving a philosophical dispute, which is in truth the embodying of two antagonist principles in our nature, the moral and the material, and which in one shape or other has divided the philosophical world from Epicurus and Zeno, to Helvetius and Kant. Thus much, however, we think might have been evident even to the poet, that if the foundation of morals is to be sought for upon principles of mere natural religion, it must at least be such as to afford a safe rule of conduct under all circumstances of life, and that in this respect the theory of self-interest taken even in its most comprehensive sense (as inculcating the acquisition of those dispositions which produce habitual pleasure, not immediate gratification) is defective. In periods of tranquillity, while life glides gently downward, broken by no tumultuous crisis; in the every-day intercourse of society where mutual forbearance or slight sacrifices are all that are required of us; in the calm of academic groves, or by the quiet murmur of an Horatian Tibur, this modified Epicureanism of Wieland may be a sufficient guide. Our duty and our interest will coincide, for the habitual pleasure derived from the fulfilment of our duty will palpably overbalance the slight and momentary pain attending upon its performance. But darker cases of casuistry, more nicely balanced problems in the calculations of life, must occasionally occur, and there is a point where the best understood self-interest, instead of counselling us to virtue, may prompt us to evil. How blind and unsteady a guide must this principle prove in those periods of convulsion, when men have much to sacrifice and much to suffer,—when exile or imprisonment, the stake, the rack, or the scaffold, are the alternatives to be avoided by the compromise of virtue! Then it is that we turn in sadness from these prudential maxims, for there is no help in them, and feel the necessity of admitting a more immediate, ennobling and independent principle of action,—a moral law written on the tablet of the soul itself, unaffected by external circumstances, and like it immutable and imperishable. True it is, that the enthusiasm which is the result of this feeling may be perverted into a source of error. What power is there

so fruitful of good which may not be abused to purposes of evil? Superstition and persecution may have been caused by its excess; hypocrisy may have assumed its disguise to render men tributary to its own interested purposes: crime and bloodshed may have flowed from its perversion. "These thoughts may startle well—but not astound." A wider examination teaches us how much more dangerous are those plebeian doctrines which seek to deprive us entirely of this exalted sentiment, which studiously inculcate the idea of our moral worthlessness, and foster our natural inclination to selfishness. For even when understood in their most refined and philosophic sense, they are at best but fitful and wavering lamps, sufficient, it may be, to illuminate the common chambers and more familiar passages in the House of Life, but forsaking its bewildered tenant in the more untrodden avenues of that mysterious building, where the path becomes less obvious, and light more necessary; while to the ignorant multitude, incapable of understanding them in their true meaning, they are deceitful *ignes fatui*, leading but too surely to the downward slope of selfishness and sensual debasement. In literature, therefore, as in life, those men seem peculiarly deserving of our gratitude, who, undismayed by so much that is calculated occasionally to sadden and depress that belief, still retain their trust in human nature, its capacity of high feeling, and its obligation so to exercise its capacities; and we should treat them as the Romans did the defeated Varro after the battle of Cannæ, when they greeted his return, and thanked him, because even in that hour of peril and consternation he had not despaired of the republic.

But if the principles which Wieland has bent the force of his great mind to inculcate are of a dangerous tendency, it is still more difficult to frame any satisfactory apology for the frequency of those voluptuous pictures, and licentious descriptions and allusions, in which they are embodied. It is true that, from the very nature of Wieland's plan in such philosophical romances as the Agathon, the temptations to which the hero in the course of his moral apprenticeship must be exposed, necessitate their introduction; but supposing that this applied to the poetical *capricci* of Wieland, as well as to his prose Tales, it would only give rise to the long agitated, but we think no longer doubtful question, how far the choice of subjects, which render such descriptions unavoidable, can be vindicated upon any just principles of taste. Our readers, however, must keep in view that they manage these matters somewhat differently in Germany. To the Germans, whose æsthetic creed is much more tolerant than our own, and who hold that the field of art is scarcely more limited than that of nature itself, Wieland's apology for their introduction, in his

Conversations with a Parish Priest, may be very satisfactory. To ourselves his reasoning will, in all probability, appear sophistical enough. To us, in fact, it seems that the circumstance, on which Schiller principally founds his objection to these poems of Wieland,* affords almost the only palliation that can be pleaded for them;—namely, that all these gay and voluptuous descriptions flow from the understanding, not the feelings of the author. To the moral purity of Wieland's life all his cotemporaries bear honourable testimony; it was, in fact, like that of Epicurus himself, a continued practical contrast to the spirit of his philosophy and his poetry. His were enjoyments in which the virtuous feelings went hand-in-hand with the senses,—"a mirth that, after, no repenting draws." In one of his letters to Gessner (Nov. 7, 1763) he says, with truth and beauty, "the *sentiments* of a man, when he has any, do not change, though his *opinions* may alter. I love not virtue less because my metaphysical system is changed, nor favour the excesses of vice because I do not rail against them in the tone of a preacher." His pictures of vicious indulgence, therefore, were not drawn from his own experience, but from that of others. Voltaire, Crebillon the younger, Count Hamilton, Boccaccio, and La Fontaine, supplied the materials, which Wieland interwove with a philosophical coldness into the tissue of his Tales. Conscious as he was that the contemplation of such ideas had hitherto produced no practical injury to himself, he rashly supposed that they would be as harmless to others, little aware, that as the mass of men would be incapable of perceiving anything in his philosophy but selfishness and materialism, they would be disposed to look upon his poetry only as ministering nourishment to the passions, and investing with a veil of elegance the deformity of vice.

When we look, however, in a mere literary point of view, at the long file of romances and poems, which, amidst the irksome duties of his public office, Wieland poured out during his residence at Biberach, we cannot refuse our admiration to the depth of information, and variety of talent, which they display. Equally at home in the field of ancient mythology, the academic groves of Athens, the land of fairy, or the region of chivalry and romance, learning, humour, feeling, and fancy, succeed each other, with an ever-changing and delightful rapidity. No one seems to have penetrated more deeply into the spirit of ancient philosophy, to have depicted more clearly the shades of distinction between different sects, to have clothed these more perspicuously in the conversational style of *modern* times, or to have caught more

* Schiller, Naiv. und Sentimental. Dichtung.

completely the tone of simple and reposing elegance which we meet with in Xenophon or Plato. The familiarity which he displays with Greek philosophy in his Agathon, and perhaps still more in his Aristippus, seems more like that of an antique Roman recalling to his recollection what he had himself witnessed during his youthful studies in the school of Athens, than that of a modern, painfully erecting anew the fallen fabric of philosophy and morals, out of the scattered fragments strewed about upon the surface of literature. Infinite art, too, is shown in the examination of the psychological phenomena of Agathon's character, in the arrangement of the successive impulses to which he is subjected, and the development of the impressions which they produce. The pictures of Agathon's early residence in Delphi, and his love for Psyche; the busy scenes in Athens, and at the court of Dionysius, the return to Danaë, the argument between Hippias and Agathon;—these are passages which display new beauties the oftener they are perused.

The same idea upon which the Agathon turns, namely, the gradual triumph of nature and experience over visionary enthusiasm, is the moving principle of Don Sylvio de Rosalva. In one shape or other, in fact, it is repeated in almost all Wieland's romances. The Orphic Creed of Agathon gives way before the Epicurism of Hippias; the Venus Urania of Peregrinus Proteus is condensed into the grosser form of Mamilia Quintilla; and Don Sylvio, the Quixote of fairyism, to whom every frog appears a princess in disguise, and every country mansion a fairy palace, whose golden walls are lit by starry cressets fed with naphtha and asphaltus, is content at last to exchange the ideal beauties of his fairy princess, for the mortal charms of Donna Fenicea. Whether it was the object of his model Cervantes merely to turn into ridicule the romances of the time, or to illustrate the contrast, at once ludicrous and painful, between an over-heated imagination, occupied with its own day-dreams, and applying them with a persevering absurdity to the existing state of society, it is evident that it was in this latter, and more impressive point of view, that Cervantes has been imitated by Wieland. His purpose is plainly very different from that of Count Hamilton, whose Tales were written with the view of ridiculing those everlasting *Contes de Fées*, with which the Parisian press was at that time inundating Europe. The work however does not, in our opinion, possess any very peculiar degree of merit. It is lively and amusing enough, but there is no great ingenuity or invention in the incidents; the characters are not very strongly marked, nor is the change, by which Don Sylvio is recalled from Fairy-land to reality, very probably or artfully conducted. What strikes the reader most is the bound-

less acquaintance which Wieland displays with the Fairy Tales, both of Europe and the East, from the Thousand-and-one Nights and the Pentamerone, to the latest productions of Perrault, La Force, and D'Aulnoy.

The poetical works of this period seem to divide themselves into two classes, the one including the didactic tales, such as *Musarion*, the *Graces*, &c., and the other the more humorous effusions, such as *Nadine*, the *Idris*, and the *New Amadis*. The *Comic Tales*, founded on the Greek mythology, perhaps do not exactly fall under either of these classes, but are more allied to the second. In the first class of works, which are devoted to the poetical exposition and illustration of his philosophy of the graces, the scene is placed in Greece, and an air of naïveté, an apparent unconsciousness of the comic effect of the situations produced, is the distinguishing characteristic. The poet endeavours, by a gallery of ingenious situations, to expose the weak points of more ambitious systems, and to prove his favourite position, that "he that is born to be a man, neither should nor can be any thing nobler, greater and better, than a man; and that he only is happy who is content to be neither *more* nor *less*."* This idea is developed with much art, and exquisite playfulness and grace of versification in the *Musarion*, which may be taken as the representative of the class. Phanias, an Athenian spendthrift, who, after the loss of his patrimony, has retired to a small farm on the sea-shore, is endeavouring to persuade himself that he has truly learned to despise the pleasures of which he is no longer able to partake, and adopted from conviction the stoical sentiments of Zeno. Plato and Diogenes have also furnished the representatives of their doctrines in Theophron and Cleanthes, two philosophers who are his guests in this marine retreat. Musarion, a beautiful and accomplished Hetaira, who had been the subject of his unsuccessful pursuit, during those days when, like another Timon, he had revelled in wealth, and been surrounded with parasites, suddenly arrives, like the mistress of Frederigo Alberighi, at his humble cottage, and interrupts these noisy philosophical discussions. Phanias, with all the ardour of a new convert to stoicism, flees from her presence, but the persevering Musarion succeeds at last in quartering herself under his roof. Night arrives, and, on a signal from Musarion, a light and elegant repast, "of Attic choice, with wine," is served up. At the banquet Musarion maintains the Epicurean doctrines against the Stoic, the Platonist, and the Cynic, with graceful urbanity. In a short time the Cynic is carried off dead-drunk to the stable; the Pla-

* Peregrinus Proteus, vol. i.

tonist is overcome by a sensual passion for Musarion's female slave; and Phanias, won over by the charms and the eloquence of the fair philosopher, resigns his stoicism, falls in love anew, and consents that the generous Musarion shall remain, to embellish his retreat by her society and her fortune. Nothing can exceed the polish and point of the versification, which is laboured into the most perfect facility, or the grace, ease, and nature, with which the incidents are made to bear out the didactic views of the author.

The scene of the other class of poems is placed in the regions of Fairy-land or Romance. They seem intended to exhibit the contrast between the world as it is, with all its fantastic perversions of sentiment, manners, and opinion, and that state of primitive and natural simplicity to which the mind of Wieland reverts as to a golden age which has passed away. Over all of these there breathes that peculiar air of irony, which forms the most original feature in Wieland's poetry, and which appeared to him the true weapon by which such absurd excesses were to be combated;—a gentle, polished, playful, and continuous satire, differing alike from the grinning malice of Voltaire, the coarseness of Swift, the grotesque extravagance of Rabelais, and the fantastic quips and cranks of Sterne and Richter. It resembles rather the manner of Count Hamilton, but with more of purpose, and less of frivolity. It is like the sportive laugh of a young faun surprising some sleeping nymph in Arcadia, harmless apparently, "yet having in it something dangerous." It produces its effect, not by the force of its touch, but by the frequency of its repetition, and reminds us of those endearing diminutives in which Rabelais describes the process by which a man sets about cutting his friend's throat: "Il tira, de sa pochette, une jolie, petite coutelette, avec laquelle il se mit à me couper la gorge tout doucement." That Wieland handles his lancet also with unrivalled skill and dexterity is undeniable; it is only to be regretted, that while the world teems with so many ridiculous and dangerous errors, which are legitimate objects of raillery, he should have so often extended his ridicule to those nobler feelings, which, to use the words of his own Peregrinus, "dignify mankind, and make the human species superior to itself," and which should therefore be sacred from the irony of the satirist.

The finest of these tales is, undoubtedly, the *Idris and Zenide*, a fairy tale, left, like that of Cambuscan, half-told. Idris, the hero, has fallen in love with Zenide, the beautiful Queen of Gennistan, the sovereign of four races of genii. But the honour of her hand is reserved for the spotless and persevering mortal, who shall resist the charms of the fairest females of each of these four classes of

elemental spirits. The poem, as it is now left, terminates with the success of the knight in his encounter with the temptations of the two first, the Water Nymph, and her Sister of Fire. Had it been completed, his trials from the other tempters, the Sylph and the Gnome, would have occupied the remaining five books, but Wieland probably found it somewhat difficult to vary incidents, which had already been pretty well exhausted in the Four Facardins, and left the work unfinished. It is evident, however, from that part of the poem which is completed, that Idris is intended as the representative of Platonic love, as Itifal is of that of the senses; while the amiable Zerbin, the possessor of Aladdin's lamp, is the "lover of the heart," and the practical expositor of that philosophy in which Wieland thought he had assigned their due weight to the conflicting claims of the body and the mind. In the loveliness and beauty of the descriptions, in the Italian cheerfulness which spreads a sunshine over the whole, the poem is almost without a rival, while an inexpressibly comic effect is produced by observing how, amidst all the supernatural events by which they are surrounded, the representatives of these contrasted opinions follow out in practice their philosophical theories. It is to be regretted, however, that as Wieland took Ariosto as his model, he did not also imitate him in the *simplicity* of his style. The occasional petulance and frivolity, the French mannerism and affectation which mingle in that of Wieland, often destroy entirely the effect of his descriptions. His own natural taste, he tells us, was for the simple and natural, and, judging by analogy from the habits of his life, we should be inclined to believe him. But it is not exactly enough for an author to imitate a vicious style in his writings, and to content himself with blaming in private the bad taste of the public. Wieland reminds us of Naaman the Syrian, who continues to bow down beside his master in the temple of Rimmon, and satisfies his conscience with the thought, that he kneels at home on the hallowed soil of Samaria.

The *New Amadis* is another chronicle of Fairy-land, of which the humour principally consists in this, that while we are apparently wandering among paladins and princesses, sorcerers and spells, we are, in truth, threading the mazes of modern French gallantry, all the shades and peculiarities of which, as arising from natural temperament or artificial feeling, Wieland has analyzed and discriminated with great art in the characters of the daughters of Schach Bambo and their lovers. It is an odd jumble, produced, as Wieland himself says, from the heterogeneous elements of Tristram Shandy and the Faery Queen. The costume of Louis XIV. peeps out beneath these knightly panoplies, these antique veils and kirtles; and the pupils of the Hotel de Rambouillet

stand confessed in the prudish Schatulliose, the haughty Leoparda, the cold affected Blaffardina, the capricious Colifichetta, the whining Blomurant, the weathercock Parasol, and the platonic Caramel. The work reads like a grotesque commentary on the artificial system of manners which Scudery and Calprenede had transplanted from Paris into the region of classical romance. Wieland tears aside the veil of affected reserve, to display the prosaic side of that factitious refinement and Platonic delicacy of sentiment which were the humour of the times; and, certainly, his *Carte du pays du tendre* forms a very odd pendant to that of Scudery. Neither the general character of the poem, however, nor individual scenes are so objectionable as the Idris. Wieland seems rather anxious, on the whole, to vindicate the superiority of mental over personal attractions, developing, with much acuteness, in the love of Amadis for Olinda, the progress of a passion where the object is destitute of all corporal beauty, but richly endowed with the qualities of the mind; a theme which he again repeated in his old age, in his little romance of Krates and Hipparchia, merely changing the parts. The poem, however, is undoubtedly much too long. Eighteen cantos ought never to have been wasted on the description of manners so fantastic and absurd, or characters so generally destitute of any attractive quality.

It was amidst the daily labours of his office in the Chancery of Biberach from 1760 to 1769, that this varied series of works had been produced. The society of Biberach itself, which, in one of his letters to Gessner, he denominates his Kamschatka, it may easily be imagined, afforded little amusement to Wieland, and drove him almost necessarily to composition as his only relief from the duties of his office.

"I confess to you," says he, in writing to Gessner, (29th August, 1766,) "I sometimes wonder at my own whimsical destiny, that delighting, as I do, in the social and friendly intercourse of life, I should be thus hopelessly sequestered from all intercourse with society. But the society in which I sometimes play at ombre here is about as well suited for me as that of the beasts in Paradise was for Milton's Adam. What a happiness could we live together in the same place! But let me think no more about it."—"You will wonder, perhaps, how amidst my official duties I find time for such troublesome pastimes as this Idris, of which I send you the three first cantos. It is easily accounted for, however. I see little company, and trouble myself as little about the affairs of this little, paltry, unimprovable corporation of Biberach, as I do about that of San Marino. At home I am quiet and happy, with little to distract me; so I have leisure enough, and I devote it to the muses."

Wieland's home was indeed a happy and contented one. Like Milton's Adam, to whom he alludes above, he had provided him-

self with a helpmate in 1765, an amiable woman, the daughter of a merchant of Augsburg. Nothing affords a more favourable picture of the lady, or of Wieland's own mind, than his letters on the subject to Zimmermann, Riedel, and Gessner.* In this union, Wieland himself says, he experienced for the first time true and lasting happiness. Of his wife he constantly speaks in the most endearing terms. She is described as mild, affectionate, domestic and unassuming,—though she was neither a beauty nor a bel-esprit, and had never even read a page of her husband's works.† Nine years of Wieland's life thus rolled peaceably by at Biberach, while his name was already celebrated in every corner of Germany.

"Matters," says he, "move on not so unpleasantly. I have generally my afternoons at my own disposal, and my business moves lightly through my hands; for without trumpeting forth my own praises, I must say I am one of the most expeditious people in Swabia. I want nothing now but a little Tusculum, and till I succeed to a fortune, of which I see little probability for twenty years to come, I fear there is no great chance of my obtaining one. In the mean time I supply the want of it by a summer-house, which I have hired in a lonely and retired spot, though in the vicinity of the city, where I have the most delightful prospect in the world, and where, though quite close to the town, I am yet completely in the country. Here I spend my leisure hours in summer, with the muses, fauns, and grass-nymphs which float at times before my fancy, fair as those which break in upon the meditations of holy hermits in the wilderness. I see the boys bathing in the stream, (not the nymphs); I breathe the balmy and refreshing odour of the hay, I see the corn cut and the flax preparing; on the one side the distant church, where lie the bones of my forefathers, admonishes me to live as long and as well as I can; on the other, a gallows, peeping through the trees, suggests the wish that half a dozen impudent rascals of my acquaintance whom I see strutting about *tête levée* were suspended from it. I look upon mills, villages, and solitary farm-yards; a fertile valley ending in a village, rising above the trees, and crowned with its pretty snow-white church steeple, and over these a range of blue and distant hills, from the sides of which the old castle of Horn, lately rebuilt by its present possessors, gleams out in the evening sun. I gaze upon this prospect, forget every thing that could be unpleasant to me, and seating myself at my little table, I scribble rhymes."

From this peaceful seclusion he was now called forth by the offer of the Chair of Philosophy in Erfurt, which, with some reluctance, founded on his anticipations as to the characters of some of his future associates in that university, he accepted. His penurious old acquaintance and early instructor, Baumer, had quitted Erfurt some time before, and many of his colleagues were

* Wieland's Samm. vol. i. pp. 24, 27, 29, 192. Gess. Samm. ii. 268, 273.
† Wiel. Samm. i. 192.

persons from whose intercourse he expected little pleasure or instruction. Some companions, however, he found, with whom he had many points in common:—Riedel, the author of an able theory of the Belles Lettres, who had been long his correspondent; Hexel, an absolute misogynist, yet the translator of the Love Letters of Antiquity; Bahrdt, the well-known Socinian commentator on the New Testament; and Meusel, a man equally conversant with history, poetry, and the fine arts. The duties of his professorial chair naturally directed the attention of Wieland more immediately to philosophy, and a variety of writings on subjects of a political or philosophical bearing were the result of his three years' residence in Erfurt. The services of Wieland to the cause of philosophy are greater than might at first sight be supposed. He had framed no complete system of politics or ethics; but he has thrown much light on many problems in morals and legislation, and combated sometimes by reasoning, sometimes with the weapons of ridicule, or under the mask of allegory, many of those dangerous paradoxes to which the eloquence of Rousseau was then endeavouring to give plausibility, with regard to the origin of society and government, the advantages of a state of nature, and the danger of knowledge and refinement. Of the latter class are his little romance of Koxcox and Kikequetzel, a Mexican story, in which Wieland assails, with something of the pungent ridicule of Candide, the notion of the philosopher of Geneva with regard to the political disadvantages of marriage, and exposes the miseries of that anti-social state to which Rousseau, in the midst of society in the soirées of Paris, was endeavouring to recal mankind. In another work, the Travels of the Priest Abulfanaris into the interior of Africa, he ridicules the abuse of the spirit of proselytism, and missionary attempts to communicate morality and instruction by means of modern apostles who are destitute of both. Sometimes he throws his objections into a graver and more logical form, as in his three essays directed against Rousseau,—on the Original Condition of Man, on the Attempts to Discover the true State of Nature, and on the opinion that unlimited Education is injurious to Mankind; all of them displaying an almost boundless extent of reading, a playful, easy, and desultory style, which, however, never loses sight of its object, and a mild vein of wit pervading the argument, and blending the learning and depth of the philosopher with the amenity of the practised man of the world.

Another of his political productions of this period was probably suggested by that active spirit of reform which the revolutionary Joseph II. was then carrying into the departments of legislature and government. This was his *Golden Mirror*, or

the Kings of Schechian, "a kind of summary of the most necessary instructions to be derived from the history of mankind by the great and noble of every civilized nation;" an epitome, in short, of the general features of human history, as they are found universally to occur, divested of those extrinsic and variable incidents which arise out of circumstances peculiar to the nation or country; and from which, as in Marmontel's Belisarius, the true theory of government and the constitution of society is to be deduced. Time, the safest of critics, has already shown that many of Wieland's plans were nearly as Utopian as Joseph's measures were mis-timed. But this mode of judging from the event can hardly be fairly applied to these political prophecies; and when we place ourselves in Wieland's situation and look back to the period at which the work was written, we must admit that it does no discredit to his sagacity. As a literary work its merits are considerable. The portraits of the lazy yet not ill-meaning monarch, of the sultaness, of the vizier Danishmende, and of the sultan as he should be, Tifar, (in whose character he obviously alludes to that of Joseph,) are well discriminated;—a fantastic Shandean humour gives liveliness to the comic part, while a grave and majestic eloquence pervades the didactic portions of the tale. One short passage from the laws of Psammis, as related by Danishmende to the sultan, we shall quote, partly as a specimen of the tone of these moral discussions, partly as placing in its most amiable light the system which Wieland had adopted.

"O my children," says Psammis, "what pleasure, what agreeable sensation could I wish to withhold from you? None, certainly, none that Nature intended for you. I resemble not those who would annihilate the *man*, in order (vain and ridiculous attempt!) to raise a *God* from his ruins. I recommend to you moderation, for no other reason but because it is indispensable to protect you from pain, to preserve you capable of enjoyment. I do not, out of indulgence towards the frailness of Nature *allow*, but in obedience to her laws, I *command* you to gratify your senses. *I abolish the deceptious distinction between the useful and the agreeable.* Know that nothing deserves the name of pleasure which is to be purchased with the suffering of another, or with posterior repentance; and that the useful is only useful because it preserves us from disappointment, or is a source of satisfaction. I abolish the absurd distinction between different kinds of pleasure, and establish an eternal compatibility between them by revealing to you the natural share which the heart takes in every sensual, and the senses in every internal pleasure. I have multiplied, refined, ennobled your joys—what can I do more?

"One thing, and the most important of all!—

"Learn, my children, the easy art of *extending your happiness into*

infinity,—the sole secret for approaching as nearly as may be to the felicity of the gods; and, if so bold a thought may be allowed, for imitating the bliss of the Author of Nature.

"Extend your benevolence over all nature: love whatever partakes with you of her most universal gift—existence.

"Love every one in whom ye behold the honoured traces of humanity, even where they seem in ruin.

"Rejoice with all that rejoice; wipe the tears of remorse from the cheeks of suffering Folly; and kiss from the eyes of Innocence the tears of sympathy.

"Multiply your existence by accustoming yourselves to love in every man the image of your common nature, and in every good man another self.

"Taste as often as ye can the godlike pleasure of rendering others happier. And thou, unfortunate, whose bosom heaves not with fellow feeling at the mere thought of this, fly—fly for ever from the dwellings of the children of Nature!"—*Goldene Spiegel*, Bd. 1, s. 113—114.

The subject of the Golden Mirror was afterwards prosecuted by Wieland in his History of Danishmende and the Three Calendars, which forcibly displays the evils of a partial and premature attempt at civilization.

The imitation of Sterne, which in the Golden Mirror is blended with that of Voltaire's manner in his comic romances, appears more pure in another whimsical production of this period, the *Remains of Diogenes of Sinope*. In this ingenious gallery of portraits it seems to have been the intention of Wieland, while apparently vindicating the Cynic, to insinuate a defence of that series of works to which we have adverted; and certainly his picture of this Socratic humourist is most carefully drawn; carefully throwing into shadow the grosser traits of his character; exhibiting him as an honest, openhearted, and sharpsighted observer, provoked at the follies of the world around him; and almost persuading us, as Nat. Lee is said to have persuaded himself in Bedlam, that it was the world that was insane and not the philosopher. Wieland has imitated Sterne rather in his Sentimental Journey than his Tristram Shandy; for the sudden caprices and inexplicable transitions of the latter appeared to him overstrained, and it must be admitted that few of Sterne's imitators have so completely caught his mantle as Wieland has done, in his pictures of Poor Lamon and his Family, and the fair and amiable Glycerion.

Neither had the muse of poetry been neglected during this residence at Erfurt, though her claims had been in some measure postponed to those of her graver sister. *Der Verklagte Amor*, (Cupid accused,) and *Combabus* were the productions of this period. The first is a kind of poetical vindication of his erotic

poetry: the other a tale of a cynical and very peculiar character, exhibiting a most singular contrast between a comic groundwork and an elevated and even tragic tone of sentiment in the handling. The main incident is that of a nobleman, who apprehending a very dangerous trial of his virtue in the course of a mission which has been imposed upon him, and not feeling himself blessed with the stoicism of Xenocrates or of Robert D'Arbrissel, adopts the expedient of Origen, in order at once to preserve his honour and to prove his innocence. The reader who is curious about the matter, will find the particulars in Lucian *De Deâ Syriâ*. The very difficulty of treating so perilous a subject poetically seems to have been Wieland's motive for adopting it; but although it must be admitted that he has evaded that difficulty very delicately; and though there is the greatest possible difference between the reserve with which it has been managed by Wieland, and the ribaldry with which it has been treated by a French cotemporary in the style of Grecourt, one must regret that Wieland's powers should have been wasted on such a task.

Wieland's residence however at Erfurt, as Professor, seems scarcely to have been more pleasant than his early sojourn and spare fasts in the house of Baumer. He had, in fact, foreseen that many of the magnates of the place were beings with whom he could have nothing in common; for in his letter to Gessner in 1769, communicating the intelligence of his appointment to the chair, he anticipates the strange figure he is likely to make there "among the new-fangled, dainty, philosophical, and literary petit-maitres with which the school of Baumgarten, Meyer, and Klotz had filled Saxony." His prognostics were correct. Feuds prevailed between the old professors and the new;—between the Protestant and the Catholic members of the university. The new professors, appointed by the elector, belonged to no faculty, had little connection with the university, and little influence in its councils; and in proportion as they were favoured by the elector, incurred the enmity of their elder academical brethren. To the theological professors Wieland was particularly obnoxious. The pulpits resounded with diatribes against himself and his philosophy, which were not the less acrimonious that they were pointed by the spirit of rivalry and personal enmity. "My brethren," said one of them, addressing his congregation, "let *us* drink the cup of suffering, while *others* jest away their lives amidst wine, and roses, and cupids, and graces!" No wonder if these vexations, which, petty as they were, became serious by their repetition, drew from Wieland the deprecating sentiment which he expresses in a letter to Gessner. "Heaven forbid that ever my bones should rest in the land where my lot is at present cast!

What a race, what intellects, what manners, what rudeness, what utter destitution of heart, imagination, and taste! *I* attempt to humanize them! I must be a magician indeed." The effect of all this was only to induce Wieland to retire more completely into the bosom of his own family and his own thoughts. How touching is the picture drawn of his domestic amusements by the author of Ardinghello, who visited him in Erfurt in 1771, and who thus writes to Gleim!—" Our dear Wieland has two little daughters with whom he jests, plays, and trifles. I wish you could only look in upon him for a moment. Every glance, every smile, every word, every gesture, is to his penetration a new glimpse into the philosophy of the human heart, and of musical speech. O! if the citizen of Geneva, the author of the Essay on the Inequality of Mankind, could see but for an instant this scene of paternal love, he would travel throughout Europe forthwith to burn his book;—at least he would instantly retract the opinion that man's true happiness is to be found in the promiscuous attachments of the savage state."

It may easily be imagined that Wieland, under such circumstances, felt little inclination to prolong his stay in Erfurt. He had long looked forward with hope to the establishment of some national institution for the advancement of learning in Berlin or Vienna. But Frederick soon showed that his literary tastes were entirely Parisian; and Joseph, though by his favourable reception of Winkelmann and Klopstock, he seemed inclined to patronize the literature of his country, had his head too much occupied with his other projects to enter warmly into the scheme of a German academy. This Wieland soon saw. " Nothing," says he in writing to Riedel, who had been invited to Vienna by Joseph, " nothing will be done before the end of the nineteenth century, and long ere that time—*nos habebit humus.*" It was therefore with no common feelings of satisfaction, that he perceived a prospect opening in another quarter;—namely, at the court of Weimar, where he was now invited by the reigning duchess, Anna Amelia, to superintend the education of her children, the young duke of Weimar, and his brother.

Here at length, in an honourable employment, enjoying the fullest literary leisure, and in possession of " respect from the respected," Wieland was to find a happy and congenial home. Already under the mild regency of Amelia, the court of Weimar began to exhibit some indications of that future galaxy of talent, which was to place it on a prouder eminence than Ferrara had ever occupied under the dynasty of Este. Schweitzer already presided as Maestro di Cappella, while its little theatre, to which the public had free admission, was graced by the talent of Eckhoff,

Seiler, Boeckh, Brand, and Mecour. Already Seckendorff, Einsiedel, Knebel, Voigt, Bertuch, and others, were acquiring an honourable reputation in different paths of literature. Here Wieland was to bring his great acquirements into contact with minds of similar compass, to have his views strengthened by their concurrence or tried by collision; and from this communion with the wise and good, to have his standard of moral dignity raised, and the grosser portions of his system washed away. Here he was to become acquainted with the author of the Popular Tales, the kind, simple-hearted Musæus, a quiet humourist, a congenial spirit, whose timidity had for years prevented him from visiting Wieland, though residing in his immediate neighbourhood; with the vehement but honest Herder, whose discursive learning, fine taste, and free spirit of philosophical and religious inquiry resembled his own, though the difference of their critical theories had at first placed a gulph between them; with the boundless talent of Goethe, moving like the universal sun over the whole hemisphere of literature, enlightening every province of creative art, and even pouring its beams into the more hidden recesses of science; and latterly with the amiable and enthusiastic Schiller, whose weak health had induced him to exchange the mountain air of Jena for the milder climate of Weimar. With Herder and Goethe Wieland obviously possessed so many points in common, that nothing but a personal acquaintance seemed necessary to remove any reciprocal prejudices they might have felt, and to render their union a cordial and lasting one. But Schiller and Wieland! These names are indeed antipodes to each other in so many points of sentiment and opinion, that it is not at first sight easy to conceive how even that universal solvent, the atmosphere of a court, could have amalgamized two beings so opposite. The one still young in years, but already calmly reposing, after his brief course of speculation, in the quiet haven of belief: the other, far advanced upon the journey of life, with his day far spent, but still wandering in uncertainty, or seeking to build himself a shelter ere the night came on, from among the beautiful but crumbling ruins of Athenian philosophy. The one so earnest, enthusiastic, self-concentered, self-upheld; borrowing little from society, apparently influencing it but little; much tried by long sickness, by early poverty, and persecution; therefore, looking at life only in one aspect, pouring thought and energy into the single channel of solemnity and gloom. The other a versatile, diffusive, and plastic intellect, moulded by the form and pressure of society, labouring to re-act upon it with an immediate and palpable influence; a mind over which the gay, the fanciful, the splendid, and the serious chased each other like shade and sunshine; and

which delighted to spread its stores in a wide, though sometimes a shallow stream, over the whole field of literature and philosophy. There are strong shades of distinction between these characters. But where, as in Wieland and Schiller, high intellect is associated with genuine goodness of heart and practical virtue, whatever differences of opinion may exist, there must always be many more points of attraction than repulsion; nor need we be surprized, therefore, to find that, in the course of their brief acquaintance, these great men learned to esteem each other, that Schiller was even associated with Wieland in some of his literary labours in the Mercury, and that he added one more to the long list of those friends, whom Wieland, elder than them all, was destined to follow with tears of regret to the tomb.

"But we prattle something too wildly,"—for many things occur between his arrival at Weimar and the event to which we have last alluded; many literary projects, many most important contributions, both in prose and verse, to the literature of his country. One object, which Wieland had much at heart, was the establishment of a periodical journal, devoted to literature and the fine arts, on the plan of the Mercure de France. The literary difficulties attending the undertaking Wieland foresaw, but he had as yet no conception of the thousand other ills which the flesh of an editor is heir to, and which he was afterwards destined severely to experience. Wieland's principles of criticism, it cannot be denied, were somewhat too conventional, and too much formed upon French models, to harmonize with those more comprehensive æsthetical views which were beginning to supersede in Germany the narrow system of Sulzer and his school. His imitation of French writers, and his proscription of the visionary as a source of poetry, and of enthusiasm as a principle of conduct, were calculated to provoke the indignation of a very numerous body in German literature; and hence, as editor of the German Mercury, he became obnoxious to two parties, who, differing in most points, cordially united in opposing the literary authority of Wieland. The Göttingen party of Klopstock, including Burger, Hölty, Voss, Count Stolberg, Miller and others, attacked him on the ground of his want of enthusiasm and of patriotism. That of Francfort, with Goethe and Herder at their head, assailed him on the score of his limited principles of taste and criticism. Some circumstances which soon after occurred, contributed still further to widen the breach between Wieland and Goethe. A Review of the Goetz of Berlichingen in particular, certainly written in a contracted spirit of criticism, appeared in the number of the Mercury for September, 1773. The Review was not written by Wieland, as Goethe afterwards learned. On the con-

trary, he was at the trouble to publish, in a subsequent number, a review of the reviewer himself, in which he took the liberty of disputing most of his propositions. But the evil was already done; and Goethe, somewhat irritated by an attack of which he had reason to suppose Wieland the author, and provoked by some heretical opinions with regard to the ancients, which Wieland had expressed in his *Letters on the Alcestis*, revenged himself by his well-known farce, "Gods, Heroes, and Wieland," written, as he himself says, in one sitting, over a flask of good Burgundy, and published by Lenz of Strasburg, who by this step thought he would succeed in embroiling Goethe with the public. The result, however, was very different: Wieland himself took the satire kindly enough.

"Young and powerful geniuses," said he, "are like young colts, full of life and vigour, rearing and prancing, kicking before and behind, who will neither allow themselves to be caught or ridden. So much the better! Were they to drop their ears like asses, would any one ever make a Bucephalus or a Brigliadoro out of them? *Precipitandus est liber spiritus.* There is no other way. If we receive an occasional kick in the ribs from them, why we must console ourselves with the thought, that we fall a sacrifice to the common good of the republic of letters, since it is only out of these impetuous spirits that great men are to be formed."

The attention excited by this satirical production attracted the notice of Wieland's pupils, the dukes of Weimar; and, on passing through Francfort, they naturally felt anxious to see the young Aristophanes, who had treated the Socrates of Weimar so unceremoniously. The result of the interview was, that, as soon as the duke succeeded to his government, he invited Goethe to Weimar, and every one knows that the invitation was accepted. He was afterwards followed by Herder; so that the two greatest of Wieland's literary opponents were now brought into contact with him. Thus mingling together their prejudices abated; each learned to do justice to the abilities and virtues of the other; and a literary triumvirate was formed at Weimar, to which Europe could furnish but few parallels at the time.

It would be impossible even to enumerate the vast series of subjects on which Wieland was now employed during the editorship of the Mercury, embracing, as it does, criticisms on works of art, ancient and modern, operas, translations, poems, serious and comic tales, historical and philosophical discussions. He seemed to have a peculiar pleasure in anatomizing those enigmatical or equivocal characters which occasionally puzzle the historian, in furnishing a key to apparent inconsistencies, in the solution of moral problems, and in the strenuous defence of those whose

motives appeared to him from passion, prejudice, or imperfect information, to have been misunderstood. Such are his essays on the adept Nicolas Flammel, on the mysterious Dervise of Brussa, on the traveller Paul Lucas, on Plato and Pompey, on Lucian and Balzac, his defence of Aspasia, Julia, Faustina, and the philosopher Aristippus, whose portrait, and that of his cotemporaries, he was afterwards to exhibit at full length. But perhaps the two finest examples of this talent for psychological analysis, are to be found in his Peregrinus Proteus, and his Agathodæmon, which may be considered as a pendant to the other. The subject of Peregrinus had been suggested to him by a translation of Lucian, in which he was engaged, and which, together with one of Horace, he had published about this time. The reader of Lucian will recollect the account given by him of the exit of this cynic philosopher, and the very unfavourable portrait of his life and conversation, which is put into the mouth of a bystander. Wieland's object in this novel is to reconcile the events of Peregrinus's life, with the reports thus transmitted by Lucian, so as to admit their truth in the main, and yet to show that the philosopher was at bottom an amiable weak-headed enthusiast, and no base hypocrite or sensualist, as he is represented to be. The art with which this is effected, and the profound knowledge of human character which the work exhibits, are truly admirable, and we regret extremely that we are unable to enter on the subject at full length. The Agathodæmon is a similar theory of the life of Apollonius of Tyana, not as it is related by his biographer Philostratus, but such as it might naturally have been, to account for the miraculous representations of that narrative. The wild and singular stories, which had their origin in the superstition of Philostratus, are here plausibly explained by a train of natural causes. Wieland's peculiar views with regard to superstitious emotions, and all that class of illusions which appeared to him to arise from an over-excited temperament, are again brought forward with great force, ingenuity, and learning, in his essay on the propensity of mankind to the belief in magic and supernatural appearances. Wieland traces the belief of the wonderful through the Pythagorean, Platonic, and Alexandrian schools, and the romances of the middle ages to modern times, showing how even the vast accession of philosophical experience, which we are daily acquiring, tends in one sense to foster the belief in the wonderful; by convincing us how little we have as yet learned of the powers of nature, and how many arcana still lurk undiscovered in her mysterious recesses. The sound, and acute views of Wieland on this subject, certainly could not have appeared in a more acceptable time, (1781,) while Swedenborg was inditing his Vision of

the New Jerusalem, St. Germain deceiving credulous ladies like Madame de Genlis into a belief of his being the Wandering Jew, and the possessor of the Philosopher's Stone; while Cagliostro in Paris, Gassner and Schropfer in Germany were playing off their juggling resurrection tricks upon the public, and Mesmer initiating the disciples of magnetism into the celestial mysteries of *clairvoyance*.

Not less valuable, as a contribution to the history of the human mind, is another work, which appeared for the first time in the successive numbers of the Mercury, the *Abderites*, an admirably dramatic representation of the petty squabbles, and paltry interests of a small corporation and an intriguing priesthood. The scene is laid during the days of Democritus, in Abdera;—that Abdera, "the vilest, and most profligate town in Thrace for poisons, conspiracies, assassinations, libels, pasquinades, and tumults," in which, according to Sterne's fragment, so miraculous a revolution was suddenly effected by a lucky verse from the Andromeda of Euripides. But, while the satire appears to be pointed at Greece, it abounds in truth with modern instances, applicable not only to Germany, but to many a pelting petty officer of many a small corporation among ourselves. Infinite art is shown in filling up the historical outline, which has been furnished by Bayle's Dictionary, while the truth and nature of his portraits is sufficiently attested by the circumstance, that, in almost every small town in Germany, the good-natured public traced the originals of the Strobyluses, Salabanders, Klomarios, and Lysanders, who figure in the pages of the Tale. An outcry, worthy of Abdera itself, from all quarters, was the consequence; but Wieland, who had foreseen the pelting of this storm, bore it with great placidity. "How truly wert thou in the right, mine excellent brother Tristram," cried he, "in maintaining with his Eminence, John Della Casa, Bishop of Benevento, that ten thousand imps from hell are ever fluttering round the head of an unfortunate author, more especially of him who ventures upon the slippery path of wit and humour!" Wieland, however, managed matters more quietly than his Eminence, and the evil spirits, who annoyed him for a time, exhausted their own ill-temper without ruffling his tranquillity.

The Romantic Tales (Erzählungen und Märchen) which appeared about this time, possess a character somewhat different from those we have already noticed. In the Idris, and the rest of that class, Wieland, though he borrowed the incidents, had not adopted along with these the manner of the ancient Fabliers. The main drift of the tales was satirical, and the long discussions and conversations in the French style, which were introduced, were the most opposite imaginable to the tone of his models.

But Wieland was too acute not to be sensible of the beauty of this naïve style of narrative. Familiar with all the three classes of the Romances of Chivalry, with the Eastern and Fairy Tales, and the Fabliaux of the Trouveres, he must have met with a thousand instances in which it communicates to the tale a charm, which no satirical or didactic purpose could confer. The enthusiastic admiration which Wieland expresses for the style of Hans Sachs, sufficiently shows how fully he appreciated the effect of this antique simplicity; and the success with which he has himself caught the same tone in some of these tales, sufficiently disproves the notion that he was unable to divest himself of that garb of modern conversation, in which he had hitherto invested both the fictions of Fairy-land and the pictures of society in Greece. We regret, however, that he has not availed himself more liberally of the rich storehouse of comic and serious incident to be found in the Fabliaux. How gracefully might he not have heightened the satirical interest of such a tale as Le Manteau mal-taillé, the comic imbroglio of the Trois Bossus, or the blending of Arcadian simplicity with chivalrous feeling in Aucassin and Nicolette! The tales which Wieland *has* remodelled are partly Oriental, partly European. The Winter's Tale is a versification of the story of the Prince of the Black Islands in the Arabian Nights; the Summer's Tale is a modification of Chrétien de Troyes's Fabliau of the Mule sans frein; the Song of the Bird is from the Lays de l'Oiselet; Pervonte, or the Wishes, from the Pentameron; the Water-Cistern, from the Contes Devots of Le Grand; and Geron der Adeliche, a detached incident from the old Romance of Gyron le Courtois, which has been so tediously versified by Alamanni. Hann and Gulpenneh, which Wieland's biographer seems to think original, is from the Oriental tale of the Taylor and his Wife. Gandalin, or Love for Love, Sixtus and Clara, Schach Lolo, Klelia and Sinibald, would appear to be original.

On the merits of these tales we have no time to expatiate, for the range of Wieland's labours is too vast to allow us to linger long on individual performances. In all of them a profound acquaintance with the general spirit and detail of the times of chivalry, and the easy confidence of one "long seated by the shores of old romance," are visible. But to suppose that they are all written in one manner would be a great mistake. In some, as in Schach Lolo, and the Water-Cistern, where an obvious moral is to be inculcated, we are reminded of the satirical and didactic Wieland of Biberach; but in the pure *naïveté* of his Sommer-Märchen, Gandalin, and Geron der Adeliche, the touching simplicity of the old ballad is preserved. We are interested by the wonders as wonders; not because an esoteric or

allegorical purpose is to be traced under them. Sixtus and Clara, again, wavers between sentiment and humour, seriousness and jest; blending, though not very successfully, the modern manner with the antique. But one general remark, we think, will occur to almost every one who compares these romantic tales with their predecessors,—that they indicate a far more refined and elevated tone of feeling and expression than the former. His taste, purified by the society of a virtuous and amiable court, no longer admits those occasional vulgarisms and indecencies of expression which deform the comic tales, and others of that class. Not only does a spirit of caution and reserve pervade even the most hazardous of these subjects, the Water-Cistern, but the shafts of his irony seem no longer indiscriminately aimed against virtue as well as folly or vice. He no longer disbelieves the existence of moral heroism, and though he still doubts whether any one is called upon to be a knight-errant, he begins to do justice to the sentiment which prompts that self-devotion. Wieland was, in fact, too accurate an observer of consequences, and at the same time, too sincere a lover of truth to remain long an unqualified disciple of that ironical philosophy he had at first adopted. Ever and anon, in the midst of his pleasantry, some melancholy reflection, uprising like a cloud from the heart, seems to throw the shadow of the future across the sunshine of the present, and to change the coming smile into something like a sigh. The enthusiasm, in fact, which he believed he had extinguished, still slumbered in the recesses of his bosom, and betrays its existence by those lambent flashes of true feeling which occasionally break forth, and spread a rosy glow over the material groundwork with which they are incorporated. We trace the gradual advance of this conviction in the triumph of mental over corporeal beauty in the love of Amadis for Olinda; it struggles through the comic veil with which it is partially shaded in Combabus; it preserves the constancy of Gandalin to his fair Sonnemon amidst the fiery trials by which he is surrounded; and it appears in its fullest purity in the beautiful tale of Gyron and the Lady of Maloane, which breathes the fine devotional spirit of chivalry, and which obviously flows, as one who is by no means friendly to him admits, from the inmost heart of Wieland.

No longer content to inculcate an accommodating alliance between the soul and the senses, he now perceives the danger pointed out by his own Peregrinus,—"that if the spirit be not ever soaring upwards, the animal part will soon stagnate in the mire of the earth, and the man who does not strive to become a god, will find himself in the end degraded to a beast." Gradually his opinions had assumed the shape which he communicated

to the world some years afterwards, in the new edition of his Agathon. At the conclusion of that work, as first published, Agathon had been left in a chaos of moral uncertainty, but in this rifacciamento, when almost on the point of yielding to the sophisms of Hippias, his hopes are revived by his residence in the family of Archytas, whose pure and simple manners and profound wisdom seem to realize the ideal of which he had so long been in quest. To this venerable man he communicates his history, and in return receives from him a summary of those views by which his own faith had been fixed, and the head and heart gradually reconciled. The philosopher, while he witnessed the crimes and errors of human life, saw that all men admitted in their judgments the reality of that virtue, which, by their actions, they seemed to controvert and deny; he traced this inconsistency to the union of two distinct natures in the composition of man, the one endeavouring to fix him with the other beings of animated nature to this material world, the other striving to elevate him by intelligence and free will far beyond the present limit of existence. To render man that which nature intended him to be, the harmony of these two natures must, indeed, be preserved, not as he had formerly seemed to hold, *by assigning to the senses a divided empire with the mind, but by subjecting them to the controul, the mild and beneficent sway of the nobler element of being.*

"If this harmony is possible, it can be effected only by the subjection of the animal part to the spiritual, the intelligent, and the free. . . This subjection is the more reasonable, for the animal part incurs no danger from the sway of the spiritual, and has no reason to dread any denial of its legitimate enjoyments; since the former knows too well what is necessary for the common good of the whole man to refuse to the animal portion what is necessary for its existence and its welfare. But the animal part knows nothing of the wants of the spiritual,—cares not whether its own restless struggles to gratify its propensities impede the free movement of the soul in the pursuit of its loftier aims and its purer enjoyments,—and so little inclines to set bounds to its own selfish gratification, that it struggles against every attempt at controul, and the instant that reason slumbers or slips its bridle, assumes an arbitrary supremacy, of which the destruction of the whole internal economy of our nature is the inevitable consequence. . . . From this moment I felt that the spirit alone forms our true existence; that its aims, its welfare, its happiness, must constitute mine;—that it were unwise to acknowledge as an integral portion of itself, a body which has been superadded to it only as an organ for the development of its energies, and a medium of communication with other beings, or to treat with the animal part which was found to be its handmaid as its equal; but worse than unwise, nay, an actual outrage against the most sacred of nature's laws, to enter into a shameful

alliance with it against our nobler part;—to turn ourselves, as it were, into Centaurs, and to repay those services which the animal is bound to perform, by an uncalled-for and disgraceful liberality of requital on the part of the soul."

In the theory of Archytas, as thus condensed, we read the latest creed of Wieland. And now, with his views thus expanded, his sentiments purified, and his standard of moral excellence raised, he was about to proceed to the composition of that delightful poem by which his name is best known beyond the limits of Germany;—in which his touching pictures of conjugal love, true constancy, and chivalrous heroism, were to make amends for the levity with which such feelings had been hitherto treated. This poem has already been naturalized in English by the excellent translation of Mr. Sotheby, which either is or ought to be, in the hands of every foreign reader. Our notice, therefore, of the plot of the OBERON, shall be merely such as to render one or two of our subsequent remarks intelligible.

Huon, of Bourdeaux, a young knight of the court of Charlemagne, has rashly vowed to fulfil the dangerous mission imposed upon him by Charles, (as his punishment for having slain the treacherous Charlot, the son of the Emperor,) of travelling to Babylon, and there depriving the Caliph of his beard and four of his grinders, in the presence of his whole assembled court. In this apparently hopeless enterprise, he meets with an unexpected ally in the Elfin king, Oberon, whose assistance, however, is not entirely disinterested, for he hopes by means of the virtue and constancy of Huon to effect a long-sought-for reconciliation with his Fairy queen. Their quarrel, in this case, had not originated as it does in Shakspeare, about "a little changeling boy," but in a little piece of female perfidy, which Titania had in some measure condescended to countenance. Provoked at her interference to protect the guilty, the Fairy king had rashly sworn—

> "———— never since that middle summer's spring
> To meet in hill or dale, forest or mead,
> By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
> Or on the beached margin of the sea,"—
>
> (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 2.)

until a faithful couple should by their constancy atone for the offence of the guilty fair who had caused their quarrel. His object now is to inspire Huon, and Rezia, the daughter of his intended victim the Caliph, with a mutual affection, from which that happy result may arise. With this view he shows the future lovers to each other in a dream, and provides the knight with a magic cup and horn, the former of which fills with wine on being presented to the lip, while the sound of the latter inspires its au-

ditors with an irresistible disposition to dance. Aided by these supernatural gifts, Huon accomplishes his dangerous mission at the court of Babylon, and the lovers are safely extricated from the hands of the enraged Caliph by the interference of Oberon. Ere they embark for Europe, however, he cautions them to consider each other as brother and sister till their union should be blessed by Pope Sylvester. But the passion of the lovers leads them to violate the injunction; a dreadful tempest is the consequence: the terrified seamen draw lots for a victim, and the lot falls on the unfortunate knight. Rezia, who, wild with despair, has clung to his neck, leaps with him into the sea. Gradually the storm abates. The lovers are cast on a desert isle, alive, but deprived of the magic cup, which might have recruited their strength. With weary toil, enlivened only by sincere affection, they must labour for their subsistence. In this dreary solitude Rezia gives birth to a son, who is suddenly taken from her by the interference of Titania. But the misfortunes of the lovers do not terminate here. Rezia is carried off by pirates, and lodged in the harem of the Sultan Almanzor, who assails her constancy with alternate promises and threats. Huon, who has been miraculously conveyed by Oberon to the same spot, is at the same time undergoing a similar trial of his faith from the charms of the Sultaness Almansaris. True to their principles, the lovers are about to seal their constancy by death at the stake, when Oberon suddenly appears to announce to them the termination of their sufferings, and the reconciliation with Titania, which had been its result. In Oberon's car the happy pair are now conveyed to Paris, where Huon arrives just in time to save his estates from being escheated to the crown, and to present to the reconciled Emperor the spoils of his brother of Bagdad.

The first inquiry which naturally occurs to the reader is, how these conflicting elements of the tragic and comic can be blended in this singular epopeia, so as to produce any unity of effect, or in fact any sentiment but that of mingled surprise and disgust? How an apparently insane expedition in search of a Caliph's grinders, or grotesque pictures such as that of the dance of the Monks and Moors, or the Court of Bagdad, at the sound of Oberon's bugle, can be made to harmonize with the tragic scenes of the storm in the gulph of Salerno, the heartfelt pictures of tenderness on the desert isle, or the noble proofs of conjugal fidelity which terminate the poem? That Wieland has so succeeded in blending these chaotic materials, and imparting an almost unparalleled interest to the fantastic scenes of his poem, every one is aware, and it may therefore be worth while to glance at the way in which this has been effected.

In the regular epic the feelings of the reader are the points to which the main efforts of the poet are directed. He avails himself of the imagination only as a passport to the heart. The bright and gorgeous pictures which he occasionally introduces are but instruments which he uses for tempering and directing the tone of emotion he wishes to prove. Fancy is employed only as the servant of feeling. But in the romantic epic their situations seem reversed. Imagination is no longer the means but the end, and the feelings are to be tributary to the fancy. We no longer demand those excitements which are necessary for the production of strong emotion, nor that uniform and unbroken tone of sentiment which is essential to its prolonged existence. Too great a depth of passion, too liberal an infusion of the tragic, would disturb that indolent equanimity and calm comfort into which the mind is lulled by the romantic; while uniformity of tone would give an air of monotony to those pictures which must be varied and contrasted, in order to satisfy the demands of the imagination. Reality and belief, therefore, are not the objects of the romantic poet, nor is his purpose to be attained by that cautious sequestration of comic from tragic emotion which is indispensable in the classical epic. On the contrary, although all those interests by which curiosity is excited or sympathy produced must in their nature partake of the serious, and therefore the groundwork of every narrative poem which seeks to interest, must rest on the basis of seriousness, the comic seems also to form an essential ingredient in the romantic epic. For the very nature of the romantic is fantastical: its wild adventures, its exaggerated dangers, its gigantic portraits of virtue and vice, its machinery with its odd mixture of the beautiful and the terrible, all these have a character of extravagance which borders on the comic. Hence those who have endeavoured to treat the romantic seriously, after the belief in its marvels has ceased, have generally been obliged, like our own Spenser, to supply the place of humour by allegory, and to compensate the understanding for the immediate demands made upon its forbearance, by afterwards paying back the amount in the shape of didactic morality. But when the romantic and the wonderful is not thus used as a moral empire, a tempered vein of comedy is unquestionably its natural accompaniment. It forms a kind of *intermezzo* or mediating power between the reason and the imagination, effecting as it were a compromise of their claims: and while it anticipates and apparently admits the objections which may be raised by the former, quietly secures to the latter an ample and undisturbed domain for its excursions.

But it must at the same time be observed that it is a subdued and unobtrusive humour only which can be reconciled with the

other elements of the romantic epos. In its castle of indolence, noisy mirth would be as much out of place as loud lamentation. Its seat is placed in the temperate zone of poetry, alike removed from frost and fire—occupying that midway elevation which, rising on one side towards the province of the exalted, slopes on the other towards the humbler precincts of the comic. A cheerful beauty is the characteristic of this region, over which imagination is the sovereign. No torrents brawl along its fields, no tempests ruffle the even flow of its streams, no thunderstorms break the inviolable stillness of its atmosphere. Only a balmy air stirs the trees and freshens its verdure; and the rugged and discordant outlines of the wide landscape are shaded into each other by softening mists and golden exhalations of the dawn. Through its green avenues, seriousness and mirth saunter hand in hand, the one laying aside her sadness, the other her frivolity. Sensibility and humour greet each other, and dignity shakes hands with negligence at its convivial board. Even hoary Wisdom may mingle at times in the banquet and elevate its spirit by the lessons of divine philosophy. But Wit in all his glittering robes has no place here; and Sarcasm, in order to be admitted, must steal in in the disguise of simplicity. Ribald Mirth with his troop of piping Satyrs and tipsy Bacchanals is driven like the rabble-rout from its halls; and pain and horror, anger and sorrow, and all of Comus the "fury passions" which shake the tranquillity of the mind are banished far beyond the boundaries of its calm domain.

It is in this light that Wieland seems to have viewed the romantic epos, and the very circumstances which have sometimes been fixed on as objections to his poetry, when more closely examined, only evince the soundness of his views, and the consistency with which he has followed them out in the Oberon. If he excludes from his poem those elaborate appeals to the passions which are to be found in other epics—and seldom allows the stream of feeling to run on long unbroken, but diverts our attention and gives a new turn to our emotions by some humorous or glittering picture—he does so because the varied and versatile nature of the romantic epic does not admit of any engrossing sentiment. A poet of less judgment might have caught at every opportunity of laying siege to our feelings, but Wieland perceived that serenity rather than emotion is the principle upon which it is founded. Therefore it is that all is subdued and tempered; that the feelings are touched but not wounded, our hopes cast down but not destroyed, the ludicrous emotions excited but not satiated, the imagination cheered but not inebriated. Thus only in the romantic epic can *unity* be obtained, and this is the secret by which, in Oberon, the jarring elements of seriousness and

mirth, human actions and supernatural agency, are blended and reconciled. What, for instance, appears at first sight more insane and ludicrous than the object of Huon's mission? Yet long before his arrival at Bagdad have we not almost ceased to smile at its absurdity? Carried away by the ever-changing mixture of wonder and human adventure, of lofty sentiment in Huon, with comic and common-place simplicity in Scherasmin, have we not unconsciously imbibed the spirit of the poem, and begun to consider this strange errand as only in harmony with the fantastic principles of the world in which we are wandering? And when Huon delivers his message with grave dignity, as if like Daniel he had been announcing to the dismayed Caliph that his kingdom and not his teeth were to be taken from him; when the incident is divested of its apparent cruelty, by the Caliph's rejection of the alternative afforded by Huon, and the dexterity with which the elves of Oberon accomplish the feat, do we not look upon the infliction rather as a piece of grave poetical justice than as the burlesque accomplishment of an absurd vow? With the same art are the pathetic scenes of the poem relieved. Our apprehensions for Huon's success and Rezia's safety are ever and anon checked by the comic quaintness of Scherasmin, with his dry humour, his superstitious terrors and nightmare dreams, or the grotesque extravagance of the convent dance; and even in the more solemn scenes that follow the embarkation of the lovers, the application of the same principle of restraint is obvious. The events that occur are serious and even mournful: but pain is never deepened into agony, nor sadness into grief. Hope never abandons us; we still feel assured that Oberon has not forsaken his favourites, and that their trials are but temporary. And if at times the home-felt scenes of pathos in the desert island,—the sufferings of the young lovers, their hopes and fears, their patient endurance and firm affection,—seem to overpass the boundaries of calm emotion, and fill the heart with a tenderness that almost resolves itself in tears, how soon, yet how insensibly, are our feelings tranquillised by the art of the poet, who draws our eyes from the restless picture of human passion to fix them on the serenity of eternal nature,—who guides our steps through branching forests of palm and cedar, and soothes our senses with the fragrance of myrtle blossoms, and the sunny lustre of orange groves!

But the harmonious union of incident which Wieland has thus produced is not the only unity he has attained in his poem. The construction of the plot affords a masterly example of unity of interest arising from three distinct but connected plots, and does as much credit to Wieland's inventive powers, as the tone in which he has pitched his poem does to his taste and judgment. In one

sense no doubt it might be denied that the Oberon is at all entitled to the praise of invention, since scarcely any one incident it contains is original. The main story, as every one knows, is taken from the romance of Huon of Bourdeaux, from which Count de Tressan has given a long extract in the Bibliothèque des Romans; and which has in its time been partly borrowed from the Æthiopica of Heliodorus, and the Zariadres and Odatis of Chares of Mitylene. The important episode of Gangolf and Rosetta in the sixth book, which occasions the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, is familiar to the English reader in the January and May of Chaucer and Pope; to the Italians in the Decameron; and to the Arabians in the Bahar Danush. The trial at the stake is but a repetition of Tasso's Sophronia and Olinda: the mutual dreams of the lovers is an idea borrowed from the Persian Tales; and most of the other incidents may be traced without much difficulty to their originals, in those chronicles of Romance or Fairy-land with which Wieland was so conversant. The character of Oberon himself, and the lovely form and qualities with which Wieland has endowed him, though differing from those of the French romance, are borrowed in the main from Chaucer's Merchant's Tale, and the Midsummer Night's Dream.

With these formidable deductions, what claims to originality, it may be asked, can the Oberon retain? These are to be found in the novelty and art with which the moving accidents of this strange story are blended into a whole. The poem consists of three separate actions; Huon's expedition to Babylon; his love for Rezia, and its consequences; and the quarrel and reconciliation of Oberon and Titania. But observe how firmly these separate threads are interwoven! Without Oberon's assistance Huon would in vain attempt to execute his dangerous mission; without his arrival at Babylon, his love for Rezia, with all its attendant train of error and atoning virtue, would never have arisen; and without the hope of effecting his long-sought-for reconciliation with his queen by means of the lover's constancy, Oberon would have had no inducement to afford his assistance. This mutual dependance of the mortal and immortal upon each other, removes that extrinsic and foreign air which generally attends the introduction of machinery, and renders the supernatural beings of the Oberon actual agents, not mere ornaments of the poem. For if Oberon and his train are to be viewed as machines in reference to the fulfilment of Huon's mission—with as much justice may Huon and Rezia be considered as the machinery by which the differences of these elves are to be reconciled. Thus the supernatural agents are furnished with a sufficient motive for their interference in the affairs of mortals,

and while they controul the destiny of these individuals, they no longer do so from motives of caprice, or general principles of action arising from a good or evil nature, but in obedience to palpable and immediate impulses, and in furtherance of interests with which the happiness or misery of their ideal existence is inextricably intertwined.

But though we think Wieland has shown admirable dexterity in connecting his different plots, we must take the liberty of differing from the common opinion so far as to hold, that there are not a few incidents in the course of the poem which are inconsistent or objectionable. It is certainly not easy to lay down the laws applicable to Fairy-land, but thus much we think we may venture to assume, that though the poet may be entitled to take unlimited freedoms with external nature, yet in tracing the motives and conduct of his imaginary beings, he must so far adopt the analogy of human counsels as to render their views *consistent with themselves.* The mind can take no permanent interest in anything which does not possess a certain degree of order and regularity in its movements. When the romantic poet, therefore, has once taken his ground and announced his views, we are entitled to keep him to his position. Now, in more than one point it appears to us, that the fable of the Oberon does not sufficiently fulfil these conditions!

We learn from the tale of Gangolf, (which, considering its important bearing on the plot, is very oddly told as an incidental episode by Scherasmin,) that Oberon, doubting the fidelity of woman, since the adventure of the pear-tree, has vowed never again to meet his queen,

> "Till marked by fate itself, a faithful pair,
> Warmed by pure love and faith's undying flame,
> In weal or woe eternally the same,"

should by their constancy atone for the guilt of Rosetta. Now, even had Huon and Rezia been faithful to death, would that have offered the Elfin monarch, the satisfaction he looked for, or removed the doubt under which he laboured? Would the fidelity of a young and lovely pair to each other, have afforded a parallel case to that of the doting Gangolf and his young wife, or any security for the fidelity of the heroine under the same circumstances? Had the plan of the poem been such as to show that Rezia's attachment survived the loss of all that captivates the eye, and all that is necessary to satisfy the claims of the heart, when youth, beauty, activity, enthusiasm, had been taken from him, then might the tale have afforded a practical answer to the question which seemed to have embarrassed Oberon;

namely, whether, in any case, a pure feeling of duty is a sufficient security for conjugal fidelity. As it is, the story proves little or nothing, and we must hold the Elfin monarch to be as sanguine in his reconciliations, as he appears to have been quick in quarrel, since he is contented with a solution so inadequate to the problem he had raised.

But allowing Oberon's views to be more logical than they really are, there is next an obvious contradiction, between the trial prescribed *here*, and that which Oberon himself communicates to the lovers before their departure for Europe. *Fidelity* under every trial is the desideratum according to Scherasmin's account; but *chastity* is the injunction which Oberon imposes upon them, as the condition of their happiness, and the means of restoring his own. Now the worst of this is, that the very misfortunes which are to try their *fidelity*, can only arise through the breach of the other condition. For if the lovers had controuled their passions, and arrived safely at Rome to receive the Pope's blessing on their union, how was their fidelity to be proved?—Why, in relating the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, does Scherasmin forget that this is the same Oberon who is the protector of his master, and the potent effects of whose magic horn he has himself so lately experienced?—Why does Rezia accelerate the unfortunate catastrophe by her ill-timed visit to Huon's cabin? If her anxiety would admit of no delay, might not her inquiries have been made and answered by the same means by which she had over-heard his sighs? Is not her attire and his conduct, "in such a place as this, at such an hour," unsuited to the retiring modesty of her character?—Why does Oberon, after announcing to Huon, that the breach of his prohibition must be the signal for their *eternal* separation, limit this eternity to a few months, and again extend to him his protection by conveying him from the desert island to the gardens of Almansaris? If Oberon could so easily get quit of one vow, why should he give himself so much trouble about the fulfilment of another? Why not, as in the Midsummer Night's Dream, quietly make up matters with Titania, and say, "Now thou and I are new in amity?"—Again—if fidelity, under all circumstances, is the virtue of which Oberon is in search, are the adventures of the lovers the best calculated to exhibit that quality? If Rezia remains constant to her husband on a desert island, inhabited only by an old hermit, or bears hunger and thirst with him—could she have done otherwise? Is not even the final trial to which the lovers are exposed from Almanzor and Almansaris, unsatisfactory and unartificial, in as far as Huon is concerned? True, he resists the allurements of the sultaness; but is he not

represented as on the point of yielding,* when Almanzor appears? If he had *not* appeared, what then?—Why did not Almanzor postpone his entrance till our assurance was rendered doubly sure? What becomes, even at the close, of Pope Sylvester's blessing, which Oberon represents as such a *sine-quánon* in the union of the lovers?

Some of these questions we are persuaded Wieland would have found it difficult to answer; and the truth is, that with all the license which the romantic poet possesses, the construction of a perfect fable is nearly as difficult in the marvellous as the natural. Many of these slight blemishes are the more to be regretted, because we perceive with how little injury to the beauties of the poem, they might have been corrected; others go deeper into the essence of the tale, and could not perhaps have been altered without materially changing its character. But if anything were wanting to show how completely the spirit of genuine poetry can render the mind insensible to defects of plot or inconsistency of character, it is this, that with all these lapses, and others which a critical eye might detect, the interest produced by the perusal of the Oberon is intense,—and that once within the magic circle of Wieland, we forget every thing else, in the pictures of heroic courage and suffering constancy—of conjugal fidelity and parental affection—of friendship, gratitude, religion, and confidence in Providence; in its maze of human and supernatural adventure, its quiet and almost unconscious humour, its portraits of female beauty; in its varied landscapes of summer and winter, of animated and inanimate nature, the tumult of the town, the seclusion of the hermitage, the dreariness of the desert, the luxurious profusion of Arabian gardens, the combat, the magic dance, the revel, the tournament, and the tempest.

On the beauties of detail which the Oberon contains, on its enchanting ease of style (an ease, be it observed, which is produced by the most laborious revision, for the Oberon was four times written before it was sent to press,) and harmony of versification, we had much to say; but we feel that we have lingered too long within its magic labyrinth, and must hasten to "fresh fields and pastures new."

Twenty-five years of Wieland's life had rolled by at Weimar in these literary avocations, in the society of those numerous friends by whom he was beloved and respected, and in the bosom

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* . . . . "just da jede sehne
Ermatten will su langern widerstehn
Und mit wollust'ger wuth ihm die erhitzte schöne
Fast uberwaltigt hat—lasst sich Almanzor sehn."

Canto xii. st. xix.

of his own family, which now amounted to nine children. His busy and laborious residence had been varied only by a short tour to Switzerland in 1797. Here he was again to look upon that romantic country, at the age of sixty-four, which he had last beheld in the energy of youth, to shake old friends by the hand, to revive the memory of old feelings, perhaps old follies, and to explain those misconceptions, which in some cases had interrupted the harmony of former intercourse. Every where he was received with a hospitality and kindness of heart which made a lively impression on his mind. The charms of the country life he had here led in his hired villa on the lake of Zurich, seemed to haunt his imagination on his return, and to render his constant confinement in Weimar irksome to him. Fortunately, the state of his finances, which, notwithstanding his numerous family, had been improved by economy and literary assiduity, permitted him to gratify his wishes by the purchase of Osmanstadt, a villa on the Ilm, about two leagues from Weimar, which appeared to him to unite the advantages he required, and to which he removed with his family in 1798.

It is in this retirement that Wieland appears to most advantage. Here the native goodness and candour of his character, his anxiety to love and be beloved of all, appear in an almost patriarchal light. How different from the miscalled patriarch of Ferney, trafficking for praise with his cotemporaries, living on the breath of adulation, vain, fretful, heartless, is the patriarch of Osmanstadt among his fruits and flowers, his buildings and improvements, his simple amusements, his useful occupations, his tender domestic duties! If at one time the opinions, though not the sentiments of Wieland, (to use his own distinction,) threatened a dangerous approximation to those of Voltaire, how widely had these theories diverged ere he had thus attained the autumn of life! While the one grows more reckless and malicious in his irony, more selfish in his principles, more grovelling in his pleasures, the nearer he draws to the goal of life, the other endeavours to redeem his errors of opinion, to purify his principles, (for his practice required no change,) to expand the sphere of his social affections, and once more to kindle the flame of feeling which he had rashly been tempted to extinguish. Wieland, too, like Voltaire, is courted in his country residence by the visits of the great and the fair; but with him these visits were matters of no anxiety; they came unlooked-for, if they came at all. The portrait of Wieland, in Osmanstadt, however, is so finely drawn by the hand of one whose feelings enabled her to do justice to the subject,—the object of his youthful flame, the friend of his manhood, Sophia

de la Roche, during her visit to him there in 1799,—that we cannot refuse him the justice of inserting its characteristic features.

"After a separation of nearly thirty years I again saw the good and worthy friend of my youth. I embraced him, his excellent wife, and four of his six daughters. I was in his house. How shall I describe the remembrances of the past that thronged back upon me? What changes had taken place since we first met in 1750, in ourselves, our fortunes, and our friends! How had our views and wishes changed, when we met again as *friends* and relatives in 1799! . . . I fell asleep late, for my mind had been agitated, and I had been listening to the sound of Wieland's untutored but feeling performance on the harpsichord, with which he generally closes the evening. Forty-nine years before, I had heard it for the first time, near the lonely church-yard of St. Martin, in Biberach; and now the same tones echoed in my quiet chamber here from his Sabinum on the Ilm. . . . . With what sympathy and pleasure did I become acquainted with the interior of the building, and the wide extent of the garden which joins a birch wood on the banks of the Ilm, beneath whose canopy the lovely shadows of Greece may float undisturbed before his fancy! I dined every day with seven of Wieland's children; and saw four of his grandchildren. His second son he introduced to me as the manager of his property. How delightful is the remembrance of one morning, in which, sitting with Wieland at the window of his library, which overlooks a part of the garden, he pointed out to me his son, dressed like an active peasant, mowing down a grass plat surrounded by a hedge of roses, with the greatest dexterity! . . . . The interchange of books and country walks was delightful. Wieland and his eldest son were constantly placing some new publication on my table, which formed a subject of conversation; then came one daughter with a glass of butter-milk, another with a plate of cherries, or the good Julie with a basket of roses. I accompanied their amiable mother in her duties of the table and the cellar, the preparation of flax, the dairy, and bleaching-green, or walked with Wieland to see his stables and his sheep, and wondered at the extent of his information on farming.

"Some days afterwards Goethe dropped in quietly to dinner. It was inexpressibly pleasing to see these congenial spirits sitting together without pomp or pretension, and addressing each other with the confidential "thou" of the ancients. I was fortunate enough to meet them together, for the first time, on the cheerful path before Wieland's room, while Goethe was expressing his delight at his friend's purchase of a country residence, and had stood still near the large characteristic portrait of old Count Stadion, who seemed, like me, to be contemplating them with wonder. I remembered, that Wieland, who had first become acquainted with the Count at his country-seat, had then said to him, all great men have sought a quiet harbour in the bosom of nature, when the evening of life comes on. And now appeared in the linden walk, the blooming daughter of Herder, led forward, as if in triumph, by Wieland's children and grandchildren, to meet Wieland, myself, and my

friend. How many days of calm enjoyment passed on, during which Wieland sacrificed many of his employments, to talk, to walk, or to read to us, while his amiable wife pursued her tasks by our side! We saw Wieland admitted as a farmer, and inscribe his name in the Lagerbuch of Osmanstadt. It was delightful to see him and his three sons shaking hands with the good delegates of the village, and to hear them, in return, wishing success to his farming operations.

"A young man from Bremen, a student of medicine, gave us an opportunity of seeing Wieland in another amiable light. Meyer had written some little poems, and was tremulously anxious that this great master should glance over his performances. Wieland granted his request with great readiness, praised what was good so kindly, and blamed what was defective so gently, that our respect for him was doubled, and the young man looked at him as if some genius had pressed his hand and guided his pen."

It was in this retirement that Wieland's last important narrative work was produced, "Aristippus and his Cotemporaries." The tale places us in the Grecian world, at the time when the Socratic philosophy had branched off into the Platonic, Cynic, and Cyrenean. Socrates had been the master to whom Wieland had looked up before adopting the visionary theory of Plato; he had then graduated into the Epicureanism of Aristippus, and now he returns, with views enlarged and purified, to Socrates again. Aristippus is no longer the representative of Wieland. He is a mere historical portrait, drawn according to the best information which Wieland's extensive reading enabled him to accumulate. The object of the tale is to develope the principles maintained by Aristippus; and to show how his character has naturally come to be mistaken and calumniated. The character of Socrates, on which Wieland seems to have bestowed all his powers, is a masterpiece of dexterity in the difficult task of filling up with truth and consistency an historical outline, often faintly, erroneously, or confusedly drawn.

But these peaceful avocations were unfortunately to be disturbed by some of those trials from which no human contentment is exempted. Some of these arose from literary causes, others from domestic misfortunes. The French Revolution unfortunately placed Wieland in the situation of a person obnoxious to both political parties in Germany. Like many other great and good men, he had at first hailed the dawn of freedom, and believed in the reality of many of those dreams of improvement which it had held forth, and had expressed these feelings with his native warmth and openness. But as the scene began to darken, and an anarchy, more fearful than anything which had preceded it, replaced that arbitrary authority, against which his spirit of freedom had revolted, he withdrew from the ranks of republi-

canism, and both by precept and example endeavoured to repress that insane spirit of revolution which was gaining ground in Germany. Thus he was exposed to the alternate abuse of both parties. But with the change of opinion in political matters, a revolution not less complete was gradually taking place in the principles of taste and criticism in Germany. The philosophy of Kant, and the æsthetic system of the Schlegels, were superseding the existing systems, and in the division of opinions, caused by these discussions, Wieland, as the professor of a philosophy, and the advocate of a critical system entirely opposed to the spirit of these innovations, was severely handled. A coolness ensued between the poet and Goethe, in consequence of some epigrams which had appeared in the Xenien. But the wit of the Xenien might have been borne with patience, had not others taken up the weapon of offence in another and a more unworthy spirit. It is with regret that we name Augustus and William Schlegel, as the authors or abettors of those unjust and illiberal attempts to undervalue the fame, and wound the feelings of Wieland. It strikes us with surprise that those whose principles of taste are generally so candid and comprehensive, should be so unjust to the merits of one who, whatever might be his hostility to the systems they patronized, was undoubtedly a man of a high and varied intellect, of vast acquirements and amiable manners. Was it generous or manly thus to assail a kind-hearted and benevolent old man, because, like Herder, he neither perceived nor acknowledged the excellence of the transcendental philosophy, or the advantages of the new æsthetic,—because he preferred his own Grace to their *naturalismus*, his own creed to their poetical Catholicism,—because he had sometimes given a French colouring to Athenian conversations, or allowed his spirit of irony to overflow its bounds? One specimen of this system of persecution will be sufficient. In the Athenæum (1799, vol. ii. p. 340) appeared an edictal citation, "at the instance of Messieurs Lucian, Fielding, Sterne, Bayle, Voltaire, Crebillon, Hamilton and others," inviting the public to an examination of the poetical stock of the "Comes Cæsareus Palatinus Wieland," and "as many articles have been found apparently belonging to Horace, Ariosto, Cervantes, and Shakspeare, all who may have similar claims are requested to apply." Doubtless there is more wickedness than wit in this sally; but the temper in which it was framed, and the perseverance with which such attacks were continued, sunk deeply into the sensitive mind of Wieland, whose anxious wish had always been to be loved by his fellow men, and who could say of himself with truth to Gleim, "I have been a man, but I trust a good man, and I have never yet lost the esteem of a wise and good man, when he learned to know me." Wieland,

however, consoled himself with the reflection that justice would be afterwards done to him.

"I repose," said he, "in the calm consciousness that I have deserved something better of the times in which I live. Meanwhile the inconceivable injustice of my contemporaries has little influence on my happiness. I have always had the good fortune of which Horace boasts—to be surrounded by a small number of those, of whom each one is to me worth a public. I have ever been attached to the muses for their own sake, and their service has been to me a labour of love. The loudest applauses of all the readers in the world would never compensate me for the smallest defect, which I *might have* avoided and *had* not avoided, even though the error were obvious to no one but myself."

With such feelings did Wieland retire from the scene of contest, to take refuge again in his beloved Greece, and to soothe his unavoidable irritation by the composition of his two last tales, Menander and Glycerion, and Krates and Hipparchia. We can only say of these, that they are worthy of the best days of Wieland.

But now some of those other evils were approaching for which composition could afford less consolation. One by one his friends were falling around him. Gleim and Klopstock were no more. The amiable grandchild of his friend La Roche, Sophia Brentano, who had long been resident in his family, and for whom Wieland felt the affection of a daughter, died of consumption. His wife, with whom he had spent thirty-five happy years, soon followed her to the grave. How mournful is the tone in which, two years afterwards, he writes to Böttiger:—

"Since the death of my dear wife, I have lost all pleasure in life, and the glow which things had for me before is gone for ever. I endeavour to occupy my attention, and to deaden the sense of my loss, which I feel most keenly when I lie down at night or when I awake. Never have I loved anything so much as I did her. When I knew that she was near me in the room, or if she came into my room at times, and spoke a friendly word or two, and went away,—it was enough. Since she is gone, I say to myself, no labour will prosper with me more. Perhaps I could not have supposed that with her weak frame she would have been spared to me for thirty-five years, to scatter flowers upon my path of life with her unpretending fidelity and duty. But then, I think of Philemon in the fable. Why could we not have died the same day?"

As if to complete "the ills that wait on age," the state of his fortune now obliged him to part with this residence, in which he had hoped to close the evening of his days. His crops failed, and to avoid diminishing the fund which he wished to leave for his family, he resolved to part with his purchase, and to return to Weimar. Perhaps his regret was diminished by the consciousness that more than one of those who had contributed to render

that home a happy one, had been taken from him, and that Osmanstadt could never be to him again what it had formerly been; for now his house was left unto him desolate. It was not, however, without a struggle that he quitted it. He left it in spring, when his trees and flowers were beginning to put forth their new verdure; and before he went, he walked through its green avenues, revisited his familiar trees, and shed some natural tears on the graves of his wife and his adopted daughter, in their quiet resting-place by the banks of the Ilm.

With warm attachment was Wieland received by his old friends in Weimar. His good understanding with Goethe was revived. He learned to know and to love the amiable Schiller. The Duchess-mother greeted her friend with her former kindness, and in her circle many of Wieland's hours were now spent. A seat in her box in the theatre was always reserved for him, and here he frequently went to witness those splendid dramas by which Goethe and Schiller had enriched the literature of Germany. A flattering tribute of respect was paid to Wieland on one of these occasions. It was on the first representation of Goethe's Torquato Tasso. When the curtain rose, instead of the busts of Virgil and Ariosto, which adorn the gardens of Belriguardo, those of Schiller and Wieland appeared, and when Antonio, in the well-known lines in the first act,* paints the character of Messer Ludovico, all eyes were at once directed to Wieland, and envy itself seemed to concur in awarding distinction to him, who in his peaceful simplicity had sought for none.

This tranquil residence, however, was yet to be disturbed by political storms and private distresses. His old and true-hearted friend, Herder, went first, and next the brilliant star of Schiller (for whom he had begun to feel a warm attachment) disappeared. The current of war now took the direction of Weimar; his benefactress, the Duchess, was compelled to fly from her residence, and the battle of Jena decided the fate of Germany. The night that followed that disastrous day was a terrible one to the inhabitants of Weimar. The contest raged in its streets and walks; showers of balls fell into the town; all around houses were seen in flames, plunder and devastation were at their height. But amidst this general confusion Wieland received a proof of the high estimation in which his talents were held by him who had thus directed the storm of war; for by Buonaparte's orders a guard was placed before his house for its protection.

> "The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground."

* "Wie die Natur die innig reiche brust," &c.

Next morning Marshal Ney waited on him in person. He found him in his room, which had been stripped of its furniture before the guard had been placed. Wieland had only his own chair remaining, which he offered to the Marshal; but Ney, with politeness and kindness, gently reseated the old man in his chair, and observed that he knew better whose duty it was to stand in the presence of Wieland.

His interview with Ney was the herald of one with the Great Conqueror himself. In the autumn of 1808, Napoleon was present at the Congress at Erfurt, and in the course of conversation some of Wieland's political prophecies with regard to the issue of the French Revolution were mentioned, which had been remarkably verified in the career of Napoleon,* and the Emperor expressed a curiosity to see him, but as Wieland had, on the ground of his health, declined an invitation to a court ball on that day, nothing further then took place. Napoleon had, however, brought with him a French company of performers, and Voltaire's Death of Cæsar was that evening to be represented. Wieland could not resist the temptation of seeing the French emperor and the French actors, among whom was Talma, at the same time; and accordingly he went to the theatre, and took his place in the little side-box, which was usually occupied by the Duke. Napoleon could not look up without observing him, and attracted by the striking expression of his fine old head, covered with its black silk cap, he inquired his name, and was told it was Wieland. At the ball he again inquired for him, till the Duchess proposed at last to send for him, and Wieland arrived in his usual plain but neat dress.

"I had scarcely," said he, "been there a few minutes, when Napoleon came up to me from the other side of the room. The Duchess presented me herself, and he paid me very politely the usual acknowledgements, while he fixed his eye sharply upon me. Scarcely any one has ever possessed more completely the gift of penetrating and looking through a man at a glance than Napoleon. He saw that in spite of my notoriety I was a plain old man, without pretension; and as he apparently wished to produce a favourable impression upon me, he at once assumed the shape in which he was sure to effect his purpose. Never in my life have I seen any one appear more simple, quiet, gentle, and unassuming. There was not a vestige to remind me that the man who was talking to me was a great monarch. He conversed with me like an old acquaintance with an equal; and (which had never happened with any one of my rank) for half-an-hour together, to the great astonishment of all present. It was near twelve o'clock, when I began to feel that I could not bear to stand longer; I took a liberty therefore which few other

* Wieland's Works, vol. xxxi. p. 88.

Germans or Frenchmen would have ventured on; I begged his Majesty to allow me to take my leave, as I could not venture to stand longer. He took it well. "Go then," said he, with a friendly tone and look—"Go then—good night."

Their conversation had been in many points interesting and characteristic. The play which had been performed introduced the subject of Julius Cæsar. Napoleon considered him as one of the greatest men in the history of the world, and maintained that he would have been, without exception, the greatest but for one unpardonable error. Wieland in vain endeavoured to recollect what this irreparable error was: Napoleon, who saw the question in his eye, continued—"You do not perceive the error then?—Cæsar knew long before, the men who smote him on the side, *and he should have been beforehand with them.*" "If Napoleon," continued Wieland, "could have seen what was passing in my mind, he would have read the answer:—'Thou at least wilt never have to blame thyself for such an error!'"

From Julius Cæsar the conversation turned to the Romans in general, their military skill and policy, all of which were strongly lauded by Napoleon. The Greeks, however, came but poorly off. Napoleon expressed a profound contempt for the squabbles of these petty states and pitiful democracies. "What good can come of such?" said he. "But the Romans fixed their views on greatness, and greatness was the result—the enormous power of the Roman *empire*, which gave a new aspect to the world, and a new epoch in its history." Wieland attempted to say something in behalf of their literature and arts, but Napoleon maintained that their literature was like their policy. He was disposed to make an exception in favour of Homer, *whom he preferred to Ossian.* Napoleon's taste in poetry, in fact, was the very opposite of Wieland's. The serious, the pathetic, the exalted, appeared to him to be its only legitimate elements. Of Ariosto, and all that class of poetry, he seemed to entertain much the same opinion as Cardinal Hippolyto D'Este. "He probably did not recollect," says Wieland, "that he was thus giving me a blow on the ear in passing." Wieland at last ventured to ask him, why in reforming public worship in France, he had not rendered it a little more philosophical, and better adapted to the spirit of the age. Napoleon answered with a smile—"My dear Wieland, my worship is not made for philosophers: the philosophers believe neither in me nor my religion; and for those who do believe, one never can have wonders enough. When I make a religion for philosophers, it shall be framed after another fashion." How clearly does the whole conversation indicate a mind accustomed to look on men only as pawns with which the game of empire was to be played—

an intellect which sees at a glance the weaknesses of systems and political institutions—and a heart which long habits of selfish ambition had hardened into the coldness and firmness of monumental bronze!

The marks of honour which Wieland now received from two quarters at once, namely, the order of St. Anne from the Emperor Alexander, and that of the Legion of Honour, were but a poor consolation for the misfortunes under which Germany groaned from the miseries of war, and which Wieland felt and resented with keenness and sincerity. He raised his voice loudly against that system of oppression which was daily gaining ground, and against Napoleon as its author. The infirmities of age, too, were now creeping upon him. He suffered much from an occasional weakness in his eyes, and in the autumn of 1809 he was attacked by a severe illness, from which he recovered only with a considerable failure of memory. He amused his leisure with the translation of Cicero's Letters, but he sometimes finds the work tedious, and regrets the absence of Böttiger, who might have assisted him in their arrangement. Meanwhile every respectful tribute of gratitude and admiration was paid to him by his old pupil. Since his return from Osmanstadt, his birth-day had always been celebrated by an entertainment at Belvidere, a seat of the Duke's. When, in 1812, he completed his eightieth year, the Brothers presented him with a medal struck in honour of the occasion.

But the long and honourable career of Wieland was now hastening to its close. A severe injury, received by the fall of his carriage in 1811, had for months subjected him to confinement and suffering. From this, however, he had recovered, and in the commencement of the winter of 1812 he was able to enjoy his occasional visits to the theatre. But a sudden illness seized him in January, 1813; the attack, which was for some time repelled, returned, and Wieland's last moments were evidently approaching. His last hours were not without pain, but it was borne patiently. Images of those scenes in which his mind had wandered so often, appeared to cross his imagination; Italian words were sometimes heard; and in the evening his children, who surrounded his bed, could faintly distinguish the emphatic words of Hamlet—"To be or not to be"—uttered, first in German, and then in English. Soon after he sunk into a slumber, and before midnight Wieland was no more.

His remains were transferred with great pomp from Weimar to Osmanstadt, where, under his own direction and by permission of the proprietor, a monument had been erected, intended to mark the resting-place of Sophia Brentano, his wife, and himself: a simple three-sided pyramid, placed on a small hillock between

the three graves, and bearing the names of Sophia Brentano, Anna Dorothea Hillenbrand, and Christopher Martin Wieland. Beneath appear these lines, from the pen of Wieland himself.

" Liebe und Freundschaft umschlang die verwandten Seelen in Leben;
Und ihr sterbliches deckt dieses gemeinsame Stein."*

We have already, in the course of this article anticipated most of our remarks on the literary character of Wieland. Some few words may be added on its more general features.

Wieland is not one of those original and creative minds that strike out new paths in art and science. He does not walk within the same circle as Homer, Dante, Shakspeare and Goethe. He is essentially more an improver than a discoverer, and his mind, powerful as it is in its variety, is better satisfied with arranging, simplifying and beautifying what others have conquered for us, than adding to our acquisitions. He does not sound the depths of the human spirit in his poetry, nor touch those mysterious chords of association by which a simple word from a great poet often comes over the heart like a spell. Scenes of stormy passion he avoids, for he feels they are beyond his powers; the mournful he shuns as disagreeable to his equanimity; the visionary as revolting to his judgment. Conscious that he cannot long maintain his ground in the loftier regions of poetry, he takes up his position in a lower and more tranquil region, on whose broad and sunny level the whole of his varied intellectual armament can be brought into play.

In invention he is not deficient, but neither is he great. That he possessed the power of framing for himself an ingenious series of incidents, his delightful tale of the " Salamander and the Statue," in which a long train of wonders is ultimately explained by natural causes, sufficiently shows. But in general his mind required to be set in motion by some extrinsic impulse, and to borrow, at least, some portion of the capital with which it was to trade. He required some fixed support round which his imagination, like the clasping ivy, wound its gradual coil. Yet it is wonderful how little is sufficient for his purpose; from what slender materials a magnificent edifice is raised! A trait of character or a philosophical hint is given him, and it expands into a portrait or a theory; he gathers some scattered incidents from a meagre chronicle, and they rise in all the finished beauty of a romantic epic. Give him but the slightest point whereon to rest his lever, and he moves the world of imagination at his will.

Though Wieland borrows much, he is no plagiarist. He does

* Love and friendship united these kindred souls in life;
And their mortal part is covered by this common stone.

not steal, for he levies his contributions boldly and manfully and maintains that they are his by right of conquest. He delights to leads us by palpable hints and broad allusions to the source of his depredations. He seems to challenge comparison, and to say with confidence, look here upon this picture and on this. For he knows that he loses little or nothing by the admission, and that he never borrows but to return an hundred-fold. The skeletons which he raises from the wide field of his reading, come forth from his hands with a new body and a new life. The rude and forgotten fabrics of fiction, which were crumbling into dust, he re-builds and beautifies, their chambers which were void and tenantless, he replenishes and re-peoples, and what he found of brick he leaves of marble.

His characters, perhaps, possess more of originality than his incidents, though even here he seems to be diffident of his powers. He never ventures to place us among beings to whom the rectifying standard of our own experience can be applied; he shifts to scenes where he is safe from examination, and shows his characters only under the fantastic atmosphere of romance, or the dim historical twilight of antiquity. Even here, too, he never succeeds so well as when he has a given outline to fill up as in Peregrinus, Apollonius, or Socrates. His Socrates is, perhaps, the finest of these elaborate re-productions, and yet, like every other character made up of historical hints and general abstractions of virtue and vice, it bears only the same resemblance to the truth of nature, as a waxen image does to life. The difficulty he felt of varying his general conceptions by characteristic shades of distinction, is obvious too from the frequency with which particular characters are repeated. Hippias puts off the Athenian stole only to assume the mantle of the Calendar; Musarion revives in Lais, Danaë in Theoclea and Devedassi; the youth of Agathon of Delphi is the prototype of that of Peregrinus in Parium; and where Archytas re-appears in Danishmende, though he speaks to us in Persian, we recognise him at once as an old acquaintance, "by the Athenian garments he hath on."

The philosophy of Wieland is ethical, not metaphysical. His mind was not endowed with that power of persevering abstraction and deep reflection which are necessary for the successful investigation of the more subtle and mysterious problems of human existence. It is evident from the manner in which he speaks of Kant, that he had no sympathy with such inquiries. These pursuits, which seemed to him to terminate only in a vast ocean of possibilities, he considered as worse than useless; and while he contemplated the noise and turbulence of the arena within which the disputants were tumultuously contending for a prize so hope-

less, he viewed the scene with something of the same feeling with which he might be supposed to have listened to the clamours of the blue and green factions in the Hippodrome of Constantinople.

Even within the range to which he voluntarily restricts himself, he is rather an eclectic philosopher than an original thinker; the representative of the best and most enlightened organs of European opinion, rather than the founder of new systems or the advocate of ingenious paradoxes. Of the tendency of his philosophy we have already spoken. Rightly understood, perhaps, and reduced to its elemental principles, as stated by himself, it is not a material philosophy, but, in any view, it is an imperfect and a dangerous one. As an expositor of this philosophy in the shape of fiction, Wieland falls into the error of repeating too often ideas with which we are sufficiently familiar from a single representation. When we have perused his theory of "Kalokagathy" in Agathon, we do not wish to have it repeated in Aristippus; when we have solved the enigma of Proteus's character, we do not ask for a supplement in that of Apollonius. "Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de *tout* dire."

But the mind of Wieland must be measured, not by the force of individual faculties, but by the activity of all. Singly they may be of no great strength;—but wrapped up in one intellectual *fusciculus*, wielded by an energetic and ever active mind, how strong, how beautiful, how beneficent is their union! We see taste, humour, pathos, imagination, reasoning, all blending their powers in tempered harmony; none engrossing the whole man, none excluding another, but all mingling in amity under the controul of a calm, clear, deliberate judgment. We see the results of these varied faculties embodied in a style, sometimes indeed a little capricious in its course, but ever full and lucid as the fountain from which it flows. Can we doubt the extensive and beneficial influence of such a mind exerting its energies for half a century upon the literature of Germany? If Wieland has had few imitators, is not the cause to be found in the difficulty of the attempt? Imitation is easy where our model is characterised by the predominance of some striking quality to which all others are tributary, but almost hopeless when applied to a mind where all the intellectual powers are so balanced as in that of Wieland. But the influence of Wieland, though silently, has been sensibly exerted. Borrowing from society much of his characteristic grace, he repaid the gift by elevating its pursuits, improving its taste, increasing its knowledge, and bringing, like his favourite Socrates, philosophy from the clouds, to mingle, a familiar guest, among the haunts and habitations of men.

Of his religious opinions we have purposely abstained from saying anything. That they were mistaken and dangerous must be a matter of deep and solemn regret;—that they were sincere, and adopted from no wish to render them a cloak for vicious indulgence, the whole tenor of his life attests. Remembering then that the tree is known by its fruits, shall we venture to judge and to condemn? Those who can see no distinction between an erroneous speculative opinion and a vicious life, may re-echo the clamours of the Athenæum;—the candid and tolerant will look more in sorrow than in anger on the grave of WIELAND.

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ART. II.—*Voyage à Méroé, au Fleuve Blanc, au-delà de Fazoql dans le midi du Royaume de Sennâr, à Syouah et dans cinq autres Oasis; fait dans les années* 1819, 1820, 1821, *et* 1822. Par M. Frederic Cailliaud de Nantes, Associé Correspondant de la Société Académique de Marseille, Membre de celle de la Loire Inférieure, et de la Société de Géographie. *Accompagné de Cartes Géographiques, de Planches représentant les Monumens de ces contrées, avec des détails relatifs à l'état moderne et à l'histoire naturelle. Dédié au Roi.* Paris, Imprimerie Royale, 1826, 1827. *Texte,* 4 vols. 8vo. *Planches,* 2 vols. in folio.

THE name of Cailliaud has for the last ten years stood high among the successful explorers of Egyptian antiquities, and the zealous devotees of African discovery. The work now before us presents us with the results of his second visit to Egypt, and of his journies to the Oases and adjacent countries during that period. Although more than five years have elapsed between his return to France and the entire completion of the present work, (a circumstance that need not excite surprise, considering that the graphic portion of it contains no less than 150 engravings,) the public has reason to be satisfied that the task of editing his researches and discoveries has in this instance fallen into the author's own hands. For it is singular enough, that the account of his former *Voyage à l'Oasis de Thebes dans les années* 1815 à 1818, drawn up from his manuscript journals and drawings by M. Jomard, (who published the first half of it in 1822,) still remains incomplete, and seems likely to continue so; for, although repeatedly called upon, the editor has neither announced the publication of the second half, nor afforded any public explanation of the delay. In a short notice prefixed to the fourth volume of the work before us, M. Cailliaud anxiously disculpates himself from all share in the non-appearance of the former.

Having returned to Egypt in the autumn of 1819, our traveller

employed the following winter in a visit to the Oases, especially that of Syouah, which contains the remaining fragments of the temple of Jupiter Ammon. But from this excursion he was recalled to a more extensive scene of discovery, by the news of the expedition prepared by Mehemed Ali against the countries of Æthiopia. Towards the end of August, 1820, he presented himself at the camp of Ismayl Pasha, the Viceroy's second son, at Assouan; but, notwithstanding a former promise of protection from that prince, he was not then permitted to join it. He returned to Cairo for fresh passports; and having, principally through the influence of M. Drovetti, obtained such as he required, he again directed his course to the southward, and arrived at the Second Cataract about the middle of December. In the mean time the army had made considerable progress,—having conquered or over-run several small and two important provinces—and was encamped near Mount Berkel, in Dar-Sheygýa, when the traveller overtook it, in the middle of February, 1821. Still he found great difficulty in obtaining permission to proceed; the Pasha strongly objected to the presence of any Europeans in his army who were not actually in his service, (vol. ii. p. 74.); he had requested his father to permit no traveller to pass the Second Cataract; he had even sent down an order to the Aga commanding there (which happily arrived too late) to prevent M. Cailliaud from doing so; two English gentlemen, Mr. Waddington and Mr. Hanbury, who had preceded our author to Dar Sheygýa, had been obliged to return on this account, and because their firman did not protect them beyond Wady Halfa. We believe that M. Cailliaud was chiefly indebted for his final success to an advantage which our fellow-countrymen did not possess;—he was patronized by the French government, and warmly supported by the French authorities in Egypt.

His subsequent exertions did honour to that support and to that patronage; for there is no branch of an enterprizing traveller's self-imposed duties (if we may use that expression) to which he has not directed some part of his attention. His botanical and meteorological observations we cannot do more than recommend to the curiosity of our readers: but of his antiquarian, topographical, and other researches we shall endeavour to present them with the most important results; though in such imperfect manner as will rather lead them to explore the source from which we draw, than entirely satisfy the thirst of curiosity.

But in order to give these matters their due interest, and even to render them perfectly intelligible, it is necessary to trace the progress, and it will be useful to describe the operations, of an expedition, perhaps the most extraordinary which modern days

have witnessed, and which alone might have excited our astonishment and even moved our admiration by its singular fortunes, even if it had not been the means of dispelling the mystery which had hitherto hung over the ruins of Meroé.

Early in the autumn of 1820 Ismayl Pasha passed the Second Cataract, the frontiers of his father's kingdom, with about 4000 fighting men and twelve pieces of artillery. His army consisted of mercenaries, containing specimens of almost every race of Moslem. There were Turks, European, Asiatic and Cairine, who proved the least effective part of the force; there were many Albanians, the flower of the infantry, and even Persians might be seen scattered among the motley host of the Sonnites. Of the Arabs, again, some were Bedouins and some Moggrebyns; and these constituted nearly half the numbers, and more than half the strength of the army—the former were entirely cavalry. A number of the Fellahs of Egypt attended the camp, chiefly as grooms and servants; while the medical staff consisted of Italians and Greeks. But to add to the difficulty of the enterprize, the soldiers who were, as usual, volunteers, were hired only as far as Dongola, and therefore bound by no military obligation to advance beyond that kingdom. The Pasha was only twenty-two years of age, and had not been engaged, we believe, in any previous service. Such was the army, so conducted, by which Mehemed Ali proposed to subject the banks and the deserts of the Upper Nile, and penetrate to that more distant land, whose reported mines and negro population seemed to offer a rich harvest of slaves and gold. For this was in fact his ultimate object, which precludes us from offering to his motives even the ambiguous applause which is usually bestowed on the ambition of monarchs.

Having passed his boats over the cataracts at high water, Ismayl Pasha advanced through the districts of Sukkot and Mahass, and occupied the kingdom of Dongola without any opposition—the small remains of the Mamelukes, who had for some years resided there, having retired at his approach and taken refuge at Darfour. But the country lying next above Dongola was occupied by the Sheygýa, a daring and independent race of Arabs, whose military spirit and habits, encouraged by the possession of an excellent breed of horses, had made them the terror of the peasant and the merchant from the Second Cataract as far as the frontiers of Sennaar. Between these limits there seems to have been no spot too solitary, too dangerous, or too distant for their lawless enterprize; and the confidence which they had acquired by frequent triumphs over unwarlike adversaries left them little apprehension of defeat. Thus, with no better

weapons than spears and shields, they had encountered the mailed Mamelukes without fear, and had always come out of the unequal conflict without disgrace; for, though sometimes worsted, they had suffered no violation of their own territory. Their lands were cultivated by subject Noubas, or slaves; themselves had no other occupation than war; hence only were derived the hopes and education of their boyhood, the honours and delights of manly years, and the recollections of old age. Their courage, thus animated and exercised, was fortified by more than common confidence in charms and amulets, and acquired even additional recklessness from predestinarianism. And thus they are described to have rode into battle as into a festive scene, with mirth and gaiety.

When this people were commanded by a stranger to deliver up their horses and their arms, and to devote themselves henceforward to the servile drudgery of agriculture, we need not wonder at their indignant refusal. They awaited the Pasha on their frontiers, and immediately surrounded and attacked him. Their singular audacity and devotion astounded the enemy; and it is certain that for some time the battle was in their favour, but the weapons of the Turks at length prevailed; and seeing that no amulets could arrest the bullet's flight, and that little injury was inflicted in return for much loss sustained, they left the field for the present. Their next attempt at resistance had even less hope of success; for, on this occasion, the Pasha was enabled to make use of his artillery, which the closeness of the first conflict had rendered unavailable. Superstition, one of the usual motives of their courage, was now converted into an engine of terror; and they attributed to their enemy that preternatural assistance which appeared to be withdrawn from themselves. The greater part of the cavalry escaped and fled up the banks of the river; many of the infantry and peasants were massacred, but the women and children were spared from every violence. Indeed up to this period, and even later than this, the character of Ismayl, illustrated by one or two traits of generosity, was stained by no act of unnecessary severity. The soldiers, indeed, according to the Turkish practice, cut off the ears of the slain; and M. Cailliaud relates some brutalities committed by the Greeks (vol. ii. p. 63.) who attended the army, which passed unpunished; but customary or individual excesses do not affect the reputation of the Pasha.

The conquest of Dar Sheygya disclosed to the first gaze of European eyes the temples and pyramids of Mount Berkel and Nousi; some very vague rumours of their existence had indeed already reached the civilized world, but there seemed little chance

of opening a path to them otherwise than by the sword. How far we have profited by this discovery, will become presently an object of inquiry. In the mean time the Pasha remained encamped on that spot for some weeks, which he employed in negociations with the fugitive Sheygya, who were still powerful, and with the Maleks of Berber and Shendi. On the 21st of February, 1821, he resumed his march, and following the river for three days, turned off to the east through the barren valley of Argon, and after a confused march of four days (or rather nights) again came down to the Nile, at about two days journey above Berber.

"In the twinkling of an eye the bank was covered with soldiers, all eager to quench their thirst in the river, or to plunge into it; the Arabs rushed into it with their clothes on. One might have fancied that the army found in it a new existence; in fact it would seem as if every thing which breathes or vegetates in these countries derives its existence from the river; the Egyptian who wanders far from its creative waters seems to have lost the most essential of the vital parts by which his existence is animated."—vol. ii. p. 90.

The artillery did not arrive until two or three days later; the army then advanced into the country of Berber, of which the prince had already tendered his submission: and the better to secure the fidelity of the inhabitants, the soldiers were directed to make a pompous, but innocent, parade of the terrors of their firearms.

The Pasha remained at Berber for about two months; partly that he might not too rapidly precede his boats, of which the greater number had been unable to pass the cataracts of the Sheygya during the season of low water; partly that he might treat for the submission of the Malek of Shendi. For in his successive invasions of the several countries along the Nile, it was the policy of Ismayl ever to prevent the use of arms by negociation; and he did this generally with success, because the states were individually very feeble, and quite incapable of any cordial co-operation; and because he did not exact from the people any severe contribution, or offer any insult to the dignity of their Maleks.

Malek Nimir at length followed the example of the chiefs of Berber and Dongola, but with more reluctance and a stronger sense of his humiliation. As this man was destined to act a bloody part in the conclusion of the tragedy, we shall quote M. Cailliaud's description of him, on occasion of a visit afterwards made to him at Sennaar.

"I had been apprized of his haughty and arrogant character; I found him sitting on a bed, reading the Koran; as there were no other seats in the apartment, I went and sat down close to him, several guards

of his suite stood around us. Nimir is a man of six feet high; his look is stern, and his disposition gloomy; he is thoughtful, full of pride and audacity, studious and devout."—vol. ii. p. 300.

However, he did not think this the moment to oppose the invader, but, yielding to circumstances, received him as a conqueror into his capital. The Pasha entered Shendy on the 9th of May: a few days afterwards four of his soldiers were assassinated in a village near the camp, for which offence he took severe and instant vengeance, by the destruction of the village and the murder of eighty of the inhabitants. On the 15th, Malek Choup, one of the kings of the Sheygya, who commanded their exiled cavalry, having failed to excite the rulers either of Berber or Shendy to opposition against Ismayl, tendered his military service to the conqueror; the offer was accepted, and the brave Arab and his subjects were from that moment numbered among the most faithful and warlike of the Pasha's army: they were afterwards employed on the most difficult occasions, and ever obeyed with the same fearlessness with which they had resisted as long as resistance held out any hope of success.

On the same day the army left Shendy and advanced against Halfay, which separated that province from Sennaar. No opposition was offered, and therefore the country, though provisions were not abundant, was not plundered. They reached the capital* on the 25th, and stayed there no longer than was necessary to obtain the promised tribute of camels and dourrha—the Malek presented it in person.

"His dress consisted of two fine muslin shirts, one white, the other blue; he wore on his feet leather sandals, similar to those of the ancient Egyptians; his hair was also plaited like theirs, and slightly oiled; above the elbow he wore little leathern bags fastened round the arm, containing some kinds of amulets or mysterious papers, on which are written certain verses of the Koran; his fingers were ornamented with thick silver rings."—vol. ii. p. 193.

On the 27th the troops again moved towards Sennaar, and on the same evening they encamped on the banks of the White River. Not one, perhaps, among the armed multitudes who rushed to the borders of this mysterious stream, approached it with any awe or contemplated it with any curiosity. It divided them from the kingdom of Sennaar; it divided them from an enemy whom they had been taught to consider rich and unwarlike, and whom they were ardent to encounter; and they proceeded eagerly to cross it, without wasting a single inquiry as to the countries which it had

* Halfay is situated on the right bank, and the army had marched up on the left, probably because its greater poverty afforded the soldiers less opportunity of plunder.

traversed in its magnificence, or the regions which have so long concealed its infancy.

"For three days, the surface of the river to a considerable extent was covered with camels, horses, Turks and Arabs swimming across, some supported by leather-bottles filled with air, or mounted on pieces of timber; others clinging to the horses' tails or mounted on the camels; in this manner did the army pass, consisting, along with the servants, of 5,500 men, and 3,000 camels or horses. It would be difficult to paint the tumult, confusion, noise, and cries of the men and animals; the echoing of the blows by which the poor animals were overwhelmed, in order to make them swim and advance; you would have imagined you saw a routed army, with the enemy close at its heels, and not troops rushing with confidence to victory. Unfortunately, this ardent zeal cost thirty men their lives, and one hundred and fifty camels or horses were drowned."—vol. ii. p. 200.

Civil dissensions and a disputed succession delivered Sennaar into the hands of the Pasha without the slightest effort at resistance. One of the competitors for the throne took to flight on his approach, and the other advanced to welcome him as an ally, and acknowledge him as a master. He took possession of the capital on the 12th of June, with the same noisy pomp of triumph which had signalized his entry into Berber. Sennaar is situated at 13° 36′ 51″ of north latitude, and 31° 24′ 34″ longitude east of Paris, near the river on the right bank. It is about two miles in circumference, and contains a population of 9000 souls, of whom a third had retired before the arrival of the army. The houses, built on the ruins of more ancient habitations, are themselves rapidly advancing to a state of ruin.

"Some of them are round cabins covered with thatch; others with clay roofs have occasionally one story and a terrace, which are usually in a very ruinous state. They are not built in any regular line. In short, this confused mass of habitations presents a complete picture of wretchedness."—vol. ii. p. 258.

Such was the place of which the conquest formed one of the most plausible objects of the expedition!

Soon after his arrival, the Pasha sent out two detachments into the interior of the country; the one to the east—the other to the west side of the river. The former succeeded in bringing in captive the fugitive pretender, and with him two persons who had lately assassinated a third king, or pretender, named A'dlan, whose children had placed themselves under the Pasha's protection. He inflicted on the murderers the punishment of impalement—a refinement in torture unknown to the barbarians of the south, and the only fruits that had yet been presented to them of the superior civilization of the Turks. The details of their execution, (vol. ii. p. 241,) and the unbending resolution of the sufferers, excite in

us a horrible interest. In the Sennarians, who witnessed this spectacle, disgust and hatred were so deeply excited as to leave no space even for terror.

The expedition to the westward was intended against the Negroes who inhabited the country towards the White River. Unable to resist, they had still the means of escape, and, therefore, the Turkish officer (Hadji Hammed) thought proper to employ "la ruse, ou si l'on veut" (as M. Cailliaud says with great simplicity) "la trahison." The reader shall discover for himself the distinction between a Turkish *ruse* and treachery.

"He sent flags of truce to these poor people to propose an agreement; he required them to pay a tribute of slaves and camels. They accepted these conditions: in consequence, Hadji Hammed ascended towards them with a party of his men, under pretence of receiving the stipulated tribute: but scarcely had he arrived at the top when he had the villages surrounded, and made prisoners all that were found in them." —vol. ii. p. 251.

Above a thousand Negroes were destroyed by this incursion, and about two thousand, chiefly women and children, were brought in as slaves, besides a large number of camels taken violently from the Nomad Arabs. It does not appear that the Pasha had the slightest pretext for this aggression—the sufferers had committed no act of hostility, and were probably subjects of the Malek of Sennaar, with whom he was in amity.

The climate of Sennaar amply avenged the injuries of its inhabitants. It was on the 4th of August that the Pasha and M. Cailliaud, conversing in a pleasant garden on the river side, "à l'ombre d'un berceau de citronniers," praised the delicious temperature and the moderation of the vertical sun. Ismayl was especially delighted by the unexpected salubrity of the atmosphere. "Il disait dejà qu'il n'en croirait plus les voyageurs; que la rélation de Bruce qui lui avait été traduite, etait mensongère," for that relation had led him to fear for the health of his army. In three weeks from that time a third of his army was suffering from epidemic diseases, and on the 25th of September, he counted 600 dead and 2000 sick in a force of 3000* men, and the number was increasing every day. "Le Pasha ne disait plus que le rapport de Bruce fût contraire à la vérité."

The Sennarians refused all assistance to the sufferers; they did not even affect to conceal the joy which this spectacle afforded them. "An air of triumph and bravado shone on every countenance," and an insurrection would probably have completed the destruc-

* *Quere* 4000? M. Cailliaud himself tells us, that, soon after its arrival at Sennaar, a reinforcement from Cairo increased the army to 4000; and it had suffered no loss from that time till the beginning of the sickly season.

tion of the invaders, if a reinforcement had not opportunely arrived from Egypt, (on the 22d of October,) under the command of Ibrahim, the eldest son of Mehemed—the same who has since acquired such unfortunate celebrity in Greece.

In the beginning of December, the two princes took the field; Ismayl at the head of 1500, and Ibrahim of 1200 men, (leaving 1500 to garrison Sennaar,) and advanced up the left bank of the Blue River. After a few days march they separated, and the latter division directed its course more to the westward, while that of Ismayl followed more nearly the course of the river. Our traveller continued to attend his former protector, and we shall not desert his guidance. Their route lay, for the most part, through uninhabited and pathless forests, where the traces of the elephant became more frequent, as those of man disappeared. On the 17th, they arrived at El Querebyn, a dependancy of Sennaar; and thence, proceeding southward, through forests even wilder and more extensive than those behind them, they reached the bordering mountains, inhabited by idolatrous Negroes. The Pasha waited for no provocation or pretext for attack; and as his object was alike to employ his soldiers and to send down slaves to his father, he promised a dollar a head for every prisoner brought in. The Negroes defended themselves with courage, and sometimes with success; in an assault made on the 22d, the Turks lost 52 men in killed and wounded, and the prisoners they made consisted chiefly of old women, children, or cripples, whose worthlessness secured their restoration to liberty. The account of this affair, in which Ismayl had one of his guard killed at his side by a lance, the only weapon of his enemies, will be very interesting to those who love to dwell on the details of war. The position of the Negroes behind trees and bushes, growing among the smooth masses of their granite rocks, over which, with naked feet, they bounded, or rather flew, "like birds" (vol. ii. p. 60); their circular straw huts peeping out from among the crevices of their stony fastnesses; the huge masses of wood and rock which they rolled down upon their invaders slowly climbing the eminences, to themselves so easy of access; the roar of musketry and cannon, now heard among them for the first time;—present a combination of circumstances, throwing, at least, some new varieties into the disgusting picture of battle.

This "chasse aux Nègres" (as M. Cailliaud calls it) continued for some days, and was renewed at convenient intervals. On one such occasion (on the 25th) the traveller, as well as the Pasha, had a very narrow escape, of which we will not refuse his natural description to our readers:

"The Pasha had strongly recommended to me, for my own safety,

always to keep close to him; this friendly attention on his part was very nearly costing me dear. After two hours' march we had ascended about two-thirds of the mountain, which was the object of our expedition; we were winding our way along a very rough and rugged path; having on our right the edge of a precipice, and on our left the summit of the mountain rising perpendicularly. A portion of the troops was before us; Ismayl was following them, having one of his slaves close behind him, bearing his carbine; I came immediately after, and so near to the slave, that my horse's head actually touched his head; the Mamelukes marched behind me. The path was so narrow as not to allow more than one to march abreast; all of a sudden a large piece of rock, of three feet in diameter, rolling *à l'improviste* between Ismayl and me, hurled the slave who separated us down the precipice. No doubt the blow was aimed at the Pasha, the richness of whose dress made him a conspicuous object; but had I advanced another step, I should have been the victim! Ismayl instantly turned round, and I could judge of his terror by the paleness of his countenance; I must confess, however, that he might, without injustice, have made the same observation on me."—vol. ii. p. 371.

Upon the whole, these incursions, if they served to keep alive the spirit of the soldiers, certainly conduced very little either to the honour or profit of the prince—the number of captives was not large, and it was diminished by the brutality of their treatment; of the survivors very few were recommended by youth or vigour—the greater part of the young men having either escaped or perished. However, some few of these were sent down the river to Cairo, where they were probably embodied in Mehemed Ali's disciplined troops, and sent to exercise among the mountains of the Morea the same sort of "chasse," as that of which they themselves had so lately been the object, and to practise lessons of humanity similar to those which they had received from their conqueror.

On the 1st of January, 1822, the Pasha, after a harassing march through a woody wilderness, arrived at Fazoql, the capital of the province of that name—the Malek of which advanced to meet him, and offer his submission. On the 12th, he again proceeded southward, and after some more destructive affairs with the Negroes, he crossed the river Toumet, (tributary to the Blue River,) at about 10° 50′ 9″ latitude; and on the 18th, M. Cailliaud discovered the first indications of gold. To this discovery were now attached the remaining hopes of Ismayl; the conquest of so many barren or half-desolate provinces had not satisfied his cupidity, and the myriads of slaves, of whom he had promised himself easy and profitable possession, had proved fierce and dangerous enemies; but the gold mines of Quâmâmyl, recorded by early antiquity, and exaggerated by distant rumour, still continued to flatter

his wishes and his credulity. He entered the province without delay, and eagerly commenced the important search. The first attempt, directed by M. Cailliaud, and the second by the Pasha in person, were very nearly fruitless; but it was still hoped, that the country might contain spots more fruitful; and marauding parties were despatched to take some natives, who might serve as guides to the concealed stores of their land. They were so fortunate as to capture a chief, who was conducted trembling before the Pasha. After covering him with the unexpected honour, " d'un guibeh ou doliman de serge rouge," (of which the brilliancy formed so ridiculous a contrast with his black skin as to excite the amusement even of his own wretched fellow captives,) the Pasha questioned him respecting the supposed treasures.

" This man, trembling all over, picked up a handful of gravel stones, about the size of beans, and showing them to the prince, told him, that after the rainy season, there were sometimes found bits of gold of that size in the hollows of the beds or borders of the rivulets; but that in general they procured this metal in powder by washing the sands in the little bowls which we had seen."—

He pointed out the most favourable places for such researches, and conducted the Pasha on the following day to one of them. The result was exactly such as he had led to expect—a few small grains of gold rewarded the labours of the day—" le Pacha était d'une humeur détestable, et le dépit se peignait sur son visage,"—and most happily the poor Negro chief took a very early opportunity to escape from his red doliman, and the dangers of his splendid captivity. The search, however, was continued for some days longer, of which the most fortunate appears not to have produced more than twelve grains. And after repeated experiments, M. Cailliaud remained convinced, " que les sables de cette region reputés les plus riches ne donnent au lavage, terme moyen, que quatre grains d'or par quintal."—vol. iii. p. 18.

After seventeen days passed among golden sands, the Pasha became convinced of their barrenness; and as he had thus fairly ascertained the certainty and extent of his disappointment; as he had attained the utmost bounds which had ever been affixed to his expedition, and had exhausted his last and dearest hopes, the soldiers eagerly expected the order to return.

" The Sheygýa* had prepared their mannikin in the shape of a man, supposed to represent one of themselves; for it is one of their established customs to inter an image of this kind in the place fixed as the boundary of their great expeditions."

On the 5th of February, the order was at length given—to

* We have retained the orthography of Burckhardt.

continue their march to the south. The soldiers could not conceal their astonishment; they already considered it a supernatural effort by which they had reached their present position. The Sheygya placed their "mannequin" on a camel, and readily escorted it on foot, (to the great amusement of the Osmanlis;) the army continued to advance without exhibiting any disposition to mutiny; and in two days, they arrived at Singue, the province adjacent to Quâmâneyl.

And here, indeed, the limits of progress were at length fixed by invincible necessity. The Negro inhabitants of the surrounding mountains had become more daring from success, or more furious from their sufferings—the troops were harassed in their march, and insulted in their encampment—the Pasha's own horses were carried off from under the mouths of his cannon, and a confederacy, among various Negro tribes, for a simultaneous assault on the camp was proved to have been formed, though fortunately it did not take effect at the time fixed for it. The army was reduced to about 1200 men, and was greatly in want of ammunition, in which its only advantage consisted.* "J'allai voir le Prince: il etait triste et soucieux; des nouvelles affligeantes, qu'il venait de récévoir du Sennaar, augmentaient ses inquiétudes sur l'embarras de sa position, dont il ne dissimulait pas au reste le danger."—vol. iii. p. 49. But, though afflicted by periodical attacks of fever, Ismayl had lost nothing of that energy, which, through the whole campaign, had supported and animated him.†

"He must certainly have been endowed with great courage, perseverance, and even genius, to have, with a feeble army of 4000 men, ill-paid and ill-fed, traversed, in all directions, barbarous and wild countries, invaded in less than two years 450 leagues of territory, conquered twelve provinces and a kingdom, and maintained an unceasing struggle with a multitude of warlike tribes."—vol. iii. p. 51.

But he yielded at length to destiny, and gave, on the 11th of February, the long-expected orders for retreat.

M. Cailliaud appears at different times to have indulged some visionary hopes, that the present expedition would throw light on the course, or even the fountains of the White River; and, doubtless, it was in an agony of disappointment at the disappearance of this dream, that, before turning his face northward, he mounted an eminence, with his telescope in his hand, and sought to discover the spot where his imagination had placed the source of the

* Some boats charged with supplies and ammunition had been destroyed by the natives near Fazoql.

† By the way, the only people who offered him the slightest resistance were the Sheygya and the Negroes.

White River,—(a spot distant, according to his own map, above 800 miles.)

"Vain efforts! . . . Ceasing, therefore, to contemplate this horizon, which presented nothing but a complete mass of vapour, I engraved the name of *France* in deep characters upon the rock, and transporting myself in imagination to that beloved country, I put up a prayer that I might be allowed to offer her the tribute of my labours; a small tribute, certainly, but which had cost me great fatigue and sufferings."—vol. iii. p. 51.

The Sheygýa were probably employing the same moment in the customary interment of their "mannequin;" and these important ceremonies duly performed, the army joyously commenced its return homewards.

The men were inspired with new energy; the very beasts seemed sensible of the change in the direction of march, and their step became more rapid and firm. Joy was painted on every countenance; the Bedoüins and the Arnaöuts expressed their own by songs; past sufferings were already banished from recollection, and every thought and every vow was directed towards home.

The traveller soon afterwards took his final leave of the Pasha, who had latterly treated him with great consideration, and descended to Sennaar by water. Ismayl encountered no impediments in his return to that place, which was hastened by a disappointment in not finding his brother's division at Fazoql; with which reinforcement he had still meditated a new expedition to the south-westward. Ibrahim himself having been overtaken some time before by sickness and its attendant circumstances of anxiety and despondency, had abruptly quitted the army and returned direct to Egypt; happier, in undishonoured obscurity, had he fallen among the deserts of the White River, by the lance of some naked savage, than to have lived to wreak his sullen and sanguinary humour upon the unresisting children of Greece, to have torn away some of the remaining branches of her beauty and vitality, and left in the flowery vallies of the Morea so deep an impress of his horses' feet, that an age of peace and independence will scarcely restore their verdure.

From Sennaar, the "brave Ismayl," not many months afterwards, descended to Shendi to repress some insurrection or levy some contribution, and thence he designed to return to Egypt. At Shendi he had the imprudence to retire to some distance from his camp, to celebrate, (as it is said,) by a nocturnal banquet, the conclusion of his laborious campaign. A very few attendants were with him. Malek Nimir (the name means tiger) had long watched for the opportunity of vengeance which was now presented, and not rejected by him. He set fire to the

house where the Pasha feasted or reposed, and to the shrubs or the dourrha which surrounded it; the young conqueror perished in the flames. The soldiers from the camp arrived too late for succour, and found only the mutilated remains of their prince: these were transported to Cairo and there buried.

All his party were taken or massacred; the Greek, his Protomedico, was at first spared, that he might be delivered to more deliberate torture.

"First, all his teeth were extracted from him, one by one, and distributed among the principal persons of the country, who had them carefully sewed up in little leather bags, in order to wear them as amulets; for in the opinion of these superstitious people, the possessor of a physician's tooth is safe from the attacks of any disease. After this cruel operation, he was put to death.* Malek Nimir took to flight with his accomplices, and retreated into Darfour."—vol. iii. p. 337.

We have observed that the first object of this expedition, which we have followed with no small degree of interest, was the conquest of Sennaar, and the numerous provinces comprehended between that kingdom and the Egyptian frontiers, and that the scheme extended to the occupation of the slave-countries above Sennaar, and the gold mines supposed to exist there. We have seen that the latter enterprize had no permanent result, and little even of temporary profit; but we have also perceived with astonishment the rapid success of the former. This makes us curious to inquire into the actual extent and nature of the country so hastily subjected by a force so very insignificant, and into the number and resources of the various inhabitants, who yielded their independence to the terrors of 4,000 muskets.

The extent of the conquered country along the river side from the Second Cataract to the southern limits of Sennaar (for we shall not include the countries above it, so imperfectly subjected and hastily evacuated) cannot be reckoned at less than 1200 miles. Of these the first 500 may comprehend the provinces of Sukkoot, Mahass, Dóngola and Dar-Sheygýa; the next 400 will embrace Berber, Shendi, and Halfay as far as the confluence of the two rivers; and the remaining 300 the length of the kingdom of Sennaar. It is a much more difficult matter to approach to an accurate estimate of the width of these provinces. Mr. Cailliaud however, has given some foundation to rest upon, when he fixes that of Sennaar at about seventy English miles; and perhaps we are safe in affixing the same width to the habitable parts of the three adjacent countries; for if that of Halfay, especially on the western bank, in many places falls far short of this average, it is

* "I have mentioned various traits of the atrocious conduct of this person, which tend to diminish the regret for his fate."

highly probable that both Berber and Shendi, which were the heart of ancient Meroé, may much exceed it; and certainly in population these two provinces have suffered much less than Halfay from the destructive incursions of the Sheygýa, and less than Sennaar from civil dissensions. To the width of the countries below Berber we must affix a much smaller average; for in many parts, as at the cataracts immediately above Dar Sheygýa, and those extending for nearly 100 miles to the south and west of Halfay, the habitable land (to which our inquiries are of course confined) is of very narrow extent; and the Nile may be said in those tracts to be so fully employed in continuing its own existence, as to be little disposed to fertilize the desert which impedes and endangers it. Besides which, the rains which fall abundantly to the south through this long tract, either fall not at all here, or scantily and capriciously. The Sheygýa, though a warlike, are not a numerous race; their cultivable land on the borders of the river cannot average above three or four miles in width, and we have no reason to believe the fertility of their deserts. In parts of Dóngola, but in parts only, there is a broader extent of rich soil and luxuriant vegetation; but the ravages of the Sheygýa have left few hands for its cultivation. In endeavouring then to form some estimate of the population of the conquered provinces, we shall follow M. Cailliaud in computing that of Sennaar at 600,000 souls; the countries between Sennaar and Dar Sheygýa may contain somewhat more; and thence down to the second cataract we may content ourselves with reckoning half that number; and thus the whole will not much exceed a million and a half. In this calculation we include, of course, those Arabs who are occasionally associated in the villages with the indigenous natives, and such of the Nomads, whether engaged in pasturage or commerce, as confine their wandering habitations to the adjacent deserts.

But the capabilities of the more southern of these provinces, those especially which lie above the confluence of the Nile and the Astaboras, do not discredit their ancient glory.

"Watered by the surrounding rivers, fertilized, especially towards the south, by the periodical rains which bring back vegetation, even amid the sands of the desert, this country must yield a rich return to the labours of the intelligent and active cultivator.

This was written among the ruins of Meroé; still higher up the river the traveller was more than once reminded of the scenery of Europe; at one time the banks of the Loire, at another the lake of Como, were recalled to his recollection. The animal productions increased in variety and sometimes in beauty; ostriches and wild asses inhabit the deserts of Berber; in Halfay, below the confluence of the rivers, are found the traces of the

giraffe; presently the track of the elephant and the signs of his might were observed in forests inhabited by birds of brighter plumage and of shriller cry. The black and white ibises of ancient Egypt were discovered somewhat higher. The hippopotamus is found to increase, as the crocodile diminishes, in abundance, and the lion and the rhinoceros are numbered among the natives of Sennaar. Farther south, the spacious forests, with their green apes and pendulous birds' nests, confound all our usual notions of African scenery. Almost everywhere we find proofs of the careless luxuriance of nature, everywhere contrasted with the wretchedness and debasement of man.

The religion of the conquered provinces is exclusively Mahometan; varying, indeed, in zeal and purity, from Sennaar, where one mosque is found sufficient for the devotion of the whole population, to Dar Sheygýa, whose Arabian orthodoxy despises the spurious Mahometanism of the Turk. As to the regions to the south and south-west of Sennaar, it would seem that the black inhabitants are divided between paganism and uncircumcised islamism. Those who follow the latter persuasion are doubtless to be ranked among the least honoured of the servants of Mahomet; of the pagans the greater portion offer their vows rather to the temperate brightness of the moon, than to the burning god of day; and it is probable that the mysterious mutability of the former increases the superstitious reverence of her worshippers. But it would seem (from such information as M. Cailliaud was enabled to collect) that on the banks of the White River, both the Prophet and the moon are equally disregarded, and that the stars alone are objects of adoration. One thing appears certain; that predestination is a main principle of action among all these savages, whether Mahometan or Pagan; some instances of its activity are given us by M. Cailliaud. And another fact is no less certain and far more deplorable, that if we except the people dwelling around the sources of the *Blue* River, there is no nation or tribe that drinks of the Nile or any of its tributary streams, or wanders over its wild deserts, which has any knowledge of Christianity.* The Christian traveller who throws on these vast regions any regard of serious observation is most painfully reminded of this truth, when he beholds the many fragments and memorials of his religion which are scattered under his feet. These remains are most abundant in the lower provinces,† from Dar Sheygýa to Wady Halfa; they are everywhere found,

* Of course the Copts, who are confined to Egypt, and are thinly scattered even there, are excepted.

† In the higher countries, M. Cailliaud found two or three Christian inscriptions in the ruins of Meroé. He remarks that some of the calabashes used by the idolaters above Sennaar were impressed with the figure of the cross. There is a Christian ruin very near the confluence of the White and Blue rivers.

at no very considerable intervals, along the river side. They consist chiefly of ruined churches of rude architecture, of which the interior is generally adorned by pictures of the Virgin or St. George, according to the Greek fashion. The space adjacent to these is usually covered by a multitude of tombstones which seem to attest the superior populousness of former days. In fact, the whole face of this country bears deep and lasting marks of the infliction of some mighty calamity, whose fruits are desolation and misery. In Dar Sheygýa some small granite columns are found, with the cross sculptured on the capital; and in Old Dóngola, the only building not absolutely wretched, was once a Christian convent and is now a Mahometan mosque. But the spot where these interesting vestiges of our faith are most numerous and most perfect, is the long tract of rocky islands, which forms a succession of cataracts from Wady Halfa almost as high as Soleb. It is probable that Christianity, when it had been driven by the arms of the Arabs from the plains of Shendi and Dóngola, took refuge in these savage fastnesses, and lingered and fought behind their granite battlements, beaten by the rushing waters. Indeed their inhabitants are related still to retain somewhat of a fierce and intractable character.

From noticing the rude memorials of Christianity, we proceed up the stream of time to visit the monstrous monuments of the superstition of antiquity. As both of these have their peculiar interest with the traveller, so both receive their peculiar respect from the native. The former are held holy, as the feeble notices of a religion which lives and flourishes, and which is one day destined, if there be any truth in ancient prophecy, to reign over the kingdoms of the east. The latter are regarded as the relics of a gigantic race, whose name and whose religion have long passed away from among men, and will never be restored; yet are they not approached without awe, and a species of superstition.

From Wady Halfa, as high as the province of Halfay, these monuments are occasionally found on the river side, or in the neighbouring desert. The most southerly yet discovered is that of Soubah, situated on the right bank of the Blue River, before its junction with the Bahr-el-Abiad, at about 15° 10′ of lat. A broken sphinx in the midst of ruinous mounds of brick, is all that remains of what M. Cailliaud very fairly supposes to have been the city of Saba. Whatever buildings may once have adorned the kingdom of Sennaar have now utterly disappeared, which is no doubt correctly attributed to the scarcity of sand and limestone, as well as to the periodical rains prevailing in that country.

Between Wady Halfa and Soubah, (a distance along the river of about 900 miles,) as many as fourteen or fifteen spots might be pointed out, which are marked by the remains of antiquity. To

three of these, possessing superior claims on our attention, we shall chiefly confine ourselves, taking them in the order of their discovery from north to south. We mean those of Mount Berkel, of Assour, and of Naga and El Meçaourat. We mean no disparagement to the other remains, or to undervalue the labours which have been bestowed on their description and delineation: and least of all do we intend any insult to the Temple of Soleb, which we suspect to be the most graceful and picturesque monument yet discovered above the second cataract; but the extent and position of the three which we have selected demand somewhat closer investigation.

1. The ruins of Mount Berkel are situated in Dar Sheygyá, near a village called Merawe, at about 18° 31′ of north lat. They occupy very considerable space on both banks of the river. On the right, between the mountain and the river, close to the former, are found the remains of seven or eight stone buildings, at least six of which were temples. Some of these are in a state of entire decay and decomposition, others have been crushed by the fall of fragments of rock from the mountain's side. The most perfect is the Typhonium, a temple of about 100 feet in length, partly built and partly excavated in the rock.

"In the multitude of hieroglyphical legends which accompany all the figures of this monument, we recognise everywhere, close to that of the king, two hieroglyphical rings (or cartouches), which, according to M. Champollion's important discovery, inform us that this monarch is Taraeus, the first of the Ethiopian dynasty who invaded Egypt, and formed the twenty-fifth dynasty of the chronological canon of Manetho, in the eighth century before the Christian era. The style of the figures and ornaments of this temple, is the pure style of the monuments of Egypt and Lower Nubia."—vol. iii. p. 215.

The most extensive remains are those of a temple, probably of less ancient date than the Typhonium, of which the length is not less than 450 English feet. This magnificent edifice has contained more than eighty-four columns, besides sphinxes and granite altars covered with sculptures, and was numbered, we doubt not, among the most splendid ornaments of Ethiopia. No traces of that splendour at present exist, and the labours of the traveller, exploring the bases of the columns and the vestiges of the walls amid heaps of dust and rubbish, are unrewarded by any object of admiration.

A little farther from the river, on the edge of the desert, are the remains of thirteen pyramids; they are small, and for the most part, in very good preservation; the largest is not more than 80 feet in base; several do not exceed half that size; some are of still smaller dimensions. They appear to be of very different ages; the most ancient have no sanctuary or consequent hieroglyphical

inscriptions; there are others of which the sanctuaries have vaulted roofs,* and these are decidedly the most modern; the rest belong to an intermediate age.

On the left bank, a few miles higher than Mount Berkel, stands another body of pyramids of greater magnitude and antiquity. There are fifteen of considerable magnitude, varying from 25 to 30 yards in base; one only much exceeds the dimensions of the rest, being about 50 yards in base. This last presents the singular appearance of a small interior pyramid of a different age, stone, and architecture,† enclosed by a thick pyramidal case, which has now greatly fallen away and betrayed its secret. These buildings are formed of a coarse pudding-stone, whose friability has greatly accelerated their general dilapidation.

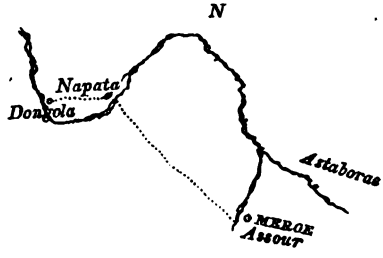
M. Cailliaud is, no doubt, perfectly correct in supposing these ruins to be the remains of Napata, which was originally the second city, and latterly the capital, of Ethiopia. We are only surprised that he should have found any difficulty in coming to this conclusion, or made any boast of it as a discovery of his own, because our English travellers who visited this spot before him, and whose plans and descriptions agree in every material point with his own, formed and published the same opinion about four years before the appearance of his work.—(*Waddington's Travels in Ethiopia*, p. 186.)

The locality of Mount Berkel is favourable to the position of a great city, not from the fertility of the surrounding country, which is not remarkable, but from the extraordinary bend in the river, which takes place between 18° and 19° 20′ of latitude, and brings the inhabitants of that portion of its banks into easy and near communication with those who dwell above them to the eastward, or below them to the west. Thus the same intermediate position‡ which furnishes the Sheygýa with facilities of depredation, formerly gave commercial advantages to the peaceful

* "Several temples of the Oasis of Thebes have also vaulted roofs, although these monuments bear hieroglyphical sculptures." (vol. iii. p. 210.)

† "This interior building seems to form about two-thirds of the whole structure; it is of neat workmanship, and composed of a hard light-coloured sandstone."—*Waddington's Visit to Ethiopia.*

‡ This will be made more intelligible by a delineation of that part of the river.



merchants of Napata; for Shendi on the one hand, and Dóngola on the other, are respectively distant not more than sixty and twenty-five hours across the desert from Merawe. This circumstance will sufficiently account for the existence of an important city upon or near the place, where we have discovered the ruins of Napata; the magnificent rock of Berkel may have decided the exact spot for its erection.

2. From the ruins of Mount Berkel we ascend to the Tarâbyls of Assour, and our interest increases as we proceed; for the situation of Assour, near the right bank of the Nile, about sixty miles above its junction with the Astaboras, very nearly agrees with the supposed latitude as well as peninsular position of Meroé. The vast extent of ruins there discovered, establishes the identity of the true place beyond any dispute. In comparing these remains with those of Napata, we first observe, that the space occupied by them is far more considerable; that they are in general more dilapidated, and that the vast mounds of rubbish everywhere heaped up must have been formed by the ruins of private as well as public buildings. The latter consist, as at Napata, of temples and pyramids. Of the temples there is not one whose remains can be traced with any certainty; of that which appears to have been the largest, the front wall was about twenty-five feet in thickness; an avenue of lions, in sandstone, stood before the portal, and a wall appears to have surrounded it at some little distance. The pyramids stand as usual on the borders of the desert. Of the first and smaller group there are still twenty, of which M. Cailliaud was enabled to measure the base and inclination.

"Around these monuments I discovered the traces of seventy-five other buildings, which were no doubt so many small pyramids, designed for covering mummy pits."—vol. ii. p. 151.

The largest of these is not more than thirty-four feet in base and about fifty-nine in height; some of them scarcely exceed a third of these dimensions.

"The front stones are only from thirty to forty *centimètres* in height; only some layers of freestone compose the four walls of the pyramid; the interior is a mere mass of rugged stones, confusedly heaped together, and cemented with clay."—vol. ii. p. 152.

The larger group is situated farther to the eastward, on two adjoining eminences; of the southernmost of these there are nine only capable of measurement, which vary from forty-three to twenty-one feet in base. There are vestiges of thirty-eight others, of which the very materials have nearly disappeared. Those to the north are in a more elevated situation, and therefore less in danger from the invasion of the sands, or the "sejour des pluies;" they are consequently in very good preservation, and M. Cailliaud

was enabled to take the measurement of twenty-two of them; the largest seems to be about sixty feet in base; many are extremely small. Most of the pyramids appear to have had little sanctuaries attached to them, and in one of them M. Cailliaud found the roof vaulted, as we have already noticed in those of Mount Berkel.

"I examined very attentively if this vault was not the work of some subsequent restorations; but a border of serpents, serving as a frame to Egyptian sculptures, and evidently of the same date with them—a border which extended above the spring of the arch; finally, the uniformly ancient state of the materials,—convinced me that all the parts of this building had been constructed simultaneously."

Our own opinion certainly leads us to consider these as the oldest recorded specimens of the arch, and to attribute the honour of that invention to the Ethiopians; we admit some difficulty in reconciling such progress in architecture with the rude workmanship visible in other parts even of the same monuments; but this is not removed by supposing them to belong to a more modern age; indeed such confusion rather indicates the carelessness of high antiquity, than the minute and elaborate diligence of later days. The only plausible ground on which the ruins of Berkel have ever claimed to be those of Meroé,* is the circumstance of their vicinity to a village called Merawe. But this is entirely removed by the fact mentioned by M. Cailliaud, that a place not far from Assour, covered with remains of ancient buildings, is called *El Meraouy*. We may add, that in the desert between Berkel and Assour, there is a rock called Hadjar Meroueh; there is a village Merreh in Halfay, and in Egypt itself a Maraou; the sound is common to almost every province of the Nile; and certainly Merawe can prove nothing in favour of Berkel which Meraouy does not equally prove for Assour; *all* our other data are in favour of the latter.

M. Cailliaud is the first traveller who has explained and described the ruins of Meroé, and we give him the more credit, because the excursion from the camp which enabled him to do so, was attended with some personal risk; but it seems probable, that a part of them had already been traversed both by Bruce (vol. iv. p. 538) and Burckhardt (p. 275), describing a place opposite to Gourgos,† near the Mountain Gibbainy, a little below Shendi. Bruce says,

* See the Review of Waddington and Hanbury's Travels in No. LXXXI of the Edinburgh Review. The candid author of that article has, we doubt not, already changed his opinion.

† M. Cailliaud passed the isle of Kourkos, and the ruins in question on his return; no doubt they were the suburbs of Meroé. A few miles lower down he passed through those of El-Marouk, which are only a quarter of a league to the south of Assour, and thence the temples or tarâbyls were visible. But certainly these were not seen either by Bruce or Burckhardt.

"We saw here heaps of broken pedestals, like those of Axum, all plainly designed for the statues of the dog-star, and some pieces of obelisk likewise with hieroglyphics, almost totally obliterated. The Arabs told us these ruins were very extensive, and that many pieces of statues, both of men and animals, had been dug up there . . . it is impossible to avoid risking a guess that this is the ancient city of Meroé, whose latitude should be 16° 26′."

Nearly at the same place, Burckhardt noticed some mounds of rubbish and red burnt bricks, and some foundations of buildings constructed of hewn stones; but, unfortunately, he was prevented from extending his observations.

Thus it is rather curious to find M. Cailliaud triumphantly expressing his surprise, that neither Bruce nor Burckhardt have given any indications of these ruins (vol. iii. p. 101). However, the honour of making them distinctly known to our curiosity, and useful to our researches, is entirely his own, and he has deserved by his exertions the good fortune which enabled him to do so.

3. At a place called Naga, a little above Shendi, on the river side, are the remains of a Typhonium and other ruins; and at about twenty-five miles from that place, nearly S. by E., at some distance from the Nile, is another spot of the same name, covered by more remarkable monuments.

"The first object which attracted my attention was a temple entirely covered with Egyptian sculptures, with its *pylonum* and a portico of Greco-Roman architecture, mingled with Egyptian ornaments. Farther on were the ruins of another great temple, adorned with sculptures of finished workmanship, and preceded by avenues of sphinxes; those of a fourth (?) smaller monument; the traces of several other buildings levelled to the ground, and at some distance those of a public pool."—vol. iii. p. 125.

The small temple is the best preserved, and is covered with historical sculptures; on the principal façade of the pylônum is the colossal figure of the triumphant monarch, holding by the hair thirty-three captives, on their knees, in the attitude of supplication; on its left side is a similar representation, except that the principal personage here is a female. This peculiarity is a fresh proof that women had privileges in Ethiopia which they enjoyed not in Egypt or Lower Nubia, where the principal actors in all sculptural representations are men. Some of the figures are executed in a rude and heavy style, and the "embonpoint des personnages" exhibits a people differing exceedingly in *physique* from the Egyptians, however resembling them in taste and religion. (iii. 131.) So says M. Cailliaud. Our own consideration of this subject rather leads us to conclude, that the difference in question arises only from the greater refinement which the Egyp-

tions introduced into the art which they had received from the south. The simpler Ethiopian was contented to represent the human form such, or nearly such, as it usually existed. The more polished sculptor of Thebes and Memphis invented his *beau idéal*, established it as an universal model, and presented the figures formed upon it to the admiration of his own country, and to the astonishment or ridicule of every other.

M. Cailliaud discovered the traces of at least seven monuments, and he observed that the temples here, like the tarabyls of Assour, faced the east, a fact which he considers connected with the worship of the sun. Other ruins, even more extensive than these, are reported to exist, at the distance of two days' journey in the interior, and doubtless they adorned the ancient commercial road, which led from the Nile to Axum, or to Port Adulis on the Red Sea; but this country was now occupied by a tribe of Arabs in open rebellion against the Turks, and it was therefore inaccessible to M. Cailliaud.*

About twelve miles nearly north of Naga, are the ruins of El-Meçaourat—for the description of these we must refer to M. Cailliaud's detailed account, as well as his plans and drawings; within our narrow limits we should fail in any attempt to render ourselves intelligible. Suffice it to say, that, though the remains of some small temples are distinguishable, the form of the principal buildings proves a different object in the construction; and M. Cailliaud may possibly be correct, when he supposes this place to have been the College or University of Ethiopia; and in as far as the government, as well as the education, of the people was, in fact, vested in the priesthood, it may have been the holy capital, or Hieropolis of the empire. The whole circumference, however, does not exceed 800 yards, nor the length of the central edifice 45 feet; there are some sculptures on the columns, but none on either of the walls; some fragments of statues are found among the ruins. We should add, that, while some of the monuments bear marks of high antiquity, others are distinguished by the Greco-Egyptian style of sculpture, and are evidently the productions of a much later age. There are no tombs in the neighbourhood, nor any remains of private habitations. The stones composing the buildings are of exceedingly small dimensions, seldom exceeding a foot in length, or half that height.

"According to the tradition of the country the name of El Meçaourat was that of the ancient fakirs who inhabited these vast edifices; this tradition would be a farther confirmation of the opinion that this place was consecrated to education."—vol. iii. p. 158.

* M. Cailliaud reasonably supposes that they may be the ruins of Mandeyr, the ancient capital of the pastoral Arabs.

The ruins of Ethiopia have not been productive of inscriptions; those of Mount Berkel have furnished only two, in the Ethiopic character; the names of some Greek bishops were found sculptured at Assour, and nothing, we believe, of more importance; and the discoveries of that description made at El Meçaourat were confined to two in Greek, (p. 150,) and one in Latin; all of them are extremely short, and on that account only we shall present the last to our readers:—

"VICINA. [POST (or PER)] MVLTOS AN
NOS. FELICITER. VENIT
EX. VRBE. MENSE. ATHYR
DIE. XV. ANNI . . . . . ."

Any attempt to ascertain the precise age of these various monuments of ancient days would lead us into a long, and, probably, fruitless disquisition; but we cannot err in assigning them to two very different and distant epochs in the history of Ethiopia. Nor do we hesitate to express our opinion, that the most ancient are anterior to the similar, but more elaborate, edifices of Egypt. The greater rudeness and dilapidation of what little remains to us—the unaffected (shall we say natural) gracefulness of many of the sculptured figures, and the superior reverence every where paid to Ammon and to Typhon, the good and evil genii of the Shepherds of the Desart, give strong indications of higher antiquity; and, at least, oblige us to believe, that Ethiopia, whether she were the model of Egypt or not, was assuredly not her imitator. The little information which we possess respecting the ancient history of the two countries, certainly leads us to the same conclusion.

The course of the Nile from Fazoql on the Blue River down to the Second Cataract, is delineated by M. Cailliaud with diligence, and probably with fidelity. The observations were made by M. Letorzec, M. Cailliaud's fellow-traveller. This gentleman, whom M. Cailliaud does not represent either as a naturalist or an antiquarian, sometimes employed his spare time in exercising the most pleasing offices of humanity.

"Having much less to occupy his attention than I had, he employed his leisure hours in attending to the sick, and he was fortunate enough to cure two young women in our neighbourhood of a fever. This cure made so much noise, that in a short time all the sick for miles round came to implore our aid. The women here are in general remarkable for their fine forms; the two especially, whom M. Letorzec restored to health, were gifted with countenances so sweet, graceful and regularly beautiful, that had it not been for their tawny complexion, they might have appeared without disadvantage by the side of our prettiest Europeans."—vol. iii.

The scene of M. Letorzec's gallant humanity was no other than the very ruins of Meroé; and we have, therefore, the more pleasure in quoting this passage, because it gives us the means of refuting the ancient calumny respecting the deformity of the ladies of that capital.

Respecting the White River, the true mysterious Nile, we still know little more than the most ignorant of our forefathers. The division, at first commanded by Ibrahim Pasha, continued, after the desertion of their prince at El Querebyn, to traverse the desart to the south-west, until they arrived at the mountains of Draka, whence they beheld its ample stream rolling towards the north; but they did not pursue its course in either direction, and we have still no other information respecting it than unsatisfactory report. All that is delivered to us, with any certainty, is, that, contrary to the account of Bruce, (vol. iii. p. 96,) its waters rise and fall at the same period with those of the Blue River; and that, at their confluence, in 15° 37′ 10″ of north latitude, the width of the former (at the end of May) is from 500 to 600 paces.

"I could successively observe the current of the White River, and that of the Blue River; the latter is much less rapid, and narrower by one-third than the former. I had some water drawn from each, and on comparing them I found that the water of the White River is a little milky, a fact of which some time after I satisfied myself completely. The Blue River, in the southern regions, generally runs over a rocky bottom, and it derives its name from its clearness; the waters of the White River, on the contrary, probably roll along a bed of clay."*—vol. ii. p. 202.

One of the latest victims offered up to the Spirit of African discovery was our countryman, Captain Gordon. His object was to penetrate to the very fountains of the White River. For an enterprize so nearly hopeless, he deemed that his only chance of success was to travel as an Arab. To fit himself for this character, he immediately adopted the dress, food, and habits of that hardy people; he offered himself to every description of privation and fatigue; he avoided not the burning sun, and plunged into the river in every temperature. His vigorous constitution appeared to favour his first efforts; but ere he arrived at Sennaar, possibly even before he had beheld the fulness of that stream whose source he destined to disclose, he fell sick and died! But this lamentable example was not wanted to prove to us the inefficacy of individual exertion to attain this object, and such objects as this. If, however, the Egyptians shall be enabled to retain

* "I had preserved some of the water of each of these rivers in order to subject them to analysis; but I lost them along with other vases containing reptiles, which were broken by the fall of my camels."

the kingdom of Sennaar for many years longer, and to establish there as firm a government as Mehemed Ali has established in some of his nearer conquests, there are still hopes that progress may be made towards the solution of this grand geographical problem, even in our generation.

The numerous drawings and plans which accompany M. Cailliaud's work are well executed, and generally well designed; and we need not say are frequently necessary to the perfect understanding of the remains of antiquity. His map of the Nile is much more distinct and accurate than any that we possess, and ought to be in the hands of every African geographer.

To M. Cailliaud we desire to express our gratitude for much information diligently collected, and for the most part unaffectedly delivered; and to assure him, that—in return for his many anxious days and sleepless nights, and the fatigue, risk and suffering which he has encountered in his generous efforts to extend the boundaries of knowledge—his labours are not unappreciated by his contemporaries, and will not escape the notice of posterity.

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Art. III.—1. *Obras escogidas de Miguel de Cervantes. Nueva Edicion clásica, arreglada, corregida é ilustrada con notas históricas, gramaticales, y criticas.* Por D. Agustin Garcia de Arrieta. Tom. I.—VI. D. Quijote de la Mancha. Tom. VII. VIII. IX. Novelas Ejemplares. Tom. X. Teatro. 10 tom. 24mo. Paris. 1826.

2. *El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha.* Compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Edicion en miniatura, enteramente conforme a la ultima corregida y publicada por la Real Academia Española. 24mo. Paris. Julio Didot. 1827.

3. *La Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes, y de sus fortunas y adversidades.* Por D. Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. 24mo. Paris. 1827.

4. *Observations Critiques sur le Roman de Gil Blas de Santillane.* Par J. A. Llorente, Auteur de l'Histoire Critique de l'Inquisition. 8vo. Paris. 1822.

The literature of Spain, rich and varied as it has always been considered, is more peculiarly so in works addressed to the imagination. These embrace almost every branch of fictitious composition, and are characteristically replete with incident and surprize. From the period of the revival of learning down to the close of the sixteenth century, the romantic, the lyric and the dramatic writers of Castile pursued a long and brilliant career. Times and tastes undoubtedly have changed, and their reputation

has declined from its meridian splendor, during the golden epoch of their country's literary ascendancy and military renown. Still the extraordinary fertility, no less than the inexhaustible fund of entertainment, conspicuous in the old Spanish romancers and comic writers, must strike impartial observers with wonder, if not with admiration of their talents.

It is not here our intention to enter into any discussion of the relative merits of Spanish writers in general. In a single article it will be enough if we succeed in giving a sketch of the novelists—a class as numerous as it is diversified; and to them we shall at present confine our remarks. Their national genius early displayed itself in productions of uncommon spirit and brilliancy. Nor was it long before foreign writers, struck with their originality, began to borrow from them those aids which enabled them to set their own compositions in the most advantageous point of view. Like other artists, they doubtless conceived they had a right to improve upon the inventions of their ingenious predecessors. Is the traveller to blame who, in seeking his way, allows himself to be guided by the torches of others he may happen to fall in with? Yet he ought hardly to snatch the lights out of strangers' hands, and appropriate them to himself; let the Le Sages and Corneilles reconcile such proceedings to their consciences as they can.

Accordingly poets, dramatists and novelists soon scrupled not to work out their plots, incidents, and even their characters, from the rich mine of Spanish fiction. Its treasures, like those of most other Spanish mines, were not long in finding their way into the currency of foreign states, and receiving a new impress, circulated as the reputed coin of the country. It was otherwise, indeed, during the earlier and more splendid eras of Castilian literature, when its language was assiduously cultivated by every one who laid much pretension to a polite education and the accomplishments of the day. Not only were the favourite writers of Spain then studied and admired, but numerous translations of their best productions bore testimony to the estimation in which they were held. Among these the novelists chiefly attracted the regard of foreign readers, although they are at present become comparatively obsolete, or at least, much cast into the shade. Their literary admirers, on the other hand, who enriched themselves with their spoils, and reaped the glory, due in part surely to the original authors, still continue to enjoy a reputation beyond their deserts. That both the French and English dramatists drew largely from the store-house of Spanish novels, is too well known to require additional illustration. Their obligations, however, admit of some extenuation, inasmuch as the objects pursued

by the dramatist and the novelist, are as widely different as the style of treating their respective subjects. But what palliation can we find for writers like De Sage, Scarron, and many others, who took plot, incident and character altogether from their ingenious neighbours, and arrayed themselves in these borrowed plumes? To be sure, they judiciously altered and studiously adorned their materials, interweaving some little episodes, and liberally supplying a new varnish, gilding and frame-work for the intellectual pictures of old Spanish masters, of which they became thus cavalierly possessed. The reputation of the original artists was meanwhile consigned to neglect, or embalmed only in the recollection of the literary antiquarians and scholars of their country.

It is time, therefore, to render impartial justice—to rescue from unmerited oblivion the names and works, and pay a just tribute to the genius of the Spanish novelists. With this view we have undertaken to present our readers with a rapid sketch of the origin, progress and decline of this branch of literature. The subject, indeed, is vast, and incapable of being treated very critically or philosophically in the limits assigned to a single article. All we can promise fairly to accomplish will be a sort of literary chronology, embracing a series of names and titles, with brief estimates of character, such as may afford some new lights towards a nearer approach—a more circumstantial and correct study of the subject. To render the task at once more pleasing and perspicuous, we shall adopt the method of dividing the innumerable works of prose fiction into three several classes. These again will occasionally be subdivided into other branches, according as their style and subject may require.

In the first class we may enumerate those works, once so keenly relished, and which it required the happy genius of Cervantes to banish from the world—the famous "*Novelas Caballerescas,*" or books of chivalry. These certainly are entitled, in right of their most splendid and burlesque hero of La Mancha, to come first under our consideration.

The Novela Caballeresca, then, was almost the only sort of literary entertainment which the old Castilians could relish for some time after the revival of letters in Europe. The decided predilection for these compositions will appear less extraordinary, if we consider how very analogous were the extravagant feats narrated in them to the then prevailing spirit of romance, enthusiastic loyalty, and love of country, which had also more particularly distinguished the preceding ages. These books of chivalry are, in modern eyes at least, a repository of the most gross and whimsical absurdities that could enter into the mind of man to conceive,

expressed in the most inflated and bombastic language. The most outrageous sentiments—feelings which have nothing in common with human nature,—deeds of more than modern gymnastic agility and strength,—endurance surpassing the utmost power and patience of mortality,—ideal monsters arrayed in all the paraphernalia of a southern imagination run riot;—such were some of the choice ingredients employed in the concoction of a book of chivalry—to enter into the true spirit of which, only required to banish every rational idea from the mind. What chance had poor human nature and probability of opposing the shock of Spanish chivalry and romance? They were soon vanquished and despised, while the laws of time and space were as *cavalierly* doomed to experience the same fate. By dint of courage, combined with ignorance—the best requisites to make a true knight-errant—the authors of these splendid books scrupled not to interlard their narratives with the most preposterous errors and anachronisms, laying every science—history, geography, and even metaphysics—under the heaviest contributions to furnish them with miraculous exploits. It was an indispensable obligation to bring upon the stage emperors, kings, and other remarkable personages, who never existed except in the author's overheated brain. Nor was any ceremony observed, as in the case of Sancho Panza, about the privilege of bestowing powerful kingdoms and high-sounding titles on these heroic worthies, however at variance with the character and manners of the people whom they were delegated to govern.

The good people of Scotland, for instance, may be rather surprized to learn, that in the history of their old chieftains and kings, appears a certain interloping knight, named Don Florambel de Lucea, the son of King Florindo. How agreeable, too, are these fine smooth sounds to the rough Celtic derivations of the old Picts and Scots! Nor will the English be less astonished to find among their Vortigerns, Hengists, Horsas, with the long *et-cetera* of Ethelberts, Ethelwalds and Ethelwolfs, a most excellent King Palladiano, which good king had a son of the name of Florando, who after innumerable hardships, all sustained for the sake of the amazing beauty of Rosalinda, at length married her, with the consent of her father, the Emperor of Rome.

Besides this glaring violation of historical keeping, the inexhaustible tribe of ideal monsters of all sizes and denominations gave to these productions at once a ludicrous and unnatural air. Huge giants and ugly little dwarfs, dark magicians and fiery dragons, "evil spirits and good," continually haunted the reader's progress through the wonders of this magic land. The more credulous had thus an excellent opportunity of imbibing the most absurd, superstitious and ridiculous fears. How such incongrui-

ties could be relished, may now, perhaps, be matter of surprize; but it is no very difficult task to pervert the public taste, when the mind, impelled by enthusiasm towards one object, yields to the prevailing spirit of the age.

Such was the state of society, when chivalry became the occupation of the great, and the theme of the world's admiration. The imagination once powerfully excited, entertained with perfect sincerity the most preposterous and most gigantic views. The same objects which in cooler moments appeared wholly disproportioned and absurd, were then esteemed matter of serious import—whether in the form of a new decision in the presiding court of love, the splendid ceremonies of tilts and tournaments, the consecration of another order of knighthood, or a fresh crusade to the Holy Land. Still under the huge mass of extravagance which furnished materials for these books of chivalry, many a gem lay concealed: enough to show that their authors were by no means devoid of talent, however opposed to our ideas of good taste. A few of their works are yet occasionally read with pleasure, chiefly by the more curious among literati and collectors. In some instances, moreover, they justly deserve to be rescued from the dust and rubbish by which they are surrounded, as diamonds are thought well worth hunting for among the sands and pebbles of Brazil.

It will now be proper to present the reader with a short account of the most celebrated of these works which first took their origin or became naturalized in the soil of Spain. Taking precedence in age, as well as in merit, we must first notice the *Amadis de Gaula*—a romance, whose reputation is enhanced by the favourable opinion of Cervantes, in his immortal work. It is unquestionably the production of a Portuguese, though now generally admitted to have been composed in the Castilian tongue. In regard to the name of the author, Lope de Vega awarded this honour to a lady of Portugal. Nicolas Antonio, and other Spanish bibliographers, as well as the Portuguese themselves, ascribe it to Vasco Lobeira, while by some again it is given to Francisco Moraēs. Perhaps, according to the prevailing custom of the time, Lobeira may have composed the first book, and Moraēs continued the work in the three following. The first edition of "Amadis de Gaula," corrected by Montalvo, with the addition of four more books, was published at Seville in 1526. These included the adventures of *Esplandian*, the son of Amadis, and were followed at intervals by five more, which included the adventures of sons, nephews, and grandchildren. Thus, *Esplandian* was followed by *Florisando, Prince of Cantabria*; *Lisuarte de Grecia*; *Amadis de Grecia*; *Florisel de Niquea*; *Don Rogel*;

and a crowd of the same family. By these successive additions Amadis in time became an alarmingly voluminous work, and for this reason, the discreet curate very properly consigned it to the flames, a fate to which its family appendages were long before justly entitled.

The exploits of *Palmerin de Oliva* next claim our attention. Like *Amadis de Gaula*, he was the founder of a numerous family. The author of this work is unknown; and Mr. Dunlop, in his History of Fiction, conjectures it to have been written by a female pen. It was followed by *Primaleon, Polendos, Platir*, and *Palmerin de Inglaterra*, of which last work Cervantes speaks in the following terms:—

"Let this Palm of England be preserved as an unique gem—*como cosa unica*,—and let a box be made for it, similar to that found by Alexander among the spoils of Darius, and which he destined to contain the works of Homer. This is doubtless a book of importance, and for two reasons: first, because it is in itself a very good book; and, secondly, because fame reports it to have been written by a learned king of Portugal."

It would, however, be an endless task to attempt to enumerate the whole of these *Novelas Caballerescas;* the character and titles of the most conspicuous are all we can pretend to give. Their descendants, therefore, and *Don Belianis de Grecia, Don Gironcilio de Tracia*,—"cum multis aliis,"—all very gallant knights, no doubt, must forgive us if we decline saying a single word on their respective merits. There is one romance, however, that we cannot pass over in silence; it is considered to be next in point of excellence to the *Amadis;* and some critics have not scrupled to give it the preference over all. This is *Tirante el Blanco*, the work of Juan Martorel. It was one of the earliest books printed in Spain, the first edition having the date of Valentia, 1480. It is a true romance, written originally in the Catalonian dialect, from which it has been translated into almost every European language, in all of which it met with extraordinary success. Without entering into any encomium upon its merits, we may be permitted to cite the favourable opinion of Cervantes, certainly an adequate judge on such a subject:—"I say, in truth, Señor Compadre, that of its kind, this is the best book in the world; here knights-errant sleep and die in their beds, making their wills," &c. &c.

The number of works of chivalry was incalculable, and despite of the gross absurdities which they contained, they ought to be forgiven, if not esteemed, were it only for the circumstance of having been the cause of celebrating Don Quixote's amusing

feats. It was the immortal work of Cervantes that put the long invincible army of knights-errant, giants, and magicians to the rout. The merits, however, of this admirable production are too well appreciated; and too keenly relished, to require us to say a word in its praise. Cervantes had many professed imitators, who, like most of their tribe, have all remained at an immeasurable distance from their great original. A native of Arragon, under the assumed name of Avellaneda, published, in 1614, a continuation, or rather a second part of Don Quixote, at the time when Cervantes had announced his own as ready to appear. This unjustifiable proceeding was farther aggravated by the insolent and unprovoked manner in which Avellaneda in his preface speaks of the excellent Cervantes, whom he stigmatizes as old, lame, peevish, and a backbiter; even reviling him for having been in prison, and pouring upon his venerable head all the rankling poison of the most invidious heart. At the same time, this malicious disposition affords no absolute proof of want of talent; and his work has certainly been more depreciated than it deserves. Though it approaches, in no degree, to the exquisite comic tact, and grave irony of its prototype, it is yet not without passages of considerable power; and, perhaps, in the absence of the true knight of La Mancha, his shadow might be contemplated with considerable pleasure. The idle controversy with regard to the real name of the author, who concealed himself under that of Avellaneda, has long since yielded to more important questions, and been set at rest. This masterpiece of Cervantes has been honoured with numberless translations; but no nation has paid a more honourable tribute to his genius than the English.

Here, however, we must close our remarks on this branch of the subject, merely observing that wild and extravagant as we must allow them to be, yet the *Novelas Caballerescas* cannot fairly be considered as very injurious in a moral point of view. We may regard them as specimens of brilliant madness, like that of their ironical hero himself, but their moral tendency was seldom objectionable. In not a few instances they aimed at giving scope to the more generous passions and feelings of our nature; and by abundant traits of generosity and greatness tended to elevate and strengthen the mind. A profound veneration for religion was always inculcated in them, and they held forth a tender and respectful regard for woman as a primary duty with every true knight.

As a second branch of this class of works, we may consider the *heroic or national novel,* in which it must be confessed that the Spaniards are still exceedingly deficient. We may nevertheless mention with praise, *La Historia de Orion el Grande,* written by

Don Jose Pellicer, about the middle of the last century, and *Los bandos de Zegries y Abencerages de Grenada*, by Ginez Perez de Hita, a work replete with the most vivid pictures of imagination. It exhibits a series of chivalrous adventures and love incidents, described in a glowing style, without any admixture of affectation; a circumstance rare enough with the writers of that period. It contains besides, many beautiful and simple Moorish ballads, and may be justly considered one of the most valuable books of the age, as affording a faithful picture of the Moors then resident in Granada.

It may appear strange that Spain should possess so few works of this species, considering the rich materials afforded by the history of that country for their construction. When we reflect, however, that the heroic feats and wondrous achievements of her champions, with tales of love and every species of traditionary and legendary lore, were transmitted to posterity in poetical compositions, especially in those romances and ballads which have so deservedly won the approbation of all true critics, we shall feel the less surprize. Several other causes subsequently combined to preclude the production of these desirable works, so that this is a fertile mine still left unexplored.

The *classic* novel again, if we may so term that whose subjects are taken from *ancient* history, has likewise been little cultivated among the Spaniards. Still, we may direct the attention of the curious towards *El Menandro*, by Matias de los Reyes, and the *Eudoxia* and the *Antenor*, by Don Pedro Montengon. *El Antenor* opens with a description of the taking and burning of Troy. It is highly picturesque; possesses some very striking incidents, and a few passages of considerable pathos. It is, nevertheless, far from being a finished production, containing as it does whole chapters excessively tedious, and being disfigured with many other blemishes, both as regards style and composition.

We come now to the second class, the *Novelas Sentimentales*. This may be again subdivided into the *Amorosas* and *Pastorales*, to which may be added a third kind, in those short tales to which the Spaniards give the specific name of *novelas*, and which the French, *par excellence*, call *nouvelles*. For it is very rarely that a work of fiction in several volumes bears the title of *novela;* it is entitled either *Aventuras* or *Historia*. Before we enter into the subject of these short novels, let us, as in justice bound, first glance at those which from their dimensions at least, if not from their merit, have a previous claim to our attention. In the very prolific line of the *Amorosas*, we shall find few that deserve to be excepted from the general sentence of oblivion which has been passed upon them. First, in name and character, we meet the produc-

tions of Cervantes, and of Lope de Vega. In *Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*, Cervantes, no doubt, intended to imitate the celebrated work of Heliodorus, "*Theagenes and Chariclea.*" Indeed, there is a professed likeness between the chaste affection of these two lovers, and that of *Periandro* and *Auristela*. According to the best authorities, Cervantes in this work often equalled and in some instances surpassed the beauty of his original.

"This novel," observes Fernandez Navarrete, "abounds with a variety of very interesting incidents, and bears throughout strong traces of the most lively imagination. The descriptions of the Greek novelist are too often obtruded and too pompous, whereas those of the Spanish author are offered with a more sparing hand, and bear the stamp of probability and nature. Accordingly, this work of Cervantes boasts of more invention, and displays more tact in the construction of the fable than Don Quixote itself. He avoided, moreover, those blemishes of style and language, which are here and there observable in that immortal work."

With all due deference to the authority of Navarrete and other learned men, we presume to differ *in toto* from this opinion. *Persiles and Sigismunda*, making fair allowance for some very amusing incidents, and one or two episodes of extraordinary pathos and power, must be considered by every candid reader who will be at the pains of judging for himself, as a very inferior production, coming from such a man as Cervantes. The fable is highly extravagant; the scene laid in a country which it would be difficult to point out in any map; and the book is altogether full of the most glaring anachronisms, and encumbered with long passages of outrageous prosing. Yet strange to say, this was the favourite work of its great author, who preferred it even to Don Quixote—an opinion that was shared and openly avowed by Valdivieso, in his licensing approbation prefixed to the book, printed in 1616. In this he says, "of all the works left us by Cervantes, there is none so ingenious, erudite, and entertaining." *Persiles and Sigismunda* was the last intellectual offspring of Cervantes; and, like all children that gladden the eyes of aged parents, it naturally became the favourite of its doating father. Certain it is, that had Cervantes produced nothing but this romantic effusion, his name, far from being "familiar in men's mouths as household words," would have been known only to the comparatively small tribe of literary connoisseurs and bibliomaniacs.

No name in Spanish literature better deserves to be placed by the side of that of Cervantes than the great dramatist Lope de Vega. We have here, however, only to mention two works of his, which come under the above class of novels: these are *El Peregrino en su Patria*, and *Dorotea*. Their composition, like

all the productions of the same author, bears decided marks of the most brilliant genius, although obscured by a more than ordinary share of bad taste and affectation. One is really surprised how the same man could at one moment so nearly approach nature, and at another fall, as it were, so far below himself. These anomalies indeed are not of unfrequent occurrence in the writers of that period, and fully as much perhaps in Lope de Vega as in any of his contemporaries. The two novels we have mentioned have at all events been held in high esteem, especially the *Dorotea*, which, with the advantage of a superior fable, and more skilful arrangement, would even now be considered a composition of high pretensions. At the same time they have ceased to be generally read, though they will always remain a monument of the versatile genius of their gifted author.

Next to these works, we may point out to the curious as possessing considerable claims to notice, the "*Hipolito y Arminta*," by Don Francisco Quintana.

We are here arrived at the second branch of this class in the *Novelas Pastorales*, a description of works at one time so popular in Spain, that the mania for them almost equalled that for books of chivalry. According to an ancient and venerable opinion, repeated to satiety under a thousand different forms by philosophers, moralists, and poets—a country life is identified with happiness—and shepherds and shepherdesses are the *beau ideal* of character, virtue and contentment. What shepherds were in those golden times, when kings had no more important occupation than to guard their flocks and play upon their sylvan pipes, we are not presumptuous enough to attempt to decide. But judged according to the ordinary nature of things, we may safely affirm, that the pastoral novels were fully as ridiculous in their way, if submitted to a modern standard of criticism, as the books of chivalry themselves. It is singular that the authors of works, professing more peculiarly to follow nature, should in their most studied representations of it, least of all succeed. Nothing surely can afford a more false picture of rural life—a series of more fantastical and incongruous images, than are contained in these modern-antique pastorals, that would undoubtedly have made the old Greek and Roman writers open their eyes in wonderment. We are moreover exceedingly sceptical on the subject of uncultivated simplicity and innocence in country bumpkins, the rare honesty of Cuddie Clouts, and the exquisite delicacy and chaste deportment of peasant girls, as they have been depicted by the good-natured painters of pastoral manners. We doubt even if the eloquence of all the county members, with Sir T. Lethbridge at their head, added to the flattering testimonies of

old romance, would convince the world of the vraisemblance and beauty of character, such as they are made to appear in these representations of rural life. The world is grown too sober and calculating to indulge in these dreams of ideal existence; the "march of intellect" has outstripped the reputation of these romantic pictures, formed upon false notions of human life. We are become so inveterately attached to truth, that even in fiction we cannot dispense with some symbolical features in which we may recognise its moral qualities and results.

At one period Spain was deluged with these pastorals, composed both in prose and verse, and not unfrequently a compound of the two. Here, also, we are first bound to mention the name of that Herculean genius in Spanish literature—Miguel Cervantes, who in 1583 published a pastoral novel, entitled *Galatea*. This is admitted to have been his first production. Under the assumed name of Elicio, he describes his passion for a lady named Doña Catalina de Palacios, whom he married soon after, and who was doubtless the real Galatea. The same work also contains portraits of the most illustrious literary characters of his time, under fictitious names. Figueroa appears as Tirsi, Hurtado de Mendoza as Meliso, and Ercilla, author of the Araucana, in the character of Larsilio. In the *Galatea*, we catch the first glimpses of that mighty genius which afterwards shone with such unrivalled brilliancy—destined to excite the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages. The Galatea is replete with vivid and enchanting descriptions, graceful and picturesque images and situations, amusing episodes, and the whole expressed in very poetical language, whose harmony charms the ear, as much as portions of the story awaken our delight and rivet attention. The fable, however, is overloaded with episodes which render it exceedingly intricate and perplexed; the interest is lessened by a crowd of secondary actors, and the plan of the work is exceedingly faulty. We may hence gather that Cervantes did not so much intend to compose a regular story, as to display the copiousness of his genius. The Galatea, nevertheless, still preserves its place amongst the best works of its class. In the same rank we may place the *Diana* of Montemayor, and *La Diana Enamorada* of Gil Polo. This last work received the decided approbation of the literati and critics of the day. Cervantes himself in his Don Quixote, advises "that the work of Gil Polo should be treasured up as if it were the production of Apollo;" and assuredly for power of imagination and beauty of diction the *Diana Enamorada* is entitled to the highest degree of praise. Next to these works may be enumerated, though in a secondary rank, *La Costante Amarilis* of Suarez de Figuerra, *El Pastor de Filida* of Luis

Galvez Montalvo, *La Arcadia*, and *Los Pastores de Belen* by Lope de Vega.

In closing our remarks upon these pastoral novels, we may observe that notwithstanding their undoubted merit, their reputation rests now chiefly upon a sort of literary tradition; and that in this respect they share the fate of Ben Jonson's plays, as well as the works of other illustrious authors, whose productions are continually quoted but seldom read. Nor ought the public, indeed, to be accused of neglect for losing its relish for compositions which are no longer agreeable to the taste and character of the present times, when the interests and feelings of society require nobler and more impassioned efforts of intellect and imagination, than are to be met with in the monotonous tone and spirit of the pastoral novel. We can no longer sympathize with the sorrows of rejected shepherds, and turn sick at the cruel disdain of their *inamoratas;* still more tedious when found sighing by the side of some limpid brook, venting their complaints in the most elegant classical language, and far-fetched conceit imaginable. We behold the true swain with a penknife instead of an axe in his hand, busily engaged carving the name of his mistress in preference to doing the work of his master,—in the wood. We observe him contemplating his doleful features in that natural mirror called a stream, though we have a shrewd suspicion that he ought to have been drawn at the next village inn, drowning his cares in the nut-brown ale.

Peace be to the ashes of the Damons, the Silvias, and the Phyllises of that golden age! enough that they have had their memory embalmed in the immortal verse of Tasso. Let us now proceed to the third branch of the *Novelas Sentimentales*. This division, as we have already said, contains the short novels or tales, the number of which is almost incalculable. Several writers of celebrity signalized themselves in this species of composition, and none perhaps more than Cervantes. He took the hint from the Italian productions of a similar kind, particularly the works of Boccaccio which had become so popular. But Cervantes, a moral man, while he paid a just tribute to the merit of the talented Italian, considered his novels of an injurious tendency, in particular to the minds of youth. He resolved then to adopt a similar plan, but with different views; and his success was proportionate to the excellence and purity of his motives. He avoided all subjects of a licentious cast; and it is impossible to peruse his *Novelas Exemplares* without paying a sincere homage to the elevation of his genius and the goodness of his heart. The variety of these little tales is truly astonishing. They are twelve in number, and yet are all as dissimilar as possible to each

other. Many of them have the additional merit of being founded upon facts; as for example *La Fuerza de la Sangre*, and *La Española Inglesa*. Of the first, it was observed by Florian, that it was the most interesting of all Cervantes's novels, and that the descendants of Rodulfo and Leocadea, the principal characters in it, were still living in the city of Toledo. In *El Amante Liberal*, Cervantes, under the veil of an agreeable fiction, related some of the adventures of his own life, as he also did in that of *El Cautivo*, inserted in Don Quixote. The merit of the *Novelas Exemplares* has been so universally admitted, that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon the subject here. They may, indeed, be considered as perfect in their way; the *Dialogue of the Two Dogs*, and the *Licenciado Vidriera* deserve the highest eulogium, as affording finished specimens of the keenest and most polished satire. They are full of vivid imagination, blended with a profound knowledge of human nature. Nor should we pass over the story of *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, a faithful and striking picture of the life, manners, and impositions of a very singular and systematic body of thieves that infested the city of Seville. Another, founded on facts which happened in 1570, is *El Zeloso Estremeno*. There is also one which Cervantes never included in his work, and which only first saw the light in 1822. It is entitled *La Tia Fingida*, was grounded on an occurrence which took place at Salamanca in the year 1575, and is one of the best of his novels. It is conjectured that Cervantes was induced from religious scruples to withhold this tale from publication, on account of its satire against that detestable race of women who lived by the corruption and degradation of the young and fair among their own sex. The subject could not well be treated without admitting some scenes which might startle the delicacy of modest ears.

Upon the whole we may consider the *Novelas Exemplares* as an admirable production, and it also possesses the merit of being the best written of all the author's works. The style is easy, flowing and unaffected, and the language genuine Castilian. Many other writers distinguished themselves in their short novels or tales. Among the more esteemed are the names of Salas Barbadillo, Perez de Montalvan, Matias de los Reyes, Doña Maria de Zayas, &c. On the respective character of these, however, we cannot here afford to enter into any details; and there are so many that we could by no means do justice to their merits in an article of this extent. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks to the *Novelas Amorosas* of Doña Maria de Zayas, to which we may well apply the "ab uno disce omnes," for which reason they will best serve our purpose; to say nothing of their

extensive circulation, we fear we dare hardly add reputation, in the right sense of the word. In fact, the plan of this lady's work resembles too much that of Boccaccio, and some of its contents perhaps still more. A select party—we had nearly said vestry, which it greatly resembles in its irresponsible proceedings—of ladies and gentlemen assembles at the house of a common friend, to make merry and tell stories. Each guest relates one in succession, purporting to convey a moral lesson or warning to the fair sex; but unluckily nothing can well steer wider of the port of morality, to which each pretends to be bound. Ample license, both as regards incident and language, is here allowed, to the no small surprize of our moral taste, when we consider it to have proceeded from a female pen. The novels are written in an easy and flowing style, occasionally disfigured, however, with passages of the most ridiculous bombast. The interest of the narrative is also frequently broken by the most vapid and lacrymose prosing, mixed with a pompous display of common-place and silly truisms, which finish the *moral* lesson. At the same time the tales evince marks of fancy and invention, with occasional touches of pathos, and some observation of human life. In the art of narrating the writer is an adept, as well as in that of preparing the incidents so as to produce dramatic effect. These qualities, however, are sadly deteriorated by the indelicate tone that prevails throughout almost all the tales. Yet at this time of day they are still eagerly read in Spain, chiefly by idle young men, sentimental spinsters, and tender widows.

Though a production of genius, the work of Doña Maria cannot from its character be admitted among the classic compositions of Spain, until some bold and judicious hand be found, able to apply the pruning knife in its behalf. The process would require exemplary patience, and devotion to the public good; and after all, perhaps, it would happen with the lady's novels as with Mr. Puff's tragedy, in which it was found expedient to use the axe in preference to the pruning knife. What, for instance, would modern readers think of the moral example afforded in the novel entitled "*La mas infame Venganza,*" which, like all the others, professes to lash the vices in order to correct them? A young lady of the name of Octavia, sister to a certain Don Juan, had unfortunately committed a *faux pas;* and the brother finding no other way of revenging himself upon the author of this affront, ingeniously anticipates Mr. Jeremy Bentham's ideas of a scale of human punishments, and resolves to repay the offender in kind. With this infamous view he devises and accomplishes the ruin of Don Carlos's honour, by retorting the injury upon his wife. But as it is not here our intention to follow the example of Doña

Maria, by expounding while we censure the demerits of her work, we shall hasten as fast as possible over this delicate ground. Enough that there are others replete with the same dangerous principle,—that of professing to satirize the crimes and errors which they, in fact, too lavishly describe. This is greatly to be regretted; more particularly in the story entitled "*Tarde llega el Desengaño,*" which contains some very admirable scenes and incidents, one of which has furnished the subject of the farce of "Lock and Key." There is also another tale, of which we may safely be permitted to furnish an outline, without any serious shock to the correct taste of the reader, though not without somewhat departing from the critical gravity of our present task. The brief analysis we propose to give of it will at least serve to lighten the pages of this dry article, intended rather as a faithful report than a full illustration of the merits of the Spanish novelists. The story is entitled "*Al fin se paga todo,*"—"All right in the end," and the narrative runs as follows:—"One night a gallant cavalier, named Don Garcia, in passing through a narrow street of Valladolid, perceived some object suddenly thrust out at the door of a respectable mansion. Upon closer inspection he found it was a beautiful female. She was sobbing most piteously, and on his approach she earnestly appealed to him for protection. Here was a dilemma for the good Don Garcia! The lady was in a sort of dishabille, and evidently had been preparing to retire to rest, instead of thinking of taking a walk in the streets. What was to be done? Urged by humanity, Don Garcia, gently supporting her on his arm, led her to his own lodgings, and after kindly soothing her grief, he with the utmost delicacy left her to indulge her meditations, and retired to a friend's house for the night. Early in the morning, however, he repaired to the fair incognita, and entreated her to relate her history,—a request with which the grateful lady readily complied. 'My name,' she began, 'is Hypolita; I belong to a family of rank; and alas, amongst the numerous candidates for my hand were two brothers, named Don Pedro and Don Luis. Both were equally deserving, but Don Pedro being the eldest and the richest was naturally selected for my destined husband.' She then proceeded to relate how she became Don Pedro's wife; how they passed eight years together in the greatest cordiality and happiness; her repose being disturbed only by the unhappy passion of Don Luis, which he had been unable to vanquish. Spite of circumstances, however, she continued a pattern of female excellence, until, unfortunately, she met with a third suitor in the person of a noble and handsome soldier named Don Gaspar, who fell as desperately in love with her as Don Luis himself. Though not of a very religious turn, he

now became assiduous in his attendance at church, where he was always edified by the example of Hypolita. Gratified on her part at the proofs of devotion he displayed, and his admiration of hers, she could not but feel flattered. Besides, Don Gaspar sang, played on the guitar, and composed verses,—no trivial qualities in recommending their possessor to a lady's regard. In short, Hypolita's heart, by dint of piety, natural tenderness, and pity, became too much interested in Don Gaspar's happiness, and finally she returned his love. From this period the thoughts of both were engaged, not as they ought, in plans how to avoid each other, but how to meet. Don Pedro meanwhile, without the remotest idea of what was going forward, took it into his head to go to the chase,—while, on her side, his faithless helpmate was busily engaged in preparations for the reception of the handsome Don Gaspar, who at the appointed moment is about to pay his visit, as if quite unconscious of Don Pedro's absence from home. A thundering knock is heard at the door; it is opened with the utmost alacrity, when Don Pedro himself makes his appearance, and occupies the station intended for the more favoured lover, just as the latter arrives at the garden gate. This, however, is only a small earnest of the disappointments to which the unlucky Don Gaspar is continually doomed, and which preserve Don Pedro's honour, and the lady's virtue, almost against their will. Upon this the incidents and the interest of the whole story are made to turn. At one time, when after incredible difficulties the wicked lovers are about to meet, a sudden cry of fire is raised, which acts like a pail of water upon the flame of Don Gaspar, who loses no time in making his escape. Nothing, however, can daunt the enterprizing spirit of the lady, the patient constancy of the lover, or the excessive *bonhommie* of the husband. At another time the lover is compelled, on the appearance of the still attached Don Luis, to betake himself to a large chest, in which he was on the point of being suffocated. In this dilemma Hypolita throws herself upon the mercy of her brother-in-law, who, without calling in the aid of the Humane Society, does his best to restore suspended animation in the stifled lover. At last he opens his eyes, and is greatly surprized to see Don Luis instead of the lady; but still more so when the former begins to upbraid him, and to curse his stars that he had ever lived to see that day. In short, he reads Don Gaspar a fine moral lecture on the heinousness of his conduct, so effectually as to excite no little compunction in his breast for the bad designs he had entertained. The converted lover promises that he will in future avoid Hypolita like the plague, and on this assurance receives absolution at the hands of his saintly monitor, and departs in peace. After this scene we na-

turally conclude that the edifying Don Luis would himself set about correcting his own unhappy passion; but he showed, on the contrary, that a good preacher is not always the greatest saint. On finding this, however, Hypolita, in her turn, reads him a good round lecture upon the extreme folly and wickedness of continuing to entertain a hopeless passion, rendered still more preposterous and criminal under the circumstances in which they were placed. Sorry are we to say, that though almost as fine a preacher as Friar Gerund, Don Luis did not conceive himself equal to fulfilling the practical part of his doctrine, which had effected such an excellent reform in the dispositions of the handsome Don Gaspar. So far from it, he resolved to accomplish, and did accomplish, by stratagem, what no persuasion could bring about. Here commences the tragic portion of the novel; for Hypolita, on discovering the fatal truth, resolves upon taking a desperate revenge. She gains access to the chamber of her betrayer, and surprizing him in the arms of sleep, inflicts six mortal wounds upon his body—quite enough for one man in his sleep—then decamps with as much of her husband's property as she can lay her hands on, and repairs, with admirable consistency of conduct, to the dwelling of Don Gaspar. He, however, had not forgotten Don Luis's excellent sermon, on his escape from smothering in the chest. Instead of receiving her with the rapture of a lover, he very properly, in *his* turn, gives her a sound rating; not content with which, he less justifiably deprives her of all her clothes and jewels, and then, after giving her a hearty drubbing, turns her adrift in the streets. It was at this moment, it seems, that Don Garcia saw the lady thrust out of doors; and what remains is soon told. Doña Hypolita retires to a convent, Don Pedro dies, and Don Garcia, much edified by the adventure, and pleased with the character of Hypolita, solicits her hand, which, after her grief for her husband's loss is somewhat abated, she cheerfully bestows on the complaisant cavalier.

Returning to our subject, we may divide the *Novelas Morales* into the *Alegoricas*, the *Satiricas* and the *Picarescas*. In the first division the Spaniards early gave proofs of their superior taste and invention. Here they imitated the Arabs, who may fairly be considered the first who presented regular specimens of this species of composition. One book in particular of this character belongs to Spanish literature, venerable alike for its antiquity, the name of its author, and the ingenuity and talent it displays. This is the *Conde Lucanor*, a work which has long ranked among the most esteemed productions of its time. It was composed by the Infante Don Juan Manuel, as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Almost unique in its kind, it

remains as a precious monument—at once the most singular, rare and valuable record of the times. Its style is extremely easy, simple, and full of *naïveté;* replete with observations and subjects calculated at once to enliven and instruct the mind. Even the quaintness of its idioms and expressions forms not the least of its attractions, set off by the spirit and originality of the remarks. At the same time the merits of the *Conde Lucanor* have perhaps been somewhat overrated. As a work of that period it is certainly entitled to great praise; but that it boasts in itself any extraordinary talent, and positive superiority of character, we feel inclined to dispute. The *Conde Lucanor* is a collection of short apologues, intended to illustrate some moral or political propositions, but neither the incidents of these little tales, nor the manner in which they are presented, offer anything very striking. Many of them are common-place, and certainly inferior to the fables of Esop, Phædrus and Pilpay. A few of the stories, however, possess considerable interest, combined with no small talent and ingenuity. One of these—*The Dean of Santiago*—has lately appeared in a contemporary periodical, and we shall here present another to the notice of our readers. It may justly, we believe, be considered the best in the whole series, and besides its own merit, possesses that of some striking resemblances to Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew." The following will be found a pretty close translation, with some attempt at preserving the quaintness and simplicity of manner of the original:—

## THE CONDE LUCANOR.

### CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH,

*Concerning what happened to a certain young man upon the day of his marriage.*

One day the Conde Lucanor, speaking with his counsellor Patronio, said:—'Patronio, I have a servant who informs me that he has it in his power to marry a very wealthy woman, but who is higher in station than himself. It would, he says, be a very advantageous match for him, only for one difficulty which stands in the way, and it is this. He has it on good authority that this woman is one of the most violent and wilful creatures in the world, and now I ask for your counsel, whether I ought to direct him to marry this woman, knowing what her character is, or advise him to give up the match?' 'My lord Conde Lucanor,' said Patronio, 'if your man hath any resemblance to the son of a certain good man, who was a Moor, I advise him to marry at all venture, but if he be not like him, I think he had better desist.' And the Conde then inquired how that affair had been.

"THE HISTORY.

"Patronio said, that in a certain town there lived a noble Moor, who had one son, the best young man ever known perhaps in the world.

He was not, however, wealthy enough to enable him to accomplish half the many laudable objects which his heart prompted him to undertake; and for this reason he was in great perplexity, having the will and not the power. Now in that same town dwelt another Moor, far more honoured and rich than the youth's father, and he too had an only daughter who offered a strange contrast to this excellent young man, her manners being as violent and bad as his were good and pleasing, insomuch that no man liked to think of an union with such an infuriate shrew.

"Now that good youth one day came to his father, and said, 'Father, I am well assured that you are not rich enough to support me according to what I conceive becoming and honourable. It will, therefore, be incumbent upon me to lead a mean and indolent life, or to quit the country; so that if it seem good unto you, I should prefer for the best to form some marriage alliance by which I may be enabled to open myself a way to higher things.' And the father replied, that it would please him well if his son should be enabled to marry according to his wishes. He then said to his father that if he thought he should be able to manage it, he should be happy to have the only daughter of that good man given him in marriage. Hearing this, the father was much surprized, and answered, that as he understood the matter, there was not a single man whom he knew, how poor soever he might be, who would consent to marry such a vixen. And his son replied, that he asked it as a particular favour that he would bring about this marriage, and so far insisted, that however strange he thought the request, his father gave his consent. In consequence, he went directly to seek the good man, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and having acquainted him with all that had passed, begged that he would be pleased to bestow his daughter's hand upon his son, who had courage enough to marry her. Now when the good man heard this proposal from the lips of his best friend, he said to him:—'Good God, my friend, if I were to do any such thing, I should serve you a very bad turn; for you possess an excellent son, and it would be a great piece of treachery on my part, if I were to consent to make him so unfortunate, and become accessory to his death. Nay I may say worse than death, for better would it be for him to be dead than to be married to my daughter! And you must not think that I say thus much to oppose your wishes; for as to that matter I should be well pleased to give her to your son, or to anybody's son who would be foolish enough to rid my house of her.' To this his friend replied, that he felt very sensibly the kind motives which led him to speak thus; and intreated that, as his son seemed so bent upon the match, he would be pleased to give the lady in marriage. He agreed, and accordingly the ceremony took place. The bride was brought to her husband's house, and it being a custom with the Moors to give the betrothed a supper and to set out the feast for them, and then to take leave and return to visit them on the ensuing day, the ceremony was performed accordingly. However, the fathers and mothers, and all the relations of the bride and bridegroom went away with many misgivings, fearing that when they returned the ensuing day they should either find the young man dead or in some very bad plight indeed.

"So it came to pass that as soon as the young people were left alone, they seated themselves at the table, and before the dreaded bride had time to open her lips, the bridegroom looking behind him, saw stationed there his favourite mastiff dog, and he said to him somewhat sharply:—'Mr. Mastiff, bring us some water for our hands;' and the dog stood still, and did not do it. His master then repeated the order more fiercely, but the dog stood still as before. His master then leaped up in a great passion from the table, and seizing his sword, ran towards the mastiff, who, seeing him coming, ran away, leaping over the chairs and tables and the fire, trying every place to make his escape, with the bridegroom hard in pursuit of him. At length reaching the dog, he smote off his head with his sword, then hewed off his legs, and all his body, until the whole place was covered with blood. He then resumed his place at table, all covered as he was with gore; and soon casting his eyes around he beheld a lap-dog, and commanded him to bring him water for his hands, and because he was not obeyed, he said:—'How, false traitor! see you not the fate of the mastiff, because he would not do as I commanded him? I vow that if you offer to contend one moment with me, I will treat thee to the same fare as I did the mastiff;' and when he found it was not done, he arose, seized him by the legs, and dashing him against the wall, actually beat his brains out; showing even more rage than against the poor mastiff. Then in a great passion he returned to the table, and cast his eyes about on all sides, while his bride, fearful that he had taken leave of his senses, ventured not to utter a word. At length he fixed his eyes upon his horse that was standing before the door, though he had only that one; and he commanded him to bring him water, which the horse did not do. 'How now, Mr. Horse,' cried the husband, 'do you imagine because I have only you, that I shall suffer you to live, and not do as I command you? No! I will inflict as hard a death upon you as upon the others; yea, there is no living thing I have in the world which I will spare, if I be not obeyed.' But the horse stood where he was, and his master approaching with the greatest rage smote off his head, and cut him to pieces with his sword. And when his wife saw that he had actually killed his horse, having no other, and heard him declare he would do the same to any creature that ventured to disobey him, she found that he had by no means done it by way of jest, and took such an alarm that she hardly knew if she were dead or alive. For all covered with gore as he was, he again seated himself at table, swearing that though he had a thousand horses or wives, or servants, if they refused to do his behest, he would kill them all; and he again began to look around him, holding his sword in his hand. And after he had looked well round him, and found no living thing near him, he turned his eyes fiercely towards his wife, and said in a great passion: 'Get up, and bring me some water to wash my hands!' and his wife, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces, rose in a great hurry, and giving him water for his hands, said to him: 'Ah, how I ought to return thanks to God, who inspired you with the thought of doing as you have done! for otherwise, owing to the wrong treatment of my foolish friends, I should have behaved the same to you as to them.' Afterwards

he commanded her to help him to something to eat, and this in such a tone, that she felt as if her head were on the point of dropping off upon the floor; so that in this way was the understanding between them settled during that night, and she never spoke, but only did every thing which he required her to do. After they had reposed some time, her husband said: 'The passion I have been put into this night hinders me from sleeping: get up, and see that nobody comes to disturb me, and prepare for me something well cooked to eat.'

"When it came full day, and the fathers, mothers and other relatives arrived at the door, they all listened, and hearing no one speak, at first concluded that the unfortunate man was either dead, or mortally wounded by his ferocious bride. In this they were the more confirmed when they saw the bride standing at the door, and the bridegroom not there. But when the lady saw them advancing, she walked gently on tiptoe towards them, and whispered:—'False friends, as you are, how dared you to come up to the door in that way, or to say a word! Be silent! as you value your lives, and mine also.' And when they were all made acquainted with what she said, they greatly wondered; but when they learnt all that had passed during the night, their wonder was changed into admiration of the young man, for having so well known how to manage what concerned him, and to maintain order in his house. And from that day forth, so excellently was his wife governed, and well-conditioned in every respect, that they led a very pleasant life together. Such, indeed, was the good example set by the son-in-law, that a few days afterwards the father-in-law, desirous of the same happy change in his household, also killed a horse: but his wife only said to him: 'By my faith, Don Fulano, you have thought of this plan somewhat too late in the day; we are now too well acquainted with each other.'

"And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, if that servant of yours wish to marry such a woman, and hath as great a heart as this youth, in God's name, advise him to take her, for he will surely know how to manage in his house. But should he be of another kidney, and not so well know what is most befitting him, then let him take his chance. And I further advise you, that with whatever manner of men you have to do, you always give them well to understand on what footing they are to stand. And the Conde held this for a good example, and made it as it is, and it was esteemed good. Also because Don Juan found it a good example, he ordered it to be written in this book, and made these verses, which say as follow:—

> "If at first you don't show yourself just what you are,
> When you afterwards wish it, you'll find it a bar."

In the line of *Novelas Alegoricas* we may class *La Vision Deleitable* of Alonzo la Torre, published about the middle of the sixteenth century. This work, expressly written to promote the moral education of the young heir to the crown of Navarre, is very respectable in point of execution. It can hardly, however, lay claim to the higher qualities of that admirable work written by the good Fenelon with like views and principles. Yet the

graces of poetical allegory and elegant style are well blended with the ingenious manner in which the moral and political maxims are introduced.

Next to this we may mention with approbation *El Conde Mantillo* of Zabaleta, written probably with an intention of satirizing the popular *Novelas Picarescas.* Among the moderns Don Pedro Montengon is particularly entitled to our notice. His novel *Eusebio* has obtained for him, and justly, far more credit than any other of his performances in the heroic line. The plan of the *Eusebio* is unexceptionable, and it may in truth be considered as a treatise upon education, disguised in the attractive dress of a fictitious narrative. The work is entirely divested of those narrow views and religious prejudices which obscure the merits of so many treatises of the kind in Spain, and sound sense and good feeling prevail throughout. The idea of the *Eusebio* is very probably borrowed from the *Emile* of Rousseau. Montengon was doubtless acquainted with that masterly performance, though he must have been struck, like every reasonable and discreet person, with its absurd and visionary errors. It must be admitted that the *Eusebio* contains passages of great beauty; some of the characters are well drawn, and a few sketches are not devoid of nature and truth. *Eusebio* travels, and visits different courts; but his observations on men and manners lead us to believe that Montengon drew his knowledge rather from books than from personal acquaintance with characters and events. With all its faults, it must still be considered a valuable performance, and in the dearth of works upon a similar plan, very justly keeps its ground in the republic of letters. There is also another composition in the allegorical style, entitled *La Muger Feliz;* but it is comparatively a worthless performance.

We must now proceed with a few remarks on the second division of this class, namely, the *Novela Satirica.* Next to the masterpiece of Cervantes we must place *El Criticon* of Father Balthazar Gracian, a work which, notwithstanding its many faults, bears a very high reputation. It has no plot, the incidents are ill-managed, and little skill is displayed in preparing the situations with a view of producing dramatic effect. Besides, the style is overloaded with a redundancy of antithesis and other figures of speech, which give it a pedantic air. In spite, however, of these imperfections, the *Criticon* has beauties amply sufficient to redeem its character in the eyes of the public; a keen and ready satire runs throughout the book, and the reader's attention is always kept awake by some shrewd observation, some stroke of humour or of ridicule, mingled with fanciful effusions. After the *Criticon,* we may mention the *Fray Gerundio de Campazas,* by

Father Isla. This work was evidently undertaken in imitation of Don Quixote; and contains a severe satire upon bad preachers. The author, though a man of much learning, taste, and even wit, was very far from possessing the masterly genius of his great prototype. The *Fray Gerundio*, therefore, stands at an immense distance from the *chef d'œuvre* of Cervantes. The prolixity of some of the dissertations is intolerable; and a soporific influence seems to hang over the chief portion of the work. Occasionally, indeed, we meet with passages of exquisite humour and true satire. The opening Sermon of the Friar is in very good keeping; and there are a few sketches replete with truth, and drawn with the hand of a master. Yet the reputation of this work is daily losing ground; and it is, in fact, too much encumbered with extraneous and heavy materials. Another author, in the same line, is Don Francisco de Santos, whose books assume, at least, the title of satirical novels. Among these, the *Gijantones de Madrid* and *El no importa* are, perhaps, the most esteemed; the last named is the only one of his works that we have read; but its merits, we frankly confess, were not such as to tempt us to venture on the others.

We are at length arrived at the last branch of Spanish novels, —we mean the *Picarescas*. In this kind, which is more peculiarly national, the Spanish writers stand unrivalled,—we might almost add, alone. It may also be considered one of the most original, ingenious, and entertaining species of fiction we know. The title of *Picaresca*, derived from *Picaro*, a rogue, is meant to imply a satirical exposure of the character and customs of a certain worthless class of gentry then abounding in the Spanish dominions. These novels took their origin in times when the Spaniards, owing to the warlike disposition of Charles V., were wholly absorbed in schemes of aggrandizement, and seemed to have forgotten the usual trades and professions, with all the arts, connected with civilization and peace. Hence a large class of idlers and sharpers were thrown for support upon the charity or credulity of the higher orders, from whose follies and dissipation they contrived to extract an existence. These adventurers are invariably drawn as men of acuteness, and a lively invention, with all that sort of talent undeniably necessary for conducting a successful piece of imposture or an intrigue. Indeed it was only with this prolific tribe of rogues, cut-throats, swindlers and bad characters of every description which then afflicted Spanish society, that novel writers were permitted to deal. Any public exposure of the vices of the nobility during those feudal times, would have brought down certain ruin and disgrace upon the head of the imprudent censor of their more privileged manners. They were far too powerful for the boldest satirist, much more for the novelist,

to venture to make them the subject of their castigation. Their absurd pride, their foibles, and enormous excesses thus went "unwhipt of justice;" and all that a prudent and sagacious writer could attempt was to hurl his anathemas, and to heap his ridicule upon the vile agents of those profligate grandees. To this army of picaros was added another set of ill-boding personages, namely, the gentlemen of the long mustachios, long rapiers and long cloaks, who seemed to have little else to do but to parade the public places, prepared for every occasion in which they might signalize their prowess in feuds and broils. Another nuisance again was to be found in those impostors, vagrants and petty mendicants who counterfeited all the infirmities of human nature, and haunted the entrances of churches and convents on every side. Their lives afforded abundant incident and variety for the lash of the authors of the *Picarescas*. Their mine of materials was inexhaustible; and accordingly the number of these novels is equally astonishing. The most amusing have already been translated into the other languages of Europe. Upon some of these Le Sage has founded that immortal reputation which has placed him in the first rank of modern novelists. Yet this writer was evidently deficient in invention, the very first requisite in a great novelist. Lope de Rueda, an actor, who according to some had the honour of writing the first regular drama in Spain, may also claim that of being the founder of the *Novela Picaresca*. His book entitled *El Deleitoso* belongs in some respect to this class. It was soon followed by *El Patrañuelo*, though neither of these can be put in competition with *El Lazarillo de Tormes*, one of the masterpieces in this line, and which eclipsed all that had preceded it. This work is attributed by Father Siguenza to a friar named Juan Ortega, but according to general opinion its true author is the one announced in the titlepage, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, one of the most illustrious names that adorn the annals of Spain. There can be no doubt that *Lazarillo* is the work of Mendoza, and that he composed it while a student at Salamanca. It was soon translated into all the European languages, but neither the English nor the French versions which we have seen convey a just idea of the merit of the original. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the *Lazarillo* is susceptible of being happily rendered into any foreign language. Its idiomatic style and a certain quaintness offer the same difficulties as Don Quixote; difficulties sufficient to baffle the talent and industry of any translator, even supposing he possessed a thorough knowledge of the two languages, which is very rarely the case. The extraordinary success of the *Lazarillo* naturally gave rise to numerous imitations, such as the *Lazarillo del Manzanares* and others; all of which shared

the fate usually attending professed imitations founded too closely on the original. This, however, was not the case with *El Picaro Guzman de Alfarache* of Mateo Aleman, which, to say nothing of its powerful satire, must be pronounced a very amusing book. Great, however, as are the beauties with which it abounds, it has many faults both of character and style. Some of the incidents are very puerile, and the remarks commonplace. The language is also very inferior to that of Mendoza, who was a profound and accomplished scholar.

The works of Quevedo, one of the great names in Spanish literature, would hold a still higher rank in the estimation of his countrymen, had the writer's good taste been at all equal to his genius and learning. He also exercised his skill in the *Novela Picaresca*. His principal work is *El Gran Tacaño*, a work replete with humour, rich in idiomatic turns and expressions, with strokes of the most poignant ridicule. Many of the descriptions, however, are exaggerated, and the indelicacy of others, with the observations of the chief personages, are wholly unjustifiable. We must not omit honourable mention of the *Alonzo mozo de Muchos Amos*, by Geronimo de Alcala; *El Soldado Pindaro; La picara Justina*, and many others which it is here impossible to enumerate. One work, however, of very superior merit, though not exactly belonging to the class of Picarescas, ought not to be forgotten. We allude to the *Escudero Marcos de Obregon*, written by Vicente Espinel, which may justly be pronounced the most faithful picture now extant of the customs and manners of the more respectable classes at that period. Nor indeed did the author seem inclined to underrate its merits, when he supposed it would eclipse the fame of the immortal Don Quixote. What is worse, Espinel lost no opportunity of satirizing Cervantes and his chef d'œuvre, with how much success it is needless to state. In regard to the novels of *Gil Blas* and *El Bachiller de Salamanca* we shall say nothing. The learned controversy of Llorente with Count François de Neufchateau may satisfy the reader with respect to the pretensions of the Spaniards to these amusing works.

Besides the various kinds of novels we have here enumerated, there are others which we are really at a loss under what head to class. For example we have the *Evangelio en Triunfo*, which is decidedly of the Tremaine school, and possesses all the stately march and cumbersome descriptions that distinguish that composition.

In the present day, novels, like everything else, are at the lowest ebb in Spain. That country is now inundated with miserable translations of French flippancy and German sentimental trash; not a single writer of any merit or originality has appeared to redeem

this class of compositions from the degraded state into which it has gradually sunk. One little story, to be sure, has been attempted, called *Cornelia Borroquia*, in order to excite feelings of abhorrence against the inquisition. But in point of plot, character and composition, it is utterly worthless, or worthy only of modern Spain.

In the dearth, therefore, of original compositions, we cannot but show a sense of gratitude to those persons who devote their moments to give correct and improved editions of the old standard works. Amongst these praiseworthy and industrious persons we may justly class the names of the editors of the works at the head of this article.—To Don Agustin Garcia de Arrieta much praise is due for his laborious undertaking in presenting so erudite an edition of the Atlas of Spanish Literature. We must also bestow very warm encomiums on Don Joaquin Maria Ferrer for his miniature edition of Don Quixote; indeed we consider this little volume as a literary curiosity, a perfect *bijou* in its way, which we hope will get into the hands of every sincere admirer of the genius of Cervantes. We understand that Ferrer intends to extend the plan he has adopted to several other classical works, and, indeed, we find another proof of his taste in the *Lazarillo de Tormes*. We cannot sufficiently commend the zeal of this gentleman, who, after having been useful to his country as a member of the Cortes, now dedicates his leisure hours to the interests of its literature.

We must here close our remarks on the Spanish novelists, sincerely regretting that this branch of composition should have fallen into such undeserved neglect.

In regard to the Spanish theatre, the case has been different; a regeneration took place with the aid of Moratin, who drove the Comellas and Valladares, &c. from the throne they had usurped. Let us hope that in process of time some author will be able to achieve as much in favour of Spanish novels, by throwing the tribe of the Trigueros, the Ramires Arellanos, and others of the same stamp into the shade. They have done much to pervert the public taste by their flimsy and despicable translations, and open a wide field for literary reform. This revolution, perhaps, can only be accomplished by recalling the attention of the Spaniards to those agreeable fictions which have their foundation in historical traditions and facts. Here Sir Walter Scott offers them a brilliant and successful example, while the Spanish chronicles present materials peculiarly adapted for fictitious illustration, at once of the most amusing and interesting kind. All, indeed, that remains to complete the literature of Spain, is the national romance, which in the hands of genius and learning could not fail to enlarge the scope of her literary celebrity.

ART. IV.—1. *Römische Geschichte.* Von B. G. Niebuhr. (*History of Rome.* By B. G. Niebuhr.) Berlin. 1811-12. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Dasselbe;* zweyte, vollig umgearbeitete Ausgabe. Erster Theil. (*The same.* Second edition, entirely re-modelled. Vol. I.) Berlin. 1827. 8vo.

3. *Schlegels Recension über Niebuhrs Römische Geschichte.* (Schlegel's *Review of Niebuhr's Roman History.*) Heidelberg. 1816. 8vo.

4. *Die ältere Geschichte des Römischen Staates untersucht* von W. Wachsmuth. (*Researches into the Early History of Rome.* By W. Wachsmuth.) Halle. 1819. 8vo.

PERHAPS no stronger argument could be adduced for the necessity of establishing a journal like the present, than the circumstance of the length of time that elapsed between the appearance of Niebuhr's Roman History and the first notice of it in the leading English Reviews. The first edition of this work, decidedly the most striking and original of the present, or perhaps the last century, appeared in 1811-12, and yet the attention of the British public was not directed to it till 1822, ten years afterwards. It was only in 1825 that something like an account of its contents was given, and thus a work which had aroused the attention of all Germany, and cast a new and original light on the history of the most extraordinary of ancient nations, remained as much unknown in this country to all except a very few students, as if it had been enveloped in the husk of Sanscrit or Chinese. In this particular case however, England seems to have been only on a par of ignorance with other nations; for neither in France nor Italy, almost up to the present moment, have we observed any indications of an acquaintance with the contents or merits of Niebuhr's work, even in quarters where such acquaintance might have been assumed as a matter of course.

The elaborate work of Niebuhr has indeed made an epoch. In the enlarged and re-modelled edition of the first volume, which has lately come forth, a degree of clearness and consistency has been carried into the early history of the Eternal City, such as could hardly have been anticipated from the powers and resources of any one mind; while our knowledge of the original principles and forms of the Roman constitution has been approximated in such a ratio to certainty, that with the helps we at present possess little more seems to be hoped for. True, it is still but the hypothesis of Mr. Niebuhr, but hypothesis may be based upon such grounds as to possess all the certainty of established truth; the existence of the American continent was but the hypothesis of

Columbus, yet who is there who, when he reads the data on which that great man founded his conclusions, will not exclaim that it was impossible he could have erred? So is it in all cases of circumstantial evidence; direct testimony may not be attainable, or may bear but little on the point, and yet hints and circumstances may come from various quarters, combine so harmoniously together, and all tend so directly to the one conclusion which alone can give them consistency, as to leave no longer any doubt on an unprejudiced and impartial mind. This then is the sort of evidence which the reader of Mr. Niebuhr's work is chiefly to expect;—general principles of human nature and of social constitutions applied to particular cases; direct testimony, when evidently of value, as proceeding from one who possessed, and did not neglect, the means of coming at the truth; and scattered notices and hints skilfully used and combined for the attainment of important conclusions. No source of information has been overlooked; the grammarians, the jurists, the agrimensores have been resorted to as well as the historians; the institutions of Greece, of Asia, and of modern Europe, throw light on those of Rome; and the new science of political economy often affords the clue that leads to an understanding of the policy of old Roman monarchs and senates.

To be enabled perfectly to comprehend what Niebuhr has done, and wherein his real merit lies,—for even those who will still cling to old opinions and reject his daring paradoxes, as they may style them, must acknowledge his high genius and merit—it is necessary to show what our knowledge of the Roman history was previous to the appearance of his work, and what lights had been thrown upon it by the inquiring spirit of modern times.

In Rome's most high and palmy state, when mistress of the world under Augustus, two writers, a Roman and a Greek, undertook to narrate her history. The Roman, endowed with poetic genius, deeply embued with patriotic feeling, and viewing her heroes and their deeds as presenting materials for the formation of a splendid gallery of historical pictures and portraits, took up, negligent of criticism, the works of preceding writers, poets as well as annalists, painted the most striking events in the most brilliant colours, diffused over them the light of a charming eloquence, and arranged them in what he found to be the most advantageous order—the annalistic. Writing for his countrymen, he conceived himself exempted from the obligation of minutely tracing political, religious, and military institutions, and only described them when obsolete, or striking from their singularity. His work is therefore rarely interrupted by discussion, and the clear translucent stream of his narrative flows along in majestic

continuity, reflecting on its smooth unbroken surface the hues and forms of the landscapes through which it passes, now giving back, unclouded by doubt, the wondrous tales of early poets, now the barren rugged notices of rude annalists, now the regular well-arranged narratives of contemporary historians. Less simple and unaffected than the father of Grecian history, he is, like him, under the influence of no pre-conceived theory, and though he partakes of the errors and prejudices of his times, and views in the tribunes and the plebs of the early days of the republic the factious tyrants, and riotous rabble of the seventh century, yet as he gives his facts as he found them, he usually supplies the means of correcting his own erroneous views. It is this fidelity to his authorities that confers such value on the pages of Livy; in which, after stripping them of the robes of poetry and eloquence in which they are invested, we may recognize the genuine narratives of the authors who preceded him, whose works are unfortunately lost. To him, therefore, we may look with confidence for a faithful repetition of what these authors related of the *early* traditions and annals of Rome.

Of a different character, his Grecian rival proceeds with far more of pomp and circumstance. In his procemium, he sets forth his claim to attention and respect by enumerating the number of years he had devoted to the study of the language, history, and antiquities of Rome, where he had for that purpose fixed his residence. He wrote with an express theory, his object being to minister to the vanity of the Romans, and to console his countrymen under their subjection to the haughty mistress of the world, by flattering them with the fond persuasion that Rome was Grecian in her origin and early institutions, and that her people were not to be classed among the nations of barbaric race. In his hands, therefore, all the mean and degraging circumstances connected with her foundation and early history vanish or become dignified. Romulus, for example, appears not, in this elaborate performance, as the head of a band of runaway slaves, insolvent debtors, and promiscuous rabble; he leaves Alba, like a Grecian Oikist, at the head of a regular, orderly, and respectable colony, while the city of Rome rises in peace and dignity beneath the sway of equal laws and wise regulations. All other events are recorded in a similar strain, and in the diffuse and elaborate narrative of the Rhetorician of Halicarnassus, the early history of Rome assumes, most certainly, a very dignified, yet a very tame and every-day appearance. But the raciness of the indigenous tale is lost in the Greek dilution; the genuine mould, the *situs* of antiquity has disappeared; the edifice is no venerable pile, around whose moss-grown walls the creeping ivy twines; it stands cold and

naked, a modern structure, regular no doubt, but erected by an architect incapable of emulating, or despising the ancient style. Though his work be deceptive from this apparent regularity, and from its comparative freedom from contradictions, yet, as he wrote for foreigners, and felt it necessary to go very much into detail on the subject of religious and political institutions, his pages will on that account be for ever of great value; and more than almost any other he has been instrumental in preserving fragments and notices of writers on Rome and Italy whose works no longer exist.

These two writers, with the good-natured, credulous, and superstitious Plutarch,—who, as he himself tells us, wrote *Lives*, not history, that is to say, who felt himself released from all obligation to search after truth, and only required to collect together in one point of view all the anecdotes of his heroes he could find, —were the principal sources from which modern times derived their knowledge of the early Roman history.

The present age can with difficulty form an adequate conception of the avidity with which, at the period of the revival of learning, the classic authors were sought after and studied. Their works were held in veneration, and the contents of them received with an implicit faith, resembling that manifested by eastern nations for the sacred books of their religion and laws. They were regarded as proceeding from men of a superior nature, possessed of wisdom, and endowed with genius beyond the aim or hope of the present less-favoured generation; to question the truth of what they contained was little less than heresy and impiety; and if, like Glareanus, an annotator ventured to express a doubt, he was at once put to silence with contempt. All who came under the title of the Ancients stood upon an equality: Plutarch was placed in the same rank with Polybius; every thing delivered by them was regarded as equally true, the task of the scholar and the critic being to reconcile their apparent discrepancies. During two centuries the minds of men were thus enthralled. At length, in the latter part of the 17th century, Perizonius ventured to point out the errors and mistakes of some of the principal historians of antiquity, and he had the farther merit of being the first to call attention to the real sources of Rome's early history, and its consequent fallacious character. He did not, however, go the length of rejecting any of the facts depending on these sources. Bayle, with his usual pyrrhonism, threw out a few sceptical hints on this subject; but the first formal attack on the authenticity of the early history of Rome was made by M. Levesque de Pouilly, who, in 1722, in a Memoir contained in the sixth volume of the *Mémoires de l'Académie des*

*Inscriptions*, boldly pronounced its principal events, such as the birth, exposure, and death of Romulus, the stories of the Horatii and Curiatii, of Curtius, &c. to be nothing but fictions transplanted from Greece. Much about the same time, Vico, the celebrated Neapolitan, ventured to speculate, with some freedom, on the same ground. Levesque was replied to by the Abbé de Sallier, and this controversy gave origin to the celebrated "*Dissertation sur l'Incertitude de l'Histoire Romaine*" of Beaufort, published in 1738; in which, among other points, attention was first directed to the passages of Pliny and Tacitus, which so completely refute the story of Porsenna's magnanimity. The Roman histories of Catrou, Rollin, Crevier, and Hooke, were all written on the plan of detailing, without hesitation, the narratives of Livy and Dionysius; Levesque's *Histoire de la Republique Romaine*, published in 1807, was the first in which an attempt was made to get rid of some of the traditionary fables. The spirit of free inquiry was still on the increase, and Micali, in his *Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani* (1810) boldly rejected everything opposed to his theory, that the people of Italy were indigenous.

Such was the state of knowledge respecting this interesting subject, when in 1811-12 the work of Niebuhr appeared, in which the axe was resolutely laid to the root of the venerable tree of Roman story, and the whole narrative of her early centuries pronounced to be as destitute of solid claim to belief as the mythic annals of any other country. Romulus was classed with Hercules and Siegfried—Brutus with Aristomenes and the Cid. The hypothesis of Mr. Niebuhr was, that the early history of Rome had been drawn from popular poetry, and consequently contained no more of truth than is usually to be found in that species of composition. At the same time, the powers of a mighty mind were exerted on a mass of knowledge not often surpassed, and many of Rome's institutions and regulations, particularly the Agrarian laws, were placed in a novel and convincing point of view. The effect of this bold and original performance on the minds of readers in Germany was powerful and various. The young, the ardent, and the inquiring, who had already been perplexed with doubts on this head, turned with eagerness to the new light held up before them, and rejoiced in its beams; while the old, the prejudiced, and the obstinate pertinaciously closed their eyes against its radiance. During a space of four years, Niebuhr's work can hardly be said to have been subjected to criticism; for A. W. Schlegel's review of it, in the *Heidelbergischer Jahrbücher*, did not appear till 1816. In this critique, (No. 3 at the head of our article,) which was extended through five numbers of that Journal, the distinguished writer treats the

narratives of Livy and Dionysius with even less respect than Niebuhr (whose views he in the main adopts) had shown for them, regarding, with him, the majority of the supposed events of the first three centuries as absolute fables; but, in opposition to him, assigning them a Grecian instead of a domestic origin. In 1819, Wachsmuth published the work No. 4, at the head of our article, in which he maintains the basis of the early history to be true, and endeavours to separate from it the fabulous adjuncts which it had received. Thus, while Niebuhr and Schlegel hold the existence of Romulus and Numa to have been as unreal as that of Hercules or Menu, Wachsmuth, on the contrary, regards these early Roman monarchs as real historical personages no less than Charlemagne or Alfred;—but he rejects, as mere figments, the wonderful birth and miraculous disappearance of the one, and the nocturnal conferences with Egeria of the other. His position is, that popular tradition invents no facts, but only adorns realities with poetic tints and prestiges. He may, therefore, be regarded as throughout the opponent of Niebuhr, whose arguments and positions he seeks every opportunity of contradicting and combating. Niebuhr has, since the publication of the first edition of his work, resided for some years at Rome, where the survey of the scenes hallowed to remembrance as the theatres of true or feigned events, has come in aid of more extended inquiry and deeper reflection; while the discovery of the fragments of Cicero's lost work on the Republic has enabled him to establish, by proof, some circumstances that before he could only advance as conjecture, and has, on other points, given him knowledge that before was unattainable; thus topics, such as the constitution of Servius Tullius, which, in the former edition, owing to the author's then indistinct perceptions, were so obscure as to be nearly unintelligible, may now vie in clearness with the most luminous portions of the work. The new and re-modelled edition of his first volume, "the work of the mature man," as he styles it, presents to the reader a full and complete system, a regular, consistent, well-arranged theory: what the author regards as ascertained and proved, he delivers with all the conviction of certainty; what is only conjectural, he brings forward as such, stating, at the same time, how far his own persuasion of its truth extends, but making no demand of acquiescence on his readers.

The grand question, then, is, whether his theory of the early Roman history being founded upon popular poetry, be correct or not? On this the whole depends—and we, therefore, propose to examine and discuss the point at some length.

The sources from which the early history of a nation must be derived are either original domestic annals, kept from the forma-

tion of the state,—narratives written by contemporary foreigners, —or traditions orally handed down among the people. Now, the first can only take place in the case of colonies, such as those of Spain and England in the New World, which go out from lettered and civilized nations, with a knowledge of the arts of composition, and provided with the materials by which events may be recorded and transmitted. It is also to such chiefly, that the second mode applies. But in neither way could the early annals of any ancient state in Europe have been preserved, if we except the Grecian colonies that were established after the intercourse was opened with Egypt. We believe it stands in need of no proof, that, without adequate writing materials, such as paper or parchment, there can exist no regular consecutive body of annals; copper and lead plates, boards either plain or smeared with wax, raw undressed skins, linen, &c.—the materials, besides the two already mentioned, used in ancient times as the depositaries of writing,—being manifestly quite insufficient for that purpose. Now, it is a circumstance, which, though dwelt on at some length by Levesque, we are surprised Mr. Niebuhr has not noticed, that so long as the Egyptians, with Chinese policy, shut their ports against strangers, the Greeks, unless they, perhaps, obtained some small quantities by means of the Tyrians, could not have had any papyrus; as for parchment, it did not yet exist. But when, in the reign of Psammiticus, the Ionians and Carians, who had aided that monarch to obtain the throne, were by him assigned settlements in Egypt, an intercourse was immediately opened between that country and Greece; and it is a striking fact, that soon after this event, the first Grecian prose writers, such as Cadmus, Pherecydes and Acusilaus, appeared. The age of these writers corresponds with the period in which the reign of Servius Tullius at Rome is placed; and though it might easily be shown, in opposition to Montesquieu, that regal Rome was very far from being destitute of foreign trade, yet there is no great probability that she could have obtained Egyptian paper as early as it was imported into Greece; and her crippled state, for the first two centuries of the commonwealth, renders it very unlikely that the attention then paid to literature was sufficient to excite exertions in procuring adequate writing materials. In aid of this supposition comes the acknowledged fact, that the two oldest Roman historians, Fabius and Cincius,* flourished during the second Punic War, when

* It is strange that Waehsmuth should assert that these two writers employed the Latin language, and that Dionysius read them in a Greek translation. In proof of these assertions, he quotes Dionys. lib. i. c. 6.—"Ῥωμαίων ὅσοι τὰ παλαιὰ ἔργα τῆς πόλεως Ἑλληνικῇ διαλέκτῳ συνέγραψαν ἐν οἷσι πρεσβύτατοι Κόϊντος Φάβιος, Διόμος Κίγκιος." Surely, if their works were in Latin, Dionysius must have known it.

Rome had extended her relations to Southern Italy, Sicily, and Greece. The question now is, what were the materials for history found by these writers, and whence did they derive their narratives, succinct, as we are told they were, of the early centuries of Rome? Plutarch, who is followed by Schlegel, says, that Fabius copied the narrative of one Diocles of Peparethus, an obscure Greek; but as Wachsmuth justly observes, it is more probable that the uncritical Chæronean reversed matters, and that, in reality, it was Diocles who wrote from Fabius, having, perhaps, merely translated or versified him. Wachsmuth sets out by affirming what Niebuhr never disputed,—that writing was practised at Rome from the very commencement; and he then enumerates the *Annales Maximi*, the *Commentarii Pontificum*, the *Libri Lintei*, &c. as true and authentic sources; whence, combined with the annals and monuments of neighbouring towns and states, abundant materials for authentic history might have been drawn. This, however, is all mere supposition and assertion: it is an undoubted fact that the city was entirely destroyed, except the Capitol, by the Gauls. Livy expressly asserts, and we see no reason, notwithstanding his carelessness, to doubt him, that *parvæ et raræ per eadem tempora literæ fuere*, and that the greater part (*pleræque*) of what was in the *Commentariis Pontificum*, and other public and private monuments, had perished in the conflagration. In our opinion, however, a passage in the valuable fragments of Cicero De Republicâ puts a complete extinguisher on all these suppositions, by proving the utter impossibility that any considerable portion of the pontifical annals could have escaped the flames. Few readers require to be told that the pontifices at Rome, like every sacerdotal body of the ancient world, paid the most marked attention to "signs and wonders" in the heavens, and upon the earth; and that the obscurations of the two great celestial bodies were noted down by them with the most sedulous exactitude; that such was the case we have the express testimony of Cato. Now eclipses are of such frequent occurrence, that, if the annals of any quarter of a century had been preserved, they must have contained the account of at least one of them; but Cicero, in the work just alluded to, says expressly, that the earliest observation of an eclipse of the sun, given in the Annales Maximi, fell on the Nones of June, in the year 350; the preceding were calculated from this one retrospectively as far as to that during which Romulus was taken up to heaven. This passage we think quite decisive, and it furnishes one, among many proofs, of Niebuhr's sagacity, who, before the fragments of that work of Cicero were discovered, had argued against the probability of the pontifical annals having escaped the Gallic conflagration, from the circum-

stance of the history of those times containing no accounts of prodigies—matters of such constant occurrence in the subsequent chronicles. Wachsmuth, in his reply to this, does certainly point out one or two which had escaped his predecessor's notice; but, with strange inconsistency, he puts into his list the account of the flames that played about the head of the infant Servius, though he afterwards acknowledges the whole history of the birth and early life of that prince to be a fable.

As, therefore, it appears highly probable, nay, we would say, almost certain, that no records, except a few laws and treatises, survived the year 365,—and that there is no ground whatever for supposing the Romans, while mourning over the ruins of their city, and engaged in ceaseless domestic feuds, or in persevering warfare with the Volscians and other hostile neighbours, gave themselves any great concern about ransacking the records of other states to discover what they might contain relating to Rome, we may fairly ask whence *did* the Roman historians derive their knowledge of what they have transmitted as the events of the first three centuries? To this Niebuhr replies,—from the national popular poetry,—from the lyric pieces containing the praises of illustrious men, which the old Romans were accustomed to sing to the accompaniment of the pipe or flute, after their meals. This source had been early pointed out by Perizonius; but as neither he nor any other had followed up his hints, and the work in which they appeared was unknown to Niebuhr when he formed and applied his theory, the agreement between them is merely a coincidence,—and for that very reason of the greater importance. Schlegel and Wachsmuth, particularly the former, have both weakly assailed this hypothesis, and a great deal of misplaced ridicule has been lavished upon it; but its author, so far from giving it up, has, in his second edition, re-stated it at greater length, supported it with additional arguments, and even expressed himself with perfect contempt for those who dissent from him.

Wherever prose composition is not much cultivated, writing materials scanty, and books consequently rare, the ballad, or short narrative poem, will be always found to flourish. The memory of striking national or domestic events will claim to be retained, simple narrative will not satisfy the general craving, and rude harmony of metre and melody will be called in to aid and support recollection. Accordingly, in every region we meet with the ballad. The Children of Israel sang the passage of the Red Sea and the digging for water in the wilderness. Moses quotes the Ode made by an Ammonite poet on the taking of Rabbah by the Children of Ammon; the victory of David over Goliath was

chanted to the timbrel by the maidens of Judah; and the Books of the Wars of Jehovah and of Jasher, referred to for historical facts, seem to have been collections of these national odes. Xenophon expressly says, that the deeds and adventures of the great Cyrus were a favourite theme for the national songs of the Persians;* there is every appearance of the original materials of the Shah-Nameh of Firdoosee, whence the early history of Persia is drawn, having been popular poetry; and Saxo and Snorro, it is well known, took their early histories of Denmark and Norway from the verses of the Scalds. Achilles is described by Homer as singing to his lyre τὰ κλέα ἀνδρῶν, and Demodocus sings for the court of Alcinous a part of the story of Troy. The Iliad and Odyssey themselves were sung in detached pieces through Greece, and, but for the intercourse formed with Egypt, they would probably not have left their memorial remaining; we have every reason also to suppose, that, before the means were obtained of composing prose works of length, each state and city preserved the records of its wars and fortunes in popular poetry, whence the logographers drew the materials of their prose narratives. The ancient Spaniards, we are told, preserved the memory of national events in verse—so did the Gauls and Germans—the Affgauns, according to Elphinstone, put every event that occurred among them into songs: we need only mention the romances of modern Spain, the ballads of Scotland, the Viser of Scandinavia, and the popular poetry of the Slavonian races, to prove how universal was this principle, and then the question naturally rises,—is it at all unlikely that the old Romans did the same?

In a passage from Varro, (De Vita Pop. Rom.) preserved by Nonius Marcellus, we are told that modest boys were at banquets brought forward to sing either with the simple voice, (*nudâ voce*,) or accompanied by a pipe-player, old ballads, (*carmina antiqua*,) containing the praises (*laudes*) of their forefathers. Cicero, in his Tusculans, informs us from Cato, that it was the practice of the old Romans, at their banquets, for the guests to sing by turns, to the accompaniment of the pipe, the virtuous and noble deeds (*laudes atque virtutes*) of illustrious men. In his Brutus, he again quotes this passage of Cato, and laments that these ballads were no longer extant. It would, however, be a curious circumstance, if it should have actually been the case

* It is a remarkable fact, that Herodotus, who lived less than a century after Cyrus, and consequently might have conversed with persons who had seen him, says, that there were three different narratives prevalent respecting him, of which he selected that which appeared to him to be the most probable. Yet Persia was a country in which writing had always been practised, and where royal annals were regularly kept.

that the old poems existed at that very time, having only—as popular poetry always does when not written or printed—accommodated their language to that of each succeeding age, and thus rubbed off the rust of antiquity which he was in search of. "They had only," says Niebuhr, "disappeared from the view of the indifferent. Dionysius knew of songs about Romulus." It is doubtful, however, whether, in the passage alluded to, (lib. i. c. 79,) Dionysius is writing from himself, or merely quoting Fabius Pictor. These poems may, at all events, not only have been extant, but the old custom of singing them at banquets may still have prevailed; at least we think the following lines of Horace quoted by Schlegel, (though unnoticed by Niebuhr, who, by the way, took, without acknowledgment, from Schlegel, the passage of Varro given above,) to be worthy of some attention:—

"Nosque et profestis lucibus, et sacris
Inter jocosi munera Liberi,
Cum prole, matronisque nostris,
Ritè Deos priùs adprecati,
*Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,*
*Lydis remixto carmine tibiis,*
Trojamque et Anchisen, et almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus."

In this passage Horace, who is addressing Augustus, either alludes to a custom in being, or, what is very unlikely, seeks to flatter the sovereign in the same manner that a British laureat would do,—who in a birth-day effusion should tell Sacred Majesty, that in consequence of the peace and abundance secured to them by his wisdom and arms, his subjects would have nothing now to do but amuse themselves by running at the ring or the quintain, listening after dinner on festival days to the harp-accompanied ballads of minstrels, and viewing the feats of jongleurs and morrice-dancers. This last supposition is not very probable, and ignorant as we are of the details of the private life of country gentlemen and the middling ranks of society in general among the Romans, there is no great presumption in hazarding the conjecture, that with a people accustomed to laud and magnify the virtues, the wisdom, and every thing belonging to their ancestors, due respect for their said ancestors may have kept up the good old practice of chanting their deeds to enliven their dinner-parties. It is true, no such practice is alluded to in the accounts of entertainments given by Nasidienus and Trimalchio. These, however, were fashionable parties, where one might as well hope to find good old Roman customs, as good old English ones at the regular dinners given in St. James's or Grosvenor Square. The plain country gentlemen who were Horace's neighbours and

visitors when he was snugly seated in his Sabine farm, some of whom told old fables so well, may, with their wives and families have kept holidays, and on particular occasions have entertained their friends in a style more resembling that of the "olden time," and have enlivened their banquets by singing alternately old ballads of "Troy and Anchises, and the offspring of fostering Venus." In the country away from the capital, guests are after supper called upon for their song: such is the custom among those who dwell around the Wrekin or in the Vale of Evesham; but no such practice prevails in the cultured regions of Mary-le-bone, or May-Fair.

That there were old poems there is no doubt; of what kind they were is another question. Niebuhr says there were both ballads and poems of considerable length, divided into sections, resembling the adventures of the Nibelungen-Lied. According to him the reign of Romulus formed an epos; of Numa there were only solitary short songs. The reign of Tullus made another epos; but the Lay of the Tarquins (as he calls it), beginning with L. Tarquinius Priscus, and ending with the perfectly Homeric battle of the Regillus, was "an epopée, which in depth and brilliancy of imagination, left far behind all that later Rome produced." These poems, he says, were much older than Ennius, who turned them into hexameters, and formed from them the first three books of his Annals. In one of his future volumes Mr. Niebuhr promises to discuss this subject at length; for the present he contents himself with asserting, that though the groundwork of them was old, their form and a great portion of their contents were relatively modern. Plebeian ideas prevail so much in them, that he thinks this alteration could not have taken place until Plebeian families had grown strong and influential, and he therefore deems that an earlier date cannot be assigned to the *rifacciamento* than the rebuilding of the city after the Gallic sack.

This hypothesis has been, as we before observed, controverted by both Schlegel and Wachsmuth. The former says, that the very circumstance of their being accompanied by the pipe or flute proves they could not have been epic poems, for no pipe-player ever yet had breath enough to hold out the singing of a Homeric Rhapsody; and he asks if in that rude age boys enjoyed the advantage of such an education as would enable them to sing long rhapsodies from memory. He says those songs were mere artless effusions,—short exclamations, like the prayer of the Fratres Arvales given by Lanzi,—which might suffice to keep names and deeds in remembrance, but not details. As for the Næniæ, or funeral dirges, which form a part of Mr. Niebuhr's list, they could, he thinks, have contained little or nothing; for

Ovid (Fast. vi. 142) calls the magic formulæ of the witches, and Horace (Ep. I. i. 63) the singing of the boys in the streets, by that name. Wachsmuth urges the rigid, unpoetical character of the Roman mind, and adds, that if the poems were, as is said, composed by Plebeians, they would have chosen for their heroes such men as Siccius Dentatus, Manlius, Virginius, &c. without going back to the days of the Kings. There is also, he adds, in the period embraced by these supposed poems, a great deal of dry historic matter, such as the regulations of Numa and Servius, which by no means accords with poetry.

To all these objections Mr. Niebuhr deigns not to make the least reply; he only explains his theory at greater length. For our own parts, we think truth is on his side, but that he carries his system too far. The notion of there having been long epic poems, like the Nibelungen-Lied, is quite gratuitous, not a shadow of proof being offered in support of it. On the contrary, if there was a Lay of the Tarquins in Saturnian verses, is there not every reason for supposing that Ennius, who declines treating of the first Punic War because Nævius had already narrated it in that measure, would have passed over for a similar reason the portion embraced by this poem, if it existed? That there were poems we have no doubt, but we think they were ballads, not epics; and the romances of the Cid would, we apprehend, offer a much better illustration of them than the Nibelungen-Lied. In this latter case most of the objections stated above fall away; a pipe-player could very easily accompany Chevy-Chase, or the Rising in the North. The human memory is, however, stronger than Mr. Schlegel seems to suppose; the old rhapsodists of Greece retained with ease, perhaps, the entire of the Iliad; some of the Danish ballads extend even to 600 lines; the Feroish lately collected are still longer,—that called Brinilda Thaatur containing 220 four-lined stanzas—yet they were all taken down from oral recitation. These latter offer in fact, at the present day, a strong illustration of the old Roman custom described by Varro and Cato.* As to judging of the narrative poems of Rome by the prayer of the Fratres Arvales, we might as well judge of the Grecian Rhapsodies by the Hymns of

* These old poems, treating of the ancient mythic heroes of the North, form a large portion of the amusement of the people on Christmas and other festival days. They are retained solely in the memory of the people, and it is remarkable that though Svabo forty years ago expressed his apprehensions, that if not soon collected and written they would be lost, Lyngbye, the late collector and translator of them, found them still fresh in the minds of these Islanders. In the preface to his *Feroiske Quæder* there are some valuable remarks on the subject of popular poetry, and his description of the manner in which dancing is combined with the chanting of these songs, reminds one very forcibly of the song of Demodocus to the dancing youths of Phæacia.

Orpheus, or of the ancient heroic poems of Persia by the prayers of the Zend-Avesta. The application of the word Næniæ, to which Schlegel attaches so much importance, in all likelihood only related to the monotony of the air to which they were sung, resembling that of funeral dirges. Schlegel's remark, that at the time the Plebeians arrived at power and dignity the Romans were a thoroughly warlike and agricultural people, is one of the strongest arguments we would adduce to prove that they had, if not epic poems, historic ballads. What was the state of society in Spain, Scotland and Scandinavia when their ballads were composed? Was modern Greece at any time more fertile in narrative poems than within the last and present century?* Of the inaptitude of the old Romans for poetry we know of no proof but that Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and the other Augustan writers, were not born at Rome. This, however, is not strictly correct, as it is extremely likely that both Lucretius and Tibullus were born in, or near Rome; and even if it were, it is the case with most capitals; Spain and Portugal, for example, are poetic countries, yet it is probable that but a small portion of their romances were composed by natives of Madrid or Lisbon; and may not Umbrian and Campanian poets have visited Rome at an early as they did at a later period? Finally, how do we know that Virginius and Siccius were not the heroes of many a popular ballad? And what necessity is there for supposing that the legal and political regulations of Rome were put into verse; and if they were, would the case be without a precedent? Firdoosee has versified the regulations of Jemsheed, and we read of various ancient codes that were put into metre.

The subject just treated being one of much importance, and on which the credibility of a great part of Mr. Niebuhr's work mainly depends, we have considered it carefully, and shall now proceed to investigate some other portions of his first volume; occasionally mingling our own baser metal with our author's gold, but keeping as far as we can the substances apart.

Mr. Niebuhr most properly commences with a view of ancient Italy before the time of the Romans. He traces with great sagacity the gradual extension of the name Italy, which at first merely designated the southern extremity of the peninsula below the isthmus between the bays of Napete and Scylaceum, till it finally became the common appellation of the whole peninsula. He then proceeds to consider the various nations that inhabited it, beginning with the Œnotrians, as the Greeks called the natives of

* The author of a poem of nearly 100 lines in Mr. Fauriel's collection, gives the simple and true cause of the origin of many a historic ballad—"I cannot read or write, and not to forget it I have made this poem of it, that I may retain it well."

southern Italy. This people Mr. Niebuhr maintains to have been a portion of the Pelasgian race, and with wonderful acuteness and ingenuity he has traced out the extent and the seats of that great national stock.

Pherecydes said, that Œnotrus and Peucatius were two of the sons of Lycaon, who emigrated from Arcadia sixteen generations before the war of Troy. The idea of emigration to a region beyond the sea, from the mountainous heart of the Peloponnesus, where the people had so little to do with naval affairs that Agamemnon was obliged to supply their contingent with transports, is quite absurd; and all that we can understand by that genealogy is, that the Œnotrians and Arcadians were kindred tribes. Now the old Arcadians, as well as the Argives and the Ionians, were Pelasgians. The first inhabitants of Attica were also of the same race. Thessaly was their next great seat: the Thesprotians, Molossians, and Epirotians, were Pelasgic; so were the Macedonians, and tribes still farther north. The Pelasgians possessed the northern islands of the Ægean; they dwelt about the Hellespont and the Asiatic coast, from Mycale through Ionia and Æolis. Mr. Niebuhr even hazards it as a conjecture, that the Teucri and Dardani, Troy and Hector, were also Pelasgian. They were, in fact, seated between Pelasgian nations; they were known not to be Phrygians, and, if not Pelasgians, we may fairly ask, what could they have been?

To return to Italy,—we have positive historic testimony that the vassals of the Italiotes, or Italian Greeks, (who could only have been Œnotrians,) were called Pelasgians; and there are abundant testimonies, confirmed by the names of places, that a Pelasgian people dwelt along the west coast of Italy, from Œnotria as far as the Arno. This whole coast was by the Greeks called Tyrrhenia, and, under the name of Tyrrhenians they included all its inhabitants, whether Ausonians, Latins or Tuscans. We farther learn from Pausanias, that the Pelasgians, who dwelt about the Tiber, were called Siculi (which is the same as Itali); and hence it is clear, that all the people so denominated, whether on the island or the peninsula, were of this race.

The Greek and Pelasgic (of which more anon) were kindred languages; hence, where places are found in Italy with Greekish names, and which it is yet evident could not have been founded by Greeks, the just inference is that they are Pelasgian. Thus Agylla, Pisa in Etruria, were such; and the names of Acherusia, Telesia, Maleventum, and Grumentum, will enable us to assign a portion of the interior to the Pelasgians, though their general seats were along the sea-shore. They would thus have possessed the whole of the future Lucania and Bruttium, with a part of

Samnium; and on the eastern coast, by reasoning similar to what he had before employed, Mr. Niebuhr shows that Japygia, and the coast to the north of it, were Pelasgian, and he makes it extremely probable that the Liburnians, also, were a portion of this extensive race.

"I stand," says Mr. Niebuhr, "at the goal whence the whole circuit may be surveyed in which I have found (and proved to be such) Pelasgian nations, not as wandering gypsies, but as fixed, powerful, and respectable communities, in that time which, for the greater part, lies beyond our Grecian history. I deliver it not as a hypothesis, but with full historic conviction, that there was a time when the Pelasgians, then perhaps the most widely spread of the ancient nations in Europe, dwelt from the Padus and the Arnus as far as the Rhyndacus, only so far interrupted in the continuity of their abodes in Thrace, that the northern islands of the Ægean Sea kept up the chain between the Tyrrhenians of Asia and Pelasgian Argos."

The interior of Italy, the range of the Apennines, was at the time of the Pelasgian power inhabited by a race which, though distinguished by the various names of Opici, Sabelli, and Umbri, Mr. Niebuhr justly regards as one. These were in language and manners totally distinct from the Pelasgians, and gradually, as their population and strength increased, they moved down from the mountains, and conquered and dispossessed the Pelasgians of the plains and the coast. The Umbrian branch would seem to have been the first that extended itself and spread to the north, occupying Etruria, and the country south of the Po. The Casci,* (afterwards called Aborigines,) a neighbouring tribe, pressed on by its higher neighbours, poured down east of the Tiber, and either expelled, or having subdued, mixed with the Siculi who dwelt there. The union of these tribes, of different origin and manners, gave rise to the Latin nation; and the Latin language, in its two evidently distinct elements, bears plain testimony to the truth of this historic event, and of the different characters of the two tribes that composed the nation; for it is very remarkable that in it all the terms relating to agriculture and a settled life are akin to the Greek, and are therefore Pelasgian, while all those belonging to war and the chace betray a different origin. Mr. Niebuhr farther thinks that it was on this occasion that the celebrated Tyrrhenian Pelasgi, who built the Pelasgian wall at Athens, appeared in Greece, and that they were Siculans who fled from before the Casci. At this period also, though perhaps without necessity, he would place the migration of the Siculans to the island.

* Cascus and Priscus are regarded by Mr. Niebuhr as national names. Their later acceptation, *old*, *old-fashioned*, he illustrates by that of *Gothic*, and in Germany *old-Frankish*, which have undergone a similar change of sense.

But who were the first inhabitants of Italy? And whence did the Pelasgians, if they were not the first, come thither? On these points Mr. Niebuhr is not satisfactory, and his ideas on the subject require examination, for his theory is bold, and, as it appears to us, founded upon false analogies.

Mr. Niebuhr may, we think without injustice, be classed among the upholders of the Autochthonic theory of the origin of the human race. He maintains that where we find two nations of common character and language living on the opposite coasts of a narrow sea, we are not thereby justified in inferring emigration from one side to the other. This, to a certain extent, is correct, and in the first instance he gives—that of the Pelasgians in Greece, Epirus, and southern Italy—there certainly is no valid reason for supposing any emigration from either of the two first to the last; though still we may infer from it, as he himself does, the identity of the race. But when he proceeds to farther illustration, by adding, that we meet Iberians on the islands of the Mediterranean, and Kelts in Gaul and Britain, and then says that "this is analogous to the geography of the species of animals and plants, the large circles of which are separated by mountains, and include narrow seas," we at once see that no theory but that of Autochthonism will give consistency to this reasoning. He cannot even be a favourer of the hypothesis on which Klaproth bases his Asia Polyglotta, namely, that at the time of the Great Deluge different portions of mankind saved themselves upon the lofty mountain-ranges of the earth; for, from the manner in which Mr. Niebuhr expresses himself respecting the immense length of time that has elapsed since the commencement of the human race, we should rather infer that he denies the reality of that generally acknowledged catastrophe. The Iberians of the isles of Majorca and Minorca did not, then, come from Spain; the Kelts of Britain were not emigrants from Gaul; consequently the Keltic race must have sprung up naturally or supernaturally on the soil of Britain, and why? because such is the analogy of the vegetable kingdom; the oaks, brambles, and thistles of England were not transplanted from France, and therefore its human tenants did not come from that country—*à fortiori*, from no other; consequently they must have been indigenous. Suppose in the course of time all records should be lost; suppose in future ages the history of the last ten centuries should be sunk into as complete oblivion as that of the ante-historic period of Europe now is; and that, on the revival of literature, another Niebuhr should direct his views to those remote and hidden ages. Finding then on the Feroes and Iceland a race in language and character strongly resembling that of Scandinavia; meeting in North America nations identical

with the English; in South America with the Spaniards and Portuguese; and stranger still, in Australasia nations in language, laws, religion, features, and everything, corresponding with the inhabitants of the British Isles, what analogies of sheep and cows, of wheat and trefoil, of turnips and carrots, would he not point out, and how might not the world be edified by profound disquisitions on the effect of clime and temperature, on the mental and corporeal development of the various stems of mankind? Equally conclusive with the reasoning of this supposed philosopher we hold Mr. Niebuhr's theory to be; and he could as easily persuade us that the Icelanders did not come from Norway, as that the Kelts of Britain did not emigrate from Gaul. Though thus, however, differing in opinion with Mr. Niebuhr, we would not by any means have it supposed that it is our intention to cast upon him the reproach of impiety or irreligion. We entirely concur in the sentiments, as to these points, expressed by the reviewer of Mr. Niebuhr's first edition in the *Quarterly Review*, (vol. xxxii. p. 86-7,) and should hold it as an illiberal attempt to check the freedom of philosophic inquiry, if we ventured to stigmatize an author like Mr. Niebuhr as an infidel or a dangerous writer.

Mr. Niebuhr's ideas respecting languages are of a similar kind. There is, he acknowledges, a strong affinity between the Greek and Latin languages, as there is between the Persian and Slavonian, and *perhaps* between the Gaelic and Cymric; but he will no more allow that any one of these was derived from its fellow than he will concede that foxes were dogs; asses horses; peaches apricots; or *vice versâ*. Nay, he will not even grant a common origin to those who speak them: national tribes were created each upon their appointed abode, each with their peculiar language. Two or more of these tribes might have had a strong and even surprising affinity in character and appearance: there may have been little more than a shade of difference between their languages, but they were still as essentially distinct as the leopard and the lion. "Such kindred, but essentially different, national species," says he, "were the Greeks and the Pelasgians." On this subject, also, we are compelled to differ with him. With respect to the Greek and Latin, it is observable that the older dialects of the former are those which have the greatest affinity to the Pelasgian portion of the latter, which would lead to the inference of an original identity, and of the Greek being derived from the Pelasgian. We will again suppose the case of the loss of historic records, and ask what would be the inference of any one who was to consider the Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Italian, French, and English languages. Would not the

natural one be that which is the true one, that the Italian and French, though differing so much from each other, were derived from the Latin, which language was also either immediately, or through the French, the non-Saxon element of the English?

Owing to this leaning to Autochthonism, our author's otherwise clear and distinct view of the population of ancient Italy fails of giving complete satisfaction. It in fact leaves us to infer that the Oscans were Autochthones of the mountains, and the Pelasgians of the plains; yet perhaps he does not deny that the latter were an immigrated race. The theory we should be disposed to advance upon this obscure subject is, that the Oscans (including under that name the Opici, Sabellians, and Umbrians) were the first inhabitants of Italy; but whence they came, or to what particular national family, Keltic or other, they belonged, it is impossible to say with any certainty, though we may, perhaps, venture to assert that they were a portion of the great Caucasian race. This people possessed the peninsula, and probably Sicily, during an indefinite period, till the Pelasgian race, in its progress westward from its original seats in Asia, poured down upon Greece and Italy. They overran the whole of the level country, driving the Oscans to the mountains, and in the south they even, for a considerable way, possessed the country from sea to sea, and the same was probably the case in the north; so that we might perhaps say, that the original inhabitants remained masters of nothing but a mountain-range of about 100 miles from north to south. The Pelasgians were a cultivated, peaceful, agricultural race, and just at the dawn of history we find the mountain tribes, under the denominations of Cascans, Oscans, Sabines, Umbrians, &c. gradually incroaching on the plains, and either expelling the inhabitants or amalgamating and forming one people with them. Modern history offers, in the invasion and conquest of Spain by the Moors, and the subsequent recovery of it by the descendants of the old inhabitants, a nearly parallel case, and had the Spaniards been confined to the central part of that country, and had there not been the irreconcilable difference of religion, probably the very same results would have taken place.

But besides Oscans and Pelasgians (we shall not attend to the Ligurians and others) there was in ancient Italy a third people, more remarkable perhaps than either—the Tuscans or Etrurians. Of the origin of this people we have conflicting theories. That generally adopted by the ancients, and which Wachsmuth and Creuzer support, is, that they were a Mæonian colony, who came by sea, and conquered and reduced to vassalage the original Siculan or Umbrian inhabitants of Etruria. This theory was ably combated, and, as appears to us, completely refuted, by

Dionysius; and in addition to his arguments we will add, that it has always struck us as highly inconceivable, how the crews of a small fleet (such as the Mæonian must have been) could have succeeded in reducing to bondage, and even changing the language of the inhabitants—and these not like Mexicans and Peruvians, decidedly inferior in knowledge and physical power to their invaders—of so extensive and probably populous a district as Etruria. The modern Tuscans are strenuous in maintaining that their supposed ancestors were indigenous; and Schlegel, who also rejects the Mæonian tale, regards them as an immigrating nation of the same family with the Pelasgians, and consequently maintains the Tuscan language to be akin to the Greek.

The opinion of Niebuhr is, that the Tuscans were a peculiar people, essentially distinct from the Pelasgians and Oscans, in manners, language and every characteristic. In the former edition of his work he seemed disposed to consider them as a branch of the Gothic race, but no traces of that opinion are now to be discerned, and his final decision is, that the Rhætian Alps were the original country of the Tuscans, where he recognizes the remains of their language in the dialect of the Grödener in Tyrol;* that being pressed upon either by Kelts or Germans, they descended into the plains of Lombardy, and dispossessed the Ligurians; then expelled the Umbrians from Lombardy south of the Po, and from northern Etruria, and conquered and reduced to vassalage the Siculans or Tyrrhenian Pelasgians,† as far as the Tiber. This first shock of the Tuscans, he conceives, was the cause of all the national movements between the Po and the Apennines; for, as in the physical illustration of the communication of motion, the Kelts or Germans struck the Tuscans, these the Umbrians, these again the Sabines, the Sabines the Cascans and Oscans, these the Siculans, who passed on to Sicily, or as Tyrrhenian Pelasgians, appeared in Greece. The name Tyrrhenia, as that of the western coast of Italy, being familiar to the Greeks, and the Tuscans being the most powerful people of that coast when the Greeks began to have any intercourse with it, these names were by them affixed to both land and people, just as the Albanians of the Morea, Hydra and Suli, are called Greeks, the English Britons, the Spaniards of the New World Mexicans and Peruvians. This hypothesis certainly, to say the least of it, clears up very many difficulties.

* Mr. Niebuhr goes so far as to say that the rough pronunciation of the present Florentines is owing to their descent from this mountain race.

† Tyrrhenian Pelasgians is a phrase similar to American Indians, European Turks, &c.

The question of the origin of the Tuscans, however viewed, is a difficult one. The notion of a Lydian colony is utterly untenable; and if they were a mountain tribe, whence came their love of pomp and state?—a feature of marked difference between them and the Pelasgians and the original Italian nations,—as also their profound science, their serious character, their sacerdotal constitution, and, perhaps we might add, their system of reducing to vassalage the nations whom they conquered? As for the massive solid style of building usually denominated after them, there is every reason for supposing it not to have been theirs, but Pelasgian, and that when they invaded Etruria, the gigantic walls of Volterra, Populonia and the other cities were already in existence. It is to be noted that this style does not occur in Circumpadanian Etruria, but that it is to be found in Latium, where the Tuscans never settled, and also in the Peloponnesus. On the whole we cannot avoid inclining to attribute an Asiatic origin to this people, and, perhaps, an affinity with the Gothic stock; for we are satisfied that Fréret and Niebuhr are right in leading them southwards through Italy, and we would deduce them from some part of Upper Asia, but impenetrable obscurity will, we fear, for ever envelope their ultimate origin.

Like most ancient national appellations, that of Tuscans is inexplicable; at least the derivations given of it are highly unsatisfactory. According to Dionysius, who had every means of knowing the truth, they called themselves Rasena; and it is rather a bold stroke of conjectural criticism in Schlegel to say, that either the text is corrupt, or Dionysius was mistaken, and that the original term must have been Turseni, whence Tusci, derived from *Tus, turis,* and signifying the Offerers, the Priests. Wachsmuth's remark that Ras-ena and Ræt-ia are related, is worthy of attention.

We fear we have lingered too long among the ruins of ancient nations, which here and there lie on elevations in the plains, over which the flood of oblivion has spread its waters, destroying the great masses and isolating the remaining fragments. We shall therefore hasten to Rome itself, to which we will devote the remainder of this article, and endeavour to convey to our readers a clear and distinct view of its origin, and the gradual development of its constitution during the regal period. As the toil and space requisite would be endless, were we to discuss every point of difference between Niebuhr and his opponents, we shall confine ourselves to the historian's last theory, which is, however, only to be regarded as theory, and not to be admitted without full consideration. For ourselves we confess, that on our minds it operates with all the force of truth. We have, since we

became acquainted with it, meditated it long and deeply. Every time we read a page of Dionysius or Livy, our conviction is strengthened, and with this clue we wander through the mazes of their histories, confident and unimpeded, and feel that

> " —— nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
> Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
> Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
> Errare."

The tale of Æneas and his Trojan colony is, as might be supposed, utterly rejected by Mr. Niebuhr; but he thinks it a question worth discussion, whether it was domestic or transmitted. Having shown that several Hellenic poets had supposed Æneas to have escaped from Troy, and that Stesichorus had even expressly represented him as having sailed to Hesperia, i. e. the west; and then noticed the general belief among the Greeks, of Trojan colonies in different parts; he still regards all this as quite insufficient to account for the belief in a Trojan descent becoming an article of state-faith with so proud a people as the Romans. The fancied descent must have been domestic, like that of the Britons from Brute and Troy, the Goths from the Getæ, the Hungarians from the Huns, all of which have been related with confidence by native writers. The only difficulty is to account for its origin, on which our author advances the following hypothesis. Every thing contained in mythic tales respecting the affinity of nations indicates the affinity between the Trojans and those of the Pelasgian stem, as the Arcadians, Epirotes, Œnotrians, and especially the Tyrrhenian Pelasgians. Such tales are those of the wanderings of Dardanus from Corythus to Samothrace and thence to the Simois, the coming of the Trojans to Latium, of the Tyrrhenians to Lemnos. Now, that the Penates at Lavinium, which some of the Lavinians told Timæus were *Trojan* images, were the Samothracian gods, is acknowledged, and the Romans recognised the affinity of the people of that island. From this national, as well as religious unity, and the identity of language, it may have happened that various branches of the nation may have been called Trojans, or have claimed a descent from Troy, and have boasted the possession of the relics which Æneas was reported to have saved. Long after the original natives of Italy had overcome them, Tyrrhenians may have visited Samothrace,—Herodotus may there have heard Cortonians and Placianians conversing together,—and Lavinians and Gergithians may have met there, and accounted for their affinity by the story of Æneas. " We have," the Lavinians may have said, " the same language and religion with you, and we have clay-images at home just like these here." " Then," may the others have

replied, "you must be the descendants of Æneas and his followers, who saved the relics in Troy and sailed, our fathers say, away to the west with them." And it requires but a small knowledge of human nature to perceive how easily such reasoning as this would be embraced and propagated.

The first hypothesis respecting the origin of Rome that presented itself to Mr. Niebuhr's mind was, that it was a Tuscan colony from one of the twelve cities of Etruria, (Cære he thought the most likely.) These Tuscans reduced to vassalage the original Siculan inhabitants of the place, as they had done those of the right bank of the river, and hence the origin of clientship at Rome, the clients being the conquered Siculans. This theory was warmly adopted by Schlegel, and opposed, of course, by Wachsmuth, but its author has since seen reason to abandon it.

"As soon," says he, "as Rome's Albanian origin was removed out of history, the first direction of thought was to assume, instead of it, an Etruscan colony. To go so far, against all authority of the ancients, was more than bold; but he who combats rooted deceptive opinions, going to the bottom of them, and resolute to destroy their empire, can hardly keep himself free from excesses, to which he is led by the contemptible form which every thing connected with such errors assumes in his eyes. It is only after victory that moderation can come into the field."

The present more probable theory of our author (in our opinion the most probable of all) is, that on the hills afterwards covered by the great city, lay several small towns, or villages of the Siculans, one of which, on the Palatine hill, was chief among them, and was called Roma (a Pelasgian name like Pyrgi); another was called Remuria. When the Cascans, in the general movement already mentioned, came down on the country east of the Tiber, Roma fell, with other places, into their power, and here, as elsewhere, they mingled with the old inhabitants, and formed one people, retaining probably the government in their own hands. The Sabines next came down, in conquest, along the Tiber; they seized a part of the Roman territory, and built a town called Quirium, on the Agonian hill, separated from Rome on the Palatine by the fen and morass that occupied the future Forum and Suburra. Rome appears, though conquered at first, to have afterwards recovered herself, and the Latin and Sabine towns, thus closely situated, yet independent and frequently hostile, to have presented an appearance resembling that of the Greek and Spanish emporia in ancient, and the old and new towns of Dantzig, and the three independent towns of Königsberg, in modern times. Such too was the form of several towns in Ireland, which consisted of an English and an Irish town, distinct though united. Tradition has preserved the memory of the

original separation, by relating that each people had its senate of 100 members, with whom the kings consulted before they met together on the Comitium between the two hills, which thence derived its name. Mr. Niebuhr is farther disposed to regard the Rape of the Sabines and the war arising from it as the genuine tradition of a time when there was no connubium, or right of marriage, between the towns, and of the conquered one recovering its strength, and by force of arms extorting equal rights on this point.

The two towns having proved themselves to be of nearly equal strength, seem to have agreed upon a closer union of interest. On the way leading from the Quirinal to the Palatium, they erected, where their territories met, the double Janus, with a gate facing each town, open in time of war for mutual aid, closed in time of peace to prevent feuds, or to denote their distinct though allied state. The Romans were always a two-fold people, and various symbols and traditions preserved the memory of it. The double-headed Janus symbolized it, so also the double throne which Servius in his comment on the Æneid tells us Romulus held after the death of Remus. The fable of these twin-brothers arose from it, whether referring to the union of Aborigines and Pelasgians, or to Roma and Remuria; it was kept up by that of Romans and Quirites, and, finally, of Patricians and Plebeians.

Owing, probably, to the approach of the Tuscans to the Tiber, the allied towns saw the necessity of a stricter union, and they agreed to have but one senate and one king, to be chosen alternately by one people out of the other. But if the poetic narrative is to be regarded as aiming to preserve traits of history, we might assume that the first composition was to have co-regnant kings, one of each people, and that on the death of his Sabine colleague, the Roman monarch prevented the election of a successor; and we might perhaps add, that the future appointment of two consuls arose from the recollection of this former state of things. At all events they were now, on all solemn occasions, regarded as one people, and styled *Populus Romanus et Quirites*, or after old Roman fashion, *Populus Romanus Quirites*,* afterwards corrupted to *Populus Romanus Quiritium.* And it is a remarkable instance of the adherence of the Romans to old forms, that long after all distinction between Romans and Quirites had ceased, the term Quirites should have passed to the

* That such was the usage of the Latin language there can be no doubt. Mr. Niebuhr regards as similar forms, Prisci Latini, Socii Latini, Accensi Velati, empti vendit, locati conducti, &c.

Plebs, who, though of a totally different origin, bore a similar relation to the original Romans.

Tradition connects with the union of the two nations the division of the whole into three tribes, the Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres. While Mr. Niebuhr held the Tuscan theory, he deferred to the authority of Volumnius or Volnius, and sought the origin of these names in that language; and prepossessed with the idea of the Roman patricians being a priestly caste, he reversed the order, placed the Luceres first, and deduced their name from an old German word, akin to our *look*, and styled them the Seers. The architect has, however, himself demolished all that edifice; and we think he would now say with us, that it is a safe rule to look for nothing but what is Pelasgian or old Italian in the religion and constitution of Rome anterior to Tarquinius Priscus.

A difficulty, however, arises here. If the tribes, as there can be no doubt, were originally three, and the nations composing them but two, why should the former and not the latter number have been chosen? This objection is thus ingeniously and solidly obviated by our author. Three, as the word *tribus* shows, was the number into which the phylæ, or tribes, of the Italian states were divided; and their territory was, in like manner, laid out into three regions, so that a region corresponds to a tribe, and *vice versa;* and, consequently, when a region was lost, by conquest or cession, a tribe became extinct. Farther, as the traditions of Romulus' colonies show, it was the Italian mode of colonization, differing from that of Greece, to take a conquered town and settle a portion of their own citizens in it, assigning them a *third* of the lands, and committing to them the whole charge of the government. They thus formed one tribe, the dominant one; and the original inhabitants remained divided into two other tribes, subordinate to the former. Supposing the Cascans to have thus colonized Roma, there was one Cascan and two Siculan tribes; suppose, farther, as is evident from the towns of Rome and Quirium remaining distinct, that the Sabines (as we find Porsenna afterwards did) took a region, or third of the Roman territory, there then remained in Rome but two tribes, the Cascan and Siculan; and when the two towns united, the Sabines, who, if divided into tribes, were all on an equality, had, as a second tribe in the combined state, perfectly equal rights with the dominant Cascans, or Ramnes; and their Siculan subjects, if they had any, went to form a part of the Luceres, who had no share in the government.

The Ramnes and the Tities were on a perfect equality, the former having perhaps a right of precedence, hence the *Celsi*

*Ramnes*. The common senate was composed of two hundred members, one hundred from each; there were four Vestal virgins, two for each; in like manner, four Augurs, four Pontifices, twenty Fetiales, one for each Curia of the Ramnes and the Tities, two Duumvirs of the Sybilline books and of Perduellion; the Brotherhoods were also two, as the Salians for the Romans and the Agonales for the Sabines, &c.

The proximate division of the three tribes was into Curiæ, of which there were thirty, ten for each tribe. The Gentes, houses or families, were contained in the Curiæ. The grammarians, especially Julius Pollux, inform us, that in the original constitution of Athens, each of the four Phylæ was divided into three Phratriæ, and each Phratria contained thirty Genea, the members of which, called Gennetæ, and even Homogalactes, were no ways akin, but were so named from their union; which consisted in their having common sacred rites, inherited from their ancestors, who had been originally formed into Genea; and no one, be his influence or his wealth what they might, could, if not descended from one of the original Genetæ, get into a Phratria or a Genos. The constitution of Clisthenes, which divided the Phylæ into Demi, was of a totally different nature, distributing the people according to their abodes, not their descent. The Genea had farther common appellations, such as the Codrides, Eumolpides, and Butades, perhaps derived from that of the most distinguished family among them at the time of their formation; more probably from that of an Eponymus or Hero, as with us civic guilds are denominated from saints and angels.

The analogy of the numbers just given to those of the months and days of the solar year is too striking to be the work of chance, and when we consider that the Attics were a very pure Pelasgian people, we may justly expect to meet similar constitutions wherever that race prevailed.

At Rome, the tribes were three, the Curiæ thirty; and Dionysius says expressly, that Romulus divided the Curiæ into Decades. But of what could these decades be if not of Gentes? and thus each Curia contained ten Gentes, each tribe a hundred, (hence, in Livy, the tribes are called Centuries,) and the whole three tribes, three hundred Gentes, and the numbers here bear precisely the same ratio to those of the cyclic year of ten months and three hundred and four days, used at Rome, that the Attic ones bear to those of the solar year of twelve months and three hundred and sixty-five days. Moreover, the Roman Gentes had common sacrifices, such as those of the Nautii to Minerva, of the Fabii to Hercules or Sancus. Certainly, we must confess, there is not the same direct testimony for the non relationship

of the families composing a Gens that there is in the case of the Attic Genea. But Cicero, when seeking accurately to define Gentiles, does not include common descent; the Cornelii had, as a Gens, common religious observances, but there was no ancient relationship between the Scipios and the Sullas: the Licinian and other plebeian families were not more ramified than houses in modern times, but 300 Fabii form an extension of a house such as no genealogical tables exhibit; the Ælii, a municipal gens, consisted of several families, but of them, the Lamii alone derived their descent from Lamus of Formiæ; a single family could therefore esteem itself of different origin from the other Gentiles. Altogether, the presumptive evidence in favour of the Roman Gentes corresponding to the Attic Genea, is very strong and probable.

The citizens of Rome and of the towns with which she stood in friendly relations were mutually entitled to leave their own country and settle in the other; but like the Grecian Meteci or Sojourners, as they had no share in the constitution of the town in which they took up their abode, they were obliged to put themselves under the protection of some citizen. Hence arose, in Rome, the relation of patrons and clients, (so nearly resembling those of lord and vassal in the middle ages,) the latter being composed of such strangers as, for the sake of trade or other purposes, had settled at Rome; and as not a few of them had removed thither to avoid debts at home, M. Niebuhr thinks that the plebeians, who hated them, as the prop of the patricians, took occasion from this circumstance, to invent the story of the Asylum. And hence, in a certain sense, it is true that the Roman people originally consisted only of patrons and clients.

On account of this relation to their clients, to such of whom as did not support themselves by trade or handicraft, they used to give houses and gardens of two jugera, on their lands, the patrons were called Patres and Patricians,* which terms M. Niebuhr shows to be equivalent, and that the former was not by any means restricted to the senators. These Patres and Patricians, as they were individually styled out of respect, were the peculiar citizens, and their collective appellation was Celeres; for it is absurd to suppose that the Celeres, of which the tribuneship were a magistracy and priesthood, was a mere body-guard; the Tribune of the Ramnes probably enjoyed distinctions over his two colleagues and hence is usually named alone.

As a large portion of power was constitutionally vested in the

* Patres Senatores ideo appellati sunt, quia agrorum partes attribuebant tenuioribus, perinde ac liberis propriis.—*Festus.*

Curiæ, a question arises as to the mode in which they voted in them; for there is no doubt that the families of unequal birth, as they gradually came into being, as well as the clients, shared in the religious rites of the Curiæ; and it might hence be collected that they also voted in them. Mr. Niebuhr here shows from general principles, from the testimony of Lælius, and from compared passages of him and Dionysius, and of the latter and Livy, that the Curiæ were the assemblies of the Patricians, who alone had the right of voting in them.

The senate, Mr. Niebuhr says, (meaning, we suppose, in the Ante-Castan period,) originally consisted of 300 members, one representative of each Gens, who sent its Decurion or Alderman into the great council; and this explains why the senators in the colonies were called Decurions. The members of the senate were divided into Decuriæ, each corresponding to a Curia, and when the king died, the *Decem primi*, *i. e.* the heads of the ten Decuriæ of the Ramnes, alternately administered the government. When the senate had agreed on whom they should propose to the Curiæ to fill the vacant throne, the Interrex for the time being proposed him, and if he was accepted he was inaugurated; and then (which is one of the most important pieces of information we get from the fragments of Cicero's work on the Republic,) he himself brought forward a law before the Curiæ to confirm him in his office; and even then they had the power to reject him if they saw sufficient cause.

The king resembled those of the heroic age of Greece, with this difference, that he was only a magistrate chosen for life. All the rights and powers of the future prætors, consuls, and dictators, were united in him. He was the unlimited general and priest of the nation; he alone, when in the city, could convoke the senate and the people, and propose laws and measures, but the citizens decided on laws, war, and peace. He punished disobedience, but an appeal lay from him to the citizens, *i. e.* to the patricians. He judged himself or appointed judges. His power over all who were not patricians was unbounded, like that of the dictator. He disposed of all booty and conquered land, so far as did not interfere with the right of the citizens to the possession of it. He had extensive domains, on which were settled numerous clients, whence he derived both riches and power.

Such was the constitution of Rome at the first faint glimmerings of true history, and this Mr. Niebuhr terms the Romulian (from the name of its supposed founder), to distinguish it from that of Servius Tullius. The actual existence of that first monarch, as well as of his pious successor, our author absolutely rejects, and accounts for the belief in it among the Romans by supposing that

when Rome began to attain to some importance, its citizens looked back to the former days and clouded origin of their town, and inferred that it must have had a founder, whom they therefore called Romus or Romulus,* and if there was another town called Remuria, the rival and at last the subject of Rome, they might have regarded Remus, its founder, as the twin-brother of Romulus; and then "as streams roll on increasing as they flow," this simple supposition, in progress of time, gathered to itself various additional circumstances, connected itself with natural monuments and old observances, and at length received an accession of Grecian fable, till the entire narrative assumed the mythohistoric form in which it has come down to us.

Were we to hazard an opinion in this obscure matter, it would be this, that Rome was not originally a monarchy. We have no very strong reasons for supposing that even in Greece the Pelasgians were generally under that form of government, and in Italy we meet no sure traces of it among them. The same may be asserted of the original Ante-Pelasgian tribes of the Peninsula. Rome may, therefore, have been one republic and Quirium another, and on their union they may have agreed to have two magistrates, one for each people, at the head of their government; and this may have been changed to the choice by one people of a common sovereign out of the other, such as we find to have been the case with Tullus and Ancus, of whose actual existence there can be no doubt. The Romans of the monarchy, in its illiterate age, must soon have lost all remembrance of their former constitution,—Thucydides shows how careless and inexact popular tradition is—and have supposed that it must have been kingly from the first. As Rome was the older town, Romulus became the first monarch; the tradition of the Cascan invasion may have contributed to giving him a warlike character, and all the ancient civil institutions were collected into his person; as a large portion of the Roman religion was Sabine, and that people was at all times distinguished for piety and rigid morals, the religion of the state may have been personified by his Sabine successor, and if, (as we might perhaps deduce from *Nummus*,) the old Latin language had a word akin to νόμος, we might hence derive his name. As to the real existence of these monarchs being proved, as Wachsmuth asserts, by their statues on the Capitol, we might with as much reason infer the truth of the reigns of the Kenneths and Fergusses of Scottish history, because their portraits adorn the walls of Holyrood House.

* Romulus is no diminutive, but only one of what Mr. Niebuhr calls the "luxuriant adjectival forms of the Latin language," as Æquus, Æquicus, Æquiculus, Tuscus, Tuscanus, Tuscanicus, &c.

Mr. Niebuhr views, as the first undoubted historic fact of Roman story, the migration of the Albans to Rome; but as the territory of Alba did not, according to old Italian national law, belong to Rome, he infers that it was the Latins, who afterwards held their diets in the Alban territory, who destroyed that city, and that the expelled inhabitants retired to Rome, where they obtained dwellings and lands, remaining, however, distinct from the Romans, with whom they had no connubium. Perhaps, too, though Mr. Niebuhr ascribes this measure to L. Tarquinius, it was during the reign of Tullus that the Luceres were placed on an equality with the other two tribes, which may have been indicated by the notice of Tullus doubling the number of the Equites; for serving on horseback seems to have been a privilege of the dominant order at all periods, and it is worthy of notice that one tradition says he increased the cavalry by ten turmæ, that is, by a *third*. Ancus, the succeeding monarch, seems to have pursued a regular system of increasing the strength and population of Rome, by removing thither the inhabitants of conquered Latin towns, where, with the Albans, they formed the celebrated Plebs (the original three tribes constituting the Populus*) a body which continually increased in wealth and power; for we are not by any means to suppose that, when the Roman monarchs removed the inhabitants of a Latin town to Rome, they at the same time deprived them of property. Their policy was more judicious: these towns were all within a few miles of Rome; if the inhabitants remained in them, as they were fortified, they might be continually joining her enemies or taking advantage of her difficulties to injure her. It was on a similar principle of self-defence, that the people of the Italian cities of the middle ages compelled the nobles to quit their fortified residences in the country, and to come and dwell in the towns. On the other hand, from the proximity of their lands, they might, in the healthy time of the year, live on them, cultivate them, and gather their fruits, while, having their fixed residence on the comparatively salubrious hills of Rome, they were a safeguard to the kings against the encroaching power of the Patricians. This applies to the places immediately about Rome; more distant towns, as colonies, afterwards formed a part of the commonalty. Ancus is particularly noted for his partiality to the Plebeians:

"jactantior Ancus,
Nunc quoque jam nimium gaudens popularibus auris."

* Mr. Niebuhr is, we believe, the first who pointed out the original meaning of this word. That it formed a portion of the nation distinct from the Plebs, is evident from the several passages he produces. The two following are among the strongest:—Prætor—is qui poplo plebique jus dabit summum.—Liv. xxv. 12. Dici mos erat—Quæ deprecatus sum—ut ea res—populo plebique Romanæ bene atque feliciter eveniret.—Cicero pro Murena, I.

We hardly need to say that Mr. Niebuhr views as apocryphal the greater part of the story of King Tarquin I. He even appears disposed to regard him as a Latin instead of a Tuscan, on account of his airname of Priscus, which is, he says, a national name like Cascus; and the Prisci Latini, like the Populus Romanus Quirites, signifies two allied nations; yet he elsewhere speaks of the period when Rome was governed by Tuscan *kings*. He also proves that there was a Gens Tarquinia* at Rome, which was expelled after the last Tarquin. Taken altogether, the presumptions are very strong that this monarch was not a Tuscan, though his reign may be safely pronounced to be the period of the commencement of Tuscan influence in Rome. Perhaps our own history offers an analogy. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, the court began to be affected by Norman customs. William the Conqueror was a Norman; and it is now beyond doubt that Servius was a Tuscan.

Tarquin, like his predecessor, was attached to the Plebs, whom he endeavoured to raise to an equality with their fellow-citizens. His object appears to have been to form from them, probably from the higher and wealthier order of them, three new tribes, to be named after himself and his friends, possessing all the privileges of the three original ones. This was opposed by the Patricians, and the art of Attus Nævius; but, except in the matter of names, often deemed of such importance, the king seems to have carried his point, and the new tribes or centuries were, under the name of *secunda*, associated with the old ones. It is farther said, that Tarquin doubled the senate; and this our author explains by showing how, from the very nature of a close aristocracy, it must rapidly diminish in the number of its families. The Patrician Gentes may in the time of Tarquin, though the Luceres had been already admitted to the senate,† have died off to such an extent, that but 150 remained to send members to that assembly.

A fragment of a speech of the Emperor Claudius, the loss of whose Tyrrhenian history must ever be deplored, was found on

* It is, perhaps, not an improbable supposition, that Tarquin, with his Gens and their Clients, may, like Attus Clausus, have migrated to Rome, and the former have been received among the Patrician Gentes, and the latter have, in the following reign, been formed into a Plebeian tribe. Though this conjecture is not sanctioned by Mr. Niebuhr, it harmonises, we think, very much with the undoubted fact of there being a Gens Tarquinia, and with his hint that the Claudian tribe may have replaced a Tarquinian one. The election of Tarquin, though a stranger, to the throne, will appear less surprising, when we consider that Attus Clausus (Appius Claudius) became, almost immediately after his arrival at Rome, a leading man in the state.

† It is almost impossible to fix the period when the Luceres were raised to an equality with the other two tribes. We have already hinted that it might have been in the reign of Tullus. Mr. Niebuhr places this event in the reign of Tarquin, but a long time previous to the formation of the new centuries.

two tables at Lyons in the sixteenth century, and, though printed by Lipsius with the works of Tacitus, lay unnoticed, till it caught the searching eye of Mr. Niebuhr. The words of the emperor are:

"If we follow our own writers, Lucius Tullius was born of the captive Ocresia; according to the Tuscans, he was once the most faithful companion of Cæles Vivenna, and the sharer of all his fortunes. Being afterwards harassed by changes of fortune, he left Etruria, with all the remnants of the Cælian army, and occupied the Cælian hill, which he thus called after his general, and changing his name, for in Tuscan he was called Mastarna, he was styled as I have said, and he obtained the kingdom, to the great advantage of the state."

This short passage throws a new light over the Roman history. We have, in the first place, a proof, clear as day, of how little historic truth is to be extracted from the mythic tales about real persons, for this genuine piece of history, as it evidently is, bears not the slightest resemblance to the narrative of the Roman writers. In the second place, the power of Tarquin, aided by a body of disciplined troops under a Condottiere, becomes more easily explicable; and we see how Servius, like Sforza, might, by means of his troops and the favour of the Plebeians, assume the crown. We farther see, that the condottieri-system prevailed in ancient, as in modern Italy. Foreign recruiting was a matter stipulated by treaties; and if, for instance, the Carthaginians raised troops in Etruria, these, when discharged, might have kept together, and either hired out their services, or made war on their own account.

The population of Rome at this period consisted of two distinct portions, we might almost say two different nations, dwelling within the same walls, but in different districts, governed by the same monarch, but so separated as not even to have the connubium or right of intermarriage. The former, composed of the Patricians, or descendants of the original inhabitants of Rome, and their numerous clients, and increased by the three new centuries of Tarquinius Priscus, formed the Populus; the greater part of the original territory of the city was their property, and they enjoyed the usufruct of the public lands, for which they paid a tenth of the produce to the state. The senate was chosen exclusively from their members; the religion of the state was entirely in their hands; they chose or confirmed magistrates, and decided on peace and war; and from them was formed the cavalry of the Roman army.

The Plebs, chiefly composed of the Latins removed to Rome, when their towns were dismantled or colonized, constituted the other portion of the political union. These were by no means, as

has long been erroneously supposed, a mere rabble; they differed from the Patricians merely in national extraction; they numbered among them the nobility of the conquered towns; they retained their lands in propriety, not subject to resumption like the Patrician possessions in the domains; and frequent assignments of portions of the public lands in perpetuity increased their wealth and their influence, while, not forming a *caste* like the Populus, their ranks received constant accessions of members. The king was probably their Patron* against the tyranny of the rival order; and the Plebeians, in the legions, were the strength of his forces, and the achievers of his victories. The Cœlian and the Aventine were the Plebeian, the Capitoline and the Palatine the Patrician chief seats.

Servius, raised to the throne by Plebeian favour, was anxious to give a political union and consistency to his adherents. Hitherto they had not had any regulated distribution of their members, forming probably only loose unions, arising from common descent, hereditary religious observances, or proximity of estates. The first step, therefore, of Servius, was to distribute them into thirty tribes, four in the city, and twenty-six in the country. It need scarcely be mentioned that this number is the conjecture of Mr. Niebuhr, and that it stands in apparent contradiction with the assertion of Livy, that, when Attus Clausus came to Rome, the tribes were but twenty, and that the twenty-first was formed out of his clients, and with the known fact, that the number was from twenty gradually increased to thirty-five. With masterly genius and sagacity our author makes his way through the dark windings of this labyrinth, and emerges into the daylight of probability, and even of truth.

Dionysius, quoting Fabius, says, that Servius divided the *country* into twenty-six regions; (a region and a tribe, we know, corresponded to each other;) and Varro, speaking of some one whom he does not name, but who could only have been Servius, says, he gave lands to the freemen round the city in twenty-six regions. Farther, the Patricians were divided into thirty curiæ, and the Latins into thirty towns; the probability—which amounts almost to certainty, when we reflect how much the Romans attended to numbers—is, that the Plebs, the connecting link between them, was divided into an equal number of corporations. A difficulty then presents itself as to the mode in which the number of tribes was afterwards, as we know it was, reduced to twenty; but here Mr. Niebuhr reminds us of the Italian national

* This is a conjecture of our author, occasioned by the circumstance of the Plebs having, at a later period, bestowed that title on M. Manlius.

law, which deprived a conquered town of a part, generally a *third*, of its territory, and supposes this to have taken place when Porsenna conquered Rome, when ten regions being lost, ten tribes disappeared, the members of them either becoming vassals to the Etrurians, or being received into the remaining tribes. Again, it is rather surprising that the number of the Plebeian tribes should not have corresponded to that of the Patrician ones, but to the subdivision of them. This, says Mr. Niebuhr, might lead one to infer, that their name was originally different, and that ten of them made a tribe; and this view is confirmed by the circumstance of there being but two tribunes at the head of the Plebeians at the time of the Crustumine secession, and that there were six military tribunes appointed, three for the Patricians, and the same number for the Plebeians. But it may be replied, he adds, that in this last case there may only have been a choice of an equal number of Plebeian magistrates with those of the Patricians, and in the former, as twenty leaders might have been deemed too many, each decuria of the tribunes chose one to represent them, and in fact, in the second secession, there were twenty tribunes who deputed two of their body. Finally, the Curiæ had now made the Romulian tribes of little importance, and among the Latins there is no trace of any division but that of the thirty towns.

Each plebeian tribe had its tribune, as each patrician curia had its curio, its captain in war, its chief magistrate in peace; his chief business was to levy the taxes (tributum) each of the Tribules should pay, and to arrange the number and quality of their contingent in war. Mr. Niebuhr thinks it also highly probable that the Ædiles were an original plebeian magistracy, as also the Centumviri, originally ninety, and then reduced to sixty, and that they were called Judices, as the senatorian judge given by the Prætor was properly designated Arbiter. These magistrates were, it is likely, all chosen by the Plebeians in their tribes; and besides these elections, various other matters may have belonged to them. The Forum was the place of plebeian assembly, as the Comitium was that of the Patricians.

The orders were still too distinct and separate, the Curiæ and the Tribes might entertain different views, and, under aggravating circumstances, discord and even bloodshed might occur. To accomplish the object of the legislator, a closer bond of union was therefore necessary, and this Servius sought, in the celebrated arrangement of Classes and Centuries, a measure admirably calculated to give the Plebeians their due weight in the constitution, of which we shall now proceed to develope our author's view.

The centurial constitution was one of a purely military form, which gives credibility to the idea of its being the work of a

soldier. It exactly represented an army, with its cavalry, infantry, artillery, and baggage train. The three original tribes or centuries of Romulus, with the three new ones of Tarquin, contained, under the name of the Sex Suffragia, all the Patricians. To these Servius added twelve centuries, composed of the Plebeian Notables, men of wealth rather than birth, which, unlike those of Tarquin, remained Plebeian, forming a species of Plebeian nobility, whose honours were, after the first institution, hereditary; but the simple Plebeian could be raised to equestrian rank, and the knight degraded to the condition of a simple Plebeian. These eighteen centuries supplied from their members the cavalry of the Roman army. To enable those whose circumstances were reduced, to perform their office in the cavalry, a sum of 10,000 asses was given by the state for the purchase of a horse, and an annual rent-charge of 2,000 asses for his maintenance was assigned on the estates of single women and orphans. These, when we consider the low price at which sheep and oxen were at that time rated, may appear extravagant sums, but Mr. Niebuhr observes, that war-horses must have been comparatively dear, and that a purchased slave, also mounted, formed a part of the necessary equipment. When a knight was degraded, he was ordered to sell his horse, to enable him to reimburse the state, and his pension was assigned to another.

The infantry of the Roman army was to be formed solely from the Plebeians, the land owners, for no Plebeian was permitted to exercise any trade. These the legislator divided into five classes, subdivided into centuries, arranged according to property, and their arms and armour assigned as in the following table:—

| CLASS. | PROPERTY. | CENTURIES. | | | | ARMS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| I. | 100,000 asses & upw. | 40 of old men | 40 of young | = 80 | | Helmet, large shield, corselet, greaves, (all of brass) sword and spear. |
| II. | 75,000 . . . . | 10 . . . | 10 . . . | = 20 | | Small shield, no corselet. |
| III. | 50,000 . . . . | 10 . . . | 10 . . . | = 20 | | No greaves. |
| IV. | 25,000 . . . . | 10 . . . | 10 . . . | = 20 | | No armour, a spear, and javelin. |
| V. | 12,500 . . . . | 15 . . . | 15 . . . | = 30 | | Slings. |
| | | | | 170 | | |

The proper Plebeians, exclusive of the knights, were all contained in these five classes; the remainder of the people were put into centuries without the classes, the number and nature of which will thus appear. The centuries, taken altogether, were divided into the Assidui or Locupletes, and the Proletarii. The former contained all whose property exceeded 1,500 asses; the latter, all who had less than that sum, or even nothing. The

Assidui, then, contained all the five classes, and those whose property was from 12,500 down to 1,500 asses; these, Mr. Niebuhr endeavours to show, from Cicero, were again divided into the Accensi, whose property was 7,000 asses and upwards, and the Velati, whose property lay between that sum and 1,500, the limit of that of the Proletarii. These again were divided into the Proletarii, properly so called, those who possessed from 375 to 1,500 asses; and the Capite Censi, who had from 375 asses to nothing. If we add to these, the three centuries or corporations of carpenters, trumpeters, and hornblowers—of whom the first was placed with the first class, the other two with the fifth—and the eighteen equestrian centuries, we shall find a total of 195, the entire number of the centuries according to Mr. Niebuhr.

As the class-constitution was a mingled Aristocracy and Timocracy, intended to throw the power into the hands of the noble and the wealthy, to guard, as Cicero says, *Ne plurimum valeant plurimi*, it is quite evident how that object was attained; for if, —as the same writer, amended by Mr. Niebuhr says,—to the 81 centuries of the first class and carpenters, out of the remaining 114 the twelve plebeian equestrian centuries and the Six Suffrages united themselves, they plainly composed a majority of 99 to 96, and consequently carried whatever measure they supported.

The voting was by centuries; each century had one vote, each individual in the century voted in it, and the opinion of the majority was the vote of the century. They voted in this order:—first, the Six Suffrages; then, the 12 Plebeian equestrian centuries; next, the 80 of the first class; then, the 1 of the carpenters; then, the 20 of the second, 20 of the third, 20 of the fourth, 30 of the fifth; the 2 of musicians; the Accensi; the Velati; the Proletarii; and last, the Capite Censi. If the first three divisions were unanimous, there was no occasion to call the remainder. When, as sometimes occurred in the time of the republic, the Plebeians refused to take a share in the elections, the Six Suffragia and the Centuries out of the classes which were almost entirely composed of clients, performed them alone.

It is plain, that the number of individuals contained in the different centuries must have been very unequal. The derivation of the word century is apt to mislead; but, like tribe, it in course of time became a mere term of division. Originally, Tribus was a Phyle, because the Roman people was divided into *three* Phylæ, and a Centuria contained 100 Gentes; but these significations were soon lost, and we meet 30, 20, 21, and 35 tribes and centuries, containing, perhaps, from 800 to 30 individuals. Hence we are not, by any means, to infer, that the first class, because it had 80 centuries, contained four times the number of

individuals, that the second, which had but 20, did. It was the design of Servius that the votes allotted to each class should be to those of the whole five as the taxable property of that class was to that of the five, and, consequently, the number of citizens in each class was to be inversely proportioned to the sums designating their property; therefore, as

100,000 : 75,000 : : 4 : 3 . 100,000 : 50,000 : : 6 : 3.
100,000 : 25,000 : : 12 : 3 . 100,000 : 12,500 : : 24 : 3.

three of the first must have possessed as much property as four of the second, one of the first as much as two of the third, four of the fourth, and eight of the fifth; that is, as Mr. Niebuhr expresses it, 3 of the first possessed as much as 4 of the second, 6 of the third, 12 of the fourth, and 24 of the fifth. The centuries of the last must then, for example, have contained eight times as many citizens as those of the first, and from the relation of the numbers of centuries in each class, the property of each of the three classes immediately following the first must have been a fourth of that of the first; that of the fifth, as it had thirty centuries, three-eighths of it;* and multiplying the centuries of each class by the relative numbers given above, we find—

$$\left.\begin{array}{l} 80 \,.\, 3 = 240 \\ 20 \,.\, 4 = 80 \\ 20 \,.\, 6 = 120 \\ 20 \,.\, 12 = 240 \\ 30 \,.\, 24 = 720 \end{array}\right\} \text{divided by 40, their common measure,} \left\{\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ 2 \\ 3 \\ 6 \\ 18 \\ \hline 35 \end{array}\right.$$

so that, as Mr. Niebuhr observes, of 35 citizens six were in the first class, and had consequently more influence in the State than 29 in the remainder; the entire number of citizens in the second class was a third of that of the first; that of the third, half; that of the fourth, equal to it; and that of the fifth, three times as great. Supposing, as we shall now proceed to show it is likely to have been the case, that the first class contained 6,000 individuals, the whole five must have contained 35,000; which number, Mr. Niebuhr says, stands in no ill relation with 84,700 given as the result of the first census, the remainder of the citizens out of the classes forming the difference.

For, even in the division of the centuries of each class into those of the old and young, the principle of giving influence to the minority was not lost sight of. The former centuries contained all who were past 45 years; the latter, those between that age and 15 years. Now, from the slightest observation, it is plain

* For 80, 20, 20, 20, 30, the number of centuries in the classes are to each other as 1, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$. The original is in this place rather ambiguous.

that the former must have been greatly inferior in number, and population-tables give good grounds for supposing that they did not form more than one-half. As they, however, formed an equal number of centuries with the young men, we perceive how a provision was made for giving a preponderance to the old and the experienced in the decision on the matters laid before the centuries. If, then, the young men of the first class were 4,000—and Mr. Niebuhr observes, that if they were not, there seems to have been no good reason for forming so many as 40 centuries out of them—adding half the number (2000) for the old, we get, as given above, 6,000 for the first, and 35,000 for all the classes.

The taxation of the Roman people was regulated by the property at which they were rated in the census. Each person was obliged to give a faithful account of his family and his taxable property, and the tax was laid on at so much in the thousand, alterable, and therefore oppressive, and the amount of debts due was not deducted. The Plebeians gave in an account of their landed property, their houses, farming stock, and household goods; those without the classes only their goods and furniture; the single women and orphans (we may suppose only those who had sufficient property) were subject to the equestrian rent-charges. The Patricians, who possessed the public lands subject to resumption by the State, paid a tenth of their produce, and for their property in and about the city they probably paid as the Plebeians did for theirs. It is evident from the great works constructed in the time of the later kings that the national revenue must have been very considerable; after their expulsion, the Patricians freed themselves from the payment of the tenths, and then no great works were undertaken.

As the Roman As contained in the time of Servius a full pound, the numbers given as the measures of property may excite some surprise. Mr. Niebuhr goes, therefore, on this occasion, into a very minute and interesting inquiry respecting the nature and value of money at that period in central Italy, and clearly shows that the quantity of copper and its alloys, procured either from the mines of the country, or by foreign trade, must have been so great as to make them quite cheap and common, so that they were everywhere employed for armour and the ordinary domestic utensils. He farther proves, that unstamped masses formed the currency of Latium, Samnium, and other places, and that money was weighed, not counted.

The centuries, when assembled in their Comitium, the Campus Martius, presented the appearance of an army. There was the cavalry (the equestrian centuries), the infantry of the line and light troops (the classes), the reserve (the Accensi and Velati), the

artillerists and musicians (Fabri, Tibicines and Cornicines), and even the baggage-train (the Proletarii), which last, however, formed no part of the army. When troops were required, each class and century furnished its contingent in certain regulated proportions. The old form of the Roman Legion was that of the Grecian Phalanx; each century composed of thirty men—one from each tribe—was drawn up, three in front and ten deep, and in each, the men of the first class formed the front ranks, those of the other classes the remaining ones; and hence we see the reason why the quantity of armour was gradually diminished as the classes descended—those behind being protected by the bodies and armour of those before them. The Accensi and Velati, who were out of the legion as they were out of the classes, served in their ordinary dress—their duty was to step in and fill the place of those who fell; and as the men in the rear always took the arms and station of the men in front who were killed or wounded, these Accensi always fell into the rear of the century, where they acted merely mechanically, giving consistency and force to the mass. The first class served in the field with forty centuries, or 1,200 men—the second and third together gave the same number, and the fourth and fifth also supplied forty, making a total of 120 centuries. As those of the first class were always placed in front, they had to bear the brunt of the battle, and they thus paid for their political advantages by encountering greater danger in the field. The same was the case with the knights, who were lightly armed, and exposed to the darts, and stones and bullets of the slingers.

When all the centuries were convoked on the field of Mars by the king, or the magistrate who represented him, they voted on the acts of the Senate relating to elections or laws, which were laid before them by the presiding magistrate. Their power was absolute to reject, but their assent required the confirmation of the Curiæ. No measure could originate with them—none of their members could come forward and speak on the matter laid before them. The Patricians, therefore, had parted with very little power when they assented to the centurial constitution; they were always, at least the majority in the Senate, where every measure must originate, and in the last resort, they could, in their Curiæ, throw out any law that had passed the centuries. This, however, did not content them: if the legend be true, they conspired and murdered the king, but the tyrant whom they raised to the throne was an instrument in the hand of Heaven to chastise them. Uniting with the Plebeians, they drove him from his seat, but treacherous to their allies, they would not restore the constitution of Servius, and two centuries of continued struggles ensued before

the Plebeians fully regained the condition in which that monarch had left them.

"For," says Mr. Niebuhr, "every oligarchy is envious, oppressive, and deaf to the voice of justice and prudence. This attaches to no one order distinguished by a definite name. It is the same spirit of oligarchy which lurks under the ticken coat of the Uri countryman,—who not only refuses to the strange settlers, how long soever they and their forefathers may have been resident in the canton, the higher rights, but even robs them of simple common rights, which they have long enjoyed,—and under the velvet robe of the Venetian noble. In nature and character, the Patricians far more resembled the former than the latter."

After quoting the preceding passage, it is hardly necessary for us to assure our readers, that the moral and political opinions of Mr. Niebuhr have undergone no change in the space of time that has elapsed since the first publication of his work. The same ardent love of justice, virtue, and rational liberty—the same hatred of tyranny and oppression, under whatever form exhibited, which animated his former pages, pervades his latter ones. Nay, we would almost say, the flame of virtuous sentiment burns more brightly as he advances; and he who reads the maledictions poured forth on those who basely gave up Suli and Parga to the ruthless Ali Pasha, and the tones in which the then apparent fate of "the slaughtered nation"—Greece—is deplored, will rejoice to find that Niebuhr is no apostate from the good old cause of justice and liberty. He still advocates the cause of the Plebeians—to whom, as he first explained their true character, he may be almost said to have given a new existence—against the oligarchy that so cruelly and senselessly oppressed them; but the partizans of democracy and radicalism must not dream of recurring to his pages for support. No man is more adverse than he is to democracy—none, we apprehend, more favourable to just and moderate monarchy. Twice has he inscribed his work to his august sovereign.

Struck by the remarkable resemblance between the case of the Plebeians of Rome, mainly composed of the nobility and freemen of conquered districts, and that of the Catholics of Ireland, also composed of nobility, gentry, and freemen, belonging to a country "gained by the sword," as it has been expressed in high places, Mr. Niebuhr, in 1811, viewing the internal state of these countries, when *tabooed* by the proud ruler of Europe, through a confused medium, expressed himself in the following undue and unmeasured terms of the dominant party.

"And let," said he, "the just pretensions of the Plebeians be estimated by those of the Irish Catholics, whose nobility, middle orders, and populace are kept in similar degradation under the hypocritical pre-

text of religion, and who are struggling for a just equality with the same perseverance as the Roman Plebeians, and, like them, sooner or later, will be sure to obtain their rights."

To ascribe such a motive as hypocrisy to the higher, more enlightened, and influencing portion of the Protestants, both in this country and in Ireland, who resist the claims of the Catholics, argues either ignorance or evil intention; and of the latter, we must, at any time, acquit Mr. Niebuhr. The Protestants are not actuated by hypocrisy, but by deep-rooted fears and apprehensions of the principles and maxims which have been ascribed to the Roman Catholic church—impressions which the vociferations of narrow-minded priests and factious mob orators are calculated to strengthen rather than to efface. We are very far from saying, that these fears and apprehensions are just; we are satisfied, on the contrary, that they are in a great degree chimerical—but to get completely over them demands a strength of mind, an extensive knowledge of human nature, that do not fall to the lot of every one. The Irish Catholics have themselves in a great degree to blame for the continuance of their remaining disabilities; deserting their natural and legitimate leaders—their nobility and ancient gentry,—they have put themselves under the guidance of artful, jesuitical priests, and brawling, brief-hunting lawyers—men whose element is discord—whose consequence increases as they widen the breach; and their cause has suffered accordingly. On this account it is that we consider the Catholics themselves, and not the Protestants, as the foes of emancipation, and the Head of their Church sees and laments it. We have most respectable authority for stating, that, in the interview between the Pope and the Prussian minister, on the occasion of signing the Concordat with that government, his Holiness replied to the compliments of the minister, by saying, that it was the first wish of his heart that all Christian sects should live in peace and harmony together, and that *he* saw nothing that stood in the way of it but the conduct of the Jesuitical party in France, and of the Catholics of Ireland.

Whatever may be the result of the discussion which has been renewed in Parliament, while these sheets are passing through the press, on the subject of the Catholic Claims, we cannot help expressing our thorough but humble conviction of the absolute necessity of the measure of Emancipation to the ultimate pacification of Ireland. Satisfied that, under some modification or other, the adoption of it cannot be much longer delayed, our sincere advice to the Catholics of that country would be, that, during the period of probation which they may have yet to undergo before they are admitted to the full participation of the benefits of the British con-

stitution, they should adopt that temperate line of conduct which is best calculated to banish lingering prejudices, and to prove themselves worthy of the privileges to which they aspire. Above all, let them abstain from threats and brawling, insult and abuse—those weapons which have been so incessantly wielded by the orators of the Catholic Association; but for whose violent and ill-judged proceedings, we firmly believe that the obstacles to an amicable adjustment between the parties would have been long since removed.

In consequence, we believe, of personal intercourse with Englishmen of rank,* Mr. Niebuhr has since learned to view this question in a juster light. His opinion on the justice and necessity of emancipation has, however, undergone no change; but he now sees that it is purely a question of domestic policy. For the sake of those with whom the opinion of such a man may carry weight, we extract a portion of his observations.

"When clearly understood," says he, "the mass of the Irish Catholics presents to our times a complete illustration of the relations in which the Plebeians stood. Like them they form a commonalty—the despair of the poor is the strongest weapon of the upper ranks, whose grievances would be to the former a matter of perfect indifference, did not the laws compress them all into one body. But there is this enormous difference between them—the millions in Ireland, who are ready to risk their lives for the claims of their upper ranks, would not, after these had attained their objects, find any one of their vague hopes of better times fulfilled, whereas the common Plebeians sought for definite measures of relief for their own distress. *Had England, for the last three generations, imparted full civic rights to individuals, she would have thereby disarmed the Catholics, and disunited the higher orders from the multitude, and the priests who influence it;* at Rome, the same system would not have availed to prevent the violences of distress by which the poor man promised himself release from debt, and the acquisition of a bit of land."

We regret that the length to which our article has already run prevents our giving an account of the contents of the remainder of this volume, which carries on the history to the secession, and establishment of the Tribuneship, in the year 260. Two other volumes are to complete the work, by bringing the history down to the end of the republic. The appearance of these volumes we look for with anxiety, but fear we shall, for some time, look in vain—for the health of their author, as we learn, no

* We may venture to say with Lord Colchester in particular. A friend has informed us, that, in a conversation with Mr. Niebuhr, the latter told him, that, when at Rome, he had frequently and earnestly discussed this matter with that distinguished nobleman, who had completely succeeded in banishing from his mind the *unworthy* idea he had hitherto entertained of the motives which actuated the Protestants opposed to Emancipation.

longer retains its pristine strength and soundness. Meanwhile, we would refer the impatient inquirer to the former edition of the work. The first volume of that edition is now, no doubt, comparatively of little value except to the philosophic mind, which delights in tracing the rise and gradual expansion of a bold and original theory, and the various alterations it underwent before it assumed its present perfect form. The second volume contains the Agrarian law, and other most interesting matters; and as the author has declared, that he only intends to correct and complete it, we suppose that it will not undergo much alteration in the new edition. We can farther add, that the English translation of it has been executed with far more care and correctness than that of the former volume of the first edition.

Just as we were concluding our article, the long-expected translation of the first volume of the second edition, by Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall, has made its appearance, and it gives us the highest pleasure to be able to bear our almost unqualified testimony to the fidelity, ease and spirit of its execution. While we thus bear witness to its general merits, we trust the learned and elegant translators will not be offended at our pointing out the very few places of importance in which, on a careful perusal, the meaning of the original seemed to us to have been missed. We do this with the less reluctance, as the work is one whose reputation will not suffer from having its blemishes pointed out; and if our remarks are just, it will no doubt be thereby brought so much the nearer to perfection in the next edition.

One of the most important parts of the work is the constitution of Servius, and with it the translators have taken due pains. Yet we doubt if they are right in rendering, in p. 380, *beritten gemacht* by *trained to ride;* it should be *mounted,* as, exclusive of the inaccuracy of the translation, teaching a slave to ride would be of no great utility, and would add but little to the expense of the knight's equipment. In p. 383, "For this reason the five classes had each a particular century attached to it," is evidently incorrect, as only the first and fifth, according to Livy, had centuries attached to them; the original is *deshalb wurden den fünf Klassen die einzelnen Centurien zugegeben*—"for this reason the single centuries were attached to the five classes." In p. 411, *stand* is rendered by *class,* which is rather ambiguous; and *aus allen Waffen* by *every variety of weapon,* where it should be, we think, *of every kind of troops.** These are the only errors we have observed in this important chapter. In the passage we have extracted above, respecting the Irish Catholics, the present version

* In military language *waffe* answers to the French *arme;* thus, cavalry is one arm, infantry another, and so on. See Beamish's translation of Bismark's Cavalry Tactics.

differs somewhat from the one we have given. *Vornehmen*, which we render *upper ranks*, is rendered *leaders*, the very thing which we have expressed our regret that they are not; and *seit drey Generationen*, which we feel confident we are right in rendering *for the last three generations*, is translated *three centuries ago*, that is, in 1527; and as Luther did not begin to propagate his opinions till about 1520, the Protestants were hardly at that time the masters in Ireland. We cannot for a moment suppose the possibility of the translators designing to misrepresent the sense of the author; we merely notice this as an instance of the mistakes that even the most vigilant will sometimes commit.

These are the errors of greatest consequence that we have observed. It would be invidious to go on pointing out minor ones, such as *in* for *on* the Capitol; but one thing has certainly struck us as displaying a degree of knowledge in the translators, and of ambiguous expression in the author, which is rather extraordinary. In a note at p. 261, *Bey uns*, "with us," is rendered *in Ditmarsh*. Now Ditmarsh had not yet been mentioned; and if Mr. Niebuhr be, as we are informed he is, a native of that country, it surely was arrogating not a little for him to suppose that all the world knew it! As we have understood that the translators were in correspondence with Mr. Niebuhr, we are of course to suppose them to be well-informed. They seem, however, even to take a pride in displaying their knowledge on this head, and throughout, wherever there is any mention of Ditmarsh, the translation is perfectly free from ambiguity.

After the length to which this article has run, it would be quite superfluous in us to express our opinion of Mr. Niebuhr and his work. For both we feel the highest admiration. But we must express our regret that he should have treated so superciliously such men as Wachsmuth and Schlegel. Though they had the misfortune not to agree with him upon every point, their opinions were expressed with candour and moderation; and he will surely not deny that their strictures have been of benefit to his work. One little paragraph in his preface might therefore have informed posterity that such men were, and that they differed in opinion with the author of the Roman History.

ART. V.—1. *Urbin Fosano, ou La Jettatura, Histoire Napolitaine.* Par A. de Caradeuc. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1828.
2. *Cicalata sul Fascino volgarmente detto Jettatura,* di Niccola Valletta. Napoli. 8vo. 1814. pp. 96.

To every man of cultivated mind, whatever his pursuits or avocations may have been, Italy will always present a wide and interesting field of speculation. To the scholar and the man of taste, no land can be more fully fraught with inspiring associations, none more richly stored with objects of delight. But these are not her only attractions; to all who deem that "the proper study of mankind is man," Italy offers, perhaps, more than its due share of the shades of human character. The Florentine, solid and stately like his palaces,—the Roman, indolent and easy in the quietest of cities,—the Neapolitan, all life like his streets, and all gilding and glitter like his churches—are varieties of the human race, too striking not to awaken the observation of the most careless traveller. Men acquainted with the history and literature of ancient Greece can scarcely have failed to speculate on the wonderful difference we find in national character, between people separated by so short a distance as the Athenians and the Thebans, the Spartans and the Corinthians; at this very day Italy affords varieties as wide and as remarkable. To the explanation of these differences, the local situations and the political institutions of the states, with other causes, each furnish their share of data; but there is probably nothing in which the idiosyncracy of a nation is more developed than in the nature of its popular belief and superstitions. We therefore willingly devote a few pages to the illustration of a superstition, now prevalent in full force at Naples, in all classes of society. It is not the less interesting, because it has been much overlooked by English travellers, because in almost every unenlightened country a belief somewhat approaching this has existed, and, lastly, because in its details it offers many curious illustrations of classical writers. We allude to the *jettatura,* which we may consider as nearly equivalent to the *fascinum* of the ancients. Derived from the verb *jettare* (quasi *gettare*), it appears to indicate an evil influence *thrown* on one person by another.* Many and various are

* Valletta, after defining *fascinum,* says "I call it *jettatura,* including under this name every injury that a man receives in person or property from the evil influence, transmitted to him through natural causes" (i. e. not by magic nor by dealing with evil spirits) "from other men." The eye is usually the delinquent in all cases of fascination or *jettatura.* Cornelius Agrippa (de Occult. Philos. i. 59. 65.) gives some pleasant instances of the power of emanations from the eyes, in the case of certain Scythian ladies, whose glance, if angry, would strike a man dead. A pair of fine eyes is, no doubt, a dangerous weapon, and we have seen some wound most cruelly; but to strike

the circumstances which invest any man with this dangerous power, and cause him to be shunned as a *jettatore*, like a bird of evil omen, and as various are the modes of its operations. Of these, and of the charms used to counteract them, our readers may gain some idea from the following pages, in which we propose to give an account of the two works written professedly on this subject, which stand at the head of this article. The first is a new politico-philosophical romance, containing one dissertation on the *jettatura*, and about a dozen on politics, the main end of which is to recommend king-killing, republics and revolutions. These profound speculations we shall leave untouched, for their absurdity happily renders them harmless to men of sense, and we should hope also even to women and children, for whose instruction and improvement the author professes to have written. In other respects the work is well written and entertaining enough.

Urbin, Duke of Fosano, is a young nobleman who comes to Naples in 1819, to take possession of his property, and to claim from the king the office of grand chamberlain, which his late father held. Unfortunately the duchino has a slight cast in one eye (a sure and infallible mark of a *jettatore*,) and by some fatal coincidence all sorts of misfortunes arise whenever he makes his appearance, and the lower Neapolitans look upon him with an involuntary awe and horror. Ninetta, a peasant girl, and the most interesting person in the novel, (always excepting the Princess Lauria, that most agreeable Catiline in petticoats,) while dancing the tarantella, falls down at his approach, and breaks her leg. His rival candidate relates this and some other similar events, no doubt with great embellishments, to the king, whose well-known dread of the jettatura gives a probable colouring to the novel;* and, accordingly, at the *Bàciamano* (a sort of levee) Ferdinand treats our hero with marked rudeness. One glance at his visage and unlucky eye had confirmed the king in his belief of the awful truth, and the duchino leaves the court in disgust. He becomes a Carbonaro, and heads the revolution of 1820;—but we shall leave those of our readers, who feel inclined, to pursue the story, while we pursue our subject. The minor personages in the novel are amusing enough, and their conversations characteristic. Those of Ninetta,

men dead at once, and to split marble, are somewhat violent proceedings. The latter feat is recorded by Joannes Ildephonsus. Compare Aul. Gell. Noct. Att. ix. 4. and Pliny, Hist. Nat. vii. 2.

* The author mentions an instance of this. On hearing of the insurrection at Naples, Ferdinand said—"I knew some evil would befal me, for I saw a *jettatore* to-day while I was hunting." We have heard that he would frequently turn back if he met a monk. One fact, however, deserves recording. He had, from some superstitious notions, which we have not room to detail here, played on certain numbers in the lottery; he gained an enormous sum, the whole of which he gave to an hospital.

while on her bed of sickness, with her nurse, disclose many curious ramifications of the belief in the *jettatura*. The following extract is part of a conversation between a petty village judge and the peasant who manages his vineyard. They had been attracted among the crowd collected together by the overturning of a carriage, containing a priest in spectacles. A man in spectacles is, to the Neapolitans, a person of fearfully bad omen—a *porte-malheur*, as the French say—in short, a jettatore; and was it to be expected that a carriage, containing so dangerous a person, should meet with Urbin Fosano's, and no evil accident arise? On leaving the scene of the accident, our friend the judge, and Gaetano the vine-dresser, a man of dark and glossy hair, of brilliant, restless eye, such as one sees only in Italy, and with no other covering than a brown shirt and a pair of drawers, discuss the jettatura thus :—

" 'By the blood of St. Januarius,' says Gaetano, 'this is a sad adventure! Who knows what misfortune may have happened at my house during my absence?'

" 'Ah bah! my dear Gaetano,' replied his companion in a patronizing tone, 'you must gain more strength of mind. What can you have to fear? Your door is guarded by the finest horns in the Two Sicilies; your wife has three rows of coral at her neck,—and your own hat is decorated with a piece of a wolf's tail!'

" 'These are preservatives, I know, Signor Podestat; but I cannot help trembling in the presence of a jettatore. Don't you know that on the very day on which my poor mother died, after being bedridden for seven months, I met, on returning from your vineyard, the old schoolmaster of San Germano, whose left eye sees at Pausilippo what is done at Sorrento? Aye, and on the selfsame day the first person I had seen, on setting out, was a capuchin! Ah, by heaven! my poor mother never survived this dreadful jettatura: often had she told me that a monk in the morning, and a one-eyed man in the evening, were sure tokens of some fatal event.'

" 'Every person has his own peculiar jettatura, Gaetano. The monks have no influence on me, but the sight of a woman with child always augurs some misfortune to me.'

* * * * * * * *

" 'Alas! to what evils is man condemned here below! labour, lawsuits, and the jettatura!'—ejaculated Gaetano.

" 'Aye, Gaetano;—for the two former there are consolations and remedies. As to the jettatura, that comes to us from above, and there is no remedy for it; unless perhaps saying an Ave Maria at the sight of a woman with child.'

" 'And to touch iron when one sees a capuchin, Signor Podestat; and to send to the devil all those whose vision is not as direct as that of St. Luke's Madonna,'" &c. &c.—vol. i. p. 43—48.

We have taken the liberty of retrenching a portion of this

dialogue, relating to a cause which the podestat was to decide for his vine-dresser and the inclination for a bribe which he displays, as having nothing to do with the *jettatura;* and we have also omitted one part which attributes an evil influence to perukes. In vol. iii. ch. 5. our readers will find an amusing essay on this superstition, and throughout the volumes are scattered allusions to the various modes of its appearance. In vol. ii. ch. 6. and iv. 8. are the conversations of Ninetta to which we alluded, and very interesting they are. We regret that we have not room for more than to remark one circumstance from them, which is the hope expressed that the tri-coloured flag of the Carbonari might avert the evil influence of Urbin's unlucky eye. How ancient the belief of some magic power inherent in a knot, formed of ribands of three different colours, is, the Eclogues of Virgil will inform us, whose

"Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores,"—(Ecl. viii. 77.)—

is too well known to need any comment.

With regard to the horns on poor Gaetano's door, they who know the road to Naples will excuse our recalling to their minds the first place in which we observed a similar prejudice; for who would not delight to dwell on such a scene as Mola di Gaeta presents? Who that has there drank in all the inspiration of Italy's blue skies and waves, can forget that most lovely of all lovely spots? Who can forget the beauty of the brilliant orange trees, backed by the dim and silvery foliage of the olive groves, the rugged forms of the blue hills, the jutting headland of Gaeta, terminated by its picturesque town and crowned by its ancient castle? Once seen, indeed, the bay of Gaeta can never be forgotten.—But to the jettatura! In the eating-room of the large inn there, called the Cicerone, on the chimney-piece, are two horns; and many a traveller, who owns that

——— "the things are neither rich nor rare,
Has wondered why the devil they were there."

This however is base ingratitude on their part, for probably their safe arrival in Naples is as much to be attributed to the evil-averting power of these horns, as to the Austrian guard-houses that line the road at intervals. They are the household gods of the present Neapolitan people; and we are grateful for the change from the disgusting nature of some of the ancient Lares.*

* On this portion of the subject (*i. e.* the nature of some of the Dii Averrunci,) the mouth of a gentleman is necessarily closed, but every scholar will know to what we allude. All this partly arose from the notion that any monstrous or disgusting object would attract the eye, and concentrate in itself the evil influence, as in vicarious sacrifices the ancients called down the wrath of the gods on the victim, to save themselves. (See Herodot. lib. ii. 39. and Bergler on Aristoph. Plut. 526.) Another notion was

Now, as this belief is so popular that the most unobservant traveller may gather traces of it in the horns that decorate the houses of Neapolitans, the little coral horns they carry at their watch-chains, &c. it is natural to inquire, what the more enlightened persons in the nation say of it. A large portion of the upper classes have some faith in it: they believe in its power, especially at cards, and will say often, "fuggite, me la jettate,"—"go, you bring me ill-luck;" and we think that we may discern, even through Niccola Valletta's* tone of raillery, that he was not inclined to reject it entirely. His *Cicalata* consists of a kind of half-serious, half-jocular defence of the belief, on the score of its antiquity, its universal prevalence, and its probability. Two other works, by Neapolitans, on this subject, we have been unable to procure; one, a comedy by Giuseppe Cirillo, entitled "I mal' occhi," and the other, a Poem on the *jettatura*, by Cataldo Carducci, from which Valletta has given copious extracts. Having settled the etymology of *fascinum*, which he "wagers his spectacles" came from *βασκαίνω*, Valletta proceeds by quotations to show the antiquity of this notion, and its prevalence among the Greeks and Romans. His quotation from Theocritus,

*Ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶ δὲ, τρὶς εἰς ἐμὸν ἔπτυσα κόλπον*, (Idyll. vi. 39.)

illustrative of the danger of contemplating one's own image in the water without spitting three times into one's own bosom, may be recommended to the race of dandies. The fate of Narcissus and Eutelidas may warn them of the danger with which their looking-glasses are fraught. The history of the latter gentleman Valletta has given from Plutarch, (Sympos. v. 7, not vi. 7, as he quotes it,) but had he given the introduction to it also, he could not have argued so strongly from the passage as to the orthodoxy of the ancients on this matter, for it appears that none of the party were inclined to believe the fact, except the narrator, a circumstance which will sometimes happen to the most approved story-tellers. To those who are inclined to see what absurdities the superstitious portion of the Greeks did believe in, we should recommend the notes of Casaubon on Theophrastus, ch. xvi. For instance, a fit

that by exciting laughter, they disarmed envious glances of their power to harm. One chapter in Valletta's work, we regret to say, is liable to the charge of indecency; but it is parity itself compared to the speculations of Cœlius Rhodiginus, to whom he refers us.

* Valletta was a person of some celebrity as a man of letters, and professor of law at Naples. He died in 1814, aged about 66. Besides his works on law, he left in MS. a translation of Horace into the Neapolitan dialect, of which he was very fond, called "Arasio a lo Mandracchio." We have heard one of his scholars, a man of the most cultivated mind, speak of him as a person of infinite humour. Our musical friends have, perhaps, met with some of his canzonettes in the Passatempi Musicali, lately published at Naples.

of sneezing, an owl screeching, a bit of bread bitten by mice, were to them subjects of serious alarm. These follies are, however, beautifully reproved in the fragment of Menander, beginning, Ἅπαντα τὰ ζῶα, &c. Their fears of the evil influence of dreams, and the ablutions, &c. which they performed to avert it, are familiar to every one, as being connected with some of the most beautiful passages in the Grecian drama; for instance, the dream of Atossa in the Persæ, and that of Clytemnestra in the Electra of Sophocles.

How deeply graven on the hearts of the Romans was the fear of the mischief caused by evil incantations, we may learn from the fragments of the laws of the Twelve Tables: in Table VII. no less than two laws were graven, which forbid the use of such dangerous weapons, and one of them under the penalty of death. And no wonder either, if, as we are assured, the Romans believed that incantations could seduce the crops from one farm to another. (See Funccius de XII Tab., and the Notes on Tibullus, i. 9.) They could also draw down the moon from heaven, but against this was a powerful counter-charm in music,—such as assisted to dislodge Macchiavelli's Belphegor. But to come nearer to the modern notions on this matter, they believed in the evil power of the eye, particularly of any envious person. The golden bulla (as also those of brass) was hollow, and contained, it is supposed, remedies against the jettatura. The curious may find an accurate engraving of the bulla in Major Cockburn's Views of Pompeii, or in Grævius, Ant. Rom., vol. xii. p. 958, with a dissertation on it annexed. The Treatise of Alsarius de Fascino Veterum in the same volume, of which Valletta has made considerable use, will furnish much interesting matter. The Romans went so far as to think there were people whose breath, or touch, or look, was death. Vida's elegant description (Bombyc. ii. 142) of the old man,* whose look blighted whole flower-gardens, is too well known to require citation. Many other curious superstitions of the ancients Valletta has adduced, and shown that some traces of them still linger in their native land; nor has he by any means exhausted the subject. But he appeals not to antiquity alone, he mentions what he declares to be well-known facts of his own times, such as, that

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* The preceding lines are curious, also, where Vida forbids all approach to his silk-worms on the part of old women:

"discrimine nullo
Limine anus omnes, monstra infelicia, longe
Pelle: nocent cantu tristes *oculisque malignis.*"

This is in accordance with the usual chivalry of superstition, which too often selects for its victims the weak and helpless. Who but some wretched old woman was ever persecuted as a witch? Disgraceful, indeed, it is to Britain, that such scenes have taken place even in her within the last ten years!

a jettatore, having demanded the price of a porcelain vase, it fell from the hands of him that held it; that a lady *looked down* the apples from a tree one by one (a feat, by the way, which beats even Ingleby the conjurer, who calls down the cards after the same fashion); that all the birds belonging to some gentleman perished from the malignant glance of a jettatore, &c. These he winds up with two which happened to himself. One is, that his infant daughter, being looked upon by the evil eye of an abominable jettatore, instantly died, having been previously in blooming health. To facts like these what answer can be given?

Our author, having therefore proved the existence of this evil by ancient and by modern testimony, proceeds to discuss its probable causes. *Granting the facts*, our ignorance of their reasons is, as he justly remarks, no argument against the truth of the theory. He compares the science of the jettatura with that of physiognomy, and adduces several arguments from the circumstance, that many people feel inexplicable antipathies to others at first sight, as well as to animals; antipathies which develope themselves when they unconsciously approach a place in which the subject of their antipathy may be concealed. He then attempts to account for the jettatura on the principle of certain imperceptible emanations, somewhat analogous to the electric and the magnetic fluids. We hardly dare contradict him on this point, when we remember that the French Academy, in 1826, resolved to give its attention to *animal magnetism;* and that our old friend Dowsterswivel's speculations on the divining rod, will probably be embodied in a scientific form by the labours of the Comte de Tristan.* If these two latter theories are likely to be raised to the rank of sciences, (and that they are, under certain modifications, appears to be the notion of the most scientific persons in Europe,) who shall presume to say, that in other days the circle of human knowledge may not be increased by a scientific treatise on the jettatura? When it is, we promise to lay an account of it before our readers, even if it should cost us a year to master the calculus in which the operations of the jettatoric fluid are exhibited.

Valletta concludes his entertaining essay with a recapitulation of what he has advanced; that all antiquity has held a belief in the *jettatura*, and that its philosophy is to be sought in the doctrine of emanations, and other secret sources of sympathy and antipathy. The *facts being undeniable*, though their causes may be unknown, and their effects being injurious to the welfare of mankind, he considers that we ought, in common prudence, to acquire experimental knowledge on the subject, that we may learn

* Recherches sur quelques Effluves Terrestres. Paris. 1826. 8vo. See the Bulletin des Sciences for 1826.

to avoid those who possess an influence so destructive to the interests of society. He therefore proposes sundry subjects for prize-dissertations, among which are the following:—"to determine from what class of monks the greatest danger is to be apprehended,"—"to determine the distance to which the jettatura extends, and whether it has a retrospective effect,"—"to investigate in general what words have the greatest virtue in averting the jettatura," (a mathematician would word it, *general expressions* for the resistance of this power,)—and lastly, "to investigate the power of horns,* and other amulets in this matter." He wishes his friends, also, to furnish him with a catalogue of all the known jettatori in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. We have endeavoured to give some notion of the contents of this Essay, but we have been unable to allude to more than a very small portion of the classical illustrations, and the curious facts and arguments which it presents. To attempt to give an idea of the inimitable drollery of the author's style by isolated extracts, would be as hopeless, as judging of a mosaic by a few of its stones. A good translation of it, with some further elucidations, if one offensive part were omitted, would be an acceptable addition to English literature.

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ART. VI.—1. *Nouvelle Force Maritime, et Application de cette force à quelques parties du Service de l'Armée de terre, ou Essai sur l'état actuel des moyens de la Force Maritime; sur une espèce nouvelle d'Artillerie de mer, qui détruirait promptement les vaisseaux de haut-bord; sur la construction de Navires à voiles et à vapeur, de grandeur modérée, qui, armés de cette Artillerie, donneraient une Marine moins couteuse et plus puissante que celle existante; et sur la force que le système de bouches-à-feu proposé offrirait à terre, pour les batteries de siège, de places, de côtes, et de campagne.* Par H. J. Paixhans, ancien élève de l'Ecole Polytechnique; Chef de Bataillon au Corps Royal de l'Artillerie; Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de Saint Louis; Officier de l'Ordre Royal de la Légion d'Honneur. 1 vol. 4to. avec sept Planches. Paris. 1822.

2. *Expériences faites par la Marine Française sur une arme nouvelle; changemens qui paraissent devoir en résulter dans le Système Naval; et examen de quelques questions rélatives à la Marine, à l'Artillerie, à l'Attaque et à la Défense des Côtes et*

* We have now in our possession one of the little coral horns which are worn as amulets, and touched in case of danger.

*des Places.*' Par H. J. Paixhans, Lieutenant-Colonel d'Artillerie. 8vo. Paris. 1825.

During a war of nearly twenty-five years' continuance, the French never neglected one of the best means of obtaining success in battle, namely, the improvement of the principal *matériel* of their armies; and, accordingly, we find many of their first-rate professional men occasionally devoting their talents to ascertain, by the sure test of experiment, the *maximum* of effect to be produced, by different species of ordnance, improved as far as human ingenuity could well devise. Besides, under such a ruler as Napoleon, who had himself served in the Corps of Artillery, it was natural that this department of the service should receive every encouraging impulse. It having been ascertained, that the Russian and Spanish howitzers were more efficient than any the French had hitherto been able to bring into the field, different models of new pieces were proposed, cast, and tried. In many of the Reports on the experiments made with these and other pieces of ordnance, are expressions well calculated to flatter the hopes of the too ambitious chief; and, in 1804-5, he ordered some new lengthened 10-inch mortars, which, by their increased range (3,000 French toises*), and accuracy in throwing shells, promised to enforce respect from the British cruisers, whose too near approach might alarm the coasts. In consequence, several mortars, as well as howitzers, on the new model, were ordered to be distributed to the different coast and port batteries; and the veteran gunners, stationed there, were frequently exercised, in order to attain, by repeated practice, a superior degree of skill.

Emulation being thus excited, M. Paixhans, the author of the work before us, in the course of his service, met with an occurrence, which, unimportant as it then was, helped to lead him gradually to the prosecution of the idea, suggested by a great number of experiments, of employing by sea, as well as by land, howitzer and bomb-explosive-shells for the destruction of shipping; an idea likewise proposed by the late General Melville, in 1779, and for which carronades were designed. But the shortness of the howitzers themselves being one of the objections to their use on ship-board, longer pieces, of different calibres, some denominated *howitzer-guns*, others *bomb-cannon*, were devised by M. Paixhans; and, from the facility which the latter afford of throwing the largest shells, like shot, *horizontally*, he was induced to propose, that, during peace, France should increase the force

* On a measurement taken (with Bird's Parliamentary Standard yard) by the late Dr. Maskelyne, of two French standard toises, produced by Lalande, their mean quantity was found to contain 76.734 English inches. Hence French toises are to English toises or fathoms, in the nearest round numbers, as 16 to 15.

of all her present ships of war, yet without any increase in the actual weight of the ordnance carried either by her line-of-battle ships or frigates, &c.; and that she should likewise construct steam-vessels, as well as sailing vessels, of a particular description, and moderate size, that is, about the scantling of large *corvettes*, or small frigates. As the best means of introducing his new system, he proposed, in the first instance, that experiments should be made in order to modify the capacity and powers of these new vessels, until their fitness for the service in question should have been ascertained and determined; and, in the event of war, that all these vessels should be armed (and the large ships in a certain *ratio*) with *bomb-cannon*, capable of throwing, horizontally, shells of uncommonly large calibre; by means of which our British men-of-war, even of the first-rate, whether attacked in fleets, squadrons, or met with singly, must, he flatters himself, be infallibly sunk, burnt, or destroyed, if they come within the reach of these large shells, filled with combustible matter, in addition to an extra quantity of powder, in proportion to their increased diameter. Thus, whenever they burst, after striking an enemy's ship, they are not only intended to set her on fire, but to spread havoc and destruction among the crew, by blowing up her decks: and (to say nothing of the suffocating nature of the dense and pungent smoke) when the shells take effect near the water's edge, or line of floatation, the hole they would, probably, make, by exploding in a ship's bottom, would be so large, that she would be in the most imminent danger of sinking, from the very great difficulty, if not the utter impossibility, of applying, in time, an adequate remedy to prevent the water from rushing in with extraordinary violence.

In 1809, M. Paixhans began his first work; in 1813, he communicated some part of it to the persons then in power; but it was not finally completed and submitted to the French government till 1819. Under the king's authority, it was published three years after. It appears that the opinions of persons in authority *for* and *against* the publication of M. Paixhans's plans were pretty equally balanced; but the government having finally given the fullest sanction to his publication, the author gives the following summary of the principal considerations by which it may be supposed to have been actuated in so doing: 1. The necessity of making experiments on a large scale, and the impossibility of keeping them secret, prior to making any considerable change in the present system of the navy. 2. The injudiciousness of secresy, as a bar to public discussion of the new system. 3. The impropriety of either abandoning the old system or continuing it on the probability of the new one being kept secret, or until its

advantages were fully proved. 4. The practice of the wisest governments of the present day in no longer keeping such means secret.* 5. The impossibility, in case of a war, of preventing a hostile government from obtaining a knowledge of the new system, and the trifling temporary advantage which would result from the priority of use. And 6. and last, the prospect of an advantage of a permanent kind—

"of far more consequence to the French navy than the mere priority of early success. The advantage, in fact, would be this: that, in future, the naval power of states would become proportional to the total strength of their population, instead of being, as at this day, restricted to the experienced portion of their maritime population. That is to say, the difficulty of obtaining a fine fleet would cease to be infinitely greater than that of possessing a good army. Now, is this an advantage which France has an interest in introducing only by stealth, merely to obtain the success of a first battle, which never yet decided any war?"—*Preface*, p. xiv.

From this preamble, our readers will perceive that M. Paixhans is no idle, shallow visionary, blinded by his own self-conceit, and endeavouring to delude others into a belief that he has made a fortunate discovery, or produced an important invention. He lays no claim whatever to that sort of merit; but, on the contrary, throughout his work, renounces all such vain pretensions. "I have invented nothing," says he, "but only studied the effects of artillery as ascertained by experience, in order to carry them to their *maximum* of intensity, by practical means applicable to the navy." On *this* part of the subject, M. Paixhans, as a master of the science, is quite at home; but not having sufficient practical knowledge of naval affairs, *there* he has often been obliged to feel his way, in hopes that others might be induced to set him right, when he is in error. We are no volunteers to answer *his* purpose. Our business is to give a correct idea of the nature and importance of the work itself, which deserves to be read, especially by all professional men, both of the navy and army; and from the extent of research and variety of information with which it abounds, as well as the perspicuous manner in which the whole is arranged, few will afterwards be able to say that they have not derived from it much amusement and instruction. As the author flatters himself that his system will, if adopted, afford the means of wresting from Old England the dominion of the sea, and the French government has so far entered into his views as to order a course of experiments in order to ascertain the advantages of the first part of it; we conceive that the subject presents so much interest on

* The construction of the Congreve rockets (the effects of which, as to their destructive power, M. Paixhans in his 9th chapter strongly undervalues) is still kept a secret, and forms an exception to the accuracy of this consideration.

this side of the Channel, that our readers will thank us for the attempt to give an intelligible account of it, divested as much as possible of scientific development.

The *Nouvelle Force Maritime* is divided into eight books. In the first, M. Paixhans examines the *ordinary* means of the navy; ships, pieces of ordnance, projectiles, &c. and concludes that, by projectiles prepared for explosion, the most powerful innovation may be introduced. In the second book, he examines the *extraordinary* means, fire-ships, steam-vessels, fuzes, torpedoes, fulminating powder, &c. and concludes that steam-vessels alone are deserving of great attention.* In the third book, he discusses the improvements which might be introduced into naval artillery under the present system, and establishes as a principle, that instead of having on board the same ship three different calibres, she may be entirely armed with pieces of the same calibre as the principal battery, however great that may be. In the fourth book, he brings forward his proposed new artillery, or *bomb-cannon*, for firing large shells horizontally, and exhibits a great number of instances of the destructive effects of loaded projectiles when employed against shipping. In the fifth book, he discusses the calibres, weight, dimensions, charges, &c. of the *bomb-cannon*. In the sixth book, he replies, in great detail, to the various objections that have been, or may be, made to the proposed new system. In the seventh, he proposes for the ships now existing, a mode of arming with *howitzer-guns*, strengthened by some *bomb-cannon;* a proposition the inconveniences of which he, in his subsequent publication, candidly admits, and says, that a very small number of bomb-cannon being more than sufficient to produce immediately a decisive effect, it is useless to add thereto lesser effects by an increase of embarrassment. Finally, in the eighth and last book, he examines by what system of naval *matériel* the present

* The usual foresight of M. Paixhans seems in this instance to have forsaken him; if, as he imagines, the application of steam for the purposes of navigation is yet in its infancy, why should not its use as a projectile power be so too? From his own statement, p. 45, it appears that in 1814 an engine for throwing balls by steam was exhibited in Paris, and approved by the French government; its effects, it is true, were limited; from a combination of 6 musket barrels on the same carriage, 180 balls were discharged per minute, with but a limited range. Still the practicability of the idea was shown; in October, 1826, M. Besetzery made some experiments at Overbury, with a steam-gun of his invention, in presence of a number of military men, who were astonished at its extraordinary power; and finally, Mr. Perkins has executed a "piece of ordnance to throw sixty balls of 4lbs. each in a minute, with the correctness of the rifle musket and to a proportionate distance. A musket is also attached to the same generator .... to throw from 100 to 1000 bullets per minute as occasion may require, and that for any given length of time."—Such are his own words, and experiments proving their truth were made last year in the presence of Prince Polignac, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Exmouth, Sir G. Cockburn, &c.

line-of-battle ships might be fought, and their place supplied, by employing bomb-cannon, with sailing vessels as well as steam-vessels, and therein he discusses details relative to the size, the construction, and the employment of the vessels to be built on this new system. The Appendix contains an essay on the introduction of bomb-cannon into the artillery for land-service, and on the employment of hollow projectiles in siege, garrison, coast, and field batteries; besides, a recapitulation of the experiments to be previously made in regard to the proposed improvements, &c.

Having admitted the improvements in regard to the mode of construction introduced into the British navy, and the improvements of the Americans in their mode of arming ships, both of which have been adopted in the French navy, M. Paixhans says,

"That as none of the ordinary or extraordinary means used in the French navy, are susceptible of leading to the attainment of the sudden and decisive naval superiority, which is the object of his researches, excepting hollow projectiles and steam-vessels, these two are the only means that need become the object of particular attention, because those means issue from the present state of things and the progress of art."—p. 49.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers, according to our idea of their importance, the leading propositions successively laid down by M. Paixhans on these two points, and his chief arguments in support of them; and in doing this, we think it best to let the author speak for himself.

I. We commence with his general observation on the results which he anticipates from his proposed substitution of shells for solid shot.

"Of all the improvements tending to increase the effects of the present sea-artillery, that which would, beyond all comparison, give the greatest power, would be to relinquish the use of solid projectiles, and to substitute for them hollow projectiles loaded with powder to cause explosion. It will be seen that in following up this idea, and carefully examining all that it can produce, we are led not only to an important improvement in the present system of sea-artillery, but to a system of armament quite new, and to a power of destruction so great, that this new system will change all the relations at this day existing between the different parts of the *matériel*, and will hasten the necessity of important modifications in ship-building."—pp. 26, 27.

After detailing the progress of the improvements made at different periods, in the *matériel* of artillery for land or sea-service, M. Paixhans observes,

"That solid shot are not to be compared to hollow projectiles in point of effect, since hundreds of 36-lb. shot may be fired at a ship without placing her in danger of sinking."

In proof of which he states, that

"in Lord Exmouth's attack on Algiers, in 1816, the Impregnable received in her hull 268 shot, 50 of which penetrated below the lower deck, and 3 of 68 lb. struck her six feet below the water's edge or line of floatation; notwithstanding which she returned quietly to Gibraltar. What would have become of this three-decker," asks he, "had she been struck by 268 hollow projectiles? Nor can the effect which solid shot produce against the aggregate of the men in fleets, be compared to what takes place in armies, since England had but 1,720 men killed in the twelve greatest actions fought by sea in the war of the French Revolution, but 1,243 in all the war of American independence, and 1,512 in the seven years' war, which makes no more than 4,475 killed in the battles of three great wars.

"The dreadful effect of hollow projectiles having fixed attention, artillerists have sought to increase their calibre, in order that, by containing more powder, they might produce a more violent explosion; but hitherto the pieces of ordnance which have been made for howitzer-shells, which are only hollow shot, have effected but very imperfectly what combines, in general, the true direction of the projectile, the extent of the ranges, the certainty of the effects, the moderation of the recoil, the preservation of the gun-carriages, &c. and, above all, they have not satisfied what, in particular, suits the habitual service of ships of war.

"The research with which we have been principally occupied, has been directed towards the proper use of hollow projectiles on board a ship; and we will not only show how shells may be thrown of the great calibres of 48 and 80-pounders, very superior to hollow shot of 18, 24, and 36-pounders; but we will demonstrate that, far from confining one's self to that calibre, we may increase all at once the effects of sea-artillery, to an unexpected and decisive degree of energy, by firing with strength and accuracy, like common shot, very large shells, of the calibre of 150 and 200-pounders; to which we shall add some improvements relative to the destructive effect of the shells themselves. In proposing to fire large shells horizontally, we shall not only prove that this mode of firing large shells, with sufficient range and accuracy of direction, will be practicable on board a ship, but that it will be *without danger to the ship herself*, and most powerfully efficacious. And we shall also furnish the weights, dimensions, drawings, and all the necessary particulars, to facilitate execution; for an idea would be nothing by itself, and a demonstration would be of very little use, without the determination of the exact measures, which insure the immediate possibility of accomplishment."—pp. 78, 79.

Of several scientific observations here made by M. Paixhans, we insert the following, in order to render one part of the subject more easily intelligible to the general reader.

"The calibres of projectiles (understanding by the term *calibre* the weight of the solid shot) are in proportion to the cubes of the diameters, whence it follows, that a slight increase of diameter gives a great increase of calibre; so that, for example, in doubling the diameter of the hollow

projectile of 24, which contains only a pound of powder, you will have a hollow projectile of 200, which will contain eight pounds."*—p. 79.

As a proof of the effect of firing shells horizontally, he quotes an historical fact, which occurred as far back as 1690.

"M. Deschiens had invented the means of firing shells from guns, not by throwing them parabolically, as is done in firing them from mortars, but horizontally. This secret, as it was then called, was of great use to him upon one occasion. He was going from Brest to Toulon, and was attacked by four English ships of greater force than his own; but having two guns which answered as bomb-cannon, he fired them at the two nearest English ships, which, being thus set on fire, their crews were wholly employed in extinguishing it. The English, surprised at this new invention, and apprehensive that their ships might be burnt, sheered off, and suffered his vessel to proceed.

"This fact is striking; for if two guns only, fit for throwing shells, were sufficient to enable one ship to beat off four others stronger than herself, what would not a ship do, entirely armed with such guns? What would not a fleet do, entirely composed of such ships?

"But in following up this idea, and this new agent of destruction being admitted, do we not come to this important consequence, that with weapons the blows from which will be attended by such effects, it will no longer be necessary to fire as at this day a great number of shot, and that the smallest vessels armed with a few bomb-cannon for throwing large shells, will possess the means of suddenly putting in jeopardy the finest line-of-battle ship, in whatever manner the latter may herself be armed? Now, what will be the use of building ships so large and costly, so difficult to manage well, and manned by so many choice men, when the most paltry vessel will be able to sink, or set them on fire? There then will inevitably be, if not an entire change, at least serious modifications, in everything that belongs to the construction and power of the present navies of line-of-battle ships."—pp. 84, 85.

In speaking of ordnance for sea-service, M. Paixhans states that the Americans have some large carronades of the calibre of 100-pounders, (this is the diameter of nine inches,) which they call *columbiades*, and that they have lately made for those pieces hollow lengthened projectiles of a somewhat oval form, containing fifteen pounds of powder, and that they *make a secret* of the fuze, which bursts the shell at the moment of its striking the object.

The occurrence which gave rise to the author's idea of bomb-cannon, is thus related in page 141:

"He had to fight an English brig, and all the artillery he had at his disposal consisted of a small 4-pounder, and an 8-inch howitzer. On the one hand, the 4-pounder threw its projectile very well; but the effect of this little solid shot was insignificant: on the other hand, the

* In other words, from a French 24-pounder may be fired a shell five inches seven lines in diameter; in doubling the diameter of the projectile, it becomes an 11-inch shell, and to be discharged like a shot, it would require a gun of the calibre of a 200-pounder.

8-inch howitzer (calibre of 80) had a large projectile intended for explosion, the effect of which would evidently have been decisive; but the piece itself had not power to throw this projectile far enough to reach the enemy. This remark was all the invention, and it is evident that what was necessary for destroying the brig, was a piece of ordnance capable of throwing the 8-inch howitzer-shell nearly with the same force as a cannon-shot."

In following up this idea, our author states the different steps he took, and the various sources to which he was chiefly indebted for information, which, as far as relates to artillery, were of first-rate authority, such as the works of Gribeauval, the German work of General Schagnhorst, and the Registers of the Committee and Central Depôt of the Ordnance Department in France, to which may be added the opinion pronounced by Napoleon himself.

M. Paixhans then justly observes, that "it is far less difficult to make improvements, than to effect their adoption," and cites as instances, shells, mines for explosion, heavy siege-guns, howitzers, carronades, horse-artillery, telegraphs, and a crowd of other inventions, some of which were known a hundred years before they were put in practice.

"At different periods, distinguished and experienced persons have written to the government, under different administrations, that the Navy refused hollow projectiles, not because those projectiles did not produce sufficient effect, but because they produced too much; and the motive hitherto assigned for not admitting them, has, in fact, been the danger there would be in employing them on ship-board; farther on we shall particularly reply to this objection."—p. 146.

"But other causes may also have contributed to retard the employment of the powerful means of destruction, the effects of which we here propose to render still more formidable by the increase of its proportions. —In short, there had hitherto been no question of firing horizontally large shells; or if the idea had been vaguely conceived of carrying the fire of hollow projectiles to the great and strong proportions which it is susceptible of attaining, it does not appear at least, that proper pieces of ordnance have hitherto been proposed, or that the question has been resolved in point of usual possibility. Now, responsible authority cannot admit innovations but when they are quite mature—when their advantages have become evident—and when their practical inconveniences have been entirely removed."—p. 147.

"Having proposed to employ against ships, shells thrown horizontally, we have proved by numerous quotations that the thing is feasible, that it has been done, and that it produces the effects announced. We have added to the proof by facts, the proof by authority, of the opinions of the most experienced professional men; in fine, we have explained how means, the power and importance of which are incontestable, have remained hitherto unemployed.

"What now remains to be done? There remain the details of exe-

cution to be developed; the dimensions, weights, shapes; the manner of mounting and preparing for service the pieces of ordnance, and the projectiles proposed to be established: that is to say, there still remains almost everything to be done; the first idea being rarely that best calculated for practice; and the neglect or mal-appreciation of the precaution the most trifling in appearance, often becomes an unforeseen obstacle, by which an important result ends in complete failure."—p. 149.

Before he proceeds to those details, M. Paixhans observes that the propositions resulting from the particular facts antecedently stated, and the other facts generally known in the artillery, taken together, authorize him to consider them as principles demonstrated relative to the effects of firing hollow projectiles horizontally. He then alludes to the range of hollow shot and howitzer-shells, their accuracy in flight, and the depth to which they penetrate in wood or earth. Speaking of large shells, he says that, when thus fired, either to graze the surface of land or water, or *en ricochet*, (that is, at a small angle of elevation, so as for the shell to fall short of the object aimed at, but to reach it in rebounding frequently, like a cricket-ball forcibly delivered,) they afford complete success and *great* ranges; and that *their explosion*, though very formidable in general, when specially applied to the destruction of ships produces *a much greater effect than that of red-hot shot.*

Our author next treats of the weights most suitable for pieces of ordnance for sea-service in every respect; states the calibres possible for bomb-cannon, the calibres which he proposes, and the shape, length, thickness, bore, chamber, windage, and various minute particulars of them, as well as of the shells and the metal fuzes to be used with them; together with a description of the carriages for the bomb-cannon when intended for sea-service; the whole of which he has illustrated by plates, preceded by tables of dimensions, &c.

After much scientific discussion on this branch of the subject, he states in what manner he would increase the respective force of the present ships of the French navy; but as we find (by his second publication) that this part of his plan has not yet been adopted, we shall merely mention, that by means of four different species of ordnance, all firing hollow or solid projectiles of the calibre of 48-pounders, and all the different pieces having the same weight as the pieces now in use; he proposed to arm all the ships of the line and frigates.

"However," says M. Paixhans, "as it will be easy to have pieces, which, without being heavier than the present guns, will be able to throw hollow projectiles of a calibre very superior to 48; as those pieces would procure a great advantage over the vessels now existing, in case it should be deemed expedient to employ in them projectiles weighing

more than 35 pounds; and as, in all cases, these formidable pieces of ordnance might be placed and served conveniently (by means of some peculiar arrangements) on board of the new vessels; we shall here propose, besides the *howitzer-guns*, two models of *bomb-cannon*, namely,

"1. With the weight of the common 36-pounder gun (7200 pounds) should be made a *bomb-cannon* of the calibre of 80, whose hollow projectile (an 8-inch shell) loaded, would weigh 55 pounds.

"2. With the weight of the common 48-pounder gun (that of iron, model of 1812, weighs 10,800 pounds) should be made a *bomb-cannon* of the calibre of 200 (an 11-inch shell)."*—pp. 168, 169.

M. Paixhans remarks, that the propositions developed in his fifth book, respecting the elementary details and some improvements, are far from being given as the best to be definitively adopted; on the contrary, he presents them that they may be submitted to investigation, in order to be modified and corrected; but, such as they are, he thinks that they may suffice to insure the execution of the first experiments to be made.

"Besides," says he, "they are not innovations which I have proposed, but things which have long been known, tried and practised: every one knows the manner of firing howitzer-shells and hollow shot from guns; and nothing was more simple to be imagined than to fire from them likewise large shells. The pieces of ordnance which we propose to employ on board of ships for firing these shells horizontally, should have the same weight as the common guns used for firing solid shot; in exterior shape they would differ little from ship guns and the long Willantrois mortars; their interior shape would be analogous to that of carronades and howitzers; the manner of working them on board, their carriages, breechings and tackles, would require little change from what is now in use, and our shells, as well outside as inside, would be like the howitzer-shells employed in war, save some improvements.

"The sufficient *inertia* of pieces of ordnance, opposed to the reaction of large projectiles, is a thing on which we have laid much stress; because it is a condition to which too little attention has been paid; because it is from not having satisfied this indispensable condition that we have hitherto had very weak howitzers in *France*, in *England*, and in *Austria*; and because, for that very reason, several projects analogous to the present, have failed. But the principle of the necessity of inertness was known at all times; the Prussians, the Russians and the Spaniards have taken care to observe it in regard to their howitzers; and, in 1810, M. Willantrois showed, in France, the enormous power of action to which it was possible to rise in knowing how to submit to this condition."—pp. 229, 230.

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* This shell empty would weigh 135 pounds, and contain from 130 to 140 ounces of powder. A gun of the calibre of a 200-pounder appears large to the mind's eye; but the old French 18-inch mortars corresponded to the calibre of 900, and their shells contained 48 pounds of powder. M. Paixhans says he saw, at Moscow, a howitzer of the calibre of 6000, whose shell was 34 French inches in diameter. These enormous pieces have never been of any real utility.

M. Paixhans next proceeds to examine, and reply in succession to, the various objections that may be started to the employment of loaded shells, with his new artillery. The first regards the danger to be apprehended to the ship that employs them, which he thinks the following passages most satisfactorily answer.

"To object a danger, it is not sufficient to affirm that it exists—one must see what it is; it must be measured. Now, what have we at this day on board a ship? And what shall we have with the new artillery?

"A ship of the line carries at present sixty thousand pounds of powder for loading her guns; from the less abundant supply that will be necessary in employing projectiles more quickly and more violently destructive, the same ship would not require to carry, in future, more than from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds for loading her pieces of ordnance, and seven or eight thousand contained in the inside of her projectiles; that is, in all only thirty thousand pounds of powder. For, on the new system, battles would be so quickly decided, that most assuredly there would not be half the number of shot fired that it is necessary and possible to fire at present; and as the charges would be very moderate, allowing even 80 rounds for every piece on board, there would be no occasion for more than 44,000 pounds of powder, instead of 60,000.

"What there will be new, then, will be on the one hand, 30,000 pounds of powder, instead of 60,000, a reduction which will by so much diminish the dangers; and, on the other hand, the introduction of the fresh danger which may be caused by the accidental inflammation of the powder contained in the shells.

"No doubt the explosion of a shell on ship-board would be a serious accident, but the explosion of the common cartridge of twelve pounds is also a serious accident; a much more serious accident is the explosion of a gun of bad metal, which happens to burst; one of more mortal seriousness is the explosion of a magazine of 60,000 pounds of powder; and, nevertheless, men in the navy are perfectly habituated to cartridges, cast-iron guns, and magazines of powder. How much more easily, then, would they not habituate themselves to the use of shells, the powder of which, far from being exposed to accidents, as in paper cartridges* or in frail wooden cartridge-boxes, will be entirely kept in iron globes, and offering no hold for fire, unless by a single and very narrow orifice, that remains covered till the projectile is put into the piece?

"Some persons have objected that if hollow projectiles were a thing really advantageous and practicable, the English would have adopted them. One may reply to those persons, that *the English derive their principal power from maritime force, and that they are not so devoid of understanding as to be the first to introduce means which will destroy that kind of force.*

"But let us suppose that it was right to withhold shells from the navy; let us suppose that when they have been tried, instead of succeeding, they have failed; let us suppose that the easy precautions which would remove all danger, have been sought, and that, far from having

* Flannel cartridges are employed in the English service.

been found, there should have occurred some unfortunate accidents, which, however, have never happened, since they have not been stated by those opposed to the measure; let us suppose, in short, that hollow projectiles are really inadmissible on board of ships,—what is the conclusion to be drawn? It is, that a line-of-battle ship may be destroyed by means of a weapon which she is prohibited from making use of herself. Now, this will be pronouncing, at one and the same time, the condemnation of the costly construction of line-of-battle ships, and the unavoidable admission of the economical and simple construction of vessels, such as are proposed in this work.

"With such vessels, in fact, an end will be put to the system of vast citadels armed with 126 pieces of ordnance, and defended by 900 combatants; it will be no longer necessary to have circulating on board hundreds of projectiles and thousands of pounds of powder, among the fire of so many guns, at the risk of so many lives, and amidst the inevitable confusion of such a battle. The new vessels will be of small, or at least of proportionate size; their crews will be far from numerous; they will carry but a proportionate number of pieces of artillery; it will be no great trouble to take proper precautions on board of them, and to see them carefully attended to.

"In short, if it were true, as has been said, in order not to admit hollow projectiles, that the explosion of a single shell for a 24 or 36-pounder on board a ship was so dangerous, that, not to be exposed to such an accident, the navy was really obliged to abstain from making use of them, it may be asked, how the large ships of the present day will be able, in future, to contend against small vessels which, far from confining themselves to throw shells of the calibre of 24 or 36-pounders, will fire into those ships shells of the calibre of 200?"—pp. 234—238.

After having remarked, that as bomb-vessels have been employed for a century, it would be needless to argue on the moral influence the apprehension of their danger would create in the mind of the sailors, the following is the answer given by our author to another (and perhaps the most serious) objection made to the use of large shells on account of their weight, and the consequent difficulty of introducing them into the pieces.

"This objection is the strongest of those which can be made to the proposed new system of sea-artillery, for it is, in fact, incontestable that, when a ship is tossed about by the winds and the sea, when she rolls and pitches, when she sets in motion the guns, the gun-carriages, and the gunners, it becomes very difficult to introduce the projectiles into the pieces; that then the 36-lb. shot, at present in use, appear almost too heavy, and sometimes escape and fall overboard; that, consequently, bomb-shells, which will be still heavier, will present greater difficulties; and that the inconvenience will be so much the more felt, as the vessels will be smaller, and, of course, more subject to unsteady motion, such as those the construction of which we have proposed for contending against line-of-battle ships.

"Having admitted the objection without palliating it, we will endea-

vour to answer it with precision. If it is, at times, difficult to load a gun with a solid 36-lb. shot, but which in reality weighs 37½ lbs., there will be much greater difficulty in loading the bomb-cannon of the calibre of 80, a gun which, having the same weight as the common 36-pounders, might equally suit, either for the lower-deck battery of the present line-of-battle ships, or for the vessels of new construction. The shell of the calibre of 80 being made, as we have proposed, thicker than that now in use, which is too light, will weigh full of powder 55 pounds; but the English and the Americans employ carronades which fire shot of 68 pounds; the *columbiades* of the latter are 100-pounders; and the Dutch have some carronades 60-pounders, &c. Now, it will be less difficult to introduce projectiles of 55 pounds, than it is to introduce those so much heavier; there will not then be any absolute motive of exclusion. Nevertheless, as a refusal might be made, and, perhaps, with reason, to admit into the French navy projectiles weighing more than 36 pounds, we shall answer, that if a heavier projectile ought to be excluded in the present mode of loading pieces on board, it is not a motive for rejecting their use, in case another and more convenient manner of loading them could be discovered.

"With bomb-shells of the calibre of 150 and 200 pounders (10 and 12 French inches in diameter), which will weigh 110 or 140 pounds, it will be extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to introduce quickly with the hand the projectile into the piece, especially when the vessel is in rough motion. But, precisely on account of this impossibility, we have tried to find a means of removing the difficulty, and have proposed, for introducing the large shells into the piece, an easy method, by means of which those heavy shells, supported and conducted by a very simple mechanism, will follow all the movements of the carriage and of the piece, and will come, however rough may be the motion of the vessel, and present themselves, as it were of their own accord, at the mouth of the piece, more conveniently for loading than the business is done at this day, even in calm weather, with common shot."—pp. 251—253.

Of this contrivance M. Paixhans gives an engraved representation.

We must refer our readers to the book itself for the author's answers to a variety of other objections which he anticipates may be started to his system, and shall conclude this part of the subject by quoting what he says respecting the expense to be incurred by the change, and the general economy of the new system compared with that of the present.

"The expense will be comparatively inconsiderable, if at first we confine ourselves to supplying the place of one-half, or one-third, of the various guns now in use, by bomb-cannon of the same weight; which would have an effect so decisive, that a frigate, for instance, thus armed, would be enabled to destroy quickly a three-decker, armed as they are at the present day: now, what is an expense so trifling as that of fifteen or twenty pieces of ordnance, when the object is to obtain a result so important?

"But, far from being unfavourable in point of economy, the new system here proposed will, on the contrary, be in the highest degree advantageous in that respect; and, in fact, how economical will it not be to be able, with vessels of a moderate size, to fight the ships of the line of an adversary who would adhere to the system of building the present colossal ships? And how much will not the expenditure be diminished, when we shall have entered into the proposed new system of building ships, which, being much smaller, and more expeditiously completed, will no longer require us to keep up, in time of peace, a *matériel* as considerable as in time of war?"—p. 265.

One more observation, however, we must quote in regard to applying the new mode of arming to merchant-ships.

"The sea-artillery, at present in use, occasions to the assailants only such damage as is seldom of a serious nature, consequently, a ship has no force with this artillery, except by the great number of shot she can fire; whence it results that merchant-men are in the alternative, either of defending themselves ill, or of keeping on board a crew and an establishment of ordnance, &c. for fighting, very cumbersome, and excessively expensive."

He recommends, as more advantageous in every respect, that merchant-men should be armed with two or three *howitzer-carronades*, of the calibre of 48 or 36-pounders, for throwing hollow projectiles, than to be armed with six or eight, or even a greater number of common guns, for firing solid shot, which, not to weigh heavier than these howitzer-carronades, can have but the very weak calibre of 8 or 6-pounders, the effect of which is quite insignificant. He then gives all the necessary dimensions of an 8-inch iron howitzer, which might have the same weight as a common 12-pounder gun for sea-service, would be able to stand a strong charge of powder, and would throw, very far, shells of the large calibre of 80-pounders. This piece, used as a stern-chase gun, is intended to cover the retreat of a large merchant-ship, and check the advance of her pursuer.

II. We now come to the second grand point of M. Paixhans's new system, namely, steam men-of-war, which forms the subject of his eighth book.

No one, who ever considered the subject, could doubt that steam-navigation, when it arrived to a certain degree of perfection on rivers, would first be applied to short passages by sea, and then to voyages of a moderate length, so that the vessel might, in all probability, be able to reach the place of her destination before her stock of coals was exhausted. But we never conceived the idea that steam-vessels would be a nursery for real seamen, though they might afford a comfortable livelihood to many of that numerous class of amphibious beings, generally called sailors,

and, in case of war, be adopted as privateers and armed vessels in the narrow seas, as well as for cruises of a moderate duration.

"Every force, in fact, as soon as it is admitted by industry, is speedily introduced in war; now, steam-navigation is an agent which, from its origin, had been judged so deserving of attention on account of its presumable results, that, in 1816, a very enlightened statesman did not hesitate to say publicly at the Institute: 'What will be important in the application of steam to propel vessels, is the change that will thence result in maritime war, and the power of nations; it is certainly probable that we shall have therein one of those experiments which change the face of the world.'"

M. Paixhans enters into the advantages which steam men-of-war, under particular circumstances, would have over sailing men-of-war, especially in working round them at pleasure, striking their large hulls with shells, and in being enabled, by the efficient power of their steam-engine, to get out of the way of their adversaries, so as not to be run down, or exposed to the fire of a broadside. Assuming that the fighting steam-vessels have such a superiority in speed, that they have steam to spare for other purposes, he proposes, in order to lighten the labour of the crew, that the heavy guns should occasionally be run out, and, if necessary, run in *by steam*. But, even admitting all this, there is the boiler, and other machinery, to be protected from injury by shot. The boiler, and internal works of the engine, he proposes to shield, by a preservative structure, shot-proof, and how he disposes of the paddle-wheels will be seen hereafter.

The next consideration is the size of these steam men-of-war, which are to be of different dimensions, as may be best ascertained by the result of the experiments proposed; the *maximum* of size to be determined according to these two conditions; that the new vessels must be able to make their way in the open sea with at least as much speed as the fastest of the large ships, and to carry their guns so as to be able to make a good use of them in bad weather.

"Now," concludes our author, "it will be easy to satisfy these two conditions, without having recourse to building vessels of a colossal size, since, in the system of sailing-vessels, as well as in the system of steam-vessels, we shall be released from the necessity of having a great number of pieces of ordnance, owing to the great intensity of the individual power of ours; consequently, there will no longer be occasion for multiplied tiers of batteries, nor for so great a number of gunners, nor for so great a quantity of provisions, and supplies of every sort; so that, by means of all this reduction of embarrassment, these new vessels may be lightened in their dimensions, and built with a view to obtain great stability, great height of battery above the water, and very great speed."—p. 293.

We may here remark *en passant*, that these observations of M. Paixhans, on the application of steam-navigation to the purposes of naval warfare, were published six years ago, when the subject was comparatively in its infancy. This will account for the doubtful manner in which he speaks as to particular points, concerning which all doubt has long since been dispelled by the test of experience. The French government may, perhaps, have considered the idea of steam men-of-war as of questionable superiority, for we have not yet heard of any experiments to ascertain their presumed advantages.

M. Paixhans enters into details relative to the construction of the new vessels proposed by way of trial (one sailing and one steam vessel), and the manner of employing them, and the new artillery on board of them, against the present line-of-battle ships; and concludes by describing the advantages which the new class of vessels, and the new arms will present, with respect to war and commerce. After remarking that ships, being incessantly menaced by the winds and the waves, require to be, in a great measure, manned by experienced seamen, he says:

"With such a system, nations cannot have a real force by sea but by possessing considerable numbers of able seamen; now, to possess a considerable number of such men, without which the *matériel* is nothing, it is necessary to have a population especially occupied with maritime affairs; it is necessary to have an extensive commerce, which has, for a long time, enjoyed the liberty of forming crews; it is necessary not to be diverted from attention to the navy by any Continental war; it is necessary to lavish everything on a service which falls as soon as it ceases to be the principal object; it is necessary, in short, to exist only at sea and for the sea; that is, it is necessary to be Englishmen or Americans; for all these are not found in a durable manner, except in America or in England.

"In the new system proposed, this will no longer be the case; the bomb-cannon, on board of whatever vessels they may be employed, would at first annihilate the large line-of-battle ships; and small steam-vessels, armed with these formidable guns, would (as soon as the rapid progress of this mode of navigation should permit) shortly become a second means of fighting these large ships, which would be both very economical and very powerful. These new vessels, having but small masts and sails, would require only a few experienced seamen in each; the remainder of the crew would only need to know how to fire the guns, which would themselves be partly worked by the power of the steam-engine; and, for the sea-service, a considerable accession of strength would be found, by embarking a part of the army to man the fleet. Men for the navy would then be recruited, in a great measure, from the population of the whole territory, instead of being recruited solely from the population of the sea-coasts; and maritime power would no longer be limited by other bounds than the bounds of national power."—p. 340—342.

M. Paixhans next discusses the *matériel*, and the expenses of the French navy under the present system; he justly observes, that a line-of-battle ship is an admirable production of art, but the time necessary for its construction requires that, in order to be efficient in war, a maritime power should always be prepared; and, as the rot destroys vessels so quickly, there thence results such a consumption of them, by being unfit for service, that in 1819 the Minister of Marine declared,

"that if its annual expenditure was limited to forty-five millions of francs, (£1,800,000 sterling,) the French navy will have entirely ceased to exist in 1830; and that, even in expending sixty-five millions annually, (£2,600,000,) that is, 175 millions, (£7,000,000,) till the year 1830, it would be reduced at that period to thirty-eight ships of the line, and fifty frigates." "Now, how much will not this expense be to be regretted," asks M. Paixhans, "since it will leave us still in a relative inferiority so deplorable? And how different would be the result obtained by the system proposed at so much less cost?"—pp. 342, 343.

In his last chapter, M. Paixhans thus sums up the advantages which France would derive from the adoption of his new system.

"When the means of maritime force, which offered themselves of their own accord, and have been presented in this work, shall have been submitted to experiment, and the errors we may have committed rectified, these means will easily be introduced into common practice, since they are composed only of elements well known and already tried. But, as then they will be every where admitted, will it not be said that the fleet, which is now the only powerful one in Europe, will not, on that account, the less preserve its superiority? For, whatever may be the arms in use, it is always wealth, numbers, and skill, which obtain and preserve power.

"To appreciate this objection, it is here proper to distinguish what will be the merely transient, and what the permanent advantages of this new navy.

"Now a first advantage, which will be only transient, will, nevertheless, be very remarkable; it is that the immense fleet of England, and all her great ships, manned by excellent seamen, will find themselves all at once reduced to stand in awe of vessels of the most unimposing size, when the latter shall make use of the new weapons.

"As for the durable and permanent advantages, we have endeavoured to show that these, also, will not be undeserving of attention; they are, in fact,

"1. The less expenditure required for building vessels of less size, and especially the considerable diminution during peace, since ships of a more simple construction can be more expeditiously got ready on the breaking out of a war.

"2. Our forests will furnish the timber necessary for a *matériel* less colossal, and the resources of the country will be sufficient without having recourse to foreigners.

"3. The numerous commercial ports will have sufficient depth of water and extent to become useful to the operations of the military navy; and it will no longer be necessary that all the establishments of a fleet should be constructed of colossal dimensions.

"4. The defensive side will, probably, assume a superiority over the offensive, and blockades will become less easy.

"5. In fine, a permanent advantage of a superior order, and which will incontestably be decisive in favour of France, is, that small vessels, armed with bomb-cannon, will not require such skilful manœuvres as the present line-of-battle ships; that steam-vessels will have still less need of experienced seamen; and that, consequently, the fleet being enabled to employ men far less trained than those who are now indispensable for manning it, this fleet will, as it were, be partly composed of the same soldiers as the army; and that, being then recruited from the whole of the military population, the crews will no longer be composed exclusively, as at the present day, of seamen, who can only be furnished by the population of the sea-ports.

"We may, therefore, entertain the hope, that twenty thousand sailors born and bred on the ocean, will, from being better trained, no longer have the power to dictate laws to the whole world; and that, perhaps, the iniquity of universal dominion will become as difficult by sea as by land."—p. 346—348.

Having thus far worked our way through M. Paixhans's formidable quarto, in spite of the terrific uproar of his bomb-cannon, the awful explosion of his large shells, and the suffocating smoke diffused by his *dampfklugen*,* we cannot but congratulate ourselves on having passed unhurt through so fiery an ordeal; and, with recovered breath, we return to the scene of action.

Six years have now elapsed, as we have already remarked, since M. Paixhans brought forward the whole of his new system, his work having been published in 1822. As will presently be seen, when we shall speak of his next publication, his propositions have not been lost to his country. Bomb-cannon have been cast; their effect has been tried, and they are recommended to be adopted, partially, for firing shells and shot in the French navy; and M. Paixhans states that ordnance for firing heavy shot (100 lbs.) and shells have also been introduced in the American navy. Before we proceed to give an account of the results of the experiments made by order of the French government, we shall trouble our readers with a few general remarks on M. Paixhans's system.

We agree with our author that *unity of system* is desirable in

* *Dampfklugen* is a composition, furnished by German artificers, for poisoning with smoke the galleries of mines, or for making signals in broad day-light. It is generally made with equal parts of rosin, pitch, sulphur, mealed powder, and charcoal. The shells for service are also intended to contain some pieces of *Roche-à-feu*, which emits a very broad and lively flame.

carrying the individual force of every ship, or class of ships, to a *maximum*, by means of lessening, as far as can be done with sound discretion, the variety of calibres, and increasing the calibre with pieces capable of affording a great range, or at least a range sufficiently extensive for all the purposes of maritime war, without increasing the specific weight of the ordnance. But we differ from him widely in regard to the propriety of mounting as many guns in ships as can be put into them, by placing the ports nearer, and, from stem to stern, making a fierce display. Every person, well-informed on the subject, knows that a ship cannot, without manifest disadvantage, carry guns, but in due proportion to her capacity and powers. For example, put 24-pounder guns into a frigate, built to carry only 18-pounders, and the probable consequence will be, that, in the first continued blowing weather she meets with at sea, she will either spring or carry away some of her lower masts, and her decks become so leaky as to render her crew sickly, from many of the men sleeping in wet births; so that, independently of the considerable expense incurred for new masts, her services, as an efficient cruising ship, are, for some time, lost to the nation, by the necessity of her return to port to make good her defects.

On referring, for the sake of comparison, to a Publication by General Bentham, we find that in January, 1798, he, as Inspector-General of Naval Works, &c. submitted to Earl Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, a Plan for the arming of our ships of war, so as, by his calculation, to double their force, by fitting permanent gangways to all the ships of the line and frigates, mounting thereon carronades on the *non-recoil* principle, and substituting carronades of heavier calibre for the long guns of small calibre on the upper deck of two-decked ships, and the middle deck of three-deckers. We mention this, *en passant*, to remark that, by part of M. Paixhans's proposed system, a French 74-gun ship would be able to throw in hollow projectiles, all of the calibre of 48-pounders, (54 lbs. English avoirdupois,) *double* the weight of the solid projectiles thrown by an English 74, armed on the plan proposed by General Bentham, the largest calibre of whose ordnance would be 32-pounders. This increase of calibres, as proposed by M. Paixhans, is the more deserving of notice, as a ship would run no risk of being thereby partially strained by any additional increase, either in the *number* or the *specific weight* of the ordnance she before carried in her different batteries. Of course, there would be no additional strain imposed on her general structure. Nor is this all: in blowing weather, when a line-of-battle ship could not, without danger, open her lower-deck ports, a French 74 would then have, on each side, no

less than 29 pieces to fire hollow or solid projectiles, all of the calibre of 48. M. Paixhans also extends his system to frigates, *corvettes*, &c.

We shall not here stop to touch on minor points, but enter at once on the grand question of steam men-of-war. Without indulging in vague conjecture, we state as a fact, that, from every inquiry we have been able to make, no means have hitherto been discovered for propelling a vessel by steam, and at the same time for working her paddle-wheels internally, except in some of the ponderous American floating-batteries, in which, it is said, they are made to revolve amidships, that is, between the two halves, as it were, of the floating machine. This may answer in an unwieldy vessel, intended solely for the temporary defence of the mouth of a river or harbour; but a mode of construction by which the paddles, or propelling agents, of any *sea-going* steamer are concealed *within-board*, has not as yet been known to *succeed*, as M. Paixhans would fain believe, or lead some persons to imagine. He has evidently laboured hard to collect information on the subject of the steam-engine, as hitherto applied to propel shipping; but, notwithstanding his diligence, he has not yet reached the haven of his research. His assumptions on this head are but a *petitio principii*, and, having thus begged the question, and stated that we have steamers to tow our ships out of harbour, he jumps to the conclusion, that steam-vessels having begun by being the servants of line-of-battle ships, will, in the end, become their masters.

It is impossible to say what may be the future improvements in the application of the machinery now used for propelling vessels by steam. Therefore, till a better mode is devised, and its merits admitted by practical experience, the paddle-wheels must continue to revolve on the outside of the vessel, and, consequently, be liable to be materially damaged by shot: however secure the boiler and other parts may be rendered by interior structure, shot or bomb-proof, it is certain that, without greatly impeding the progress of the vessel, the paddle-wheels could not, even then, be so protected. A steam-vessel, unable to work these, would at once be reduced to the level of a common sailing-vessel, if not, in some respects, to that of one seriously crippled. Nevertheless, to attend on a fleet, steam-vessels, with all their machinery perfect, might unquestionably be of the greatest use, on several occasions, particularly to tow ships in a calm, or bring them off when disabled in action; but in this latter service, it is evident that, as at present fitted, their machinery would be exposed to such injury from the shot of an enemy as could not be repaired at sea.

As for the sailing men-of-war, of a comparatively small size, armed with bomb-cannon, of the heavy calibre of 80 and 150-pounders, destined to throw either hollow or solid projectiles, as M. Paixhans anticipates, they would be much more liable to be tossed about in bad weather, (or even in fine weather, with a lifting sea or heavy swell,) than line-of-battle ships; and, consequently, their rougher motion would render it more difficult to strike an object, either with shot or shells fired from their ordnance, than from similar pieces mounted on board of large ships, less susceptible of such rough motion. But, for this difference, M. Paixhans consoles himself by the reflection that, according to the opinion of French seamen, nineteen shot out of twenty are thrown away, and that the hull, &c. of a small vessel, presenting a smaller object to be struck by projectiles than that of a towering line-of-battle ship, the chances would be in favour of the former, and that some of her shells would, *au pis aller*, take effect, and fully divert the attention of the crew, by setting her adversary on fire, or making so large a hole in the ship's bottom, as might endanger her sinking, before the latter could effectually retaliate.

Independently of this, it appears to us, that however feasible on paper may be his plan for introducing heavy projectiles into his bomb-cannon by a machine, in front of the gun-carriage, it would not, at sea, be found so easy in practice. As for his application of steam, to save the labour of men in working the guns, and, on the American principle, to move long iron bars, by quick and repeated strokes, as a defence against boarders, we say, *Nous verrons*. His suggestion of "*bâtimens cuirassés*," or vessels shielded with iron *in such an extraordinary manner* as to afford security against the effect of shells fired horizontally, only shows that speculative theoretical ideas, when exerted in pursuit of a favourite object, may be carried so far as to refute themselves. In the balance of *pro* and *con*, Mr. Paixhans here seems, in a great measure, to estimate too lightly superior skill in gunnery; whereas, in our humble opinion, a certain degree of practical skill is in many cases absolutely essential.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to the various propositions contained in his quarto work, it cannot but be acknowledged that M. Paixhans is at least an open and honourable adversary; for in proposing, thus publicly, to arm the ships of his own country the better to combat and destroy those belonging to other navies, he also fully apprizes the governments of rival nations how to adopt similar means of defence, so that the combatants on both sides may be armed upon an equal footing.

As to the question, whether the employment of means so de-

structive will not be contrary to morality, to humanity, and to the usages of war? this is his reply:

"It is war itself that is contrary to morality and humanity; but as ambition will always exist, so, too, there will always be wars; consequently, the means of destruction will always be employed, and the art of giving to them the greatest possible power will always be cultivated.

"No doubt, the progress of the art of destruction is in itself hateful; but the progress of any art whatsoever is not a thing that can be avoided, and it would, moreover, be a false notion to consider the improvement of arms as a misfortune; for, in proportion as they are made more destructive, combatants approach each other less, and history attests that warfare is become less ferocious, and battles less bloody, in proportion as the means of fighting are more improved. The opinions of the most enlightened and most upright men, have long been settled on this point.

"In the particular case before us, are shells, then, a new thing? And, besides, is it more cruel to kill one's adversary with shells, than to kill him with cannon-ball or grape-shot? Is it more perfidious to employ hollow projectiles against sailors than soldiers? Can we not, in future, repel the enemy's ships by the shells of our ships, as we repel them at present by those of our ramparts and coast-batteries? And, in short, when it is admitted that a hostile navy may come and crush under the shells of its bomb-vessels the women and children of a town besieged, why should one be obliged to respect its floating fortresses and its combatants who are amply enabled to return the fire?"

To conclude, M. Paixhans may recruit the crews of his steam ships or sailing vessels, armed with bomb-cannon, from the *élite* of the French army; they will not, *cæteris paribus*, be able to wrest from us our naval dominion. By the blessing of Providence, while the British flag floats over the heads of British sailors, no apprehension need be entertained that, on their own element, their cooler intrepidity will yield to the more impetuous valour of the bravest of the brave among French soldiers. History attests how well our forefathers stood the brunt, when fire-ships and grappling board to board were the order of the day, in the hard-fought naval battles of the seventeenth century; subsequent wars, more especially the last, have proved that Britons have not degenerated in point of national courage; and whether our ships be set in flames by fire-ships, or by the explosion of shells, they will not in future be less obstinately defended than heretofore, nor their opponents less valiantly repelled. In a word, we are persuaded that public expectation will not be disappointed, and throughout the British fleet, from the admiral to the loblolly boy, "*every man will do his duty.*"

Want of room compels us, reluctantly, to pass over the Appendix, &c. in which we think that, for the benefit of that branch

of the service which concerns the Engineers and the Artillery, some useful hints or suggestions will be found.

We now proceed to the experiments made by the French navy respecting the bomb-cannon, as suggested by M. Paixhans, the results of which are given in his second publication.

His propositions having been referred to the examination of a Commission composed of several members, in consequence of their Report, made in May, 1821, two guns, of the calibre of 80-pounders, were cast and sent to Brest. The new pieces having undergone the proofs to which all ordnance are subjected before they are admitted into service, the first thing was to try their range, which, above all, was considered doubtful. In this first experiment, made in January, 1824, not only were hollow projectiles of the weight of 55 pounds thrown as far as the shot from the heaviest guns, but with the weak charge of 10 pounds of powder, a bomb-cannon carried a solid shot, weighing 80 pounds, 1930 toises (4113 English yards).

Then, in order that the effect of shells fired in this manner might be correctly ascertained, the new piece of ordnance was mounted in a careening-lighter, which was brought abreast of an old hulk, formerly an 80-gun ship, moored in the road of Brest. All necessary precautions having been taken against her being burnt or sunk, (neither the one nor the other being intended,) twelve rounds from the bomb-cannon were fired at this ship, and, at the distance of 300 toises, not one shell out of the twelve failed to strike the object.

"The effects produced were tremendous; the first shell struck the ship above the water-line, making a hole of eight inches in diameter in the side, through timber twenty-eight inches in thickness, then, in bursting, forced its way through the orlop-deck, doing considerable damage, and spreading an insufferable smoke; another carried away a great portion of the main-mast, together with an iron hoop weighing 130 pounds; a third carried away a large knee of great strength and thickness, and afterwards knocked down upwards of forty stuffed figures, dressed and placed to represent men stationed at the guns; a fourth struck her in the quarter, making an uncommonly large aperture, which, had it been lower, would have endangered her sinking. It having been remarked that the shells always went through the ship's sides, the charge of the piece was successively reduced to four pounds of powder, and still at the distance of 400 French toises, a shell lodged in the timber between two ports, there burst, carrying away the ribs, planks and thick-stuff, and made a breach several feet wide every way, driving before it two weighty iron clamps, and knocking down twenty figures representing men. The last shell, with the same weak charge, struck the side of a port, and carrying away an iron knee on the opposite side of the ship, there burst, doing considerable damage of a fearful description."

In consequence of this experiment, the Commission, composed of the superior officers of the different departments of the Navy and of the Artillery at Brest, addressed to the Minister of Marine a Report, in which they state "that the weapon offered is of a nature to produce a prodigious effect, which may insure victory to the nation that shall first make use thereof, and may lead to a great change in the naval forces," &c. The Report then states, that after a careful examination of the effect so produced, and after mature deliberation, the Commission has formed the following opinion:—

"M. Paixhans proposed, 1. To throw shells at the same angle that common guns throw shot: it is evident that he has solved the problem, and completely succeeded. 2. To produce a great effect withinboard of the ships which his shells strike: it is also evident that the effect produced was terrible, and such that we think, one or two shells of this kind, bursting in a battery or gun-deck, would there cause so much confusion as to render doubtful the further defence of the ship so struck. 3. To produce by its force, and its fragments, in the ship's timbers, if the explosion take place there, such havoc as, if it occur near the line of floatation, may expose the ship to be sunk: there cannot exist the smallest doubt in this respect, and it may easily be conceived from the effect of one of the shells, which, if it had struck a few feet lower, would certainly have produced irreparable mischief."

After a discussion of the advantages, the inconveniences, the objections, &c. the Report concludes thus:—

"After having examined whether it was possible to employ the Paixhans guns on board of ships of the line, and having decided in the affirmative, provided it was in small number, there remained to be examined what other use the navy might be able to make of these guns, and the Commission have unanimously ascertained: 1. That this weapon would be of prodigious effect in a coast battery, where the place is not deficient in the precautions to be taken; and no ship, whatever may be her force, if she was at 300, 400, or even 500 toises, could hold her ground against such a battery, and she would certainly be compelled to relinquish the attack, were she struck by some of these shells. 2. That it would be very advantageous to arm with this new artillery, either floating-batteries, rowing gun-boats, or steam-boats; and they think that for the defence of roadsteads, coasts, or the attack of ships becalmed or embayed, the success of this bomb-cannon would be infallible: therefore the Commission, to sum up, declare,

"1. *Unanimously*,—that the problem propounded by M. Paixhans has been solved in a satisfactory manner; that the weapon he has created is of terrible effect, and, after some corrections, may be served with as little difficulty as common guns.

"2. *By a majority of* 13 *against* 3,—that it may be adopted even on board of our ships of the line, but in small number, and in taking precautions, which must be the object of a special inquiry.

"3. *Unanimously*,—that it will be of incalculable utility in coast-batteries, floating-batteries, rowing or sailing gun-boats, steam-boats, steam-batteries, &c.

"*Signed by the Vice-Admiral commanding at Brest, and the other Members of the Commission.*"

"Brest, Jan. 1824."

The results obtained having been communicated to the Academy of Sciences, some of their principal members also made a Report, dated May 24, 1824, entirely approving the innovation proposed, and concluding in these words:—

"Your Commission is equally convinced that, by further experiments respecting the employment of this new piece on board of ships, it is possible, either by different arrangements of which its introduction is susceptible, or by modifications adopted even in the construction of the ships, to render this piece of ordnance of practical use, and without danger; the evident effects of which would be, to establish a sort of equilibrium between armed vessels of different strength and of different rates—a result entirely to the advantage of the power that has fewer large men-of-war and most population, and consequently to the advantage of France over England.

"*Signed by several Members of the Academy of Sciences.*"

In order to decide on the best manner of following up this experiment, the Consultative Committee of the Navy, increased on this occasion by several members, was charged to investigate the matter; to answer a series of eight questions put by the Minister of Marine; and to propose the measures to be taken.

In consequence, orders were given, to repeat the experiments on a much larger scale; to place the new piece at different distances and in different circumstances; to cause it to be fired comparatively with a certain number of the best pieces of ordnance in use; to give to the latter hollow projectiles; and even for the common guns, one of the improvements which had been tried with success on the bomb-cannon, was adopted, that is, their windage was reduced, by which reduction their range was increased, with a diminished charge of powder.* The ranges of the different guns, both with solid and hollow projectiles, and with different charges of powder, as well as the angles of elevation, are stated in tables. The mean general result was, that the 80-pounder, with a charge proportionably less, threw its solid shot sometimes farther, and generally nearly as far, as the 36-pounder; and it is deserving of notice, that the ranges from the bomb-

* This was one of the important deductions of the late estimable Dr. Hutton, from the experiments he made with the Balistic pendulum, at Woolwich, in 1783, and many succeeding years. M. Paixhans recommends that the windage of the common French ship-guns, 36, 18 and 24-pounders, should be reduced, it having been found, on trial, to answer effectually.

cannon with hollow-projectiles (0·707 of the weight of the metal) were almost equal to those with solid shot. It is also worthy of remark,

"1. That, at the first experiments in 1823-4, the 80-pounder bomb-cannon, loaded with 10 pounds of powder, and fired at the very low angle of 2½ degrees, carried *two shells* at a time, weighing together (with their wood bottoms) 123 pounds, to the distance of 920 toises (1960 English yards).

"2. The same gun, charged with 17 pounds 11 ounces of powder, (one-third of the weight of the projectile,) and fired at the angle of 37½ degrees, carried its *shell* a (French) league, 2090 toises, (upwards of 2½ English miles.)

"3. In short, this gun, charged with 10 pounds of powder, (one-eighth only of the weight of the projectile,) and fired at the angle of 17 degrees, threw its *solid shot* of 80 pounds, 1930 toises (4113 English yards); a dynamic effect particularly remarkable.

"The solidity of the gun was again put to the test at the succeeding experiments in 1824, by firing quick three rounds with two solid shot weighing together 160 lbs., with the very strong charge of twenty pounds of powder, and three rounds likewise with two solid shot, with the still stronger charge of twenty-six pounds. These trials, though severe for ordnance intended for firing projectiles with the charge of from six to ten pounds, however, produced no sort of injury, and the chase being subjected to the water-proof, &c. was found as smooth as the best polished glass. To produce the greatest effects, the charge of eight or ten pounds was quite sufficient; and, for short distances, it may be reduced to four or six. The pieces were worked by common artillery-men, without any particular training, and the time required for each round was four, five, or six minutes—the same as for the 36-pounder. To obviate the difficulty of loading the piece with such heavy projectiles, a small tackle was suspended above the port, by means of which they were introduced without difficulty. The recoil was so moderate, that some of the members of the commission proposed to fix the gun for firing on the *non-recoil* principle. The weight of the French 80-pounder bomb-cannon (which throws a solid shot weighing ninety English pounds) is to be about 72 cwt."

Having mentioned these particulars to show the properties of these new guns, in firing both hollow and solid projectiles, we shall now add that farther experiments were made at Brest in September and October, 1824, directed by a second Commission, composed of entirely different members from the first. Their Report fully confirmed, in every particular, the facts ascertained by that of the first Commission, with regard to the effect of the large shells; *four* smaller ones fired from 36 and 24-pounders not having been found to produce so much damage as *one* of the 8-inch shells, fired, with a reduced charge, from the bomb-cannon. At the distance of 500 or 600 toises, one of these knocked two

ports of the hulk into one; another made a large hole, upwards of three feet square, pretty near the water-line; by the explosion of a third, a beam of the upper-deck was broken, and the planks thereof blown up; while, in spite of every precaution, the ship was set on fire, and but for the most prompt application of the means provided against such an accident, she would have been burnt.

The opinion of the Commission with respect to the propriety of admitting on board of line-of-battle ships bomb-cannon for firing both shells and shot, is thus expressed:—

"The Commission, considering the danger and embarrassment of employing at one time too great a number of loaded projectiles, are of opinion, that a ship's battery ought not to be entirely so armed; but they think, almost unanimously, that two or four of these guns might be placed on the lower gun-deck, with the precaution of having a store-room on purpose for stowing the shells. Moreover, they are of opinion, that it would be proper, before the use of this weapon is adopted on board of ships of the line, to make a trial of it at sea, and they, therefore, recommend experiments adapted to all circumstances, &c.

"As for the employment of bomb-cannon in other vessels besides ships of the line, as well as on the coast, &c. the Commission unanimously acknowledge that this weapon would be of wonderful effect in coast-batteries; that no ship, whatever might be her force, were she at the distance of from 300 to 600 toises, would be able to withstand such a battery; that it would be very advantageous to arm with this new artillery, floating-batteries, rowing or sailing gun-boats, or steam-boats, and the members are of opinion that, for the defence of roadsteads, of coasts, or for the attack of ships becalmed or embayed, the success of bomb-cannon would be infallible."

"*Signed by Rear-Admiral Bergeret, President, and the other Members of the Commission.*"

It appears, therefore, from what has been here stated, that two distinct Commissions, composed of highly distinguished officers, as well as the French Academy of Sciences, have, in their several Reports, expressed a decided opinion in favour of M. Paixhans's bomb-cannon, and of the propriety of admitting them, in small number, on board of ships of the line; and they have recommended experiments, adapted to all circumstances to be made with them at sea. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,*" says the old French adage; and in the course of the four years which have elapsed since these Reports were made, it cannot be doubted that active measures have subsequently been pursued.

In proof of other decisive steps to which the new system proposed by M. Paixhans has led, the eighth and last question addressed (after the first experiments) in 1824, by the Minister of

the Marine to the Consultative Committee of the Navy at Brest, is more particularly deserving of attention:—

"*In short, how far, and by what means, will it be possible to act, so that the French navy may, at least for some time, exclusively enjoy the advantages presented by bomb-cannon?*"

The answer of the Committee does not appear on the face of the record, but it may be inferred from the following answer, subjoined to the question, by M. Paixhans:—

"The priority of use may be obtained by preparing during peace, to act vigorously from the very first breaking-out of war, and as this kind of advantage belongs less to him who is first acquainted with a new means than to him who first knows how to employ it well, it behoves us to be well trained before-hand to bomb-cannon."

This may be considered as a fair warning. Fore-warned,—fore-armed. Let us not again commit an error which had much better be avoided than repeated, namely, to hold our rivals or foes too cheap. Under all circumstances, it is to be hoped that, while the spirit of Nelson animates the manly hearts that glow with the recollection of his heroic example, prudence may whisper in the ear of those who "rule the roast," *circumspicite et vigilate.*

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## Art. VII.—*Le Voyage de Grèce: Poeme.* Par M. Pierre Lebrun. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

Beyond the great poetical question,—classic or romantic? which at this moment shakes France to its centre, and which, indeed, relates less to the spirit than to the *matériel* of poetry, there are no remarkable divisions among the *genus irritabile* of that nation. The French have no modern schools of poetry where new theories and practices are promulgated—no dogmatists who raise the standard of another faith, and cry, "wo! wo!" against every former one—no critics who, on drawing the pen upon an author, inquire

"Under *which* king, Bezonian, speak or die?"

This is fortunate for the poets; but perhaps not so fortunate for poetry. There are, it is true, none of the "*bella, horrida bella*" which in England rage continually among the lake school, the satanic school, the cockney school, and half-a-dozen other schools, to the unspeakable derangement of the bilious system of many respectable individuals; but there is also, and on that very account, much less chance than with us of arriving at a reasonable perfection in the art divine. Truth, the logicians say, is elicited from the collision of errors; and in England, we may hope that in process of time a poet may arise, uniting in his own person the better parts of the genius of the Byrons, the Wordsworths, the

Crabbes, and the tea-and-muffin poets of the present day. Here, in the midst of a vast mass of dullness and conceit, we are often startled into admiration by a burst of true genius; while in France, at the period in which we write, they are perfectly well satisfied with a peaceable mediocrity. But, to be convinced that we do not use the term mediocrity, which is really a very respectful word, in any insulting sense, it is only necessary to turn to the volume before us.

M. Lebrun visited Greece at the most interesting epoch of her modern history, the period of her first thoroughly awaking from the sleep of ages, to identify herself with that wonderful land which, lost to the present realities of the world, existed only as a dream and a shadow in the minds of men. He embarked for Athens in a Hydriote corvette, bearing a "name of power," Themistocles. On her deck, he first heard, breaking the stillness of the night, the song of Rhigas, the Marseillese hymn of the modern Greeks: a light appeared rising at the moment in the distant horizon:

> "It was the break of day; another morn
> Rose from the bosom of the waves, and brought
> The land with her—What azure speck is born
> On that far verge, to gem the golden spot?
> "C'est elle. Là voilà! C'est la terre sacrée—
> La patrie! et leur chant remontait dans les airs."

He travelled in Greece; his footsteps were printed in the "sacred ground;" he was witness to her wrongs and her tears, her beauty and her despair. On his return the scene was changed. Her tears were not wiped, but scorched away; her long despair was turned into rage; the Themistocles, which had borne him to her shores, was sweeping the Archipelago at the head of a warlike fleet; and her captain, his quondam host of the sea, he recognized in the hero Tombasis. Who would not have written a poem on an excursion like this? The man whose muse could have been silent, deserves to be denounced in terms as bitter as he "who hath no music in his soul." M. Lebrun was not so felonious a character; he sat down and produced a poem upon his travels, pervaded by a beautiful enthusiasm, which, if not poetry itself, is, at least, so near akin to it, that it is the easiest thing in the world to mistake the one for the other. It is not an epic poem, however, which he has written on the revolution of Greece, nor merely a poetical account of his travels, nor a lyrical effusion on the charms of the classic land, and the moral signs of the times. Public actions, he informs us, in the preface, were confounded in his mind with personal recollections, and the scenic beauty of places with the deeds done in them; and it was his intention to

embody the whole in a series of poems, which, in the aggregate, should be neither wholly travels, nor history, nor poetry, but partake at once of all three. Thus, he adds, Le Voyage de Grèce "mingles with the lyrical, which distinguishes it more peculiarly, the dramatic and narrative." Now, these, in our opinion, are precisely the ingredients requisite in a finished poem—the ode, the epopée, and the drama in one!—and if in the recipe the ingredients could only be inserted in proportions adapted to the case, or subject, the Iliad and the Paradise Lost might tremble on their shelves. But we are not disposed to represent this declaration (against the general meaning of the context) as a symptom of vanity; but, on the contrary, to receive it as an apology for the faults, which are as conspicuous as the beauties of the poem. The flight is not sustained—the poet occasionally becomes the historian, and the historian sinks into the garrulous traveller; but there are many passages notwithstanding of extreme beauty. These passages, it is hardly necessary to remark at the present day, do not belong to the higher departments of poetry; they are addressed rather to the senses than to the mind; they are, in short, the fashionable poetry of the year 1828. To analyse a work like this, would be to count ideas as much as to chronicle occurrences—in fact, to translate it. The poem is made up of detached pictures; and there is just the same sort of unity in the plot as in that of a common book of travels, which begins with the sallying forth of the adventurer, and ends with his safe return. We venture to copy a picture of Constantinople as seen from the Bosphorus, which, in the original, gives a good idea of the powers of the literary artist. The reader will perceive that it is only an outside view.*

"Queen of the Morn! Sultana of the East!
City of wonders, on whose sparkling breast,
Fair, slight, and tall, a thousand palaces
Fling their gay shadows over golden seas!
Where towers and domes bestud the gorgeous land,
And countless masts, a mimic forest stand;
Where cypress shades the minaret's snowy hue,
And gleams of gold dissolve in skies of blue,

* "Avez-vous vu la reine de l'aurore?
La cité merveilleuse, épouse des sultans,
Dont les palais légers, fragiles, éclatants,
D'un triple amphithéâtre enchantent le Bosphore?
Connaissez-vous ses tours, ses dômes, ses forêts
De mâts, de cyprès noirs et de blancs minarets,
Où l'or, dans un ciel bleu, jour et nuit étincelle?
Des arts de l'Orient la fille la plus belle?
Du dernier Constantin cette veuve infidèle?

Daughter of Eastern art, the most divine—
Lovely, yet faithless bride of Constantine—
Fair Istamboul, whose tranquil mirror flings
Back with delight thy thousand colourings,
And who no equal in the world dost know,
Save thy own image pictured thus below!

Dazzled, amazed, our eyes half-blinded, fail,
While sweeps the phantasm past our gliding sail—
Like as in festive scene, some sudden light
Rises in clouds of stars upon the night.

Struck by a splendour never seen before,
Drunk with the perfumes wafted from the shore,
Approaching near these peopled groves, we deem
That from enchantment rose the gorgeous dream,
Day without voice, and motion without sound,
Silently beautiful! The haunted ground
Is paved with roofs beyond the bounds of sight,
Countless, and coloured, wrapped in golden light.
'Mid groves of cypress, measureless and vast,
In thousand forms of circles—crescents—cast,

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Cette Istamboul enfin, dont le miroir des mers
Répète avec amour le ravissant rivage,
Qui se plaît à s'y voir, et dans tout l'univers
N'a d'égale que son image?

" De son premier aspect tout votre œil s'éblouit,
Frappé, quand elle accourt au-devant de vos voiles,
Comme, au sein d'une fête, alors que dans la nuit
Quelque feu jaillissant au ciel épanouit
Son bouquet éclatant d'étoiles.

" Ah! que de sa splendeur l'Européen séduit,
Enivré des parfums dont la rive est chargée,
S'étonne, en approchant de la ville ombragée,
Où par enchantement tout lui semble produit,
Où le jour est sans voix, le mouvement sans bruit!
Qu'il regarde surpris, quand, d'un léger caïque,
Il voit, sur trois penchants, de lumière dorés
Et d'innombrables toits couverts et colorés,
Se peindre le tableau de la cité magique;
Venir et près de lui passer de toutes parts
Ces cyprès, vastes bois, d'où, sans borne aux regards,
En globes, en croissants, en flèches, l'or s'élance,
Et renvoie au soleil les rayons qu'il lui lance;
Ces marveilleux jardins, ces dômes, ces bazars;
Ces sérails, ces harems, solitudes peuplées
Où règnent à genoux des idoles voilées;
Ces transparents séjours aux grilles de roseaux
Qui laissent voir des fleurs, des orangers, des eaux,
Des yeux noir et brillants . . . Mais la terreur glacée,
Sentinelle invisible assise aux portes d'or,
De l'enceinte, où plongeait l'œil ignorant encor,
Repousse les regards et même la pensée."—p. 71—73.

Gold glitters, spangling all the wide extent,
And flashes back to heaven the rays it sent.
Gardens and domes, bazaars begem the woods;
Seraglios, harems—peopled solitudes,
Where the veil'd idol kneels; and vistas through
Barr'd lattices, that give the enamoured view,
Flowers, orange-trees, and waters sparkling near,
And black and lovely eyes.—Alas, that Fear,
At those heaven-gates, dark sentinel should stand,
To scare even Fancy from her promised land!"

The bazaar of Smyrna is still better drawn, and in addition to the breadth and variety of colouring which attract the admiration of vulgar observers, exhibits some of the finer touches of art which win the approbation of connoisseurs. There are many points in the character and customs of the modern Greeks peculiarly well adapted for poetical purposes, and of these M. Lebrun has not failed to avail himself. The image of the Virgin, for instance, the Greek Madonna, placed in the vessels of the Archipelago, before which a lamp burns all night, comes in with a kind of hushing effect in the description of an evening voyage. At the time of the *Ave Maria*, a vase of incense is lighted, and laid for a moment before this image of the "All Holy;" it is then taken below, and the interior of the vessel consecrated by the perfume; and it is finally handed to the captain and each of the sailors, who touch the incense with their finger, and make the sign of the cross on their face. More than a third of the volume is filled with notes, written in a lively agreeable manner, and serving to detail such particulars of the journey as could not be gracefully introduced even within the ample limits of a "lyrical, narrative, and dramatic poem."

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**Art. VIII.—*Obras Dramaticas y Liricas de* D. Leandro Fernandez de Moratin; unica edicion reconocida por el Autor. 3 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1825.**

Few lovers of the drama, fewer still who are acquainted with the former prosperity of that branch of literature in Spain, can contemplate the present condition of the stage in that country without interest;—an interest arising in no small degree from the *novelty* of the subject, of which very little is known out of the Peninsula, and scarcely anything in England. It has, indeed, occupied the attention of a few German and French critics, but what they have written concerning it is in the highest sense of the words meagre and unsatisfactory: with regard to the latter, in particular, not only were they but imperfectly acquainted with

the Spanish dramatists, ancient and modern, but they applied to the examination of the subject principles which, in this country, would be deemed inapplicable to all dramatic compositions, and especially to those in question. Nor is more dependence to be placed on the Spanish critics themselves, whose decisions ought to be received with the utmost caution,—whether they belong to the classical or the romantic sect. In the eyes of the former, the old Spanish drama is as barbarous as our own—abounding with the most monstrous perversions of taste, and fit to be represented only before the lowest of the vulgar: in those of the latter, (who, fortunately, still constitute the majority, and who care as little for the far-famed *preceptos* as the veriest idolators of Shakspeare,) it evinces the perfection of human genius. Unwilling as we are to speak with severity of our romantic brethren, we cannot but think the duties of criticism strangely fulfilled, when every real beauty in composition is extravagantly lauded, and every defect palliated or concealed. Whoever has been at the pains to read their heavy, formal, pedantic attempts in this way, will feel as little disposed as ourselves to regard them with deference. They appear to have arisen from their *siestas*, with heads but half-cleared from drowsiness,—to have seated themselves, with their usual gravity, at their meditated tasks, and to have resolved that they would support the literary honour of their country, with as much obstinacy as their chivalrous ancestors maintained its liberties and religion. This may seem harsh, yet from the just praise we shall often have occasion to bestow on Spanish genius, we shall not, we are sure, be suspected of the slightest prejudice against that once gallant and still estimable people. We shall be at all times ready to do ample justice to their literary merits, but we cannot join in the vehement admiration with which several writers, following the national critics, and, as we strongly suspect, without examining for themselves, have affected to regard it. If we admit (as we do most willingly) that not a few of the older dramatists might be proudly acknowledged by any country, we cannot restrain our indignant wonder when we hear, on this side the Peninsula, an echo of the absurd boast first raised by the national writers—that they are superior to those of any other people; nor do we hesitate to make the unqualified assertion, that Spain has not yet produced one able and impartial critic. Bold as this necessary censure may appear, it is susceptible of satisfactory explanation. Until very lately (and even now the case is not as we could wish to see it,) the flow of her national literature has been altogether unenlivened by the accession of foreign streams, which vainly attempted to pass the Pyrenean barrier. Where there is no interchange of intellectual stores, where the current of

universal genius and knowledge does not perpetually mingle, and where there exists no acknowledged universal standard by which merit can be estimated, the consequence will be, that a low, imperfect, nay, often every way inadequate one will be erected in its place. Without this constant community of intercourse, it is impossible that the literature of any country can be otherwise than governed by an antiquated, bigoted, and pernicious spirit—a spirit originating in ignorance, and fostered by pride. Thus the poetry of Spain, with the exception of the early romances and songs, (which, as they were called forth by peculiar circumstances, involving deep feeling, and accompanied by an ardent imagination, are exceedingly interesting,), is not of a very high order. From a country where books alone, instead of nature, are studied, what indeed could be expected beyond frigid, unimpassioned, artificial combinations of worn-out images? This is strikingly true with respect to the lyric, pastoral, and didactic poetry, (epic there is none; for we are not among those who consider the Araucana as belonging to that class,) and though in a less, still in no small degree, to the modern dramatic.

Rejecting the authority of the classic and romantic sectaries—of those who unduly depreciate, or extravagantly praise—be they natives or foreigners, we consider the Spanish drama as worthy of serious attention from the general reader. It bears the impress of the national character: it forms a medium through which that character must be viewed. No country is more interesting than Spain, at whatever period she is contemplated—no other perhaps has, in like manner, received and retained so deep an impression from external causes—an impression at all times conspicuous in her genius, habits, and institutions. The Roman pomp, the Gothic fierceness, the Arabian fire, have not vainly swept over her plains: they have left indelible burning traces behind them in the moral condition of her children: they have in no small degree contributed to render the Spaniard what he is—a being, whose thoughts, manners, principles, are for the most part distinct from those of every other European nation. To ascertain how far this external influence has extended, and to develope its progress in the formation of the national literature, would be a noble attempt, but this is not the place for it, and if it were, we should distrust our ability to make it with success. Assuredly, this influence is as conspicuous in the drama as in any other branch of Spanish literature, the old romances and songs only excepted; and we are confident, that to every philosophic reader, it will be more evident from his own observation than from any illustrations we could give. We may remark, however, that so decidedly national is the Spaniard—so different are his intellectual habits from those

of other men, (a peculiarity attributable not certainly to nature, but to education and habit,) that his best literary productions require considerable modification before they can be fully relished by foreigners. However interesting to the philosopher this nationality may be, to most readers it will be far otherwise. Hence the most deservedly popular Spanish authors have rarely obtained an European celebrity: they may indeed be praised, but they are seldom read—much seldomer than they deserve. We have met with many who, in their passionate admiration of the old dramatists, elevated Lope de Vega, Calderon, Montalvan, Moreto, Rojas, Solis, Zamora, Molino, Alarcon, Cubillo, above those of every other country, and contended that Shakspeare is the only name of greater splendour in the annals of dramatic composition; but when required to point out the particular qualities for which those celebrated authors were so highly distinguished, they have rarely been able to give a satisfactory reply. All liked to be general in their commendations, almost all were silenced when required to descend to particulars.

From these general observations, we approach the subject of Spanish Comedy, to which they have been intended as introductory.

The usual definitions of comedy in other countries do not apply to that existing in Spain. In the latter case it is a generic term, applicable to all dramatic compositions of which the catastrophe is not tragical. A Spanish comedy of the old school defies all definition. It has been called, and not without justice, *an historical novel;* for its incidents are as numerous, its plot as complex, as those of almost any fictitious tale. (Perhaps a more unexceptionable designation would be, *a novel in dialogue.*) It has been compared with our English comedy, and much acuteness has been employed to show the close relation between the stages of the two countries. But though there are some points in which they agree, there are more in which they differ. Like ours, that of Spain is not indebted to any other nation; like ours, it is regardless of the nice rules which a narrow and an unnatural taste has introduced, often combining the tragic with the ludicrous; while its personages are indiscriminately either high or low; and like ours, it can boast of a resemblance to nature, a fertility of fancy, and a vigour of expression, unrivalled among other people. But here the resemblance ends. As pictures of manners, the Spanish dramas are decidedly inferior; unlike ours, their characters, as we shall presently show, have no individuality; unlike ours, they contain little that deserves the name of wit, and still less can they boast of that biting yet humorous sarcasm—that keen yet agreeable satire, which gives such a stimulating

relish to theatrical representations; unlike ours, their plots are *generally* defective—often very confused from their complexity: and of course devoid of that close connection resulting from unity of design—from the natural unfolding of events, of which all ought to be subservient to one common purpose.

Almost coeval with the existence of the Spanish stage, is the distinction between the *eruditos* and the *moralists*, who were something like the classic and romantic sectaries of the present day. The former were imitators, or rather translators, of the ancient Greek and Latin dramas; the latter rejected the rules as well as the personages of heathen antiquity, and introduced the historic persons of their own country into their pieces. The names of these parties have indeed disappeared; but the parties themselves, however their principles may have been modified, have never ceased to exist,—scarcely ever to struggle for the victory. Generally insignificant in point of numbers, and deplorably deficient both in imagination and knowledge of the human heart, the disciples of the classical school have nevertheless, from their unanimity, and the example of Italy and France, made a stouter resistance than might have been expected from the weakness of their cause; those of the romantic, with a detestable taste, yet imaginative and vigorous, confiding in their numerical strength, in the splendour of ancient recollections, and above all, in the favour of the great body of their countrymen, have, until a recent period, treated their opponents with silent contempt, and persevered in their popular career. All, however, have not imitated this dignified conduct; some, like Huerta, have resorted to the most bitter invectives, and represented the enemies of the generally received dramatic canons as enemies also of their country,—as Frenchmen, and undeserving the honoured name of Castilians. It is the nature of animated and long-continued opposition, to make the contending parties remove farther and farther from the standard originally acknowledged by both, until each occupies the extreme most distant from the other. Thus the classicists, condemning with equal severity and justice the monstrosities of their opponents, early became the aggressors; they commenced a fierce attack on almost every dramatist of eminence from Lope de Vega to Cañizares; stigmatized as barbarians the most brilliant names in that glorious path; and, resolved to be in every thing unlike the objects of their hostility, they have begun to compose pieces which should, *in regularity*, outdo even those of the French. If one side is headed by a Huerta, the other acknowledges a Luzan. Within the last sixty years, the contest has raged with increased fury, and increased success has attended the latter.

It has been wittily said, that every Frenchman who has sucked

in Racine with his mother's milk, thinks himself as much a natural-born champion of the unities, as the successors of our Henry the Eighth considered themselves Defenders of the Faith. No sooner had the princes of the house of Bourbon ascended the Spanish throne, than they evinced their dislike to the national comedy, by patronizing only that of foreign growth: they laboured, and not unsuccessfully, to transplant the stinted exotic into the fertile soil of the country over which they were called to reign; they discountenanced every drama which was not composed *selon les règles*. But their influence was malignant, especially from the time of Charles the Third: it blighted the genius of the nation, so that not one great writer for the stage has appeared from that time to the present.

Belonging to this new, or properly, revived school, is the writer whose works we have placed at the head of this article. Not in Spain only, but in Italy and France, Moratin has long been regarded as the existing head of his party, as the ablest of its supporters. To the octavo edition of his works (the only one acknowledged by him) he has prefixed a brief, but, on the whole, an interesting introduction, which, as it contains both a short view of Spanish comedy since about the middle of last century, and a careful development of the principles acknowledged by all of the same class, we shall notice before we proceed any further. In refuting those principles, we shall best make known what are our own views of the art. We commence with the former portion of the subject. After alluding to the degraded condition of the Spanish stage towards the close of the last century, he continues:

"The authors who degraded it (the national theatre), repeated the extravagances of our ancient dramatists, but were unable to equal them in their excellences: the players purchased at a vile rate these despicable compositions, which the lowest of the vulgar applauded. The government moved not a step to correct the abuses of the stage,—to improve a department of literature which exercises so great an influence over social life and the improvement of manners."

Having mentioned two pieces of Montiano, *Virginia* and *Ataulfo*, (the former published in 1750, the latter in 1751,) he says,—"In them the laborious author confirms the well-known truth that a drama may be composed according to all the precepts of art, yet be unacceptable to the public; and that to attain perfection in this path, learning is of little avail unless accompanied by the true spirit of poetry." This concession respecting the inadequacy of the famous *preceptos* is the more welcome to us, from the zeal with which our author uniformly defends them. But for the attainment of dramatic excellence surely something more is required than either a knowledge of the

French (not Greek) rules, or the "true spirit of poetry." What that *something* is, we will not insult the reader's understanding by mentioning. In our opinion, the character here given of Montiano is not sufficiently strong. His tragedies are among the most stunted productions of the art, destitute alike of character, pathos and incident. He seems to have had a prophetic fear of their failure; for in a laboured introduction he is at great pains to vindicate the rash innovation he has made. For his arguments Montiano is indebted to Luzan, as the latter is to Lopez Pinciano; and to all three Moratin is under greater obligations in this respect than he chooses to own.

"Don *Nicolas* Fernandez de Moratin (the father of our author, Don *Leandro**), who is generally considered one of our best modern lyric poets, did not reach the eminence at which he aimed in his *Petimetra*. This piece, which appeared in 1762, wants comic force, as well as propriety and accuracy of style. By combining the defects of our ancient comedies with the strict regularity to which its author wished to reduce it, the result was a mongrel production, quite unfit for representation, if indeed it were ever designed for the stage. The two preceding authors were the first who dared to attempt the reform of our theatre by the composition of pieces, at once regular and confined to the legitimate objects; and though they fall short of the success to which they aspired, their diligence and zeal were worthy of all praise."

We acknowledge that in so far as these authors introduced a more rational taste, with a more simple and sober style,—in so far as they waged war against the affectations of *Gongorism*, and the puerile conceits of contemporary writers, they were "worthy of all praise;" but we have yet to learn what other benefits they conferred on the national drama. The comedy of the one is to the full as unsatisfactory as the tragedies of the other; the former has all the defects of the latter, and is, if possible, still tamer. Both would have exercised a more mischievous influence

* Of Don Leandro Moratin's life, whether private or public, we have not been able to learn much. He was born in Madrid soon after the middle of the last century, and he enjoyed as liberal an education as his country could afford. At an early period of life his talents attracted notice, and procured him substantial benefits. He is said to have held two ecclesiastical benefices of some value, though he appears never to have embraced holy orders. His desire of extending his knowledge of man, and of expanding his mind by new images, drew him to Italy, where he cultivated the national literature, and published some of his comedies. During the reign of Charles the Third he held a post equally honourable and lucrative (whether in addition to his benefices we are not told),—that of interpreter of languages to the secretary of state. Subsequently he was intimate with many most exalted for rank or talents. Among others, he frequented the society of the two Godoys, and was especially honoured by the Prince of the Peace, whom he celebrates as his Mecenas. When Joseph Buonaparte entered Spain, Moratin acceded to the new order of things, and was in consequence made royal librarian. On the restoration of the legitimate monarch, he, like many others who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the government, retired to France, in the capital of which he is still residing.

over that drama had their ability been at all commensurate with their zeal.

During the reign of Charles the Third, two noblemen acquired considerable reputation by their patronage of players and dramatists: these were the Marquis Grimaldi and Count Aranda, who encouraged such men as the elder Moratin, Cadalso, Ayala, and Huerta, to compose original pieces. These, however, were for the most part tragedies: comedy was scarcely attempted; probably that species of literature was for a season abandoned, in consequence of the numerous translations from the French.

"Don Ramon de la Cruz was at that time the only man of whom it could be said that he had any adequate notion of good comedy. He was chiefly occupied in the composition of *sainetes*, viz.—pieces in one act; and in these he substituted a correct and harmonious representation of modern manners in lieu of the slovenliness and vulgarity of our ancient interludes. But he lost sight of the moral purpose which should have prevailed over his little entertainments: he invested follies, and even vices, with such a colouring that they ceased to inspire aversion: to actions which virtue disapproves, and the laws condemn, he lent the most fascinating attractions. Besides, he was incapable of inventing a dramatic combination of sufficient dignity; he could not produce a well-sustained interest; he is deficient both in the connection and development of his plots. His figures never form a group disposed with art; but examined separately, almost all are imitated from nature with surprising fidelity. This quality, by no means a common one, united with a dialogue animated, humourous and easy, rather than correct, procured for his comic efforts the praise they so well deserved."

We cannot readily join even in this modified praise. We can assign to Ramon de la Cruz little more than the merit of facility; and facility in multiplying the grossest and most vulgar pieces to gratify a Spanish rabble, is surely no high commendation. Some idea may be formed of what the merit of such productions is likely to be, when it is known that in an incredibly short space of time he composed more than two hundred and forty. With a facility which approaches that of Lope de Vega, he has all the defects, without the other qualities of that extraordinary man. When such defects, as in the instance of Lope and our Shakspeare, are accompanied by splendid beauties, a redeeming glory is cast over the whole; but when, as in the case before us, the best portions scarcely reach mediocrity, we are at a loss to conceive how the representation could be tolerated, except by the description of persons for whom they appear to have been especially written.

After the retirement of the two noblemen we have mentioned, the Spanish stage, deprived of their powerful support, relapsed into a condition equally contemptible and melancholy; (unfortu-

nate is that country where literature depends on the support of any individuals, however exalted!) The provincial theatres, which had been permitted to open for a season, were shut by authority of the government; and the two in the metropolis were for the most part supplied with wretched translations from the French, or with originals still more wretched. Sometimes, indeed, the classical dramas of the nation were performed, for the gratification of the more enlightened orders; but by the great body of the people scarcely anything was relished but what was monstrous in design, or ridiculous in execution.

"The *Delincuente Honrado*, a tragi-comedy of Jovellanos, which was written in 1770, and long handed about in MS., was in considerable estimation. Although it falls far short of what comedy ought to be, it was admired for its expression of the affections, the purity of its language, and the excellence of its prose dialogue. It was subsequently printed, without the author's permission, at Barcelona, but not represented in the public theatres for a considerable time afterwards. In the same year, and in the eighteenth of his age, Don Tomas Iriarte, under the anagram of Don Tirso Imareta, published a comedy, which with good judges had little success, from its want of interest and character.

"In the city of Madrid, on the occasion of the public rejoicings for the birth of the twin Infants, and peace with England, in 1784, two dramas were represented, but both were forgotten almost as soon as they appeared. The *Menestrales*, a comedy by Trigueros, (a profound scholar, a walking polyglot, an antiquary, a political economist, a botanist, an orator, a poet, lyric, epic, didactic, tragic and comic,)—a work written *vetante Apolline, (a pesar de Apollo,)* obtained the loud praises of Iriarte, and the disapprobation of the public. The *Bodas de Camacho*, a pastoral Comedy of Melendez Valdes, abounds with excellent imitations of the great masters of the art, boasts of a mellifluous versification, and a diction purely Castilian; but it associates in a plot inanimately and even sluggishly conducted, persons, characters, and language, which can never exist together in the same piece without destroying the harmony of the whole. Thus the amorous ideas and affections of Basilio and Quiteria, the florid and elegant expressions which they are made to use, ill accord with the distempered ravings of the "Ingenious Knight,"—a figure exceedingly exaggerated and grotesque, to which madness only can give probability, and which always fails of success when any other pen than that of Benengeli ventures to repeat it. The warbling songsters of the grove, the flowers, zephyrs, and pastoral allusions which recall to our remembrance the descriptions of the golden age, harmonize sadly with the vulgar loquacity of Sancho, his stale proverbs and jests, his squire-like hunger, which raves at the sight of tempting dishes. Melendez endeavoured to combine in his drama the dialogues of the *Aminta* with those of *Don Quixote*, and could only produce a mongrel one, insupportable on the stage, and greatly inferior to what Tasso and Cervantes accomplished in their respective paths.

"It was not without considerable difficulty that the above-mentioned

Iriarte brought on the stage in 1788 his comedy of the *Señorito Mimado*, which drew forth the public applause by its moral tendency, by its plan and characters, as well as by its facility of versification, and purity of style. Perhaps, however, it deserved the censure of those who saw in it a deficiency in dramatic movement, in comic lightness, and humour; but these defects were amply redeemed by the beauties which rendered it a favourite both on the stage and in the closet. If we were called to point out the first original comedy represented in Spain, written in accordance with the most essential rules of philosophy and sound criticism, we should unhesitatingly name the *Señorito Mimado*."

*Non hic noster sermo;*—whoever is but slightly acquainted with the works of Iriarte, will not, unless he be as strong an advocate for the unities as Moratin himself, be disposed to join in the praise here given of that comedy. Of all the Spanish authors of the last century, none so closely imitated those of France, and none ever so closely resembled the objects of his imitation as Iriarte. Elegant in the highest sense of the word, but cold, lifeless, languid; of a taste exquisitely refined, yet incapable of seizing the true spirit of the comic muse; with a versification polished to fastidiousness, yet diffusive and uniformly feeble; careful to avoid every thing offensive to the ear, or revolting to the understanding, yet incapable of producing a single creation worthy of the name; with no diversity of interest, or animation of action to interest the spectators, and with no power of wit to amuse them; simple without dignity, and familiar without natural grace; conversant with books, but little with the world, and still less with the human heart,—what could be expected from him beyond artificial mechanism, useless glitter and lifeless polish?

"Don Leandro Fernandez de Moratin, who had, before the period in question, composed his comedy of *El Viejo y la Niña*, and who had struggled with the obstacles which, on every hand, delayed its appearance, conceived the difficult enterprize of banishing the inveterate vices that rendered our dramatic poetry exceedingly rude and extravagant. For this, learning and severity were not sufficient; frequent examples were wanted,—dramas written according to art: it was no longer permitted to temporize with the license of Lope, or with the intricacies of Calderon. Both had produced imitators without end, who, during two centuries, held the Spanish stage in the lowest state of corruption. A man of liberal education, and refined studies, would no longer be occupied in adding new authority to error: the evil called not for palliation, but for total destruction."

We shall soon see how far our author has succeeded in his bold design. Here, we cannot help expressing our surprize that in his account of the more prominent modern dramatists of his country, he has omitted several, whose names are highly esteemed in the Peninsula, and who are well known to him. We allude

more especially to Comella, Gorostiza, and Martinez de la Rosa. With respect to many others whom we could easily mention, (within the last half century, Spain has produced near a hundred writers for the stage, the greater portion of whom are comic,) we can readily imagine why he says not a word of them; he probably had no wish to draw out their names from the obscurity in which they rest; but that he should observe a silence so profound respecting the three we have here mentioned, is the more extraordinary when we consider that they are of the same school as himself,—that they have laboured as well as he in support of the unities, and of the other French *règles*. Perhaps the intimacy which exists between them (we understand that they are, or at least were, his friends,) may have rendered him averse to speak of them at all, as he could not conscientiously speak highly. We hazard this hypothesis from an unwillingness to suppose any less excusable motive. If, however, friendship has powerful claims, those of justice and truth are still more so; and we are sure that an author who is offended with an open, honourable, and a candid spirit of criticism as applied to his works, has more of self-love than of any other quality, and is not deserving of much indulgence. But if this consideration has shielded two of the trio,—to whom, in our opinion, little approbation could be awarded,—it could not justly operate with respect to Gorostiza, whose comedies, however deficient in purity of language, in facility and elegance of versification, and in good taste, are, in animation of dialogue, in traits of character, in genuine humour, and in the power of inspiring interest generally, far superior to those of Moratin, or of any other living dramatist of the country.

We have neither space nor inclination to advert to the other modern dramatic writers of the Peninsula.* Their productions abounding either in puerile affectation, glaring absurdities, and inexplicable confusion; or in dry, languid, fatiguing dialogue, without action or interest, according to the school to which the authors belonged, were written, performed, and forgotten, often in less time than could be sufficient to write a single act well. If their existence was so short in Spain,—if they failed to be acceptable to spectators and readers not over nice in such matters, we may reasonably assume that they would be much less so to the readers of the Foreign Quarterly. A sense of duty,—of the heavy responsibility resting on us in thus freely expressing ourselves on the subject we have selected, has caused us to pass days and weeks in the perusal of those authors; and truly can we say

* Of these the principal who followed Moratin are Cortes, Formin del Rey, Villaverde, Luis Moncin, Josef Concha, Robles, Valladares, Rodriguez de Ledesma, Zabala, and Solis.

that though we have been occasionally gratified by passages distinguished alike for brilliancy and truth, we have found them too few to compensate for our serious loss of time; they have resembled the oases in the desert, and have only refreshed our fainting spirits so far as to enable us to pursue our lonesome, cheerless, and plodding way through the wide-spreading wilderness.

Let us now examine the principles which regulate the modern comedy of Spain, and to which the disciples of the classical sect so triumphantly refer us. As we are aware how well some of the unities are known to the more critical portion of our readers, our notice of them must be brief. We should be glad to omit them altogether, but, considering their connection with the other principles we are about to discuss, and the effects which they have *already* produced, we should not think that omission justifiable in an inquiry of this nature.

Comedy is thus defined by Moratin:*

"An imitation by way of dialogue (either in prose or verse) between private persons, of an action which has happened in one place, and within a few hours: by means of which, and of the appropriate expression of passions and characters, the vices and follies of men are exposed to ridicule, and truth and virtue are in consequence recommended."

Lessing was the first (as far as we can remember) who, considering that prose is the universal language of nature, that in real life mankind never converse in measured numbers, contended, and with much appearance of justice, that no dramatic composition ever ought to be invested with the garb of poetry. A greater man, but not a greater critic, conceiving that the common language of life is not sufficiently elevated for the dignity of passion, and of the higher affairs of men, has since limited "the divine art" to tragedy alone, and with a zeal equalling that of his predecessor deprecated its introduction into comedy. With the former part of the subject we have at present nothing to do; but with respect to the latter, we express our hearty concurrence in the recorded opinion of both writers. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how the first comic writers should ever have dreamed of employing verse. However easy and familiar be the versified language of a comedy, it does not, to one whose taste is unfettered by ancient prejudice, cease for that reason to be unnatural. In relation to the Greeks, the accompaniment of music, and the nature of their flexible harmonious language, might render verse less unnatural, because less removed from prose than among us; and their ex-

* "Imitacion en dialogo (escrita en prosa o verso) de un suceso occurrido en un lugar, y en pocas horas, entre personas particulares; por medio del cual y de la oportuna expresion de afectos y caracteres, resultan puestos en ridiculo los vicios y errores comunes en la sociedad, y recomendadas, por consiguiente, la verdad y la virtud."

ample may have swayed the Romans in this as in many other things; but the moderns have no good reason to assign in justification of their preference. The pretence of harmony is a poor apology; for it proves that the ear is to be pleased rather than the understanding to be improved, or the heart affected. In whatever comedy verse is found, there can be little propriety of dialogue, and still less interest of action: it must depend for its favourable reception with the reader (in representation it will not long be tolerated) on other requisites than those which would fit it for the stage,—on the elegance of the language, the sweetness of the versification, and the melody of the numbers. But in proportion as it possesses these attributes, the farther will it be removed from the true nature of the drama: it may be admired and praised, but will seldom be read, and seldomer acted. We scarcely even consider the rhymed pieces of Molière, easy as is the verse, and little as the language varies from prose, as forming exceptions to the justice of our remarks. The Spanish indeed affords better reason for employing verse than any other modern language. There is no jingling of rhyme; the language is almost as familiar as that of ordinary life; the peculiarity of the measure,—the redondilla, and especially the octosyllabic romance, renders the language of poetry very like prose. Some of the national dramatists, even the most eminent, have indeed exhibited the absurdity of their taste in associating the spirit with the forms of poetry: Lope de Vega, Molino, and even Calderon, have put long and splendid soliloquies into the mouths of their personages,—sometimes into those of servants and peasants. Perhaps, however, this defect is more excusable in the old Spanish dramas, where the same piece is as much akin to tragedy as to comedy, and where, as we have seen, the latter term has a very different acceptation from that which obtains in other countries.

Few things are more absurd than the restricting the personages of the comic drama to any class of society, as Moratin does by the phrase *between private persons*. Neither tragedy nor comedy, in its legitimate sense, excludes either high or low. It is worth while to hear the reasons which are offered in support of the restriction:

"As the comic poet proposes for his object the instruction of the community, by displaying to the eye representations of what occurs in real life, that example may be called in to support the doctrine and maxims which he wishes to inculcate on the minds of spectators, he must refrain from all the extremes of sublimity, horror, wonder and vulgarity. Let him select, from the middle class of society, the design, the personages, characters, passions and style, by which he ought to express those maxims. Let him not usurp the great interests, the terrible emotions, the heroic fury of tragedy."

This is surely no reason for limiting the sphere of comedy: The vices and follies of the great,—we do not except the best-known personages of history—are as likely to amuse, as they are to instruct, and in a degree no way inferior to those of humbler men. In all, human nature is the same, however it may be modified by accidental circumstances; and to the highest class more than to the middle ranks, is society indebted for its prevailing tone. We hope that the absurdity of the contrary position stands in no need of exposure.

By "*imitation* of *an action*" Moratin evidently alludes to the first and greatest of the unities. Unity of action is indeed admitted by the disciples of both schools in dramatic criticism; and the only difference between them consists in the extent of its application. If nature only were consulted, or authority received only as it tended to confirm her laws, that difference would cease to exist. All agree that there must be simplicity of design,—that one indivisible action must be the soul of the piece,—must pervade and animate the whole. But as in human life (and to what other standard can the critic recur?) no action can exist without relation to others,—none which does not depend intimately on others, and serves as a link in the great chain of events, so the philosophic dramatist will exhibit the subordinate actions in relation to the principal one, provided the latter be made to occupy its natural and prominent position: it must not for a moment be lost to the view; it must be everywhere present,—the pivot on which the whole machinery turns, the end to which every thing must naturally and even necessarily tend. If then the drama be what it professes, an imitation of life, this association of the principal with the subsidiary actions is necessary to the perfection of the art: it imparts a varied richness to the piece: it presents us not with a detached, but with a comprehensive view of the whole: it enables us to take in the relations of causes and effects,—to contemplate the secret springs which are perpetually at work in the moral nature of man. Without this enlarged vision, and with but a small portion of the prospect before us, no other than an inadequate, nay often an erroneous idea of the landscape could possibly be formed. And as absurd would be the attempt to estimate the merit of a painting from one prominent figure in the group, as to judge of the relation which subsists between the theatrical and the real world, or of the influence which connects and governs the events of either, from one isolated and unbroken action. Nor can we admit that when more actions than one are at work, provided the subordinate ones are kept in their proper sphere, that either the attention is dissipated, or the interest weakened: we think on the contrary that they rivet the

one, and impart animation to the other. The spectator knows that they resemble little streams which, however they may appear to diverge from their course, are hastening with a constant current to join the principal receptacle. In short, these minor events are necessary to a full understanding of the plot, to which they impart greater probability; they render smooth what would be abrupt; they throw light over what would be obscure; they are the links which exhibit the concatenation of the chain, and present it unbroken to the beholder. But here we would not be misunderstood: we deprecate as sincerely as the warmest partizan of the other sect, the admission of more actions than are strictly necessary to afford us a perfect idea of the machinery of the piece,—of such as do not directly tend to the catastrophe. And we equally deprecate the assigning to such subordinate actions greater importance than they intrinsically possess, to the inevitable diminution of the leading interest.

"*Which has happened in one place and within a few hours.*"—We might here censure the want of precision in the phrase *which has happened;* fortunately the drama is not so restricted, nor its province so wretchedly narrow as this would indicate: its legitimate objects include not only what *has* happened, but what *might* have happened, though it probably never *did*, and never *may;* but we have no wish to cavil at what may be no more than a mere verbal inaccuracy. Nor do we intend to say much on the two remaining unities which have been so triumphantly assailed by late critics.

"It is amusing enough," says Schlegel, "to see the name of Aristotle borrowed to sanction the three unities, when the only one of which he speaks with any degree of fulness is the first,—that of *action*. With respect to the unity of *time*, he merely throws out an indefinite hint; and as to that of *place*, he does not even say a single syllable on the subject."

But not only is the alleged authority of the Stagyrite inconclusive, but the advocates of the two remaining unities are not even supported by the practice of the ancients. Events which would have required weeks to see fulfilled, were brought forward at a single representation; and the continuity of the pieces successively acted on the same occasion,—every piece requiring a different scene,—annihilates the petty restriction to place. That nature, if left to herself, affords no sanction to these artificial doctrines, is apparent from the early drama of almost every country. Omitting all mention of the ancients, France, Spain, Germany, England, and even India, have all shown how little they were influenced by such notions,—how much the common sense, and common experience of mankind are opposed to the restrictions.

How, indeed, could any head suppose that the events represented in three hours on the stage, might really have happened in the same place, and within the given time? Not only are persons who never should, and never could, approach each other, brought into the same place, but every event is made to happen at the opportune moment! Circumstances which must have required years to see matured, are made the growth of a single day: in a single day Nero, from a humane and even generous prince, is changed into a cruel, confirmed tyrant; and this, too, in spite of the maxim which all human experience has proved to be true,—*nemo repente turpissimus!* In a single day all the passions of our nature, even those which depend for their existence on a chain of circumstances that could not take place except at distant intervals, arise, attain their growth, and often decay! We would ask the most bigoted advocate for these unnatural precepts, if this be not fully as bad as what he has been taught to ridicule,—dramas in which the hero is born and attains to manhood. In this extreme case there may be some excuse; unity of action may at least be observed,—the only unity which nature enjoins, and the only one which has been recognised by the greatest names in the dramatic art. "But," says Moratin, "nothing is gained by citing the great poets who have abandoned them, (the unities,) since if they had been observed, their success would have been more brilliant." This we deny; on the contrary, had they adhered to those severe precepts, they might like himself have produced dramas which, consistent neither with nature nor reason, could have deserved little praise beyond what is due to a style exquisitely polished, and a dialogue strictly consonant with propriety.

"*The appropriate expression of passions and characters*" is indeed an excellence of the highest order; but we fear seldom to be found in the dramatic writers of Spain. But here a question arises. Is *passion* the legitimate object of *comedy?* Undoubtedly it is, as much so as of tragedy itself. Love and jealousy form no inconsiderable portion of most comic works, and to them the old Spanish writers have added *honour*, sensitive even to an imaginary touch, and *revenge*, unsatisfied with less than the blood of the victim. Yet the two latter are principles which seem more especially adapted to the sister art, and when carried to so fearful a height, improperly introduced into this species of composition. Admitting then that the passions belong equally to comedy and to tragedy, let us not forget that the manner of their operation must be very different; in the former they must be light, ludicrous, harmonious; in the latter serious, earnest, deep; in the one case their exhibition is merely to entertain, to amuse; in the other to affect deeply. Hence comic passion

differs from the tragic in its possessing less powerful interest; in its association with other qualities which counteract its operation; in not attempting to excite an undivided and unvaried attention; in being represented as the object of mirth rather than of sympathy.

With respect to *character* properly so called, the Spanish plays have still less. Their characters have *strength* indeed, but not *individuality*. In the national drama incident is every thing, and the personages are merely actors, nothing more. This want of character may be partly, if not chiefly, owing to the isolated and uneducated state of the people. Such an audience has little conception of the shades (often so nice as to be scarcely perceptible) which distinguish one man from another; and among them there can exist no relish for the higher beauties of the art. The ability for such delicate perception can be acquired only by long observation of human nature,—by a long familiarity with life in its various gradations. There are, indeed, *comedias de capa y espada*, which contain some grand delineations of individuals; and some happy hits at prevailing follies; such are *El Lindo Don Diego* of Moreto, and *Don Dieguito* of Gorostiza; but there is seldom any thing in these delineations to distinguish one individual of a species from another. Yet in real life, where are the two persons to be found who are in every respect the same? Two individuals may be equally vain, yet the vanity of both will not exhibit itself in the same manner; Alexander and Cæsar were both ambitious, yet their ambition was very diverse in its operation. The ruling vice or folly of any one, that which makes him belong to a certain class, will be greatly modified by habit and circumstance. All men partake of the same common nature, and all have consequently the same general resemblance; yet every one has something arising from accident (we use the term in its philosophical sense) which distinguishes him from every other of the species, and constitutes his individuality. This something, whatever it be, will not escape the philosophic dramatist: it will impart to his characters a life, and an interest, which as belonging merely to a class they could never possess. We have allowed to the characters of the Spanish drama *strength*, if we have denied them *individuality*,—a distinction which should never be lost sight of. In a country like Spain, where from its isolated condition old usages have so long subsisted, uninfluenced by foreign manners, and where consequently very striking peculiarities may be expected to exist, every man has something about him which makes an impression on the natives of other countries,—which gives him a national, but not an individual characteristic. In France the reverse of this is the case. In the highly polished circles of that kingdom,—a kingdom where fear of

ridicu e has made one man loth to be unlike another, and where the uniformity of habits, arising in some degree from an innate proneness to imitation, has rendered smooth the natural asperities of society, there is seldom anything so remarkable in an individual as to render him the object of peculiar attention: hence the characters of the national drama belong in an especial manner to classes.

"*The vices and follies of men are exposed to ridicule.*"—The warmest admirers of the Spanish stage have allowed that the Spanish people have little notion of what constitutes the ridiculous, and still less of that refined and delicate wit for which their neighbours the French are so eminently distinguished. Their very attempts to excite laughter are generally gross, often abandoned to servants, and the inferior personages of the drama: the high-born Castilian noble seems to consider an indulgence in it as below his dignity: he has, however, no objection to encourage it in those whom he considers his inferiors. We do not remember, in the whole range of the national comedy, a single piece which is remarkable for genuine humour; not one which is fit to be compared with even third-rate comic productions of France or England. Spanish wit is too formal, too stiff, too laboriously studied, to please a refined taste; nor need we wonder at the existence of this defect in the plays of a nation which is still fond of repeating the stale, and often puerile jokes of Quevedo. If the reader will be at the pains to contrast the witty sayings of the *gracioso*, or Spanish buffoon, with the inimitable vein of humour running through the dialogue of a French *valet* or *servante*, he will thence acquire a better notion of the immense distance between the vulgar attempts at merriment of the one, and the sly, chastised, yet piquant sallies of the other, than from any observations we could make. Spanish wit also consists often of puerile and far-fetched allusions, of which no mortal ingenuity could ever discover the point; and this is more especially the case in the modern comic writers. In the ancient school, it resembles a blunt, heavy instrument, which, when wielded by a muscular arm, may make a rude impression on the external surface; not that sharp, exquisitely polished, and tempered instrument, which penetrates deeply, and without any apparent effort.

The conclusion derived from the preceding proposition,—"*truth and virtue are in consequence recommended,*" is undeniably just. And well has Moratin observed his own precepts: we could not easily point out any dramatist of ancient or modern times, the tendency of whose works is so decidedly moral. This is, indeed, a consideration which many comic writers of genius have disregarded. Satisfied with tracing the mazes of the human heart to its most hidden recesses, with scattering the flowers of

fancy over the arid domain of life, or in depicting, with delicate but glowing tints, the shades of human character as influenced by circumstances, they have either considered the doctrine of retributive justice as belonging only to the pulpit, or they have inflicted on the mimic delinquent no other punishment than that arising from disappointed hopes, or from the scorn and ridicule of society. In this respect tragedy has far more of a moral influence; and as it is concerned with great disasters, often the effect of great crimes, so it inflicts a signal chastisement. But as the legitimate objects of comedy are follies, and the lighter vices, rather than crimes, there may be propriety in awarding no heavier chastisement than such as we have mentioned. Besides, there may be something too openly didactic in this path of the drama. If the end be moral instruction, it ought not to be visible: if virtue must be rewarded, and vice punished, let those results spring naturally and necessarily from the conduct of the plot; let them not be arbitrarily applied. The mischief is in the other extreme,—where profligacy bears away the recompense due to virtue. Yet this is not surely consonant with human experience; for even in this state, every vice has its appropriate punishment, if not from external causes, at least from remorse of conscience. In this respect, the Spanish stage is less exceptionable than those of France and England.

Such are the leading principles of the revived dramatic school of Spain. We have devoted more attention to them than we should have done, had we not beheld their increasing influence over so important a branch of the national literature; an influence which has been silently but rapidly making its way during more than half a century; and at the present day with greater rapidity than ever, owing to the increased frequency of intercourse between Spain and France. True it is, that the majority of Spaniards are strongly attached to their old dramatic writers; and we hope that when their desire of novelty has subsided, the innovation will disappear: its introduction has been shown to have produced melancholy effects. Even Moratin acknowledges that "if art be sufficient to avoid error, it cannot alone insure success," and he himself has exhibited a striking proof of the truth of the observation.

But whatever may have been the fatal tendency of the innovation just mentioned, we repeat our acknowledgment that the writers who introduced it have done good,—they have done much to banish from the stage the absurd, monstrous taste which reigned over it, and which, within the memory of many now alive, had increased to a disgusting degree.—Moratin is angry, and not

without reason, that his country should still be reproached with what has long been abandoned.

"When they (certain foreigners) speak of the Spanish theatre, they exaggerate its irregularity, the chivalrous spirit which governs it, its fantastic characters, its complicated plots, the impossible incidents of which the fable is composed; its pieces are written, say they, in a style oriental, dithyrambic, full of metaphors, double-meanings, and subtleties, redundant, inflated, obscure,—*ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.* Such are the colours in which they depict it; and, through their great ignorance, confounding the various eras, they have attributed, and they do still attribute, to living Spaniards the same depraved taste which reigned two centuries ago. They upbraid us with a decided attachment to the Autos Sacramentales, and with the pleasure which we take in the representation of religious mysteries, and they forget that during the last seventy years no such things have been performed in any of our public theatres. They refer to a comedy of *Sas Amara*, of which the action lasts two hundred years, and to an auto which concludes with *Ite missa est;* but they forget to add that there is no Spaniard nor foreigner now alive who has ever seen either represented."

In Spain, however, much remains to be done, not in the drama only, but in literature generally, before she can be allowed to rank with other modern nations. The sun of her literary glory has long been set,—we hope not for ever; but for a nation to turn round in her retrograde progress—to arrest her own swift descent from the pinnacle of fame to the very depths of oblivion, requires an effort far greater than is necessary in a barbarous people to emerge from the ignorance in which they have ever remained shrouded. Well does Moratin observe, that when Spain shall encourage liberal studies, when the stage shall attract the attention of the government, when the love of literature shall spread from the rewards and honours bestowed upon it, when knowledge shall cease to be a crime,—then, and not till then, will the reformation of the theatre be accomplished.

It is now high time to leave this subject: our remaining limited space must be directed to a necessarily brief notice of one drama at least of our author. Without such notice, though it is with us but a very secondary object on the present occasion, we could not so definitely convey to the reader the ideas which we have all along endeavoured to impress on him. In literature, as in morals, precept requires the aid of example; and we accordingly proceed to confirm by one or two extracts the view we have taken of the existing Spanish stage.

The comedies contained in this edition of Moratin are seven in number, five of which are original, the other two translations from Molière. There is also a translation of Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, of which we shall speak before we conclude.

The first of the original comedies, *El Viejo y la Niña*, which may be fitly rendered *January and May*, is beyond all comparison the most meagre piece ever intended for public representation. Whatever may be its excellencies in other respects, we find some difficulty in conceiving how a drama so sterile of incident, so destitute of character, so inanimate in action, should have been permitted to appear a second evening on the stage. A septuagenarian marries a girl in her teens, becomes naturally jealous, watches her closely, and employs a confidential servant to do the same: she bears all for a time with exemplary patience, but is brokenhearted at the misery she has brought on herself, and a favoured lover by so imprudent a step; and at length, unable to support the perpetual teazing of her husband, and her own wretchedness, she resolves on retiring to a cloister. This is the sum and substance of the whole.

The *Comedia Nueva* is intended to expose the state of the Spanish stage when he attempted to reform it. This is not a piece which would be interesting to any other reader but a professed critic: even in Spain, its interest has passed away:

"The circumstances of time and place," says the author, "on which this drama is so much founded, must inevitably weaken its effects with the public, since the originals it represents have either disappeared altogether, or undergone a great change."

The *Mogigata* (the Hypocrite) is, though equally didactic with the other comedies of our author, more amusing than the rest. It is the only one from which we could make any extracts likely to entertain the reader, and we are by no means sure that even these will greatly interest him. They will, however, enable him to form a tolerable conception of our author's manner. The design of the piece is to expose the pernicious effects which must ever result from an undue exercise of paternal severity, and to contrast them with those arising from a very different mode of treatment. Don Martin and Don Luis are two brothers, but in many respects perfect contrasts to each other. Each has a daughter, that of the former named Donna Clara, of the latter Donna Ines. The former, morose by nature, and rigidly severe in punishing the most trivial offences, had inspired his child with terror instead of love. Fearful of acknowledging the most venial fault, as it would infallibly call down a chastisement due only to serious acts of guilt, she had learned to conceal whatever was likely to displease him. As she was intended for the cloister, she was constrained to read books of devotion; and she pretended to be occupied in holy meditation even when her heart was most occupied with earthly, and often far from innocent affections. Hence, at an early period, she had become a consummate hypo-

crite. On the other hand, Ines had been treated with invariable kindness, and had been restrained from evil by reason rather than by severity. Accustomed to regard her father as her best friend, —as one who would show most indulgence towards her faults, and teach her best how to correct them, she evinced towards him a manner open, unaffected, and full of respectful tenderness. Hence there was as much diversity between the two cousins as between the parents.

The comedy, of which the scene is laid in the apartments of Don Luis's house, opens with a conversation between the two brothers. Don Martin praises the virtue and piety of his daughter, congratulates himself on the manner in which he has educated her, and maliciously contrasts her with Ines, whom he represents as spoiled by indulgence, and perhaps likely to bring sorrow, if not disgrace, on her father. On the other side Don Luis is at no pains to conceal his suspicion of the depravity of the young saint, nor his conviction that she has far other views than the seclusion of a convent. The discourse then turns on Don Claudio, who was then a guest with Don Luis, and who had been sent by his father for the purpose of gaining the affections of Ines. Both agree that he is a rake, and, what is little better, an ass. Don Luis has too much confidence in his daughter to apprehend her accepting such a lover, while Don Martin is persuaded that she has already bestowed her heart on him, and that all three are equally infatuated, and on the verge of disgrace. In scene the third we are introduced to the said Don Claudio, who, in a long dialogue with Perico his servant, laments his ill luck at play, and his absolute want of money. He declares his indifference for Ines, who he acknowledges is no less indifferent towards him, and his preference of her cousin. And when informed by Perico that the latter is to inherit great wealth from an aged and infirm relative, he resolves not only to dissuade her from becoming a nun, but if possible to obtain her hand. As may be expected, Clara is ready enough to listen to him; for his sake she discards another lover, whom, with the connivance of her maid, she had been accustomed to meet clandestinely. She seeks an interview with Claudio, and woos him intead of waiting to be wooed; yet such is her habit of canting about religion, that even with him she cannot refrain from it. While conversing in a darkened room, (in Spain most rooms are darkened during the *siesta*,) footsteps are heard to approach. Ines enters, and hearing a sound, she asks who is there. In his hurry to escape, the unlucky Claudio overturns a chair. The noise brings Don Martin, (the houses of the two brothers communicated with each other,) who, grumbling at being awakened, enters the room,

opens one of the windows, and is surprised to see his daughter, Ines, and Claudio. What follows sufficiently proves that Clara is well entitled to be called the *Mogigata*:—

*Don M.* What are you doing here, Don Claudio?

*Don Cl.* (*retiring.*) What harm am I doing?

*Don M.* A strange answer! And you, Ines?

*Ines.* I have this moment entered.

*Don M.* Well! And thou? (addressing his daughter.)

*Clara.* Just entered! I was busily reading Thomas-à-Kempis when the noise struck my ears, and I came to see what occasioned it.

*Don M.* We shall get the truth from you at last, Ines: who was here just now?

*Ines.* Don Claudio with my cousin,—I believe.

*Clara.* With me, Ines?

(*Enter Lucia, Clara's maid.*)

*Lucia.* What is the matter?

*Don M.* Nothing of any consequence; only my niece and that madcap Don Claudio. Pretty doings! And she has the impudence to throw the blame on her cousin, too!

*Clara.* Can you suppose that I—

*Ines.* I suppose nothing; I speak only what I have seen.

*Don M.* So then it was my daughter?

*Ines.* It may be so.

*Don M.* What assurance! (*he approaches Ines in great anger, but is held back by Clara.*)

*Clara.* Let her alone,—Ines, I thank you for this. It is well. I am very sinful, cousin, very sinful indeed. I do not excuse myself. Blame me as much as you please; I deserve all for my sins!

*Don M.* (*to Ines.*) And hast thou the heart to see this unmoved?

*Ines.* If I—

*Clara.* Nay, sir, be not angry: hear what she has to say for herself. I confess that I am a great sinner, that God has suffered this to try me, —believe what she says—at least, dear papa, forgive her! (*kneels down and weeps.*)

*Ines.* Can such wickedness be possible! Clara—

*Don M.* (*to Ines.*) Away! let me not look on such a wretch;—away, I say!

*Ines.* Mind—

*Don M.* Fly this instant from my presence! Impostor!—basilisk! (*taking his daughter by the hand.*) Rise, my dearest child! Nay, do not weep. I know thy virtue—thou art envied by all.

*Ines.* (*leaving the room.*) This is more than I can bear.

*Don M.* Well, go!—thy father shall know all,—mind that: he shall know all!

*Clara.* No, papa, no—

*Don M.* (*taking his daughter's hand.*) Let us go in, child:—he shall know all instantly!

*Clara.* Nay, sir!—

*Don M.* He shall know all, I say."

Though uneasy at the moment, Don Luis is not wanting in his good opinion of his daughter: he bears the triumphant insults of his brother, who now more than before exults over him. By sounding Lucia, however, he arrives at the truth; but he is too generous, or too hopeless of gaining belief, to expose the young devotee to her father. Again Clara seeks her lover, and urges him to hasten their union. After some hesitation, and listening to many upbraidings, he resolves to procure a marriage contract from a notary, which is to be signed by both, and which will render their separation impossible.

The third and last act opens with a scene between Clara and Perico, which exhibits pretty strongly her eagerness to secure a temporal in preference to a spiritual bridegroom. She presses Perico to have every thing prepared for her flight with her affianced husband the ensuing morning; and if money were wanting—

"*Per.* That it is indeed!—never was a purse more empty than master's.

*Clara.* I have some jewels, which may be pawned, and the money will defray all expenses. Once out of this hole, and released from the scum which surrounds me—(*Don Martin approaches the door: she, feigning not to have perceived him, continues with great composure, though in a somewhat varied tone.*) God knows how sorry I am that my opinion has not been followed; I wished to become a barefooted Carmelite, because the greater the austerity, the brighter the crown of glory. But my will is nothing; that of papa is my only duty.

*Per.* Who the deuce is coming?—What an arch jade is this! (*feigning also not to see Don Martin.*) And he is right!—a creature so delicate as you—

*Clara.* Such is the language with which our grand enemy deceives us. By representing the path of virtue as difficult and thorny, he turns our feet from true happiness.

*Don M.* (*entering.*) Come, come, child; I have told thee before that these extremes do not please me."

Then follow some other godly sayings from this sanctified prude; but we have neither space nor inclination for them.

As Don Luis is aware of the terms on which his niece stands with Claudio, he seeks an interview with her, and endeavours, in an earnest and affectionate manner, to obtain her confidence by offering to prevent her seclusion in a convent, and even by serving her in the important affair she has now in hand. But faithful to her system of hypocrisy, and as little disposed to trust as she feels worthy to be trusted, she acknowledges nothing, and replies to his questions only by pious ejaculations, and disgusting cant. He dismisses her with indignation and contempt. The marriage contract is signed by the two parties most interested, and measures are concerted for their flight. It soon turns

out that the avarice of Don Martin brings its own punishment. His object in compelling Clara to assume the veil, was not so much her soul's benefit, as to enjoy the property which would fall to her portion. His rage and mortification know no bounds when he hears that to his niece Ines that property has been bequeathed. The marriage contract is soon divulged: the fury of the unfortunate father, on learning the systematic deceit practised on him by the daughter—the despair of the betrothed couple on seeing themselves without hope of future support—and the noble conduct of Ines, who, to procure a reconciliation between the father and the guilty child, assigns the latter one half of her new annual income—are described with considerable effect.

Had not Moratin absurdly restricted himself within the narrow and unnatural bounds which must cramp the noblest efforts of genius, he might have rendered this comedy highly interesting. He is not without certain powers: if his conceptions are not vigorous, they are natural and appropriate; and if his characters want individuality, and even strength, they are drawn for the most part in strict conformity to truth, and are therefore always pleasing. He is sometimes even pathetic, (a quality, however, not essential to comedy,) and he has some good attempts at humour, though it often degenerates into farce. His sentiments are excellent, often elevated, and the tendency of his pieces, as we have before observed, is moral in the extreme. On the whole, though his example is likely to prove injurious to his country's drama, he is unquestionably a benefactor to its poetic literature. His versification is more elegant than that of any other author we have seen, with the single exception of Iriarte; and his purity of Castilian diction is beyond all praise. If he has circumscribed the legitimate path of comedy, he has cleared it of all the rubbish with which ignorance had filled it.

We have no space to devote to his two remaining comedies, *El Baron*, and *El Si de las Niñas*. Though both have enjoyed a considerable share of popularity, they would not be very acceptable to the English reader: they exhibit the same faults and beauties as the one we have analyzed. We cannot dismiss our author without adverting, as we promised, to his translation of *Hamlet*, —a translation which we esteem a curiosity, and which has afforded us no slight amusement. We are at a loss to conceive why it is executed in *prose*, and the more so, as the translator himself gives the preference to verse even in comedy. If such be the homely, undignified garb which our immortal bard is made to wear in the presence of all who cannot behold him in his native costume, we do not wonder that he is so little esteemed on the continent. Not only are his most magnificent beauties

either entirely lost, or so disguised that they cannot be recognised, but the spirit which animated him is fled, and nothing remains but a lifeless, mutilated trunk. The magician is there, but his wand is broken. To a reader acquainted with the language, it will be sufficient to give the following specimen of the manner in which the task has been accomplished. It is the celebrated soliloquy beginning, *To be*, &c.

"Existir ó no existir; esta es la cuestion. Cual es mas digna accion del animo, sufrir los tiros penetrantes de la fortuna injusta, ù oponer *los brazos* (!) á este torrente de calamidades, y darlas fin con atrevida resistencia? Morir es dormir. No mas? Y por un sueño, diremos, las afflicciones se acabaron y los dolores sin numero; patrimonia de nuestra debil naturaleza?—Este es un termino que debemos solicitar con ansia. Morir es dormir,—y tal vez soñar. Si, y ved aqui el grande obstaculo: porque el considerar qué sueños podran ocurrir en el silencio del sepulcro, cuando hayamos abandonado este despojo mortal, es razon harto poderosa para detenernos. Esta es la consideracion que hace nuestra infelicidad tan larga. Quien, si este no fuese, aguantaria la lentitud de los tribunales, la insolencia de los empleados, las tropelias que recibe pacifico el merito de los hombres mas indignos, las angustias de un mal pagado amor, las injurias y quebrantos de la edad, la violencia de los tiranos, el desprecio de los soberbios? Quando el que esto sufre, pudiera procurar su quietud con solo un *puñal!* Quien podria tolerar tante opresion, sudando, gimiendo bajo el peso de una vida molesta? sino fuese que el temor de que existe alguna cosa mas allá de la muertu (aquel pais desconocido de cuyos limitos ningun caminante torna,) nos embaraza en dudas, y nos hace sufrir los males que nos cercan; antesque ir á buscar otros de que no tenemos seguro conocimiento. Esta prevision nos hace á todos cobardes: asi la natural tintura del valor se debilita con los barnices palidos de la prudencia, las empresàs de mayor importancia por esta sola consideracion mudan camino, no se ejecutan y se reducen á designios vanos."

We assure the reader that the preceding passage has not been invidiously selected; we could easily adduce others even worse. And yet this is the man who has the presumption to depreciate our unrivalled bard,—who asserts that he is half-barbarous, that his tragedies are filled with the lowest and most disgusting stuff, that he had no true notion of the art, that his absurd extravagances would not be tolerated in Spain, and that though the country which has produced a Bacon or a Newton may well be an object of envy, it has little reason to boast of its dramatic poets. This contemptible drivelling does not offend us: we are more inclined to pity the blindness than to chastise the audacity of one who attempted what lay beyond his reach,—to whom Shakespeare is a sealed book. Incapable as are most of our own countrymen of understanding the most difficult of poets, it

would be surprizing, indeed, if a foreigner—one from the south of Europe especially—should be less so. The truth is, that Moratin had scarcely a glimpse of Shakspeare's meaning: his tragedy (for translation it cannot be called) as much resembles that of the former, as the Coppersmith resembled the Macedonian hero, or the hymns of John Wesley the odes of Pindar and Horace.

The close of an article on the comedy, is surely not the place for examining the lyric poetry of Spain, or we should be glad to show that Moratin is well deserving of the reputation which his efforts in the latter branch of composition have procured for him: we should thereby make him some amends for the freedom with which our sense of duty has compelled us to speak of him as a dramatist. In a future number, however, we shall devote a separate article to the lyric muse of that nation, from the reign of Charles the Third to the present time; and we shall then do full justice both to him and his scarcely less meritorious predecessors in the same path.

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ART. IX.—1. *Della Letteratura Italiana nella seconda metà del Secolo XVIII.* Opera di Camillo Ugoni. 3 vols. 12mo. Brescia. 1822.

2. *Storia della Letteratura Italiana, dall' origine della lingua fino al Secolo XIX.* Del Cavaliere Giuseppe Maffei. 3 vols. 12mo. Milano. 1824.

ITALIAN literature, the oldest in modern Europe, has exhibited in its course a greater variety of phases than any of its cotemporaries. It arose, in the gloom of the dark ages, out of the chaos of Roman corruption, Northern barbarism, and the wild phantasies of Arabia; while its first accents were those of love and minstrelsy, of municipal jurisprudence, and of monkish legend. The thirteenth century witnessed its rapid growth, and Italy had then poets whose works are read even to this day, and who were the teachers of that master-mind that came to arrange the scattered materials in beautiful order, and stamp on the Italian language the impress of his genius. Dante was followed by his two illustrious countrymen Petrarch and Boccaccio; historians came next, and even the inmates* of the cloisters wrote their religious tracts and devout effusions in pure Tuscan. The capabilities of the language were now known, its periods fixed, its harmony was defined, every circumstance seemed to favour the lovers of a youthful and powerful literature, when, on a sudden, its inspira-

* Passavanti, Cavalca and Catherine of Siena.

tion seemed to fail, its voice became mute, and the old Roman tongue again obtained the ascendancy, to the utter neglect of its offspring. Several causes may be assigned for this retrograde movement. The discovery of the ancient classics—the pride which the Italians felt in those bright specimens of the wisdom of their ancestors—the influence of theocratic Rome, whose language was Latin—the want of a capital, of a common centre for Italian learning—the arrival of the Greek refugees flying before the Ottoman conqueror; all these gave a general impulse towards the attainment of classic lore; the Italian literati disdained to write but in Latin, and the *lingua volgare* was indeed abandoned to the vulgar, who disfigured it by provincial dialects. The delusion, however, could not last; Italy felt she was no longer the representative of the ancient majesty of Rome; the idiom of the haughty senators, of the warrior consuls, and of the people of Quirinus, was but ill suited to the state of the motley races that had inherited that splendid patrimony. The Medici at Florence, the Este at Ferrara, and the Gonzaga at Mantua, chose to patronize the graceful *lingua volgare*, in preference to the stately ancient dialect.

The sixteenth century was the second era of Italian literature. The great names of Macchiavelli and Guicciardini, of Ariosto, Tasso, and Berni, of Michelangelo and Palladio, rose above a multitude of others, illustrious in almost every branch of letters and of art. It was a most brilliant epoch, and yet the seeds were then sown of future decay. The polish of that age was the polish of voluptuous courts, of an unprincipled theocracy; it was purchased at the expense of that blunt energy which had been the characteristic of the old writers, born in the midst of tumultuous republican independence. The succeeding century exhibited all the corruption of minds enslaved, genius prostituted, and taste vicious and weak. Spanish viceroys, armed with all the terrors of the secular sword and of clerical inquisition, ruled over the finest regions of the Italian peninsula; misery and superstition wasted the strength and darkened the minds of the people, while the licentious system of Cicisbeism poisoned the feelings of the heart at their inmost source.

Still, however, though the seventeenth century, the age of the *Seicentisti*, has been justly stigmatized as corrupt and debased in its literary character, as well as in its political condition, it would be an error to imagine that such corruption was universal all over Italy. The yoke of Spain did not weigh over the whole peninsula; its power, though rooted at both ends, at Naples and at Milan, did not extend to the republics of Venice and of Genoa, nor to Piedmont and Tuscany. Thus, the very division of Italy which

had facilitated its invasion, proved the means of preserving the country from universal despotism and degradation. Accordingly, we meet here and there with writers distinguished by their sentiments as well as by their language, such as the historians Sarpi and Davila; the poets Tassoni, Chiabrera, Guidi, and Filicaja; learned prelates like Bentivoglio and Pallavicini; the jesuits Segneri and Bartoli; whilst, in the southernmost division of Italy, the wild but original minds of Salvator Rosa and Campanella threw out flashes of genius, volcanic as the land of their birth. To the sciences Italy gave, in that age, Galileo, Cassini, Torricelli, and Malpighi. The academies of La Crusca and of the *Apatisti* opposed the corruption of language introduced by Marini and his worse disciples. Still the unlucky name of *Seicentisti* seems to have thrown a sweeping censure over the productions of the Italian mind during the whole of the seventeenth century.

About this time the French, though a younger and a poorer language, took the ascendancy in courts and among the nobility of Europe, a superiority derived from the victories and splendour of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, from the greater activity and forwardness of the people, the currency and ease of their idiom for familiar intercourse, and also from the real merit of the French dramatists and prose writers of the seventeenth century. Italy, at that epoch, had no dramatist to stake against Corneille, Racine, or Moliere; no moralist to be compared to Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal, and La Bruyere:

"The French," says Corniani, "found first the art of distributing, with measure and taste, a certain sum of knowledge and ideas,—the modern art, in short, of making books. They introduced in their works clearness and precision, an easy manner of expression, with a befitting proportion of ornaments. Italy, no doubt, preserved its literary and scientific powers, but the French have known better how to make use of theirs."

This acknowledgment is highly to the credit of the French, who ought not, however, to have forgotten or undervalued their former teachers. But their critics judged flippantly of Italian literature without knowing it, and talked sneeringly of authors whose equal France had never produced; while Boileau's "*cinquant du Tasse*," and the epigrams of Bouhours, Fontenelle, and Voltaire, upon Italian writers and Italian taste, remain a lasting memento of self-opinionated conceit, and presumptuous levity.

The knowledge of Italian literature, among nations beyond the Alps, remained, therefore, confined to a few classics, and these the most difficult even to Italians. Most foreigners imagined the Italian language to be unfit for aught but poetry, and chiefly amatory poetry. The graceful but almost effeminate pen

of Metastasio came to confirm them in this idea; and we have heard, even in our time, the same opinion expressed, in various countries, by men of education and reading. Thus there is good and bad luck even in the literary fame of nations; but in Italy itself, circumstances were sufficiently unfavourable. Each author shone in his municipal circle, and was hardly known beyond the precincts of his respective state or province. "The circuit of literary reputations in our divided country," observes Giordani, a living writer, "has always been extremely slow."

The eighteenth century witnessed a third revival of Italian letters. Maffei and Muratori, Vico and Giannone, Metastasio and Goldoni, ushered it forth with great splendour. It was, however, more towards the middle of that century that the literature of Italy began to assume an essentially new character. Erudition and fancy, history and poetry, had been till then its staple productions—to please and to amuse had been the chief object of most of its writers; but now the spirit of investigation and of deep reflexion was busy at work. The torch of rational philosophy penetrated into the temple, and dissipated the mists of ignorance, of vague tradition, and of prejudice. The epoch was remarkably favourable to the development of mental energies. After the wars of the Spanish succession, and that of the empire, the iron sceptre of Spain was broken, and Italy, with the exception of Lombardy, was governed by resident sovereigns; even in the latter province, the Austrian government showed itself beneficent and paternal, and the reign of Maria Theresa is to this day spoken of with gratitude by the Milanese. One day of peace succeeded another—princes of a mild benignant character, enlightened ministers, exemplary pontiffs held an easy sway over the contented population, and the never-dying genius of Italy again inspired that happily constituted race. Even the bold novelties, which were then started among neighbouring nations, were viewed with indulgence by the rulers, as long as they remained within the limits of speculative philosophy.

"It was then that the writers of Italy separated into two families; the one consisting of worshippers of the past; the other of partisans of emancipation. The former pleaded the cause of ancient literature in those hallowed regions, and under the same sky, where the Latin muse had long and nobly held their sway. The others maintained that the spirit and taste of literature ought to follow the bent of the social system; they demonstrated the weakening effects of an imitation protracted through centuries, imitation which at last had reduced itself to the external form and moulding of the works of the classics, after the spirit had long fled, and was irrevocably lost."—*Ugoni*, preface, p. 15.

Many authors, Italian and foreign, have written on the history

of Italian literature. Among the latter, Sismondi, in his "Litterature du Midi de l'Europe," has devoted to it a considerable part of his eloquent work. Bouterweck, in writing on the same subject, has chiefly confined himself to the poets. Ginguené had the courage to undertake a complete "Literary History of Italy," but death stopped him in the midst of its publication. All these writers, however, have taken their materials from Italian historians; and, as we think that the latter are the most competent judges of their own matters, to them we shall now confine our notice.

Every state of Italy, and almost every city, has its literary chronicles, annals, and biographies. In the first part of the eighteenth century, the learned and indefatigable Muratori collected an immense quantity of documents for the literary, as well as the civil history of the whole peninsula during the middle ages, namely, from the fifth to the fifteenth century; he published those valuable materials in his great Latin work, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," consisting of twenty-seven folio volumes, and afterwards commented on them in his "Dissertations on the Italian Antiquities of the Middle Ages."

Saverio Bettinelli, a Jesuit, drew a concise and regular plan of the progress of mental improvement during the same period, and made it the subject of a work on the revival of Letters: *Risorgimento d'Italia negli studj, nelle arti e ne' costumi, dopo il Mille*, a production of great merit, both for its abundant erudition and for the philosophical manner in which that erudition is arranged and displayed. He begins by tracing back the moral condition of the Italians during the three ages preceding the revival, from the reign of Charlemagne to the eleventh century. He gives an animated sketch of those dark times of bulls, convents, and crusades, in which feudal pride and turbulence were contrasted with monastic fervour and seclusion, when barbarous Latin was the only written language, and priests were the only men who could write. The tenth century was the true *iron age* of Italy. The corruption of the secular clergy, the ignorance of the laity, the wretchedness of the people, the irruptions of Hungarians from the north, and of Saracens from the south, the wars between the Italian lords, the Counts of Provence, and the German Emperors, contending for the insecure possession of a blood-stained crown, —all these calamities had extinguished every spark of learning; a report having also spread about that time that the end of the world was at hand,—a seemingly befitting catastrophe after such a series of horrors,—the apprehension of this deterred men from the idea of wasting their days in acquiring an empty and now useless knowledge.

Contemporary with Bettinelli,* another learned Jesuit, Tiraboschi, produced an Universal History of Italian Literature. His situation as prefect of the rich library of the House of Este, an office which Muratori had filled before him, placed ample materials at his command for the execution of his long-meditated work, which was published at Modena, in 1772—83, in fourteen volumes.† This truly classical history reaches to the end of the seventeenth century.

Ginguené, who afterwards wrote in French upon the same subject, made a free use of Tiraboschi's extensive information, and Ugoni says, "copied much without always quoting him;" in fact, had it not been for the hard-earned erudition of the *good Tiraboschi*, as Ginguené familiarly styles him, the French writer could never have written his "Histoire Littéraire d'Italie."—*Ugoni*, vol. iii. p. 358. Tiraboschi was a churchman and a Jesuit, Ginguené a republican and a philosopher; of course their opinions must at times clash: but Tiraboschi was also honest, candid, and accurate, and may be generally trusted in the historical parts of his work, and to this Ginguené himself bears repeated and honourable testimony. He is rather too minute in his biographical details, forgetting at times his professed purpose of writing the *history of literature* rather, than that of *the men of letters*.

After Tiraboschi comes Count Corniani, of Brescia, who wrote "I Secoli della Letteratura Italiana," in which he describes the Italian writers since the twelfth century, in separate articles, forming, as it were, a gallery of miniature sketches. Each article is divided into sections, containing accounts of the life of the author, of his works, and of his character. This is a useful and pleasing work for those who cannot wade through the learned volumes of Muratori and Tiraboschi, and who yet wish to be made acquainted with the literary *fasti* of Italy. Corniani's work coming down only to the middle of the last century, Baron Ugoni, a townsman of Corniani, has undertaken to write a continuation, as he modestly styles it, of the same task, comprehending the second half of the eighteenth century. But the execution of Ugoni's work is far superior to that of his predecessor, and deserves peculiar and separate notice. It is a remarkable thing that the city of Brescia should have given birth also to a third cotemporary historian of Italian letters, Count Giammaria Mazzuchelli, who began a most copious and instructive biography of Italian

* Bettinelli's "Risorgimento d'Italia," has been reprinted at Milan, in 1820, in four volumes, 12mo.

† Numerous editions have been made of the *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*; the latest is that of Milan, 1824, in fifteen volumes, 8vo.

writers, arranged in alphabetical order, of which, however, he had only time to publish the first four letters, which fill up *six volumes folio!*

As the work of Ugoni constitutes the best, or rather the only satisfactory account of the great change that took place in Italian literature during the last century, a change that has had the greatest influence upon the present state of mind in that country, we propose to review it in the present article. Important as Ugoni's history is under several aspects, and although its author is personally known in this country, which he visited a few years since, the work has never been noticed, as far as we have observed, in any of the English periodicals.

We shall give short sketches of the various writers illustrated by our historian, many of whom are little known beyond the precincts of Italy. The first on the list is the musician Tartini, who wrote a "Treatise on Music according to the true Science of Harmony," besides a great number of musical compositions, especially for the violin, the instrument on which he chiefly excelled. One of the latter is called the *Devil's Sonata*, and the following is the account Tartini gave to Lalande of this composition:

"One night, about the year 1713, I dreamt I had entered into a compact with the devil, who stood waiting for my orders, eager to forward all my wishes. It came into my head to give him my violin, and ask him to play something, when he struck out a sonata, so beautiful that I had never heard the like before. I was so surprised and delighted that I seemed to gasp for breath, the sensation awoke me, and I took up the instrument, hoping to recollect at least part of what I had heard in my dream, but in vain; the sonata I then composed was certainly the best I ever wrote, and I have called it by the devil's name, but so very inferior it is to the one I had heard, that I was near breaking my violin in despair, and giving up music for ever."—*Ugoni*, vol. i. p. 25.

After Tartini, we have Father Boscovich, the great mathematician and astronomer, who, although born at Ragusa, is included among the Italian writers, from his having studied, lived, and written in Italy, where he remained until his death, which happened in 1787. His works on astronomy, geology, and trigonometry, are mostly in Latin.

Next in order comes the spruce, courtly, and learned Algarotti, the favourite of Frederic of Prussia. His works, in seventeen volumes, are now almost forgotten. The principal merit of this writer was that of diffusing by his conversation and correspondence among the patrician order, a certain flowery tint of erudition, heightened by a varnish of polite elegance, which, when unac-

companied by vanity and presumption, is far from being useless or contemptible.

"Algarotti," says Ugoni, "might, in this respect, be compared to Pomponius Atticus, and to Fontenelle, men from whose lips and pens philosophy and letters spread softly among their respective cotemporaries,—thanks to that urbanity and refinement which always enhance the merit of knowledge."—vol. i. p. 127.

But let us now proceed to more useful subjects, and to minds of a nobler stamp.

In the early part of the last century Giambattista Vico, a Neapolitan jurisconsult, was the forerunner of the new Italian school of moral philosophy; he traced back to their most remote origin the principles of society, of nations, and of laws, availing himself of the assistance of philology and history. Most of the writers who had treated of politics and legislation were wont to reason according to the refined ideas acquired by civilization, forgetting that the present social system had been founded in times when men acted from instinct and fancy, and almost without knowing why they acted. It is necessary to dive into those ages of darkness and ignorance, to examine the rough minds of olden times, to find the remote origin of present manners and institutions, to trace the early workings of that common sense which, although unenlightened, and often grossly obscured by prejudices, is still discernible in all ancient institutions. This is what Vico proposed to do. He knew that philosophy is apt to conceive man such as we fancy he ought to be, but he felt that *the legislator should consider him such as he is, in order to derive from his very passions useful results, and transform them into social virtues; that government, in short, ought to be conformable to the nature of the people governed.* Vico's principles were adopted by Genovesi, Verri, Mario Pagano, and other distinguished men of the Italian school.*

Antonio Genovesi was born near Salerno, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1712. It has been supposed by some that the minds of the Italians, and especially the Neapolitans, are more fit for imaginative literature, than for the logical sciences; yet, it is to Naples—notwithstanding its clime and its institutions, which seem little favourable to philosophical researches—that Italy owes the revival of modern rational philosophy. There the wild minds of Telesio and Campanella had already begun to shake off the Aristotelian yoke, and Vico and Genovesi completed the work.

* Vico's work has been lately re-modelled and translated into French by M. Michelet, under the following title: *Principes de la Philosophie de l'Histoire, traduits de la Scienza Nuova de* J. B. Vico, *et précédés d'un discours sur le Système et la Vie de l'Auteur, par* Jules Michelet, Professeur d'Histoire au College de St. Barbe. 8vo.

Vico, in his *Scienza Nuova*, had brought forth vast but obscure and confused ideas; Genovesi collected these, put them in order, and improved upon them.

Genovesi, while attending at the University of Naples, became sensible of the deficiency of philosophical studies, and obtained, through the influence of Monsignor Galiani, leave to open an extraordinary class of metaphysics, in 1741. According to the then prevailing custom of Italian schools of giving lectures in Latin, he read, and afterwards published, in that language, his "Elements of Metaphysics," embracing all the branches of that science. He afterwards recast his work in Italian, dividing it into two parts. The first was his *Logica de' Giovanetti*, which contains the foundation of all his other works. Its distribution is clear, the ideas concise, the definitions exact, rejecting all scholastic subtleties. The candour and modesty of the author appear throughout. In this work, Genovesi, speaking of the influence of time upon languages, observes, that the reason why most Italian writers of his period were not popular, was, because they did not sufficiently attend to the change of ideas, of habits, and of taste, which had taken place among their countrymen.

"The old Italian classics spoke to their contemporaries in the language of the age, but our authors of the eighteenth century write as if they were writing for the people of the thirteenth and fourteenth." "The mind of man is a true Proteus, and all the devices of Plato in his republic were insufficient to keep it stationary."

Genovesi next wrote his Treatise on Metaphysics, *Delle Scienze Metafisiche*, in which, explaining the principles of cosmology and theology, he shows himself a strenuous and enlightened defender of the Mosaic history of the world, against the principal infidel writers; he then proceeds to the third part, which he calls *anthropology*, a word he adopted in preference to the common one of psychology, used by metaphysicians for the same branch of their science, because he preferred the reasoning of *man*, as being composed of mind, instinct, and body, to discussing the abstract properties of the *soul*, with the nature of which we are unacquainted.—*Ugoni*, vol. i. p. 137.

Passing over Genovesi's "Philosophical Meditations on Religion and Morality," a work worthy of its title, and his entertaining *Lettere Accademiche*, we must now view the Neapolitan philosopher in the light of a political economist.

Bartolomeo Intieri, a native of Florence, and a lover of science, who had settled at Naples and adopted it as his second country, proposed to found, at his own expense, a chair of political economy in that university, under three conditions; namely, that the lectures should be given in Italian, that Genovesi should be the

first professor, and that no monk should ever be admissible to the professorship. The Neapolitan government accepted the offer, and subscribed to Intieri's conditions; and thus the first chair of political economy was established in Italy. Genovesi opened his first course in 1754, by his lectures on commerce, which he afterwards published, under the title *Lezioni di Commercio*. His principles were such as have been since adopted by the most enlightened economists of all countries, but in his time, and in a country like Naples, they appeared paradoxical; indeed, political economy altogether was disdained as a plebeian and mercantile study. He, however, succeeded in drawing the attention of the Neapolitans to this most important science, and for a time nothing else was talked of in that generally indolent and effeminate capital but agriculture, economy, and commerce. Genovesi combated the antiquated prejudice, that luxury was injurious to a state; he insisted that the common cause of dearths was an excessive harvest accompanied by prohibition of exportation; that the price of things could be determined, not by any civil law, but by the geometrical proportion between production and consumption; that the people that cultivated the best soil in the best manner must be the wealthiest, and other axioms which then made many worthy persons stare.

We have only space to mention another of Genovesi's works, *La Diceosina*, or "Philosophy of the Just and the Honest." which was written in his latter years, and in which he starts from the principle, that *every thesis in morality ought to be susceptible of demonstration*.

This great and good man thus knew how to ally true religion with liberality, modesty with a spirit of inquiry, subordination to the laws with independence of mind. He exhibited in his person the compatibility of the priest with the philosopher. Respected by the minister Tanucci, who consulted with him on the new organization of public education after the suppression of the Jesuits, in 1767, Genovesi was also sincerely venerated and beloved by a whole generation of young Neapolitans, whom he had educated in the paths of science and of virtue, and many of whom afterwards distinguished themselves by their genius and learning. Genovesi had been ill for several years, (yet without interrupting therefore his lectures and his studies,) and at last died of dropsy, in 1769. He is justly styled by Ugoni the *Restorer of Italian philosophy*.

Another great name among the Italian philosophers of the eighteenth century is that of Pietro Verri. He was born at Milan in 1728, of a patrician family; he served early in life in the Austrian army, during the campaigns of the seven years' war against the

Prussians. Having left the service, he returned to his native country, where he applied himself to the study of political economy. Being appointed councillor to the imperial government of Lombardy, he laboured zealously to expose the abuses which grew out of the practice of farming the taxes, and by which both the treasury and the people were sufferers. His report was sent to the minister Kaunitz at Vienna, who directed Verri to make out a budget exhibiting the income and expenses of the state, stating the best means of collecting the former, and the reforms to be effected in the latter. Verri completed his task, and a reform took place in the farming system—a council of economy being appointed in 1765, of which he was made a member. When some years later, the Empress Maria Theresa established at Milan a patriotic society for the encouragement of agriculture, arts, and manufactures, Verri became one of its most active and influential members. Meantime, he wrote his work styled *Meditazioni sull' Economia Politica*, which went through several editions in the course of three years, and was translated into French and German. Verri here showed himself an enlightened advocate for the freedom of trade. The following passage at the commencement of the book will give some idea of its spirit:

"Two inexorable words, *to prescribe* and *to constrain*, stand written over most of the codes which nations have inherited from their forefathers. The progress of reason in our age begins to substitute the milder ones *to invite* and *to guide*. Whatever be the form of government under which a community lives, I think it the interest of the rulers to allow the citizens the greatest possible liberty."

His treatise on the corn trade, *Sulle leggi vincolanti nel commercio dei grani*, though written at the same time, was only published in 1796, after the revolution. In that Verri opposes the restrictions on the corn trade, and, above all, the monopoly derived by a few speculators, who obtained from government, and often by corrupt means, the privilege of exporting corn. This practice was, and is, we believe, still existing in several Italian states, especially in Sicily; through the cupidity of some speculators, and the meddling interference of the government, that "granary of Italy" has often been afflicted by dreadful dearths. Verri, however, wrote especially for his own country, Lombardy.

It is not the least of this author's merits that he encouraged, and almost compelled, his excellent but indolent friend, Beccaria, to indite his immortal work, *Dei delitti e delle pene*, which the latter effected, after repeated entreaties, in Verri's study. It is even related that the latter, returning home in the evening, and looking over Beccaria's manuscript, but finding it almost illegible with corrections and interpolations, used to transcribe it himself,

to save the apathetic author that trouble. Before the publication of this work Beccaria was almost unknown, and it required the kind importunities of a friend, who knew his concealed worth, to exhibit him to the world, and make him esteemed and caressed by ministers and sovereigns.

Verri's merit, and his honourable interference in the economical affairs of his country, had made him numerous enemies, who watched every opportunity to excite the suspicions of the government against him,—till, harassed by repeated vexations, he at length asked and obtained leave to resign the office of president of the board of trade in 1786.

Verri had enjoyed ten years the happiness of domestic retirement, which he usefully employed in inditing the annals of his country, when, at the epoch of the invasion of Lombardy by the French, in 1796, he was appointed, by the general votes of his countrymen, to a seat in the new municipal government, which was pro tempore established at Milan. In that most arduous situation, in such difficult stormy times, he showed himself animated by the same virtuous love of his country, free from party spirit or violence, and solely intent on the administration of impartial justice. On the occasion of a new forced loan, which was in agitation, to satisfy the rapacity of some, and the profusion of others, Verri, already grieved at all the acts of violence and plunder perpetrated in the name of liberty, boldly stood up in the municipal council, and strenuously opposed the measure.

"A forced loan," exclaimed he, "appears to me but another word for robbery. If you wish that the people should love the new order of things, make them experience happy effects from it, so that, comparing the past with the present, they may prefer the latter. As long as our journals are stained by scurrility and personalities, as long as you continue to violate the rights of property by forced and partial requisitions, as long as you hold a dark inquisitorial watch over opinion, and capriciously imprison the supposed enemies of democracy, you will neither be looked upon as the *patres patriæ*, nor as good citizens; you may be feared by the people, but you cannot be loved. Do you pretend to constrain public opinion, and to oppress the people, in order to lead them to liberty by violence? You place yourselves in a false position, by attempting to establish a popular government, and at the same time disregarding the voice of the people."

But what could the voice of a single virtuous old man effect against the insolence of the foreign conqueror, the ambition and avarice of the false patriots, the universal phrensy of all? Verri endeavoured to preach calmness and moderation—but he preached in the wilderness; he wrote a book for the circumstances, entitled, *Mode of terminating Disputes*, in which he endeavoured to explain the

correct meaning of many expressions which, misused or misconstrued, served as watchwords to faction and license. Thus, with his voice and his pen, he exerted himself to save the republic; when, in the middle of his noble exertions, he was carried off by an apoplectic fit in the night of the 28th June, 1797, while at his post in the municipal hall, like a soldier on the field, defending the rights and the honour of his beloved country.—*Ugoni*, vol. ii. p. 274.

Verri had published the first volume of his "History of Milan," and had the second in the press, when he died. His friend Frisi effected the publication of the second volume, in which the narrative is carried to the middle of the sixteenth century. Baron Custodi, after publishing the third volume, which came down to 1750, has now completed the work by adding a fourth, compiled chiefly from Verri's notes and memoranda.* The work therefore ends at the death of the Emperor Leopold II. in 1792, after which the history of Milan and of Lombardy becomes blended with the general history of Italy, or rather of Europe, in consequence of the involvements produced by the French revolution and subsequent conquest.

Verri also left in manuscript some historical memoirs on the public economy of the state of Milan, in which he exhibits its former wealth—its desolation under the Spanish viceroys—and its restoration to something of its former splendour under the milder rule of Austria. His letters also have been published lately at Milan.

Gian Rinaldo Carli was born at Capo d'Istria, in the Venetian states, in 1720. He applied himself early to the study of antiquities, and especially of the monuments of the middle ages. The neighbourhood of Pola, once a Roman naval station of considerable importance, and where magnificent remains of ancient splendour are still to be seen,† contributed, perhaps, to awaken, in the mind of Carli, that love of antiquarian research which continued in him through life, and the fruit of which was his laborious work *Delle Antichità Italiane*, on which he bestowed a large portion of his time, and which he published in his latter

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* Storia di Milano, di Pietro Verri, continuata da P. Custodi. 4 vol. 8vo. Milano, 1826.

† The ruins of Pola have been lately illustrated in a separate work, published by Stancovich. The whole of the eastern coast of the Adriatic, though little frequented by travellers, is strewed with interesting remains. Capo d'Istria, Pola, Zara, Spalatro, near the site of the ancient Salona, are all places of note. Fortis' *Travels in Dalmatia* afford the best account of those countries. Adams's *Ruins of Spalatro*, Cassas's *Voyage Pittoresque de l'Istrie et de la Dalmatie*, and Allason's *Antiquities of Pola*, exhibit to the lover of art and the antiquarian an idea of the splendid remains of Roman magnificence, which are still visible in them.

years. The antiquities of Istria, his native country, fill a considerable part of this work, which enjoys great reputation among the learned. A publication of more general interest is that concerning the Italian coinage and currency: *Delle Monete, e dell' Intituzione delle Zecche d'Italia.* In this work, which was completed in 1760, in four volumes quarto, the author gives an account of the almost innumerable coins that had currency in the various states of Italy, from the time of Charlemagne to the seventeenth century, detailing their name, weight, title, and intrinsic value, and investigating the origin of the institution of the mint in Italy. Several of the topics discussed in the eight dissertations of which the work is composed, relate to important points of political economy, such as the fatal consequences arising from arbitrary alterations of the currency — the proportion between gold and silver before and after the time of Charlemagne—the growing scarcity of the latter metal—the illegal value given to copper, and the importance of the strictest equity in all transactions connected with the currency. In the seventh dissertation, Carli treats of the proportional value of the current metal with the price of food, before the discovery of the Indies, compared with that in the present times. "This work," says Ugoni, "is a classical and masterly production—the task was truly Herculean —it was accomplished after long years of labour, research, and repeated journeys, and here Carli has availed himself of his vast historical and antiquarian lore for the political and economical purpose at which he aimed."

Among the numerous other works of Carli mentioned by Ugoni, and which fill no less than twenty-four volumes, besides those unpublished, we can only allow ourselves to mention one more, his *Lettere Americane.* This is chiefly a work of ingenious hypothesis, in which Carli endeavours to establish as a fact the common origin of the Mexicans with the Egyptians—between the monuments of which two nations there certainly is a striking resemblance—and that of the Peruvians with the Chinese. We will not follow him in his supposition of a double Atlantis, one in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific, from which the two stocks of those four nations could have originated. In the fervour of his theory, Carli shows himself a warm eulogist of the ancient Mexicans—warmer indeed than just, as we soberly think. The Mexicans were certainly ingenious barbarians, but they were also cruel, gloomy, and superstitious; their well-attested human sacrifices before the altars of their hideous idols—the diabolical cruelty and frightful profusion with which those orgies were perpetrated by their abominable priests—the other vices of that savage race, all suggest a disgusting approximation, not with the

Egyptians, but with the votaries of Juggernaut, and the accursed worshippers of Baal of old, and incline us to forgive Cortes for his invasion of the country. The case was very different with regard to the Peruvians—they were a mild inoffensive, orderly race, towards whom the Spaniards proved themselves much more unjust and inhuman than in Mexico.

Carli shared with Verri in the labours, as well as in the honour, of the reforms which took place in Lombardy under the ministry of Prince Kaunitz. He had been appointed president of the board of commerce and public economy, and also of the committee of studies and education. When Joseph II. came to Milan in 1769, he named Carli councillor of state; and the latter availed himself of his new office to obtain of the emperor the formal abolition of the inquisition. In 1771, when, by the advice of Verri, a new plan was framed for collecting and administering the revenue, Carli was appointed president of the new council of finances. Ill health having obliged him to resign his functions, he lingered for several years, still applying to his favourite studies, until at last he died in 1795, being thus spared the sight of the invasion and subsequent miseries which befel his native country a twelvemonth after.

We come now to a man of superior genius, but of a very different turn of mind from those already mentioned: Ferdinando Galiani, born at Chieti in the Abruzzo, in 1728.

There are several features of Greek origin, moral as well as physical, observable among the inhabitants of the southern division of Italy. Grecian quickness, volubility and suppleness are there found joined to a fervid temperament and a sarcastic humour. The keen Neapolitan is a very different being from the stern sententious Roman—from the witty, but somewhat pedantic Tuscan; his epicurism is of another sort from that of the easy good-humoured Lombard; he is vivacious, yet indolent—voluptuous, yet temperate—loquacious, yet deep. Galiani, lively, brilliant, and caustic, but also profound, was a fit representative of the genius of his country. Ugoni introduces him to our acquaintance in the following manner:—

"A young abbé went from Naples to Paris as secretary of embassy. In the absence of the minister, the secretary had to appear at court. He was short and humpbacked; his appearance excited some merriment among the courtiers. The abbé, not the least discomposed, made the usual bows, and then, '*Sire*,' said he, modestly addressing the king, '*vous voyez l'echantillon du secretaire, le secretaire vient après.*' This bon-mot won him the hearts of the French."

Wit and pleasantry appeared natural in him—but his pleasantry was that of a man of the world, a scholar, and a philoso-

pher; so that he became an equal favourite with the *savants* and the ladies of fashion. He was declared to be more witty than the French themselves.* He wrote their language with all the graces of a native—he taught them political economy, amusing them all the while—he surprised Voltaire, astonished Diderot, confounded the vain-glorious economists, whose theories he upset, corresponded with Grimm and Madame d'Epinay, became the favourite of kings, returned to his country, loaded with honours, and intrusted with important offices; thus writing, joking, laughing, and yet instructing his cotemporaries, he spent his life which he was ever ready to parody. Such was Galiani.

As a student he had given early proofs of talent. Having once a pique against the president of an academy, the members of which were wont to write elegies and panegyrics on the death of illustrious personages, he wrote jointly with a friend a collection of burlesque compositions on the demise of the public executioner, and published it under the name of the obnoxious president. The juvenile wags had imitated the style of the latter and his fellow academicians so well that one of these, De Angelis, confessed he would have been imposed upon, had he not been certain that he had not written the pamphlet. The affair came to the ears of the minister Tanucci, but Galiani and his accomplice got off with a slight admonition.

In 1750 he published, anonymously, at Naples, his work on currency, *Della Moneta*; which raised the author, when afterwards known, in the estimation of the learned, and established his fame as a political economist. Galiani there discusses the point of the intrinsic value of the precious metals,—a value owing more to their use as metals than to their use as money; he examines the relative proportion between currency and prices; and treats the question of the expediency of raising the value of the currency,—an expedient resorted to by many states since the time of Rome after the first Punic War. At the time Galiani wrote, prices had risen excessively high at Naples; and Ugoni says, that the suggestions of the youthful author were adopted by the government, and saved the state from ruin (p. 227). Thirty years after, in 1780, Galiani published a second edition of his then acknowledged work, illustrated with notes.

On his second visit to Paris, after having travelled through England and Holland, he wrote, in French, his other work on political economy,—*Dialogues sur le Commerce des blés.* A royal ordinance of 1764, in favour of the free exportation of corn, had been followed by dearth and famine. The evil was attri-

* The Duchess de Choiseul, who knew Galiani, and had lived in Italy, used to say: "In France we have wit in small change, but in Italy they have it in bars."

buted by some to the previous measure, but this allegation was stoutly denied by the modern school of French economists. It was remembered that about a century before, the minister Colbert, with the intention of favouring the manufacturers, had established the system of restrictions and forbidden the exportation of corn; the consequence was, that the prices fell, agriculture was depreciated, the cultivation of corn was abandoned in many districts, and the whole system of a state essentially agricultura was deranged. Galiani, averse to general systems, was neither a supporter of prohibition nor an advocate for unlimited freedom of trade; he took a third position, which no one in France had yet occupied. As he was writing for a monarchy, he considered the corn trade under two different aspects,—one with regard to commercial and economical legislation, the other of political caution and foresight. Much of this question depends, according to him, on the size of a country, the nature of its productions, the state of the communications, and other circumstances. If the corn provinces are in the centre of a large kingdom, as Castile in Spain, let the exportation be favoured; the corn will spread itself through the other provinces before it reaches the frontiers. But in a state where the fertile provinces are near the circumference, as in France, in which, with the exception of Paris, all the wealthy cities are at the extremities, corn will at once flow beyond the frontiers, unless some checks are devised, such as duties on exportation; making it thus a source of revenue to the state. But Galiani, who had a quick perception of the spirit of the times, considered the corn question under a political as well as economical aspect; he thought that too great and sudden an alteration upon such a vital part of the people's subsistence, and of provincial interests, might affect the existing institutions of the monarchy,—a crisis which Galiani feared and wished to avert, whilst the economists either disregarded or spurned such prudential considerations.

Galiani, being recalled to Naples in 1769, left his MS. with Diderot, who had it published the following year. The work met with favour in France; it pleased by its style; was praised by Voltaire and Frederic of Prussia; but the bookseller, who had promised the author one hundred louis d'or, never paid them.

Galiani wrote a commentary upon Horace, a writer with whom he had a strong sympathy in temperament and humour. It remained, however, unpublished, though partly known through extracts inserted in various journals by friends of the author. Galiani wrote once about this work to Cesarotti, in the following words:—

"In my *Horatian follies*, I talk much about Homer. I show that

Homer was to the ancients what the Koran is to the Mussulmans. It would have been irreligious to attack his authority; princes and philosophers, Alexander as well as Aristotle and Plato, affected to respect him, in order not to give scandal to the people. It were a curious undertaking to write researches about the Inquisition among the heathens: that there was such an Inquisition, as well as amongst us, is certain,—and it was sufficiently formidable too; their priests were wealthy, like those of our age, and did not like any one to endanger their messes. If I were to write such a book, however, I might yet entangle myself with the Christian Inquisition; therefore I leave it to others, and content myself with saying, that unless Homer is considered as a sacred book, it would be impossible to understand why or how it has made so much noise during so many centuries."—*Ugoni*, vol. ii. p. 248.

Galiani's correspondence with Madame d'Epinay, Grimm, M. de Sartine, and Cesarotti, was published at Paris, in 1818, in two volumes octavo, and contains many curious and amusing passages. His minor publications we cannot here stop to notice. His *Socrate Immaginario*, a drama, in which he caricatured his countryman Saverio Mattei, a learned man, too much prejudiced in favour of the ancients, was at first prohibited; but being set to music by Paisiello, it became, and still continues, a favourite performance of the Neapolitan stage.

Galiani, living at Naples in sight of some of the greatest phenomena of nature, was no stranger to the study of natural history. Having made a collection of the stones, minerals and volcanic formations of Vesuvius, he sent it, in seven boxes, to Pope Benedict XIV, the celebrated Lambertini, accompanied with this inscription: *Beatissime Pater, fac ut lapides isti panes fiant*. And the pope effected the requested transmutation by bestowing on the collector the canonry of Amalfi: in return for which the grateful Galiani wrote, after the pope's death, an oration in his praise, which was considered by the author as his most finished composition.

After his return to Naples, Galiani filled several important offices in the administration. He laboured indefatigably; his health, naturally delicate, deteriorated in consequence of continual application, and after a protracted illness he died, in 1787, at the age of 59. He met his death with a sort of Epicurean indifference; telling his friends that the dead had sent him their card of invitation.

Galiani, although eccentric and satirical, had some excellent qualities of the heart; he was kind to his relations, a faithful servant of his king, generous to his friends, and, even in the midst of apparent scepticism, respectful towards religion. Living in a corrupt age and in a most corrupt society, he had conceived but an indifferent opinion of mankind, and thought that nothing but

superior force could keep them within rules. However, as an author and a man of genius, he is one of the brightest names of Italy during the eighteenth century, and the article concerning him is one of the most entertaining in the work, vol. ii. p. 217—268.

We have two moral and satirical poets in Ugoni's collection,—Passeroni and Parini. Passeroni was a native of Nice, in the Sardinian States, the birth-place of the astronomer Cassini. Having taken orders, he went to reside at Milan, where some of his relations lived, and where he soon displayed his taste for letters. Endowed with an ingenuous mind and a feeling heart, he could not conceal his distaste for the cold, insignificant effusions sanctioned by the academies of that time, to one of which he belonged; and he became the means of reforming the taste of those learned but dull assemblies. He declaimed against that farrago of verse, which "was but a heap of turgid words, that often puzzled the intellect of the reader, and which Italy could no longer listen to. Italy would hear no longer the Arcadian strain about roses and violets in the mouths of her poets,—a strain with which her ears have been filled to satiety."

> "E più non vuol sentir belar le agnelle,
> Ch' anche troppo belarono fra noi,
> Non vuol sentir parlar di pecorelle,
> Nè d'ovil, nè di capre, nè di buoi,
> Nè sentir sospirar le pastorelle;
> Altro brama d' udir da' cigni suoi.
> Che cose già stampate in più d' un loco,
> E che 'l saperle infin monta pur poco."
>
> *Cicerone*, canto xxii. st. 14.

Passeroni's principal work is a moral and jocose poem, which he styled *Il Cicerone*, assuming to have Cicero for its hero; but the life of the Roman orator is a mere pretence for numerous digressions, somewhat in the same manner as the life of Tristram Shandy is for those of Sterne. We are told, indeed, that the latter took the first idea of his work from the Cicero of Passeroni, which is but a supposed biography, that serves as a disguise for the author to treat, as it were, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Sterne, afterwards travelling in Italy, became personally acquainted with the Italian poet; and having, in the course of familiar conversation, inquired of the latter what profit a work so admired had brought to him, Passeroni modestly replied that he had not yet disposed of his first edition, owing to the numerous reprints and piracies, which are the bane of Italian authorship. Sterne, vexed at this unmerited disappointment of the good priest, and contrasting it with his own success in the sale of his MSS.,

by which he had realized sufficient to undertake with ease his present journey, made liberal offers to Passeroni, which the latter gratefully declined, as he invariably did the proffered assistance of all his friends. Several Milanese noblemen endeavoured to prevail upon him to accept some presents, but if he ever accepted them, it was merely to distribute their gifts to the poor. And when, in latter times, the government of the Cisalpine republic sent him forty sequins, Passeroni ran with the money to the librarian Mussi, begging the latter to give it to the poor; but Mussi asserting positively that he did not know any one poorer than Passeroni himself, at last persuaded our poet to keep the seasonable gratuity.—*Ugoni*, vol. i. p. 209.

In the decline of his life, the simplicity of the good priest degenerated into weakness. He was tormented by scruples of conscience, a most distressing moral disease, by which many among the conscientious Roman Catholics are afflicted, especially in old age. Of this Ugoni relates a striking instance: Passeroni, passing one day over the bridge of Porta Orientale, saw a porter lying fast asleep on the balustrade; alarmed at the idea that the man might be precipitated in the canal below, he awakened him, but the latter, not at all pleased with the well-meaning disturber of his slumbers, replied, grumbling, by wishing he would mind his own business. Passeroni, hurt by the thought of having offended him, drew some change out of his purse, desiring him to go and drink his health. Still, Passeroni did not feel satisfied with himself, and as he walked on he thought the man, by drinking, might injure himself and fall into the sin of intoxication; he therefore retraced his steps towards the wondering porter, and handing him some more change, desired him to eat something with his drink!—*Ugoni*, vol. i. p. 211. What a subject this would have been for the pen of Sterne! Thus poor and contented, Passeroni lived to the day of his death, in December, 1803.

Besides his *Cicerone*, our poet wrote seven volumes of fables and apologues, imitated from those of Æsop, Phædrus and Avienus. The same facility of versification, the same simplicity of style, at times degenerating into negligence, the same good nature and irreprehensible morality, is observable in these as in his former poem.

We come next to Parini, the friend of Passeroni, and the great moral poet of Italy, a man who, with a poor sickly frame, had a mind worthy of the best times of antiquity, and the heart of a Christian of the early ages. And yet how little that good and great man is known beyond the precincts of his native land! Impressed with a strong feeling of moral beauty, he attacked the

indifference and grovelling habits of his countrymen by the keen censure of his verse, which, to use the phrase of another Italian poet lately dead, stung to the quick the Lombard epicurists*; and yet such was the influence of his stainless morals—such the respect for his disinterested virtues, that he had friends even amongst that class of wealthy and pompous patricians, whose weakness and effeminacy he reprobated.

Before Parini, the Italian satirists, with the exception of Salvator Rosa, lashed those vices which are common to men of all ages and nations; the Milanese poet undertook to make his countrymen blush for their peculiar faults—their effeminacy and idleness, and he certainly succeeded in awakening a sense of shame, if not contrition among them. His *Giorno* has become a standard work in Italian literature. In this the poet paints, in lively colours, the frivolous occupations in which the day of a young fashionable Italian nobleman was spent—the emptiness of his mind—his idle vanity and self-opinion—his affected manners and enervated language. Beginning from his levee, we follow him through his conversation with his French and dancing masters—his toilette—his morning visits—dinner—evening ride in the Corso—the insipid *conversaziene*, and the theatre. The poet censures severely, but justly, the baneful fashion of *serventism*, the most disgraceful of southern customs; he intersperses his journal with episodes on the origin of several other fashionable habits; he traces a poetical origin of the inequality of conditions, between the hard-labouring many and the idle few, burthened with wealth and satiety, the whole composition being seasoned by a fine irony which never oversteps the boundaries of decency, a rare prerogative among satirists. Parini's language is also a happy specimen of dignity without bombast, while he most successfully adapts his style to the various subjects of which he treats. He adopted blank verse, as apparently easy, but in fact a very difficult metre. The poetry of Italian versifiers, especially of Frugoni and Bettinelli's school, had become full of grandiloquent expressions, of imposing sounds, something similar to that of the degenerate Romans, which Persius ridicules in the well known lines, *Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis.* Parini felt that this obstreperous harmony was far from natural or pleasing, and he intermixed in his verse lines purposely neglected, to adapt his language to the inequality of tone that pervades the sentiments; in other places he has managed an obvious contrast between the pomp of diction and of figure with the futility of the subject, deriving from it a source of humour.

* "Che il Lombardo pungem Sardanapalo."—Foscolo, Sepolcri.

Parini's odes are perhaps superior, at least by their lyric power, to his principal poem. It may be said of him, that he recalled the Italian lyre to its true vocation, that of rousing high and generous sentiments among his countrymen. It is remarkable that the best of his odes were written in his old age, such as *La Caduta*, the fall, *Il Pericolo*, that on the death of Sacchini the composer, and above all, the beautiful and lofty-toned effusion to *Silvia, sul vestire alla ghigliottina*. This was the name given in those mad times to the new fashion of ladies' dress and toilet, which had been recently introduced from France into Italy. Passeroni had already inveighed, in his Cicerone, against the indecency and nakedness of female dress—Parini, with keener perception, reprobated especially the images of cruelty with which it was associated by its name. He conceived the fatal effect these might have on the mind of a young woman, whose feminine delicacy ought to be kept untainted by even the vision of crime. He gently remonstrates with Silvia against adopting fashions derived from guilty practices, and raising his tone in anxious alarm, he warns her of the imperceptible steps, by which even a youthful maid may become domesticated with cruelty; he recalls the instance of ancient Rome, where the once honoured matrons, and the Latian daughters repaired to the amphitheatre to feast their eyes with the abominable fights of gladiators. He displays, in powerful colours, the utter degradation and frightful corruption which followed such vicious pastimes, and ends by telling Silvia not to forget the origin of ancient licentiousness, and to cherish always chaste thoughts and feelings of soft humanity.

Parini was a lover of liberty, but an enemy to licentiousness, to irreligion, and to popular tumults. When the French invaded Lombardy, in 1796, Parini was elected, along with Verri and other estimable men, a member of the new municipality of Milan. But he soon perceived he could not follow his benevolent views amidst clashing factions, and under the sway of an overbearing foreign conqueror. He therefore returned to his private station, the only one fit for an upright single-hearted old man, and secretly distributed among the poor all the salary he had received during the time he was in office. His reply to those who were shouting—*The republic for ever! death to the aristocrats!* has been reported by other writers. With an undaunted countenance, and a strenuous voice, he silenced their shouts by exclaiming to them: "Yes, the republic for ever, but death to no one, I say, ye senseless rabble." *Viva la repubblica e morte a nessuno, canaglia stolta*. And such was the respect for the venerable, though feeble old man, and such also the native good disposition of the Milanese, that the fury of the people became ap-

peased at these words. He died not long after, in the seventieth year of his age, poor as he had lived, in the bosom of that religion, the precepts of which he had never lost sight of amidst all the libertinism and confusion of those mad times.

Cesarotti, another Italian poet of the last century, is chiefly known as the author of a beautiful version of Ossian's poems. Whatever be the origin and the intrinsic merit of those compositions, certain it is that, clothed as they were by Cesarotti, in all the pomp and grace of Italian versification, they captivated the Italian public to a degree almost unparalleled in the literary annals of that country. People having become satiated with the perpetual, and now thread-bare allusions to the Greek mythology; the novelty, and, perhaps, the very vagueness of the Caledonian imagery—its spirit-crowded mists—its stormy seas and howling winds—its melancholy bards and moralizing warriors, struck the lively fancy of the Italians not the less because the scenes described were the reverse of those to which southern eyes are accustomed. But the mania of imitation to which Cesarotti's Ossian gave rise soon became ridiculous—the Italian fair, living under the glowing skies of Tuscany and of Parthenope, were sighing after the mists of the Hebrides; they held converse with the winds, and listened to fancied voices from the clouds. The crowd of puerile imitators had the effect of shortening the paroxysm, and all sensible men became more weary of the strange phantasmagoria of Ossian, than they had been of the sensual gods of Olympus. Yet the merit of Cesarotti as a poet remained acknowledged, and his Ossian retains its place in Italian literature, as another splendid example of the capabilities of that beautiful language for almost any sort of composition. The difficulties, however, which Cesarotti had to surmount, are thus modestly, but forcibly described by himself:

"Italian blank verse can only sustain itself by the majesty of its measured and returning harmony. As nothing is more opposed to this style of rhythm than the concise and rapid character of Ossian's poems, I was in the same situation as a workman of mosaics, obliged to combine together, in a harmonious and regular composition, so many fragments, without disfiguring them. I had no model in Italian poetry of the style and metre which were most suitable to the translation of poems so foreign to our manners."—*Ugoni*, vol. iii. p. 201.

We readily acknowledge Cesarotti's ingenuity in the execution of his undertaking; but we almost regret that so much ability should not have been employed in a more original task, and one more congenial to national taste. Another observation of Cesarotti we shall give before we dismiss the subject.

"Translators in general, in viewing the difficulties of their task,

dwell chiefly on the difference between one language and another; but, in my opinion, there is a still greater difficulty to be overcome, in order to produce a good translation, at least in verse, and that is, the difference of rhythm, and metre, harmony and verse. These, with their inflexions and pauses, their cadences and rhymes, modify the sentiments of a composition, and give them a beauty which they must lose if rendered in another measure; the analogy between the sounds and the ideas becomes lost, and discordance takes the place of harmony. This is the stumbling-block of literal translators."—p. 198.

Cesarotti was opposed to a too great veneration for the ancients, and, among others, for Homer. Had he contented himself with blaming a servile and blind admiration, he would have found few dissenters among those whose opinion is of any value; but he went farther, and presumed to correct the Iliad, by fashioning a sort of translation of it, in which he completely metamorphosed Homer; so that at last perceiving the transformation, and feeling the title of Iliad to be no longer suitable, he styled his version the "Death of Hector." The properest comment on this oddity was the caricature which appeared at Rome, representing the head of old Homer placed on the shoulders of a French *merveilleux*, with the legend "translation of Homer." A much more useful labour was his "Bibliotheca Homerica," in which he collected the substance of the best commentaries and criticisms on the father of classic poetry.

In his "Essay on the Philosophy of Languages, as applied to the Italian," Cesarotti showed himself really worthy of his high reputation as a learned philologist and critic, for such was in fact the natural turn of his mind. Cesarotti was no more a Cruscante than he was a classicist; his general principle was, that languages cannot remain long stationary,—that they must follow the progress of knowledge, and the vicissitudes of civil society,—that as new ideas occur, new words must be introduced, taken from those languages in which they have already existed; that a change of manners will alter the application of words from elegant to vulgar, and vice versa. He went so far as to propose the establishment of a literary Areopagus, composed of the flower of the Italian literati from every province of Italy, to act as arbiters in questions concerning language. It is a remarkable fact, that at this epoch the Academy of La Crusca was not averse to acknowledge the justice of Cesarotti's principle, and several letters passed between the secretary of that learned but punctilious assembly and our Paduan reformer.—*Ugoni*, vol. iii. p. 227. But the subsequent invasion of the French, the forced introduction of their language, and the slovenly corruption of the inferior Italian writers, alarmed national feelings, and the Crusca having again

issued its inexorable decrees, was even applauded by men of letters from feelings of wounded pride and indignant patriotism. Since that time, Monti has taken up the side of Cesarotti in the controversy, and the result has been the celebrated "*Proposta*," which has proved a signal acquisition to the language.

Among the philologists and critics who appear in Ugoni's collection, the eccentric Baretti deservedly fills a conspicuous place. His was truly a wandering life. Born at Turin, in 1716, and intended by his father for the profession of the law, young Baretti fled in disgust from home and repaired to Guastalla, and afterwards to Venice, where he became acquainted with Gozzi and other men of letters. After rambling about various cities of Italy, trying several modes of earning a precarious subsistence, yet collecting all the while valuable stores of information, he left his native country and repaired to London, in 1751, where he became a teacher of Italian, and wrote several pamphlets on literary subjects. He afterwards accompanied an English gentleman to Lisbon, and thence through Portugal, Spain, and the south of France to Italy, and we find a pleasing account of this journey in his "Lettere Famigliari ai suoi Fratelli." While at Venice, he began publishing, under an assumed name, a critical journal, which he styled *Frusta Letteraria*, "The Literary Scourge," a title perfectly adapted to the spirit of the work.

Literary criticism was, in Baretti's time, at a very low ebb in Italy. The trammels of the press, the fear of offending the great, the municipal jealousy of the literati, the pedantry of the academicians, above all, the sensitiveness of the clergy to any bold and new idea,—these were fatal obstacles to the establishment of a review. Hence the tameness of most attempts at literary criticism in the journals of that country. But, as it always happens that long restraint at last produces an ebullition, we find, also, that whenever a writer was so circumstanced or so much excited as to forget or brave prudential considerations, he fastened upon his antagonist with a fury and a scurrility which tended to disgrace his vocation. Thus, we find Italian critics degenerating into satirists. Baretti, of a naturally irritable temperament, bold and reckless like his favourite Benvenuto Cellini, in whose works he delighted, having, moreover, by his residence in England reinforced his mind with a spirit of independence, produced a most powerful specimen of Italian criticism, though often led beyond just limits by his disdainful overbearing temper and his love of paradox. While he justly derided the Arcadian *magæ*, the cold *concetti* of the sonneteers, the too great servility of the *Cruscanti*, the dusty pedantry of the archæologists, the idle dissertations of academicians; while he indignantly upbraided his coun-

trymen with wasting in those worse than trifles, time and abilities which ought to be engrossed in studies of national and general utility, in striving to keep pace with other nations in the career of investigation and civilization; while, in short, he endeavoured and with partial success, to awaken the Italian literati from the easy slumber in which they had been lulled by the example of the *Seicentisti*, Baretti quarrelled, at the same time, with several of his cotemporaries who were fellow-labourers in the same vocation, of reforming taste, and opening new paths to Italian genius. Thus, he was unjust to the great Italian dramatist, Goldoni, who, with all his faults, was the creator of the Italian drama, merely because Baretti patronized the eccentric but perverse genius of Carlo Gozzi, who, from hatred of innovation, wished to perpetuate the reign of masks and of farce on the Italian stage; he was too severe upon Genovesi, the style of whose philosophical works he unsparingly criticised; and he blamed his friend Parini for having written his *Giorno* in blank verse, and advised him seriously to recast it in *ottava rima!*

"With all his horror of blank verse," observes Ugoni, "Baretti had himself translated, in that metre, Corneille's tragedies, which was, certainly, a most unsuccessful attempt."—vol. i. p. 245.

But Baretti's violence was especially directed against the priest, Borga, and, above all, against Father Buonafede, a Celestine monk, whom he assailed in terms borrowed from the language of the *trivia*. A most envenomed controversy was carried on between the two enraged authors. It led them both beyond all bounds, not only of urbanity, but of decency, and exhibited a most scandalous renewal of the virulent invectives of the Italian learned of the fifteenth century, the spirit of Poggio, Valla, and Filelfo resuscitated. Baretti, however, fearing the effects of the *odium monasticum*, which was still dreaded in his time in Italy, removed, first from Venice to Ancona, where he continued the publication of his journal, under the false date of Trento, and then, some time after, left Italy altogether in disgust, and returned to England. Thus ended the publication of the *Frusta Letteraria di Aristarco Scannabue*, for such was the *nom de guerre* Baretti assumed. The last edition of this work is that of Milan, in 1804, in three volumes, 4to.

On his return to England, Baretti wrote in English, "An Account of the Manners and Customs of Italy, with Observations on the mistakes of some travellers with regard to that Country," in which he refutes the assertions of a Dr. Sharp, who had abused the Italians in a book of travels that he had written about their country. Baretti stands here on vantage ground, and we must say that he avails himself of it to the utter discomfiture of

his antagonist. The book is curious, inasmuch as it gives a lively and tolerably fair picture, by an Italian of the last century, of the manners of his countrymen previous to the French invasion and subsequent changes. As the race of travellers like Dr. Sharp is by no means extinct in our days, some future Baretti may, from the perusal of the work, derive materials for another defence of his often misrepresented country.

Having mentioned Buonafede as the antagonist of Baretti, we must now consider him as the historian of philosophy, for such is the character he assumed in his principal work, *Della istoria e della indole d'ogni filosofia*; which he continued under the title *Della restaurazione di ogni filosofia, ne' secoli* XVI, XVII, *e* XVIII. The latter was translated into German, by Professor Heydenreich, of Leipzig, but with many corrections and a copious supplement. Buhle, among the Germans, and Degerando, among the French, have since treated the same subject; the atter, however, acknowledges that Buonafede's work is the most complete that Italy is possessed of on the history of philosophy. The errors of judgment, which are observable in it, are derived from two sources, one connected with the station in life of the author, (a titled monk of one of the wealthiest orders then in existence,) the other inherent in his mind, which was prone to sarcasm and irony. The first made him, of course, not only uphold the dogmas but also the practices of the Romish Church, and the pretensions of the Roman See; the other led him to sneer at the generality of philosophers, because several of the individuals so styled happened to be truly ridiculous and contemptible. However, Buonafede proved more impartial than could be fairly expected from an Italian monk of the eighteenth century, writing at Rome, and his German translator, Professor Heydenreich, justly observes, that

"He is no dogmatic adept of any sect, and he keeps to the character of an independent mind. He is neither dazzled by the undeserved fame which crowns the head of some philosophers, nor blinded by the neglect and oblivion to which deserving writers have been sometimes condemned by fate; his judgments are therefore often in opposition to fashionable and received criticism. Although hostile to Protestantism, as might be expected, he is yet in some points more impartial than our own Protestant writers generally are."—*Kritische Geschichte der Revolutionen der Philosophie*, p. 2.

And in one of the German Appendixes concerning the modern sceptics, although Heydenreich combats Buonafede's inferences, that Protestantism led the way to scepticism, yet he repeats his acknowledgment of the impartiality with which the Catholic writer has examined the question, and the result with which he

concludes, that few, very few indeed, have been real sceptics; and of these he names Bayle, Huet, and perhaps Hirnhaym. With regard to Bayle, he was as far from scepticism as from Manicheism. That great man, indignant at the blind veneration of men for unexamined authority, for ex-parte statements, for the *magister dixit* of the old scholastics, strove to impress upon the minds of his readers the necessity of strict criticism, and of attaining the demonstration of truth, before believing it as such. In this bias, indeed, Bayle indulged to excess, actuated by literary vanity, and conscious that his mind was remarkably well calculated to detect errors, and to seize on the weak side of a system.—*Ugoni*, vol. i. p. 287—288.

In the first-mentioned work of Buonafede, viz. On the History and Character of all Philosophy, the author passes in review all the ancient schools; then proceeding to the philosophy of the Fathers of the Church, he comes to the various scholastic sects, and thus he leads his readers to the fifteenth century, when a revival of ancient philosophy was produced by the arrival in Italy of the Greek refugees, and by the encouragement of the two first Medicis, and of Pope Nicholas V.

The second work, on the Restoration of Philosophy, begins with the sixteenth century, and comes down to the middle of the eighteenth, the epoch of Genovesi. In the first volume Buonafede relates the early efforts of logic and criticism, to establish principles of rational philosophy. In the second, we see the mists of ignorance in great measure dispelled by wonderful discoveries, by deep reasoning, and above all by the habits of demonstration, practised by such men as Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, Leibnitz, Newton, the Recluses of Port Royal, Locke, Condillac, and Hume. This second volume is most interesting, as in it are explained the changes of the different schools, and the succession of various doctrines. The style of the author is elegant yet dignified, as becomes the subject; it has much of the majestic turn and sonorous period of the Latin, which language the writer evidently takes pleasure in imitating. And in such grave matters we think his example might be still followed with due moderation by the Italian writers at all times.

The third and last volume of the "Restoration" is engrossed by the history of moral philosophy, viewed in its natural connection with religion, both of which the author zealously vindicates from the outrages with which they had been assailed by licentious writers, especially in the eighteenth century.

Many other minor works were published by Buonafede, which are now laid by on the dusty shelves of convent libraries. One on "Self-Murder," is not, perhaps, to be classed among these;

it is a history of the most noted suicides, and the opinions of various philosophers and sects, ancient and modern, upon the characteristics of that unnatural act.

Father Buonafede, after having passed through the different monastic offices and honours, attained the highest rank, of general of the order of the Celestines; in that capacity he went to do homage to the King of Naples, whose vassal he had become, as lord of several baronies in that kingdom, which were afterwards suppressed, together with the order itself, at the time of the revolution. Buonafede, however, was spared the grief of beholding the downfal of the institution to which he belonged, at least in Italy; he died peacefully at Rome, in 1793, caressed and favoured by cardinals, into whose college, it is said, it was his highest but unsuccessful ambition to be numbered.

Contemporary with Baretti and Buonafede, lived the philologist and critic, Gasparo Gozzi, born at Venice in 1713.

Our historian, Ugoni, in speaking of this writer, begins the notice of his works by the following remarks:

"Nature creates genius, and studies and society nurse it; but political institutions, the temper of the prince, and the circumstances of the times, have a most essential share in forming the character of a writer. The old Venetian government, although nominally republican, was calculated to scare philosophy away; minds and thoughts were more fettered even than the persons of its subjects; therefore it is, that in all the literary history of that republic, we hardly meet with one philosophical writer. Hence, also, those Venetian literati who felt desirous of distinguishing themselves from the vulgar became more careful of the manner and style than of the subject of their compositions."—vol. i. p. 186.

They were in short philologists rather than philosophers, and this was eminently instanced in Gasparo Gozzi. Yet there can be philosophy, that is to say, intelligent investigation, and love of truth, even in the study of language, and on this principle Gozzi proceeded in most of his writings, where he strove to purify the Italian language from affectation, conceit, and exoticism, by referring to the great masters, from Dante down to the ingenious Berni. The former he undertook warmly to defend against the absurd obloquy which Bettinelli in his *Lettere Virgiliane* endeavoured to throw on the great father of Italian letters.

"It is a very arduous effort," observes Ugoni, "for a critic to deal fairly with a writer whose temper and character are totally at variance with his own. We are all naturally prepossessed in favour of our own perceptions, and manner of judging, as the best possible, and this happy illusion is not the least gift of Providence, which makes men, who are seldom pleased with others' doings, pleased, at least, with themselves. Now, Dante's temper was proud, irascible, and disdainful. Bettinelli, of a much tamer character, rendered still more so by a repressive monastic

education, was scared by the naked energy of Alighieri. In his character of a Jesuit he was not pleased with the strenuous Ghibeline: as an erudite but somewhat superficial thinker, the doctrine which is concealed under the veil of Dante's fanciful allegory, was unprofitable to him."—vol. ii. p. 95.

A notable expedient, suggested by Bettinelli, was that of extracting the best passages of Dante, out of which was to be manufactured a small volume consisting of three or four cantos, while such approved verses as could not enter into this patchwork, should be placed at the end, in the manner of aphorisms, according to the plan followed with some ancient authors, for example, Afranius and Pacuvius. In another place Bettinelli asserts, that among the 5,000 *terzine* contained in Dante's poem, there are not above 100 worthy to be extolled. "Dante," he observes, elsewhere, "wanted nothing but good taste and discernment in his art."—*Ugoni*, vol. i. p. 194.

Gozzi, in refuting Bettinelli, adopted the form of letters addressed from the Elysian fields to the Venetian publisher. In these letters the simplicity and unity of Dante's plan are exhibited as joined to a rich variety of incidents and images. The diversity of the punishments, their fanciful analogy, and ingenious adaptation to the crimes of the culprits, the terrific vivacity of the descriptions, the awful and almost unearthly sublimity of expression, and the profound knowledge of the human heart which is so remarkably displayed by Dante in his comparisons drawn from the workings of passion on the human mind, (the latter a source of poetical ideas almost unknown to Homer and Virgil, and of which Dante may be called the inventor,) all these are displayed in Gozzi's defence of that great poet.

Another work of Gozzi was *L'Osservatore*, a periodical publication, which appeared at Venice twice a week, on the plan of the Spectator.

The establishment of periodical publications or journals in Italy dates from the seventeenth century. The first was published at Rome, in 1668. A literary journal appeared at Parma, in 1686. In 1696 "The Gallery of Minerva" began at Venice, and in 1710 "*Il Giornale dei Letterati*," in the same city. Afterwards Pietro Verri and his brother, Alessandro, wrote, at Milan, a journal called *Il Caffè*, in which many excellent papers appeared.

Gozzi was unfortunate in his domestic arrangements. His natural carelessness of money matters, his marriage with a woman of poetical genius, but older than himself, and of a restless disposition and fretful temper, his ruinous connection with the stage,

as manager of a theatrical company, and his precarious health, all these circumstances contributed to make his life irksome.

"Had Gozzi," says our biographer, "been of a grovelling and vulgar nature, or had he been an ignorant man, his old age, burthened with privations and painful diseases, would have been most unhappy. But the misfortunes of our worthy Gozzi were much lessened by the sentiments of honesty and virtue which were deeply engraven in his soul, and by the fervid recollections and cheerful fancies of a mind stored with pleasing and useful information. The internal smile of a quiet conscience, as he says himself, never forsook him. Even in his correspondence, if he complains to his friends about his misfortunes, he is not wearisome to the reader. When a man, in the simplicity of his heart, gives himself up wholly to the impulses of Nature, and ingenuously writes from her inspiration, he seldom fails to please. Such a man was Gozzi, and his countrymen ought to hold his memory dear, for he was a promoter of praiseworthy studies, and one of the best writers of the eighteenth century."—vol. i. p. 186—204.

Carlo Gozzi, the brother of the preceding, is the only dramatic writer that appears in the three volumes of Ugoni's collection. Carlo was born at Venice in 1722. He is known as the rival of his celebrated cotemporary and countryman, Goldoni, and the supporter of the old irregular comedy against the latter.

In the second article of our preceding number, we have entered into sufficient details respecting the nature, character, and history of the *commedie dell' arte*, or burlesque comedy. From what is there stated, it may be inferred, and not unjustly, that this mode of composition was open to much irregularity and licentiousness. A few clever actors might, by seizing the spirit of their parts, excel in humour and wit, but most frequently the *maschere* repeated nothing but stale jokes and low buffoonery. Goldoni at last appeared, and in the very cradle of burlesque comedy undertook to reform the stage. For the impromptu comedies he substituted regularly written plays, and where he retained some of the principal masks, he obliged them to conform to the part written for them. He aimed at drawing his characters and incidents from nature, and for that purpose mixed with various company, even of the lowest class. He succeeded in great measure, and although his language is often far from pure, while his action is occasionally tame, and at other times extravagant, yet he was the founder of the present Italian comedy, and has been imitated by the dramatic writers of the subsequent generations.

Carlo Gozzi, a man of caustic and irritable temper, saw with an evil eye the change that Goldoni was effecting, and felt sore at the great success of his comedies. Some pique which he had with the dramatist, and his own connection with an old established company, made him determine on the hazardous task of upholding

the *commedie dell' arte;* he wrote, for the purpose, a number of ingenious plays, allegorical and satirical, in which he introduced fairies, sorcerers, and other supernatural machinery, but his main object was to ridicule Goldoni and his new regular comedy. Some resemblance may be traced between Gozzi's plays and those of Aristophanes.

In the midst of his vulgarities and strange conceits, the mind of the poet, naturally inventive and fertile in resources, is clearly visible. "No one can deny," says Ugoni, "that Gozzi was an original, and also a natural writer, but his nature is not a fine nature." He created a new species of drama, a mixture of allegory and parody allied with the wonderful and the burlesque, and he succeeded for a time in keeping the field against Goldoni; but after him no one has followed his wayward path. The genius of Gozzi resembled that of the old Spanish dramatists; fanciful but rough and wild, he borrowed much from their stage, and also from the oriental novels. We can only mention the titles of two or three of his plays: the "Loves of the Three Oranges," (the subject of which was taken from an old Venetian nursery tale,) with its three beautiful princesses, born of the three enchanted oranges, made all Venice crowd to the theatre of St. Angelo. In another, styled the "Drugs of Love," Gozzi had introduced under the name of Don Adonis, the character of a coxcomb imitator of foreign customs and frivolities. This was supposed to be the portrait of no less a person than the secretary to the Venetian senate, Pietro Gratarol, who was appointed resident for the republic at the court of Naples, a man vainglorious and affected. Gozzi asserts positively in his Memoirs, that when he wrote his part, he did not even know Gratarol; but the latter, fancying himself ridiculed, endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain of the senate the suppression of the play, and through his own anxiety on the subject, made every body aware of the ludicrous coincidence. This was a source of trouble for both Gratarol and his supposed parodist. It proved absolutely the death of the former, who, unable to bear the idea of being thus caricatured on the stage, "wrote even from Stockholm an *apologetic narrative* of his grievances, and at last died broken-hearted in the island of Madagascar."—*Ugoni*, vol. iii. p. 79.

The whole life of Carlo Gozzi was a series of squabbles and bickerings; a full account of which may be found in his own autobiography, which he published in his latter years, and styled, with his usual quaintness of expression, *Useless Memoirs of his Life, written by himself, and published through humility.* The last sentence is, perhaps, apposite; for the vicissitudes of his life—the derangement of his affairs—his perpetual law-suits—his discreditable connection with the histrionic company of Sacchi—

his vulgar and grovelling tastes, are all features far from advantageous to his character. Yet he was certainly a man of original genius, and perhaps understood rightly the character of his countrymen, when he deprecated the extinction of the *maschere*, and of the *commedie dell' arte*, which, with all their faults and abuses, constituted a genuine Italian comedy. The general gravity and caution of that nation require the occasional relief of vivacious and boisterous mirth, which loves to break out in sudden and impetuous bursts, without rule or restraint. Even at this day, some of the minor theatres at Naples, which have retained the masks, attract crowds of spectators of the educated classes; and in the melodrama, the charms of the *opera buffa*, bustling and lively, are far superior to those of the stately frigid *opera seria*, which, bating a few duets and ariettas, is looked upon in Italy as a most powerful soporific.

The historian Denina, a Piedmontese, fills a conspicuous place among the Italian writers of the last century; during which period, Ugoni justly remarks that Piedmont contributed more than its proportionate share of talent. The names of the mathematician La Grange—the orientalist De Rossi—the typographer Bodoni—the poet Passeroni—the philologist Baretti, and the Cardinal Gerdil—those of Alfieri, and of his friend Caluso—and of Napione and Botta in our own days, all belong to this extreme and comparatively small portion of Italy. Denina's best work is the *Rivoluzioni d'Italia*, on which he employed ten years of his life, and which was translated and reprinted in almost all the languages of Europe, and even in modern Greek at Constantinople. This was the first general history of Italy from its earliest times, and the author availed himself of the materials collected by municipal writers, and above all, by Sigonius and the indefatigable Muratori. Denina printed the first edition of his work at Florence, with the approbation of the local authorities; but this was not enough, it seems, for a Piedmontese subject, a law being then in force, that no Piedmontese should publish a work, even in a foreign land, without the permission of the Turin censors. The consequence was that Denina's edition was suppressed, and the author had to pay the expenses of the printing. He was, moreover, exiled to Vercelli, and deprived of his professor's chair in the University of Turin. The disgust which he felt on this occasion induced him to quit his country, and to avail himself of the offer of Frederic of Prussia, who had invited him to his court, with the promise of every facility for his literary studies, as the king knew that Denina was then preparing a history of the Revolutions of Germany, which, however, when published, proved inferior to his former work.

Another work of considerable interest, by the same author, is the "History of Western Italy," which denomination embraces the whole continental territories of the Sardinian monarchy. This is, properly speaking, a supplement to the "Rivoluzioni d'Italia," containing many details concerning that part of Italy which could not find place in a general history of the peninsula. The author, a Piedmontese, appears here perfectly master of his subject, having consulted all the chronicles, provincial and municipal, of Piedmont, most of which were inedited and hardly known; and of these he gives an interesting critical notice. He investigates the ancient genealogy of the house of Savoy, the oldest of the European dynasties, and also of the marquises of Ivrea and Susa, and the other lords of those provinces during the middle ages. Having reached the eighteenth century, the history of Piedmont and of its sovereigns, beginning from Victor Amadeus II., who first obtained the title of King of Sardinia, becomes essentially connected with the affairs of the rest of Italy, and forms a useful supplement to that part of its general history which Denina had rather hurried over in his "Rivoluzioni d'Italia," viz. from the peace of Utrecht to the annexation of Piedmont to the late French empire. Denina finished his work on Western Italy at Paris, where he was librarian to Napoleon, an office which he retained till his death, which happened in 1813.

On the merits of these Italian histories, Ugoni observes, that Denina had the talent of putting into order the scattered materials of the annals of his country, and of raising an entire edifice, valuable for its simplicity and boldness.

"But as he was the first who undertook the task of deciphering and remodelling the rude works of the old chroniclers and annalists, he had little leisure to adorn them. Generally scrupulous with regard to the correctness of the outline of facts, he was not so successful in the art of shading and colouring his sketches."—vol. iii. p. 258.

However, Denina's "Revolutions of Italy" is considered a standard work in Italian libraries, and is even the best, if not the only general history of that country written by a native. We mean no disparagement to Bossi's most useful compilation, which, however, from its size, and the manner in which it is written, is totally unfit for general readers. Denina's style is remarkable for a certain nerve and conciseness not always to be met with in Italian narrative.

We must now advert to the same author's "Vicende della Letteratura," or General History of letters, ancient and modern, which he has traced in a succession of miniature etchings. In point of erudition, the author is truly wonderful; no book seems unknown to him. Innumerable writers are pourtrayed, and their

merits defined with laconic, and often characteristic sentences. Unlike the generality of compilers, Denina ranges freely over the vast ground spread before him with an ease which bespeaks a complete and long-acquired familiarity. This work, by the universal learning which it contains, and the historical sobriety of narrative, stands next to the "Revolutions of Italy," among the author's passports to literary fame.

The "Prusse Litteraire,"* which Denina published in French at Berlin, contains notices of the Prussian authors, academicians, and artists, who lived in the Prussian states between the years 1740 and 1786, arranged in alphabetical order. The introduction to this Prussian biography, in which the author gives an account of the different branches of learning during the reign of Frederic, is characterised by Ugoni as "one of the most useful, comprehensive, and sensibly written *resumés* of literary history extant."

We have not space to say more of this author. The reader will find an ample and interesting criticism on his numerous works in Ugoni's third volume, in which his amiable and irreproachable character is also most fairly and honourably sketched. Upon the whole, we consider this as one of the best written articles in the "History of Italian Literature," while the subject of it is one of the most distinguished Italian writers of the eighteenth century.

Two writers on the fine arts, Milizia and Lanzi, are noticed in the last volume of Ugoni's work. The former is known as the author of the "Memoirs of ancient and modern Architects,"† preceded by an essay upon architecture, in which Milizia in a clear manner exhibits the principles of that art. In the first book, he treats of the ancient architects of Greece and Rome, until the decay of the art in the fourth century. The second includes the dark period from Constantine to the fourteenth century, which is much less known than it deserves to be, considering, that during this period a multitude of wondrous monuments were erected in the Gothic and Moorish styles; it was, indeed, the age of cathedrals, of massive palaces and castles, that rival for their grandeur and solidity, though not for taste, the most boasted works of the Romans. Owing to the neglect of letters, the fame which might otherwise have been acquired by those creations of a rude, but powerful imagination, was not insured to their projectors. In the third book, Milizia draws the history of the art from the revival of classic taste to the eighteenth century, and examines severely, but impartially, the various works of the numerous archi-

* Berlino. 1790-91. 4 vols. 8vo.
† Parma, at the Royal Press. 2 vols. 8vo. 1781.

sects who flourished in that period. Possessed of an honest independence, careless of patronage, devoid of prejudices, Milizia lived and wrote at Rome, without fear, without stooping to flattery; his pen ran as freely as his thoughts, and he ridiculed without mercy those artists and dilettanti who had degraded the noble simplicity of architecture by their extravagance, and their undue love of the rich and ornamental. He fought boldly against the common depravity of taste, as may be seen in his familiar correspondence with his intimate friend Count Sangiovanni of Vicenza, a collection of epistles equally interesting from the power of mind which they display, and the candid and unaffected style of the writer. From this correspondence Ugoni quotes a beautiful specimen, being a letter, in which Milizia describes, like a true artist, the impression produced on him by the view of Ganganelli's mausoleum in the Church of Santi Apostoli, one of the early works of the immortal Canova, "The very Jesuits," exclaims he, "cannot refrain from blessing Pope Ganganelli in his marble effigy. It is a work of perfection, and this is proved by the absurd strictures of the Michel-Angelists, of the Berninites and Borrominists, who, God forgive them, censure as faults the most splendid beauties." Milizia had by nature a spirit wholly uncompromising in what he considered the cause of truth; by living at Rome among artists, he had adopted much of their blunt independence, and had acquired that *ruvidetto romano*, which is the characteristic of the natives in the expression of their thoughts, as well as in their works of art. At times, however, his untameable independence led him into paradoxes.

Another important work of Milizia is the "Principles of Civil Architecture,"* in which he gives a regular course of that art, divided into three sections, agreeably to its three great leading characters—solidity, convenience, and beauty. Palladio, Scamozzi and Vignola, among the moderns, had already treated this subject; but their works afford rather materials for a treatise, than a complete treatise itself.

He afterwards wrote "*L'Arte di Vedere nelle Belle Arti del Disegno*," in which he displays a spirit of animosity against Michel Angelo, a feeling which had been roused in him by the conceit and impertinence betrayed by feeble imitators of that great master. Milizia detested servility and weakness; he had a conception of the beautiful and of the sublime, equally remote from the licentious extravagance of a Borromini or a Guarini, and from the cold imitative system of the Florentine school.

Luigi Lanzi is the author of the "History of Italian Painting,"

* Principii di Architettura Civile. 3 vols. 8vo. Bassano. 1804.

a rich and truly national subject, to which his attention was directed by his intimate friend, Tiraboschi.* Vasari and others had already written lives of the painters; but Lanzi was the first who embodied a general account of the art in its whole progress, dividing it by the various schools, beginning with the Florentine, the origin of which, differing from Vasari, he traces back to times much anterior to Cimabue, who is generally considered as the earliest Tuscan artist. Lanzi gives a series of artists of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, showing that Italy was never deficient in painters. The Roman school, with its perfection of classic design, ideal beauty and peculiar grandeur of style, comes next; and after it the Neapolitan, remarkable by its fancy and vivacity, the gifts of the happy climes in which it had its birth. He then proceeds to describe the schools of Upper or Northern Italy, beginning with the Venetian, rich and abundant in great masters; then the Lombard—subdivided into the Mantuan, distinguished by Mantegna and Giulio Romano—the Parmesan, by the divine Corregio—and the Milanese, which boasts of Leonardo da Vinci as its leader; the Bolognese school, ennobled by the names of the Caracci; then the Genoese; and last of all the painters of Piedmont, though the latter do not form a series which entitles them to the name of a school. Every one of these schools Lanzi divides into various periods, according to their variations in style and taste, and neglects no information that can enrich his narrative. He visited in person the various seats of the art, examined the masterpieces, consulted with existing professors in their respective cities, in short, spared no pains to render his labour complete; all that diligence can collect is to be found in his history, but Ugoni observes, that "it is deficient in that spirit of philosophical analysis which traces the great moral causes from whence the rise, prosperity and decline of the arts proceed."—vol. iii. p. 407.

Another publication of Lanzi is his "Essay on the Etruscan Language," a work of great and ingenious research on the origin, nature and etymology of that lost idiom. This has been a subject of much controversy among the learned of Tuscany Unlike the generality of antiquarian treatises, the work of Lanzi is made interesting to the general reader, by its various and mixed erudition, the monuments it illustrates, and the pleasing style in which it is written.

The learned and pious Gerdil, although by birth a Savoyard, is classed by Ugoni among the Italian literati. Most of his works,

* Published at Bassano in 1794. A late edition, 6 vols. 8vo. Firenze, 1822. An English translation by Mr. Thomas Roscoe has recently appeared.

however, are written either in Latin or in French, which latter is, or rather was, the current language among the upper classes in the Sardinian States. Gerdil, after studying at Bologna, in the noviciate of the Barnabites, being admitted into the order, repaired to Turin, where he lectured upon ethics in the Academy of that city. He soon rose high in the public estimation, and was appointed preceptor to one of the King's nephews. His fame had already reached Rome, and Pius VI. created him a Cardinal in 1777. Exiled from Rome in consequence of the first French invasion, he returned again with the new Pope Pius VII. to that metropolis, where he died in 1802, in the humble cell of the convent of his order, where he had always continued to reside, even in the midst of his worldly honours and dignities. His friend, the learned Cardinal Fontana, pronounced a funeral oration over his remains. Gerdil's works were published at Rome in 15 vols. 4to.

This writer's refutation of Rousseau's "Emile" was the only criticism which the self-opinioned philosopher of Geneva confessed he had read through from beginning to end, concluding with expressions of regret that his truly estimable censor had not understood him!

The principal work of Cardinal Gerdil composed in Italian, is his "Introduction to the Study of Religion," which was praised by Brucker in his "History of Philosophy." He wrote also a treatise on duels, mathematical dissertations, and several polemical works in defence of religion and moral philosophy.

If this author has been styled the Fenelon of Italy, the Bishop of Parma, Turchi, might not unfitly be called the Italian Bossuet, especially with regard to similarity of temper and oratorical energies. Turchi is, indeed, one of the few sacred orators Italy can boast of, nor has that country, the seat and centre of Catholicism, produced a Massillon or Bourdaloue. The Jesuit Segneri, of the seventeenth century, is the only preacher who enjoyed a literary reputation previous to Turchi. It may be said, however, that it is partly owing to the neglect of collecting and publishing the sermons of popular preachers, that Italy has so few specimens of pulpit eloquence; but, speaking from our own experience, we think the deficiency rather arises from the mistaken idea that has prevailed in that country of the duties of sacred oratory. Its professors are too much addicted to a style of theatrical declamation, to poetical descriptions and rhetorical figures; their appeals are to the senses and to the passions; imagination has too great a part, and reason too little, in their ingenious compositions; they surprise, they please, they excite, but do not convince the hearer. The subjects, too, are frequently ill chosen. Dogmatical

and metaphysical definitions; attempts at explaining by worldly illustration mysteries incomprehensible to the human intellect; fanciful descriptions of scenes which the eye has never seen, and the mind cannot comprehend; or cold elaborate panegyrics on some of the innumerable Saints of the Romish Calendar;—these form the far greater part of subjects usually preferred by Italian preachers.

Bishop Turchi's oratory was less injured by the faults just mentioned than that of most of his countrymen. His conceptions are lofty, and his comparisons striking and appropriate. Full of unaffected zeal and religious fervour, his eloquence never becomes languid or coldly elaborate. Yet occasionally, especially in his latter compositions, he falls into the declamatory style, and repeats *usque ad nauseam* invectives against the philosophers and innovators in religion and politics. This, however, was a common fault at the time, and partly justified by the excesses of the French Revolution, and the alarm they excited in Italy.

Ugoni, indeed, distinguishes two epochs in Turchi's oratorical career: the first, before he was promoted to the episcopal see, is marked by a greater liberality of sentiments; and our biographer quotes passages in his funeral oration on Maria Theresa, which breathe a spirit of truly liberal Christian philosophy (vol. ii. p. 169.) To the same period belong his "*Prediche alla Corte*,"* or Sermons before the Court of Parma, to which he was appointed preacher. To the second, or episcopal, career of Turchi belong his homilies, with many sermons which have been published at Modena since his death; and to that second part of his compositions the charge of intolerance and violence chiefly applies.

A tone of severity is manifest in Ugoni's article upon Torelli; a man who, deeply imbued with Greek and Latin lore, became so wrapt up in his admiration of the ancients, as to have little or no sympathy for modern writers, and to show himself unjust towards his contemporaries. "He was one of those who fancy that nature, bountiful towards the ancients, was to us but a stepmother."—vol. iii. p. 62. Of the Jesuit Roberti, Ugoni observes, that having fixed in his mind as a principle that "philosophers had always been the enemies of Christianity," he made no distinction between philosophy and sophistry, between the use and the abuse of human curiosity and the spirit of investigation, —vol. ii. p. 111. Yet even of these, our author praises, with honest candour, the virtuous life, the learning, the benevolent disposition; and he points out such of their works as are deserving of

* Reprinted at Milan, by Silvestri, in 1826.

unmixed approbation. Of Pompei, who has given Italy an excellent translation of Plutarch and some beautiful pastorals, he speaks with deserved eulogy. All these were men of the old school, uniting some of its hallowed prejudices to many of its virtues,—simplicity, strict probity, and sincere piety. They have passed away with the age that gave them birth: let us tread lightly upon their ashes, and let no party-spirit molest their peaceful shades or depreciate their modest worth!

If we add to the names already mentioned those of the lyric poet Manara, of the learned antiquary Gagliardi (vol. i. p. 309—333), and of the physician Borsieri, the author of the "Institutions of Practical Medicine," which have been translated into English, (vol. ii. p. 211,) we shall have introduced to the acquaintance of our readers all the characters contained in Ugoni's *History of Italian Literature during the latter half of the Eighteenth Century;* a work of which, upon the whole, we must speak with high commendation. We have been for some time expecting the fourth volume, in which we learn Alfieri's life would be given; but, to our disappointment, we understand that the author has for the present suspended its intended publication. It was his purpose, when we last saw him in England, to bring down his literary biography to the present day, and leave it to some future lover of letters to continue it in the next generation. But the vicissitudes and uncertainty of the times, and the author's continued absence from Italy, may have prevented the execution of this plan,—let us hope he has not altogether abandoned it. The last tidings we had of Ugoni were from Lugano, in Italian Switzerland, where he has published a translation of Foscolo's much-admired Essays on Dante and Petrarch.

The work of Maffei, the title of which appears also at the head of this article, is a pleasing *resumé* of the whole Italian literature from its earliest time to the end of the last century. The author, who is Italian Professor at Munich, has compressed into a small compass the notices contained in the various Italian historians and biographers, Corniani and Ugoni included. His work was written purposely for the German students and amateurs of Italian belles-lettres.

Having now completed our task, and, whilst professing to review Ugoni's work, having, in fact, succinctly reviewed the principal writers who flourished in Italy in the latter part of the eighteenth century,—a period which may justly be called the third great era of Italian letters,—we must, ere we conclude, advert to one consideration which has repeatedly occurred to us, and which will probably have likewise suggested itself to the minds of the readers of the present article: "What influence has been exerted upon the public mind, and what advantages have accrued to

Italy, from this galaxy of bright spirits in almost every branch of letters and philosophy, most of them sincerely animated with the wish of benefiting their country?" We can take upon ourselves to answer, confidently, that although Italy has not, perhaps, derived the full benefit of their exertions, yet a great change has taken place in the public mind, which must be attributed to those writers. Wise principles of legislation, civil and criminal, of political economy, of administration, have been publicly proclaimed by Beccaria, Filangieri,* Verri, Galiani, and Carli; philology and criticism have been disengaged from pedantry by the elder Gozzi, Baretti, and Cesarotti; history has maintained its old reputation in Italian literature through the means of Bettinelli, Tiraboschi, Denina, and Lanzi. Poetry has been rescued from the meretricious services to which it had been condemned for nearly two centuries: no longer confined to the amusement of an idle hour, to court dalliance in lady's bower, or to flatter the passions of the great, it assumed a loftier flight, it touched the chords nearest to the heart, and, in the hands of Passeroni and Parini, it prepared itself for the noble use to which Alfieri, Monti, and Foscolo were to convert it. The spirit of philosophy revived with Genovesi, whose school has kept its ground ever since; in the theory of the arts, Milizia opened the way to the æsthetic studies, which have superseded the servile admiration of mediocrity and the jargon of the *dilettanti*. The works of all these great men are now in the hands of every body; fresh reprints of them are brought forth every year;—does this look as if their influence had been ineffectual? The latter supposition is indeed refuted by the tone of Italian literature in our day, especially of its periodicals; by the efforts which are making to spread education, and by the increasing number of Italian travellers. There is now in that country a new literary generation, not numerous, but select; fresh and vigorous, and we believe honest. Their prospects are at present doubtful, their pretensions not well defined, but their powers begin to make themselves felt. Italy follows, though slowly, the system of the other great European nations; but she follows, revolving in an orbit of her own, which is prescribed by laws, moral and political, peculiar to her. But of the present epoch it is not here our mission to speak; it ought to form the subject of a separate article, which we may perhaps be tempted to offer to our readers at some future period.

* We miss in Ugoni's work the notice of that illustrious Neapolitan, Gaetano Filangieri. His *Scienza della Legislazione* is superior, at least in its philosophy, to Montesquieu's great work. Filangieri, more fortunate than Giannone, enjoyed the favour of his king, and was made councillor of State. He died near Naples in 1788, at the early age of thirty-six.

Art. X.—*La Guzla, ou Choix de Poésies Illyriques, recueillies dans la Dalmatie, la Bosnie, la Croatie, et l'Herzegovine.* Paris. 1827. 12mo.

This little volume possesses no inconsiderable attraction both from the nature of its contents, and from the personal character of Hyacinth Maglanovich, to whose eccentric talents we are indebted for the greater portion of its poetical contents.

There are particular states of society eminently favourable to the production of popular poetry, and to forming and cherishing a taste for it. Such was, during the middle ages, the state of the people in Spain, of the English and Scottish Borderers, and of the nations of Scandinavia. These nations were free and independent; they were continually engaged either in external war, or internal feuds. The people were not crushed to the earth by tyranny and oppression; and being in the true feudal spirit ardently attached to the families of their lords, entered with eagerness into every pursuit or amusement connected with them. There existed at that period little or no commerce or manufactures; consequently they had abundance of idle time. All classes looked for some diversion to fill up the intervals not occupied by war, the chase, or the necessary agricultural or domestic toils; and nothing was in general estimation so well adapted for the purpose as the narratives of adventure. Books however were rare, and few could read: simple prose relation did not gratify so much, or adhere so firmly to the memory, as that which was aided by some rude metre and corresponding melody. Hence it became the business of such as undertook the task of narrating tales of love or war, to enhance their value by clothing them in a metrical dress. Each language readily presented some simple, easy form of versification, in which almost any incident might be made to wear the garb of poetry, without much expenditure of time or patience on the part of the composer. Nothing, for example, can be more simple or better adapted to the nature of the Spanish language than the redondilla, the measure of the Spanish romances, with its lines of from six to eight syllables, and its assonant rhymes. In like manner few difficulties were presented by the Scottish or Scandinavian ballads, with their four-line stanzas, subject to the simple laws of the first and third lines having four accents, or, to speak technically, four feet of either two or three syllables, and the second and fourth three accents or feet of the same kind, with an assonant or consonant rhyme between the two latter. A light and easy form of verse being thus established, the natural consequence was, that almost every trifling occurrence and every sentiment were thrown into it, and

the nations that abound most in historic ballads are also the richest in popular songs.

Among the nations of which we have been hitherto speaking, the state of society is now so totally altered by the art of printing, the introduction of commerce and manufactures, with various other causes, that the composition of such poetry is at an end. Ballads are no doubt occasionally written by poets of eminence, in the old form, but in polished and elegant stanzas. These, however, are not poems for the people; they are seldom to be heard among them, and such ballads as they still sing are those which have been handed down from a distant era, rude and simple as the times which gave them birth. But there is one race of men in Europe which is still nearly in the state of society already described. First, at war with the Turks,—then subject to them,—the two nations, of different religions and modes of life, living intermingled with each other,—now in friendly, now in hostile relations,—they present a picture not unlike to that which Spain exhibited in the time of the Moors. Romantic events were incessantly occurring. Written or printed histories and tales there were none; popular poetry in consequence flourished there to an extent, and attained a degree of perfection, not surpassed in any other country.

The reader scarcely requires to be informed that the people we allude to is that portion of the Slavonian race that inhabits Servia, Croatia, Bosnia, and the country lying to the north-east of the Adriatic. With the poetry of Servia, considerable portions of which have been translated into our own and the German language, we are now tolerably familiar; but it was not the first part of the Slavonian poetry which was made known to Europe. The Abate Fortis had, in his Travels in Dalmatia, and his Observations on the Isle of Cherso and Osero, many years since, not only given a full and accurate description of the manners and character of the Morlachians, but had published in these works specimens of their popular poetry, in the original, with translations, which Herder had transferred into his "Stimmen der Völker in Lieder." But, until of late years, the subject seems not to have excited much attention.

Owing to various causes, which we shall not stop to enumerate, the taste for the natural and simple poesy of the old times has been once more awakened, and collections of popular ballads are now hailed with delight by cultivated readers. Even France, whose muse was so long fettered in the poetical *convenances* of the age of Louis XIV., begins to exhibit decided symptoms of improvement in this point, as well as others. The anonymous translator of the present little volume has noticed this alteration

in the public taste, and assigns it as his reason for venturing to print his Illyrian ballads.

"Observing," says he, "the daily increasing taste for foreign works, and especially for those which vary even in their forms from the masterpieces that we are accustomed to admire, I thought of my collection of Illyrian songs. I translated a few of them for my friends, and it is by their advice that I venture to select some from my collection, and to submit them to the judgment of the public."

The translator is an Italian, but born of a Morlachian mother. He says he passed many of his younger days in rambling through Dalmatia and the adjacent countries, where he was accustomed to hear the itinerant minstrels singing to the accompaniment of the *guzla*, or one-stringed guitar, their original or traditional poetry, and he committed many of their effusions to writing. Unfortunately, though an Italian, he has not followed the example of Fortis in giving Italian versions, corresponding in form to the originals of these Illyrian unrhymed trochaics; but has translated them into French prose,—a transmutation by which even the least artificial species of verse is sure to suffer considerably; for there is some inexpressible, we would almost say mysterious, connexion between the metrical form and the turn and flow of the thoughts, sentiments and images, that will not admit of their being divorced. As a proof of this the reader has only to compare Fortis's translation of the "*Noble Wife of Hassan Aga,*" or that of Mr. Bowring, with the version of it given in the present volume.

The Illyrian poetry, as might be expected, presents a great resemblance to the Servian. Like that, it celebrates deeds of savage atrocity, and of gentle and heroic virtue. To judge by the specimens we have seen, few of the pieces it contains are of an historic character: belonging to feebler nations, it has no great battles to record; and Thomas II. the last king of Bosnia, is its only hero of eminence. But it celebrates, in high-toned strains, the fierce courage and noble daring of the Heyduks (robbers) against the hated and dastardly Pandoors (police). Its superstition is of a darker cast; the saints appear not in it engaged in acts of beneficence; the sun and stars hold no converse with man; and the mountain-haunting Vila displays but once her beautiful form. The horrible Vampire, also, is no unfrequent actor in its scenes, and the terrors of the Evil Eye, with which our readers are already familiarized in a preceding article, are dwelt on with earnestness.

Most of the Illyrians can sing to the *guzla* their native songs, but there are professional minstrels, who roam from village to village with their vocal wares. These are mostly poor ragged old men,

who sing through the nose; their music has little variety, and at the end of each verse the singer gives a yell, like that of a wounded wolf, which in the mountains may be heard to a considerable distance. When the ballad is finished, the minstrel appeals for his reward to the generosity of his auditors; but it is not unusual for him, like the eastern story-teller, to stop in the most interesting part, to make his collection: he has frequently even the wisdom to make his bargain beforehand, and settle the terms of his engagement as regularly as any performer at the winter theatres. We have in truth, perhaps, in these poor Illyrian songsters, and in those of the adjacent land of Greece, the bards of ancient Hellas.

The most celebrated guzla-player in Illyria at present is Hyacinthus Maglanovich, who is also a poet and improvisatore. This man is a native of Zuonigrad, and was stolen in his eighth year by gypsies, who carried him to Bosnia, and made a Mahommedan of him. At fifteen he was re-converted by a Catholic monk, in whose company he ran away, one stormy night, from Livno, where he was in the service of an Ayan or mayor, (for he had left the gypsies,) taking with him a pelisse, sabre, and some sequins, the property of his master. Livno is but twelve leagues from Dalmatia, which was then under the dominion of Venice. Here, in safety, Maglanovich made his first song to celebrate his flight. His only support was now derived from singing and playing on the guzla; his natural powers quickly developed themselves; he composed marriage and funeral songs, and it was not long before no festival was regarded as complete without Maglanovich and his guzla. At five-and-twenty his reputation was high, especially with the fair sex. Maria, the daughter of a rich Morlachian, named Zlarinovich, was the object of his love, and, in Illyrian fashion, he ran away with her. His rival was a *laird* or *hidalgo*, named Uglian, who got information of the intended elopement, and came up to prevent it at the very moment Maria was mounted on her steed. Hyacinthus shot him on the spot, and having no family to espouse his quarrel, he was forced to fly with his wife to the mountains, and join the Heyduks. Having made some money as a freebooter, he abandoned the trade, and came to settle in the Kotar, on the bank of a mountain stream that runs into the lake of Vrana. Here his wife and children attend to the farm, while he takes his rambles through the country; occasionally also he visits his old friends, the Heyduks.

In 1816, the author of this volume was visited at Zara by Maglanovich, who brought him a letter of introduction from a Voivode, Nicholas * * *, in which it was intimated, that whoever wished to derive any entertainment from the old man, must first ply him well with liquor, as he never felt himself properly inspired

till he was half-seas-over. A good dinner was accordingly provided, at which Hyacinthus enjoyed himself as if he had been fasting for four days; the company replenished his glass with the utmost punctuality, and expectation was on tiptoe for the moment, when, the rage of hunger and thirst being appeased, the bard should pour forth his lofty strains. But all of a sudden he started up from the table, flung himself like a dog on a carpet before the fire, and in five minutes was deeply sunk in the stream of oblivion.

Next time, however, his host was more fortunate. He was less liberal of his liquor, just wrought him up to the singing-point, and heard several of his best ballads. "When he chaunted to his guzla, his eyes became animated, and his face assumed an expression of savage beauty, which a painter would be delighted to express on canvass." After having been entertained during five days, he one fine morning departed, taking, instead of a formal farewell, a pair of English pistols that hung in the chamber of his host. "However," observes the author, "I must say, to his praise, that he might have just as easily taken my purse and a gold watch, worth ten times the value of the pistols." Very true, perhaps, but *quære*, which would have most charms for an old Heyduk, a gold watch or a good case of pistols? In the following year Maglanovitch most joyfully received and entertained his quondam host at his own cottage, after which, his son acted as a guide to him for several days through the mountains, and could not be prevailed on to accept of any recompense.

We have been induced to give this sketch of an Illyrian minstrel, from our love of contemplating man as modified by particular states of society, and we regard Hyacinth as no ordinary character. But it is now time that we should give our readers some specimens of the contents of *La Guzla*.

The first poem in the volume, called "The Hawthorn of Velico," is one of Hyacinth's own composition, of which the opening stanza specially informs us; for an Illyrian improvisatore seems to feel as proud a consciousness of his own powers, as ever swelled the bosom of a Pindar or Horace.

"The Hawthorn of Velico, by Hyacinth Maglanovich, a native of Zuonigrad, the most skilful of players on the *guzla*. Listen and attend!"

The poem is a fine illustration of that fierce thirst of vengeance, and high sense of the obligations of hospitality, so often found in a state of society not far removed from barbarism. The following is an outline of it:—

The bey John Velico had twelve sons; five fell at the ford of Obravo; five at the plain of Rebrovj; one, his favourite, was put in prison in Kremen, and the prison door walled up. The old bey was blind, and with his last remaining infant child crossed the Mresvizza,

and said to George Estivanich, "Spread thy cloak, that I may be shaded."

"And George Estivanich spread his cloak; he ate bread and salt with the bey John Velico, and he named the child which his wife gave him, John."

At Easter the three foes of Velico met at Kremen, and ate and drank together. They conversed of Velico, and finding that he was still alive, they said to each other, "Let John Velico die, and his son Alexis;" and they shook hands, and they drank from the same goblet of prune-brandy.

The day after Whitsuntide, Nicholas Jagnicov, Joseph Spalatin, and Fedor Aslar, at the head of a hundred men, descended into the plain, and watered their horses at the Mresvizza. "What seek ye, beys of the East? What come ye to do in the country of George Estivanich? Go ye to Segna to compliment the new podesta?"

It is John Velico and his son they seek; twenty Turkish horses are offered for them, and indignantly rejected. Threats are then employed.

"I will not give up John Velico," cries the noble bey; "and if you want blood, I have on yonder mountain a hundred and twenty horsemen, who will descend at the first sound of my silver whistle."

Without uttering a word in reply, Fedor Aslar, with his sabre clove the head of the bey, and they advanced towards the house.

Theresa Gelin had seen the murder of her husband, and she called to her guests to save themselves.

The old man will not stir; he cries "Save Alexis, he is the last of his name." And Theresa Gelin said, "Yea, I will save him."

The beys saw John Velico, their balls flew, and their sabres cut his grey locks.

"Theresa Gelin, is that boy the son of John?" But she replied, "Ye shall not spill the blood of an innocent." Then they all cried, "'Tis the son of John Velico."

Joseph Spalatin would take him away with him, but Fedor Aslar pierced his heart with his ataghan, and he slew the son of George Estivanich, thinking to slay Alexis Velico.

Ten years after, Alexis was grown a hardy hunter, and he said to Theresa Gelin, "Why, mother, are those bloody robes hanging on the wall?"

"'Tis the robe of thy father, John Velico, who is not yet avenged; 'tis the robe of George Estivanich, who has not been avenged, for he left no son."

The hunter is grown sad; he drinks no more of the brandy of prunes; but he buys powder at Segna: he collects Heyduks and horsemen.

The day after Whitsuntide, he crosses the Mresvizza and surprises the three beys of the East at table. The minstrel calls out that Heyduks and horsemen are passing the ford, and that it is Alexis Velico.

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou old guzla-strummer. Alexis Velico is dead; I pierced him with my poignard." But Alexis entered, and cried, "I am Alexis, the son of John."

A ball killed Nicholas Jagnicev; a ball killed Joseph Spaletin, but Alexis cut off the right hand of Fedor Aslar, and then cut off his head.

"Remove—remove those bloody robes. The boys of the East are dead. John and George are avenged. The hawthorn of Velico flowers once more; its stem will never decay."

We believe we may, without any suspicion of partiality, assert that were this very spirited outline fitted up with due ornaments of language and versification, it could not be surpassed by the popular poetry of any country. The manner in which the life of the young Alexis is saved must remind every one of the Orphan of China, but the Illyrian matron evinces a degree of heroism far beyond that of the Chinese lady. Yet both are true to nature; reared in the lap of luxury, amidst a highly civilized people, the soul of Idamé must have been incapable of the energy of a mind witnessing daily deeds of blood, and traits of heroism. She felt all that fond affection for her child which religion and law inculcate in China, and even loyalty had long to struggle against it. But Teresa Gelin looked forward to the proud consciousness of having preserved sacred the rites of hospitality; she knew that the last of the Velicos would be unto her as a son, and she felt that noble love of virtuous fame, that glorious anticipation of being "the observed of all observers," with which Sophocles makes his heroine stimulate her more timid sister to a deed, of what she deemed just and necessary vengeance.* We could point out many other points of resemblance between this ballad and other poetry, both ancient and modern; we shall only now remark that the picturesque circumstances of suspending the bloody garments may, we believe, find its parallel somewhere in romance.

On the following poem of Hyacinth, called "The Brave Heyduks," said to have been composed while he was a member of that honourable fraternity, we must bestow still higher praise, and evince our admiration by placing it in comparison with one of the greatest efforts of one of the greatest poets the world has ever known.

"THE BRAVE HEYDUKS.

"Within a cavern, stretched on the sharp pebbles, lies a brave Heyduk, Christich Mladin. Beside him is his wife, fair Catherine; at his feet his two brave sons. Three days are they within this cavern without food; for their enemies guard all the passages of the mountains: if they raise their heads a hundred muskets are aimed at them. Their thirst is so great, that their tongues are black and swollen, for they have no drink but a little water stagnant in a hollow of the rock. Yet none has dared to let a plaint be heard, for they feared to displease Christich Mladin.

* Electra, v. 977, *et seq.*

"When three days were passed, Catherine cried, 'May the Holy Virgin take pity upon you, and avenge you of your enemies!' Then she heaved a sigh and died. Christich Mladin surveyed the body with a dry eye, but his two sons wiped away their tears when their father beheld them not. The fourth day came, and the sun dried up the water that lay in the hollow of the rock. Then Christich, the elder of the sons of Mladin, became frantic; he drew his hanzar (large knife), and looked on the body of his mother with eyes like those of a wolf beside a lamb. Alexander, his younger brother, was struck with horror at him; he drew his hanzar and pierced his arm, 'Drink my blood, Christich, and commit not a crime: when we are all dead of hunger, we will return and drink the blood of our enemies.'*

"Mladin got up; he cried, 'Children, arise! better is a good bullet than the agony of hunger.' They all three came down like raging wolves. Each slew ten men; each received ten bullets in his breast. Our cowardly foes cut off their heads, and while they bore them in triumph, they hardly dared to look on them, so much did they dread Christich Mladin and his sons."

It is even with the Ugolino of Dante that we will venture to compare this Heyduk effusion; and to make the comparison more fairly we shall strip the former of its melody.

"When I awoke before morning, I heard my children, who were with me, moaning in their sleep, and asking for bread. . . . . We were now awake, and the hour was approaching at which our food used to be brought, and each was doubtful on account of his dream. And I heard the lower door of the horrible tower locked, whereupon I looked in the faces of my children without uttering a word. I did not weep, I was so petrified within. They wept, and my dear little Anselmo said, 'What ails you, father, that you look so?' Yet I did not weep or reply all that day, or the following night, until the next sun came forth into the world. When a few rays had entered into the dolorous prison, and I saw my own aspect in four faces, I bit both my hands in anguish; and they, thinking I did it for want of food, immediately got up and said, 'Father, it will pain us much less if you eat us; you clothed us with this wretched flesh, do you strip it off.' I then composed myself, not to increase their affliction. That day and the next we all were mute. Ah rugged earth! why didst thou not open? When we were come to the fourth day, Gaddo stretched himself at my feet, saying 'Father, why do you not aid me?' There he died, and as you see me, I saw the three fall, one by one, between the fifth and sixth days. Then grown blind, I began to grope over each of them, and called them for two days after they were dead. Afterwards grief had more power than hunger."

Supposing this wonderful passage to be the production of some bard unknown to fame, and only known in the prose dress in which it is now invested, few would hesitate to institute a comparison between it and the Illyrian fragment just quoted. A

* That is, become Vampires.

critic might say, the Illyrian poem is more picturesque, inasmuch as the scene of action, a mountain cavern, is more so than a city tower. No circumstance, he might add, is mentioned to sink the Heyduk in our esteem; the awful silence in which he and his family lie, fearing to raise their heads, is more appalling than the wailing of children; the introduction of a female character, and her steadfast perseverance till death, increase the effect: the circumstance of the youths shedding tears in secret, as they take a stolen glance at the body of their mother, has nothing parallel to it in the other poem. The madness brought on by thirst is a circumstance true to nature, unnoticed by the Italian poet; and the wolf-glance of the unfortunate young man at his mother's corpse, thrills us with horror. The pious sentiment of his brother is what we may easily conceive, while that of Ugolino's children, clothed in theological language, expresses a sacrifice of self, perhaps, beyond their years. Finally, no word is represented as passing the lips of the old Heyduk; he lies in dumb repose and apparent apathy, but deep thoughts pass through his soul, and at last he springs up, calling on his sons to follow him, and father and sons fall, not unavenged. How superior this is to the blind count groping for the bodies of his children!

The hero of the historic poetry of Illyria is Thomas II., king of Bosnia. There is in the present collection a fine fragment of an old poem, descriptive of his death, and another called his Vision, by our friend Hyacinth, the last of which strikes us as being of a superior character. As it is descriptive of war between Turks and Christians, we have fancied that we discovered in it something akin to the old Spanish Romances. The circumstances on which it is founded are as follow:—In 1460 King Thomas I. was murdered by his two sons, Stephen and Radivoi, the first of whom mounted the throne under the title of Stephen Thomas II., to the exclusion of his brother, who, furious at his disappointment, revealed their joint crime, and then went over to the Turks. The papal legate persuaded Thomas that the best atonement for his parricide was to make war on the infidels. Accordingly he did so, but the event was calamitous to the Christians, and Mohammed II. besieged Thomas in the castle of Clootch, in Croatia. Unable speedily to take the fortress, Mohammed offered terms of peace to the Bosnian prince, on condition of his paying him tribute. Thomas came forth, and entered the Turkish camp, but refusing to abjure his faith, he was, by order of Mohammed, flayed alive, and then shot with arrows. Our poet conceives the original and strange idea of making Thomas experience in a vision all that afterwards befel him.

Another of these little poems, called "The Morlachian at

Venice," will remind the classical reader of the 14th Idyl of Theocritus, where Æschines, "in dole and dumps," determines to enlist, because his pretty wife, Cynisca, had left him when he gave her a box on the ear, and put herself under the protection of young Lycos. And no crimp ever displayed more eloquence on the glory and advantages of serving king and country than Serjeant (for such we are sure he was) Thyonichus evinced in the praise of King Ptolemy, and on the necessity of men "doing something while their knees are green." So the poor Morlachian relates how, after he had been jilted, a cunning Dalmatian came to the hills, and persuaded him to enter into the service of Venice, telling him wonders of the merry life soldiers lead in "the city of the waters," and feelingly he now laments the difference the reality presented. "I am," says he, "like a tree transplanted in summer; I wither and I die."

But perhaps the most interesting portions of this little volume are the poems on Vampirism, and the Evil Eye; those extraordinary delusions of the imagination which produce such evil and misery. The poems on the latter subject tend very much to illustrate the Greek and Roman classics. Every passage of Theocritus and Virgil, in regard to the bewitching of lambs and singers, which critics admire and scholars ponder over, will find its parallel among the contents of *La Guzla*. Vampirism is a curious subject, unknown, we believe, to antiquity; and an essay in this work, which contains a very remarkable instance of it, to which the writer himself was witness, forcibly reminds us of the ignorance, brutality, barbarism, and credulity, of which our own country exhibited such numerous specimens in the trials for witchcraft, before the passing of the statute, which put an end to legal prosecution of the innocent victims accused of such diabolical art.

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Art. XI.—1. Heinrich von Kleists *gesammelte Schriften*. (Henry von Kleist's *collected works*. *Edited by* Lewis Tieck.) 3 vols. 8vo. Berlin. 1826.

2. *Dramatürgische Blätter*. (*Theatrical Leaves*. *By* Lewis Tieck.) 2 vols. Dresden. 1826.

The tinge of novelty which has been thrown on the character of Henry von Kleist by the recent publication of his posthumous works, by the favourable reception of his "Prince of Homburg" in several theatres, and by the high praise which an eminent critic, Mr. Lewis Tieck, has bestowed upon him, affords us reason sufficient for this notice of an author, whose very name, as we have observed in a previous article on German tragedy, has been hitherto unknown in England.

But while we fully agree with Mr. Tieck, that Kleist, although unfortunate in a most irritable nervous system, and hypochondriacal temperament, was yet possessed of talents truly extraordinary and worthy of commemoration, yet in other respects, we are compelled to differ from his opinions. Mr. Tieck seems actually inclined to think that the author of the "Prince of Homburg," &c. is, after Goethe and Schiller, almost the only modern dramatist who deserves much attention. At the same time he insists that the dramatic art in Germany is decidedly on the decline, and this for three reasons: first, the increasing appetite for violent excitement; secondly, the numberless variety of periodical papers, through which dunces altogether devoid of any real knowledge of the subject are allowed to acquire over the public mind an influence, that of course always misleads; thirdly, the increasing efforts made by managers to set off to advantage whatever they produce, whether good, bad or indifferent, by indiscriminate splendour of costume and scenery, elaborate performances in the orchestra, "horses, rope-dancers and elephants," above all by the pre-eminent attractions of young and pretty actresses, selected for their beauty rather than professional talents. How much more these or similar remarks, which apparently are new in Germany, would have been applicable any time these forty years to the theatres of other countries, it is needless here to inquire. But according to the present system, as Mr. Tieck contends, the depraved appetites of the audience must become more and more spoiled by indulgence, till public taste will degenerate into a state most erroneously denominated fastidious refinement, but which, in reality and in effect, is more nearly allied to semi-barbarism! Even already, he insists that people go to the theatre with faculties altogether passive and relaxed, expecting that, without the slightest exertion of mind on their own part, they are to be excited rapidly to vehement emotions; while to such emotions also they attach less importance, than to the pleasures afforded by "*spectacle*," music, and the adventitious charms of pretty actresses already mentioned,—pleasures which are so far from being intellectual, that they may be partaken in common by the lowest and most illiterate vagabond in the upper gallery. Hence, on editing, and recommending to the stage, a posthumous work of Henry von Kleist, Mr. Tieck made strenuous exertions to prepare the public for what they had to expect, thus performing the duty of chorus or interpreter to a plot, of which he believed that in these degenerate days the merits would otherwise have remained unappreciated.

To this latter proceeding we by no means object; for although the posthumous works have been overrated by their editor, they

are yet highly interesting. But when Mr. Tieck takes occasion not only to find fault with public taste, and the conduct of managers, but to treat with severe censure or contempt almost every author who has risen to distinction within the last ten or fifteen years, ascribing to their success that very degeneracy of which he complains, it must be confessed that this is going rather too far. Mr. Tieck, whose literary talents are of a high class, would have acted more sensibly had he himself written *acting dramas* in order to exemplify his ideas of good composition, or, like Müllner, established a private theatre, instead of passing a sweeping condemnation on authors who, after their own manner, exerted their best energies,—who proved at least that they were in possession of power, and who, taking the public as they found it, did not hesitate to administer strong stimulants,—or apprehend that by so doing they should destroy the taste of their audience.

Nor, in truth, was there any real ground for such apprehension. That a dramatic composition, founded on principles natural and strictly consistent with common sense, (intended, however, to exhibit the passionate emotion of characters under the influence of extraordinary events,) can, in the proper sense of the words, be *too highly wrought*, is a position which we utterly deny, and which Mr. Tieck of course cannot mean to support. Here we unavoidably revert to some of our remarks in a former article. That the faculty of representing human passions, so as to convey the full effect of reality, is a far-distant goal, always wished *for* by every good artist, and never attained, may indeed be an obvious truism, but in endeavouring at a nearer approach to such excellence, the field of exertion is unbounded, the stores of the harvest inexhaustible. Even the same subject for the poet, like the same form for the painter, never can be so treated that it may not hereafter prove the means of exciting still greater energies of art, and more vivid emotions in art's admiring patrons. The love of excitement is a principle inseparable from the audience at a theatre, and when he censures or despises almost all modern dramatists, especially such as have been successful, Mr. Tieck no doubt means to insinuate, that it is not on principles legitimate and natural, but by means of affected sentiment, distortion and exaggeration that they have succeeded. Having applied this mode of criticism unsparingly to Houwald, whose "Light Tower" is a very popular performance, our author must, on the same principle, inevitably condemn the most attractive productions of the different modern schools, many of which he passes over with silent contempt. Now, against all this, we enter our protest, for in the first place, these modern compositions (the "Light Tower" *not* excepted) are often very beautiful, and far from being inconsistent with

nature. But secondly, were it even otherwise, had plays of this class acquired celebrity through exaggerated sentiment, stage-trick, and unjustifiable artifice, we should still protest against the conclusion that the sphere of genius is thereby narrowed, or its effects rendered unavailing. Truly there is a craving in the public after strong excitement; but the delineation of real life by a powerful artist, who disdains affectation and adheres to nature, is of all methods for gratifying this appetite the most effectual. In this way rather than in any other will the stimulus be with certainty administered; for never will artificial and false pretensions maintain their triumph over art, unless when the energies of genius are paralyzed by its own inward conflict,—by self-distrust, anger, impatience, indolence and timidity.

Thus we come at length to the proper subject of our article, for why then it may be inquired were the explanatory recommendations of a partial critic necessary, in order to obtain a fair hearing for Kleist's posthumous play, the "Prince of Homburg?" Precisely, we answer, because the author's genius was, through life, more or less paralyzed by a degree of irritability, impatience and hypochondriacal gloom, such as have seldom been equalled and never exceeded. That he had the feelings of a poet is certain, yet in many respects he wanted the due "accomplishment of art," and seems to have written mostly under the pressure of discontent and despondency, such as to any one less gifted with natural power would have been utterly destructive. This remarkable person was born in 1776, at Frankfort on the Oder, where he was educated and remained till his sixteenth year or thereabouts, when he embraced the military profession, and joined the army at Berlin. At this age he is represented as being very industrious during the intervals of professional duty, and to have become a considerable musical proficient, having already acquired a command over several instruments. With his regiment he made the celebrated campaign of the Rhine, but on that service being concluded, he applied for and obtained his dismissal, in order that he might devote himself wholly to literary and scientific pursuits. With this view, he returned home to Frankfort, where he spent the years 1799 and 1800. After completing the course of study which he had planned for himself, he returned to Berlin, and obtained an official situation under the minister von Struensee. It was not long, however, before he became thoroughly discontented with the lot which had thus been assigned him. He wished anxiously for an opportunity to travel, in which desire he was gratified, the minister entrusting him with some diplomatic business of minor importance which was to be transacted in Paris. Accordingly he went thither, accompanied by his sister, and re-

mained in the French capital for a whole year, a space of time more than sufficient to wear out his patience. Here he chanced to scrape acquaintance with a landscape painter, with whom, leaving his sister in France, he set off on a tour into Switzerland. In that romantic country, he passed a considerable time, having stationed himself at the lake of Thun, where his attention was almost exclusively devoted to poetry. After exercising his abilities in many copies of verses, he planned a tragedy, entitled the "Family of Scroffenstein," a dark picture from the middle ages, in which is displayed much vigour with a deplorable want of tact and judgment. This production he also completed with rapidity; it was probably struck off in a heat, leaving him no opportunity of being perplexed and deterred by those conflicting theories and vague apprehensions, that proved afterwards such insurmountable obstacles to his progress. Having so far triumphed, he felt his ambition roused, and began another play entitled "Robert Guiscard," on which he determined to bestow his utmost energies. At this period, so wayward were his moods of mind, that he wished only to live till this grand undertaking was completed, but no longer. It might have been obvious to any one acquainted with human nature, especially with the irritable temperament of poets, that these were not principles on which he could rationally hope for success. On the contrary, his vehement efforts proved unavailing; the tragedy advanced very slowly, and he perceived that to bring it to a conclusion would then be impossible. Thus baffled in the pursuit on which he had set his heart, he became every day more weary of life, till ceaseless irritation at last brought on a serious attack of illness. He was confined to bed, and probably would not have recovered, had it not been for the kind attentions of his sister, who hastened to Switzerland as soon as she heard of his situation, and afterwards accompanied him home to Germany.

His next place of abode was in Weimar, at the house of the amiable Wieland, who received him with great kindness as a brother poet, and by whose advice he remodelled the tragedy of "Scroffenstein," changing the scene from Spain to Germany. Here also he must have made another ineffectual attempt to proceed with "Robert Guiscard," for afterwards on his removal from Weimar to Dresden, we are informed that he was again at work on that unfortunate undertaking, having already, in the frenzy of his discontent, twice destroyed all the papers relating to it. The spell, as might have been anticipated, remained unbroken, and the third trial proved equally unsuccessful. Another course of wandering in Switzerland was the consequence, and he now travelled mostly on foot, in company with a new friend, who is described as a man of firm and decided character, from

whose ideas and example it might have been hoped that Kleist would derive much advantage. In Switzerland, he passed some time at Berne, and at his old station near the Lake of Thun. But their pedestrian excursion was continued through the wild valleys of the country, and at length into Italy, where they proceeded as far as Milan. Even during this pleasant journey, notwithstanding the boundless variety of interesting scenes through which he passed, the bright azure of the skies, and balmy freshness of the mountain air, his peculiar maladies too often recurred. Frequently, without any reason intelligible to his companion, he was plunged into the most lamentable state of dejection; however, Mr. Tieck informs us that he still employed himself on the tragedy of "Robert Guiscard," which perhaps affords cause sufficient for many aberrations. From Milan the travellers took a retrograde course, and passing through Geneva, Lyons, &c., made their way to Paris, where after a short interval, Kleist's mental disorder increased to such a degree, as to produce a violent quarrel with his travelling companion, and they mutually broke off all intercourse. Enraged against himself and the whole world, he destroyed all his manuscripts, thus annihilating for the third or fourth time his favourite tragedy, which, with wonderful perseverance, he had now actually completed. So he left Paris as if ruined and undone, and ran headlong to Boulogne sur Mer, but his residence there was very short. Repenting probably of his violence, he returned to the capital, in search of his friend, but he had also taken his departure, no one could tell whither. Seized with an ardent longing to be once more in his native country, he betook himself posthaste to the frontier, and was attacked at Mentz by a dangerous illness which detained him in that city for nearly six months.

Having recovered, Kleist went to Potzdam, and from thence to Berlin, where he again obtained an official situation in the financial department. Here, also, he met with his late travelling friend, to whom he was easily reconciled, and, with renewed vigour he devoted himself to literary pursuits, making his first attempts as a writer of prose novels; in which style he finished, with great spirit, the story of "Michael Kohlhaas," founded on an old and popular legend. But the war having now broke out in Prussia, a new source of vexation was opened for Kleist, and from this period, his ardent patriotism and vehement detestation of the French character, formed, perhaps, the most tormenting emotions that harassed him. After the battle of Jena, when almost every one fled from Berlin, he also left the capital, having given up his official station, and went to Königsberg, where he renounced all intercourse with society, remaining whole days shut up in his soli-

tary apartment. At this period he wrote the "Broken Pitcher," and remodelled the Amphitryon of Molière—tasks for which no great energy was required, and which he perhaps undertook merely to divert his mind from painful reflection.

In the midst of public disturbances, while the contest still continued, he was imprudent enough to return to Berlin, and, becoming obnoxious to the French authorities, he was arrested, and sent to the castle of Joux, where he remained for six months in the same prison which had confined the celebrated Toussaint l'Ouverture. From thence he was brought to Chalons, where it is said that he beguiled the time by writing many poems, which, after his usual fashion, he probably destroyed. In a letter written from this place to a female correspondent, occurs the following characteristic passage.

"If no friend interests himself for me, neither yourself, nor * * * * nor * * *, *one* hope only remains, and I must familiarize myself with the thought of continuing in this prison till the war is at an end. But how long may this unhappy war continue, to which the formula of a peace might, perhaps, not bring any real termination! What times we live in, and how dark are our prospects! With my peculiar habits I have appeared to you isolated and alienated from the world, yet, perhaps, no one is bound to it by more intimate ties than I am. Dissipation of thought and not rational reflection is what I now seek for. * * * * * *. Here in Chalons I live much after the same fashion as in Königsberg. Scarcely do I perceive that I am in a foreign country, and often it is like a dream to have travelled a hundred leagues with so little apparent change in my situation. There is here no one in whom I can place confidence, neither among the French, for against them I have a natural antipathy, nor even among the Germans, and yet my heart *so* anxiously longs for friendly intercourse! Lately in the twilight of a sombre evening, I was sitting on a bench, in a public but little frequented promenade, when some one, to me an entire stranger, addressed me in a tone of voice which I could scarcely distinguish from that of our friend R——. I cannot describe the melancholy sensations which crowded on my mind at this moment. Then his mode of utterance—his tones so deep and serious as if coming directly from the heart—I had never heard such before from any individual except our mutual friend. It seemed as if we now sat together precisely as during that summer three years ago, when our discourse always involuntarily recurred to the subject of death, as the perpetual *refrain*, the burden of our song in this world. Alas! as you observe, this life is indeed a tedious conflict—a wearisome task. With experiences crowding upon us, which it would require unbounded length of time to understand and act upon, scarcely are these influences perceived, ere they are followed and chased by others, which in like manner pass away, ere we can turn them to due account. In one of the churches here, there is a painting badly executed indeed, yet in respect to its invention or imaginative power, something altogether admirable.

For it is not a mere copy of objects placed before our eyes, which constitutes a true work of art, but that which a creative mind *thence* originates. The picture represents the descent of angels from the mansion of divine peace to receive a departing soul."—vol. i. pref. p. 17.

On regaining his liberty, he betook himself to Dresden, and lived there in all respects as a student. There also he was visited again by the friend so often alluded to, and made acquaintance with the celebrated political writer Adam Müller. An interval now occurred, during which the evil spell seemed to be really broken, for he was both industrious and persevering. The tragedy of "Katharine von Heilbronn," for many years a favourite on the German stage, and that of "Penthesilæa" were completed; his prose narratives and other works were improved and remodelled. "Robert Guiscard," too, was once more brought upon the anvil, and from this, as well as from his other new productions, extracts were given in the "Phœbus," a monthly periodical, which he edited jointly with Müller. At that time he had a plan for a tragedy on the fate of Leopold of Austria, but seems not even to have begun its composition.

It was now, however, that the situation of Germany, and the inevitable presages thence arising became such, that every true patriot felt alarmed, and almost desponded. Kleist's indignation at the insolence of the French intruders, and his anxiety on account of dissensions betwixt German princes and their people, prevailed gradually over all other impressions. Then, by natural association of ideas, he was led to compose his tragedy of "Hermann;" and, on the commencement of the war between France and Austria in 1809, his patriotic hopes revived, and he wrote an ode adapted to the times, entitled "Germania." From Dresden he went to Prague, and endeavoured, by various essays in prose and verse, to inspirit his countrymen, and harmonize their opinions, while he exposed the manifold stratagems and deceptions of the enemy. From the Polish frontier, he wished to go to Vienna, but found himself prevented by the French army, and on his return to Prague, he was again attacked by a severe and tedious illness.

On the ratification of the treaty, which seemed to cut off all chance that the national affairs of Germany would be retrieved, he returned to Prussia, being, for the short remainder of his life, settled at Berlin, where, declining the offer of any public employment, he occupied himself with a literary journal, published weekly, and completed his "Prince of Homburg," which, in Mr. Tieck's opinion, is by far the best of his productions.

In the year 1811, (consequently when Kleist was about thirty-five,) occurred that fatal catastrophe, his voluntary death, which (from the peculiar circumstances) gave rise to much groundless

speculation, to calumnious rumours in some quarters, and injudicious defence of his conduct by over-zealous friends. Guilt, indeed, could scarcely attach in this instance to the conduct of an individual, who had, in the course of his unhappy life, too often betrayed symptoms of mental aberration, while, at the same time, we must remember how many are the instances in Germany, where the system of rationalism has led to infidelity, and consequently the best protection against the temptations of Despair is wanting in the hour of trial; from the fragments of Kleist's letters, written under the pressure of severe mental suffering, it may be doubted whether the doctrines of Christianity had ever formed any part of his education, or been the subject of his studies. The circumstances, as we have said, were peculiar; but for the romantic colouring that was thrown over them, the truth affords no suitable groundwork. It happened, that in an hour of despondency, an intimate female friend, who suffered under a painful and, assuredly, mortal disease, exacted from Kleist a promise, nay, a solemn vow, that should she demand of his affection an act of benevolence, he would afford her the assistance that she required. The engagement having been made, she afterwards informed him that the best physicians having pronounced her disorder to be incurable, and declared their inability even to alleviate her sufferings, the only boon which she had to request from his friendship was—death. This was in truth but slightly different from the request of the dying soldier, when mortally wounded, to his comrade. Yet, as Mr. Tieck observes, the giving such a promise and its performance were both proofs of mental disease; and, by the interference of any judicious friend, the unhappy man might have been awakened to a higher sense of duty. The contract being kept profoundly secret however, there could be no such interposition; and this tragedy of real life took place in a wood near Sans-Souci. He fulfilled his promise to the unfortunate woman, and in the next instant put an end to his own existence.

Preparatory to this act, Kleist had destroyed all his manuscripts, the tragedies of "Hermann" and the "Prince of Homburg" excepted, copies of which were in the possession of friends, otherwise these would no doubt have been also committed to the flames, for of all critics he himself was the most difficult to satisfy; his compositions advanced very slowly, and not without numberless changes and corrections would he suffer them to go from his hands. Among his papers it is understood that there had been a private journal, recording his own feelings and psychological experiences, the loss of which is to be regretted. Even a few short letters, written during his last residence at

Berlin, enigmatical as they are, (for their very obscurity is characteristic,) will serve better than any criticism could do, to illustrate his peculiarities.

"Since your departure and Müller's, the life which I lead here is indeed desolate and melancholy beyond description. Even at the two or three houses where I visit, I have been for some time past rather on bad terms, so that I am almost every day at home from morning to night, without seeing a single individual who can tell me what goes on in public. Your imagination always assists you, and by that means you can call from all quarters of the world into your own chamber the scenery which you admire, and the friends whom you respect. But this consolation, as you know, I, unhappy man, must dispense with; and surely no poet was ever so strangely circumstanced! Active as my imagination is with the paper before me,—accurate in outline and in colouring as are the shapes which it presents, even so difficult, nay, torturing is it for me, to conceive that which is *real*. It seems as if the strict precision of reality imposed fetters on my imagination at the moment when it would otherwise be most active; and, confused by many phantom shapes, I cannot arrive at any clearness of inward perception. * * * * Any one who thinks otherwise on these matters appears to me quite unintelligible, and his experiences must have been altogether opposed to mine. Thus in hours of gloom and vexation, which now-a-days fall often to my share, the best consolation is utterly denied me: in short, since Müller's departure I cannot divest myself of the idea that he is dead; I mourn for him precisely as if this were the case, and were I not certain of your return, my feelings with regard to you would be the same."

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"I am conscious of many discords in my own mind, which the pressure of adverse circumstances always exasperates, and which the cheerful enjoyment of life, should that ever fall to my lot, might perhaps easily resolve into perfect harmony. In that case, I should probably leave off my poetical labours for a year or more, and, excepting some of the sciences in which I have to make up for lost time, music alone would engage my attention; for I look upon this art as the root, or to speak scholastically, the algebraic formula of all the rest, and, as we have already a poet with whom, in any other respect, I am far from comparing myself, who refers all his ideas to colours, thus I have referred mine to *musical tones*, and I believe that in *thorough-bass* are comprised the most important illustrations of the poetic faculty."

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"Our circumstances here, as you, perhaps, know already, are more painful than ever. A visit is expected from the Emperor Napoleon, and should that take place, then, probably, a few rapid and despotic words would put an end at once to all the speculations with which our politicians now torment themselves. How this prospect affects me, you may readily imagine. My mind is indeed obscured, and my faculties are quite blunted. There is not a single point, not a ray of light in the distance, to which I can look forward with joyful anticipation. Some

days ago I was with G***, and gave him a few essays which I had completed, but all this, as the French say, is 'moutarde après dîner.' Truly it is remarkable how, at this time, all that I undertake, without exception, goes to wreck, and how invariably, when I have mustered resolution for some firm and decisive step, the ground shifts from beneath my feet!" * * * *

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"As soon as I have done with this engagement, I shall again undertake some subject which is altogether imaginative. Sometimes in the theatre, or at a lecture, it seems as if inspiring breezes from the happiest period of my youth again breathed upon me. That life which lay before my sight like a desert wilderness, assumes all at once a magnificent aspect, and energies awake within me, which I had believed to be altogether extinct. At such times, I resolve to follow exclusively the dictates of my own heart, whithersoever it may lead, and to be guided by no other principle but the approval of my own feelings. Hitherto I have been too much under the influence of the opinions of others; especially 'Catharine von Heilbronn' affords evidence of this. At the commencement it was an admirable invention, and it was only the wish to adapt it for the theatre that led me into errors, which I could now lament with tears. In short, I shall allow myself to be guided by the idea that a work which emanates directly from the heart of the writer, cannot fail to excite responsive feelings, but must appeal successfully to all mankind."

We have dwelt thus long on the life and character of Kleist, because in so doing, we afford the best explanatory introduction that could be given to his play of the "Prince of Homburg." Having already noticed his impatience and irritability, the reader will not expect that his language should be highly wrought, or his poetic adornments elaborate, for these, like Alfieri, he seems to have despised. Nor, having observed how capricious, dreamy and versatile was his own mind, can we be surprized that he should have designed for the stage a character such as, in real earnest, never was exhibited there before. The young Prince of Homburg makes his first entrance as a sleep-walker,—a genuine somnambulist,—afterwards in his waking hours, during the first act, conducts himself as if bereft of reason,—thirdly, exhibits consummate bravery, joined to military skill, on the battle-field,—fourthly, appears under arrest as an abject coward, begging for life on any conditions,—lastly, refusing the pardon which he has been offered, and demanding that martial law should immediately be put in execution against him. Extraordinary as all this may seem, we perfectly agree with Mr. Tieck that the eccentricities of the prince are neither inconsistent with the principles of human nature in general, nor with the attributes of a brave and elevated, though sanguine and irritable spirit in particular. The whole composition must be looked upon as a rapid sketch

from the Thirty Years' War, being throughout admirably conceived, and for the most part clearly expressed.

The first scene is at Fehrbellin, and exhibits a garden in the old French style; in the back ground a castle with a terrace-walk and flight of steps. It is night. The Prince of Homburg sits under an oak tree with his head uncovered, his dress in disorder, half-sleeping, half-waking, and twines a laurel wreath. The Elector of Brandenburg, Princess Natalia, Count Hohenzollern and others step cautiously out of the castle, and look at him from the railing of the terrace. There are pages with torches. We are now given to understand that the prince (who is a cavalry general) has for the three last days been unceasingly in pursuit of the fugitive Swedes, and that he had this evening made his appearance at head-quarters, where he received orders from the elector to rest only for three hours, then to set out again with his troops, in order to interrupt the proceedings of another division of the enemy, who were endeavouring to establish themselves on the Rheinberg. The appointed hour (ten o'clock) had arrived, the troops had mustered and actually departed, but to the astonishment of all, their leader was wanting; he had disappeared, and not till it was too late was he discovered in the garden, "representing his own posterity," as the Count Hohenzollern expresses it, and plaiting a branch of laurel in honour of his own victories. In short, the whole scene is in German phraseology a mystification, which, however, may very naturally be explained. The Prince of Homburg is a young, brave, distinguished and enthusiastic officer; betwixt the fatigues of actual service and the wild impulses of his own imagination, he cannot rest, but wanders out in the moonlight, dreaming of his military career, and probably of his beautiful cousin, Princess Natalia of Orange, with whom he has fallen in love. The elector wishes to try how far the joke may be carried, for a genuine somnambulist may be spoken with,—he both sees and hears,—yet it is only by calling aloud his own name that the spell of this extraordinary trance can with certainty be broken. The elector advances to him therefore, draws the wreath carefully out of his hand, takes off his own gold neck chain, and throws it over the wreath, giving both to the Princess Natalia. This being done, the whole party retreat softly towards the flight of steps; while the prince follows them, attaching himself, of course, to the princess in particular, whom to the surprize of every one he calls in a whisper, "his beloved, his bride," &c.—and instead of the laurel wreath, the object of his pursuit, he catches one of her gloves, which he retains.

The elector and his party retire; the castle gates close after

them, and the whole adventure passes over like a vision. The prince is left alone and in amazement, but in the fourth scene, Hohenzollern, having returned, awakens him by calling his name aloud, whereupon he falls down as if struck to the heart with a musket-shot. Thereafter he is astonished to hear from his friend that the troops have departed without their commander, but can scarcely recollect his engagement with regard to the march; recovers himself by degrees, however, to a sense of duty, and is tranquillized by the reflection, that a veteran general (Kottwitz) is ready to receive them at the appointed station, and that he must at all events have rode back to head-quarters at two o'clock in the morning to receive orders. He then speaks of his extraordinary dream, which is to himself a complete mystery, for he knows not yet from whom he got possession of the glove, addresses to Hohenzollern a most animated and enthusiastic description of his experiences during sleep, which the token that he holds in his hand seems to convert into reality. Instead of affording explanation, his comrade only makes a jest of his perplexity, which he tries every means to increase, and the dialogue is kept up in a style of badinage, till they both retire for a short interval of rest, parole time being appointed for two o'clock.

Before day-break, accordingly, all the inhabitants of the castle are aroused. The scene changes to a hall in its interior, while from a distance is heard the firing of musketry. The dramatis personæ enter as before, only that the ladies are in travelling costume,—and there are present Field-Marshal Dörfling and many other officers. This whole scene is admirably conceived,—and where every sentence through ten pages *tells*, it is almost impossible to analyze. The principal circumstance bearing on the plot is, that the Prince of Homburg, still quite absorbed by the mysteries of his dream, is the only officer in the assembly who proves absolutely unable to comprehend, and to write down with accuracy, the instructions that are delivered by the field-marshal. He discovers accidentally at last that the glove which he wears in his collar belongs to Princess Natalia, and he restores it to her, but though fully awake to this circumstance, his senses are, with regard to all other outward events, still under the influence of absolute mystification, from which the taunting admonitions of his friend Hohenzollern are in vain directed to rouse him. The orders which he fails to comprehend and write are, however, sufficiently intelligible to every one else. He is to hold a certain station on the field along with the veteran Kottwitz and others, but is neither to advance nor take any share in the engagement until certain decisive signals have been made, and not till then must he command his trumpeters to blow "Tan-tara" for the on-

set. The prince makes divers efforts to write down these instructions, and blunders every time, till at last his inattention is reprimanded both by the field-marshal and the elector, who reminds him that by his rashness and vehemency the battle was lost on two former occasions, but in the prince's mood of mind, no admonitions seem to produce any good result. He is left alone, and concludes the first act with an exulting monologue addressed to Fortune.

In the second act, we have again to regret the impossibility of affording any adequate analysis. It contains the adventures of the battle of Fehrbellin, and is, indeed, a living and breathing picture, in which the prince and the old General Kottwitz are prominent characters. The station appointed for them is on an eminence, from which all the occurrences of the conflict are observed and described aloud to the audience. After various changes, it appears that the Swedish army must be completely routed; but as soon as the Prince of Homburg perceives that his troops can advance with decisive effect, the instructions that he had received to remain motionless, until special signals should be made, are utterly disregarded. We know not a more effective passage in any drama, than that which represents him quarrelling furiously with Hohenzollern and his other comrades who strive to restrain his headlong course, and where Kottwitz, who also perceives the advantage that will be gained, at last sanctions his disobedience, and joins him in the onset. The trumpets are sounded; they all rush forward, and we know already that by this prompt and decisive measure victory is ensured.

Afterwards, there is a sort of underplot,—for it is believed that in the very hour of triumph Frederick of Brandenburg has fallen, and the electress, attended by Natalia, is introduced in a state of distraction at this event. Then follows a love-scene between Natalia and the prince, which however indispensable for the plot, is perhaps the least worthy of approval in the whole piece. There is also a highly spirited scene in which a certain Count von Sparren explains to the electress the circumstances which had led to the belief in her husband's death, describing also the heroic conduct of his stallmeister, who had forced him to change his conspicuous white charger for a mouse-coloured steed, and was almost in the next minute struck by a shot intended for the elector. That scene is wound up by the Prince of Homburg saying that he has a request to prefer to the electress, whom he is about to attend on her return to the castle near Berlin, which she had left on receiving the false intelligence from the battle-field. Guessing, probably, that his request relates to Natalia, she promises to hear afterwards what he has to say, but assures him that

in that day, she could not refuse the prayer of any supplicant, least of all that of the brave and conquering hero.

Thus we perceive that the young prince is elevated at once to the highest point of prosperity and fame. From early youth, too, he has been a favourite and protégé of the elector, is by nature aspiring and enthusiastic; he has now achieved a grand victory, for which he expects the public thanks of his sovereign and all the people; he is in love, his love is requited and is approved of by the female guardian of Natalia;—never, therefore, was any youth placed in a situation more likely to intoxicate his senses for the time present, or to inspire him with the most brilliant hopes for the future.

But in the ninth scene of this act, we find the elector at Berlin surrounded by his generals, and debating on the events of the day. Notwithstanding their brilliant success, having remarked the gross disobedience of orders on the part of the regiment commanded by the prince, he declares that the individual by whom that regiment was led must, according to martial law, be condemned to death. In pronouncing this opinion, he is not aware that his favourite Prince Arthur of Homburg led the onset, for he believes that the latter, being severely hurt by a fall from his horse, had been detained from the field. In the next scene, however, the young hero makes his appearance, joyfully and proudly bearing as trophies the Swedish banners, which he has actually, and with his own hands, won from the enemy. The elector appears confounded, and after questioning him if he has been wounded, asks whether it was by his orders that the cavalry had advanced. The reply being of course in the affirmative, the elector declares that he is from this moment under arrest; and immediately his sword is taken from him, as if he were a disgraced poltroon instead of a conquering hero. The veteran Kottwitz expresses astonishment and even indignation. Prince Arthur, in giving up his sword, exclaims ironically

> Mine uncle Frederick plays a Roman part,
> Dreams he is Brutus, &c.

But remonstrance is in vain. An officer has been guilty of disobedience; other battles are yet to be fought; and such conduct, fortunate as the result has been in this instance, might, if overlooked, establish a precedent from which in future consequences the most disastrous might arise. The day-dreams of the young hero, therefore, may be supposed at an end; his fortunes are in an instant utterly changed; he is degraded,—is a prisoner, and ordered back to head-quarters in order to stand his trial in regular form. Thus ends the second act, and at the beginning of the third we are glad that we can allow the author to speak

for himself. The prince is in confinement at Fehrbellin, attended by two sentinels and is visited by his friend Hohenzollern.

" *Prince.* Hah—there he comes!
Thrice welcome, Henry.—Now then am I free!
*Hoh.* So,—Heaven be praised!
*Pr.* What say'st thou?—
*Hoh.* Has th' elector
Sent back thy sword?
*Pr.* My sword?—No,—not yet.
*Hoh.* How?
*Pr.* I tell thee, no.
*Hoh.* And yet, thou'rt free?
*Pr.* In truth,—
I did believe thou cam'st to announce my freedom.
No matter,—'tis all one.
*Hoh.* Truly I know not—
*Pr.* Thou hear'st it is to me indifferent.
Some other friend will be the messenger.
Now for the latest news. Has then our prince
Returned from Berlin?
*Hoh.* Last night he arrived.
*Pr.* The victory has been solemnized,—th' elector
Was present in the church?—
*Hoh.* Th' electress, too,
And fair Natalia. From the castle-square
The batteries joined their thunder, while within
Th' illumined church arose in lofty strain
The hymn of thanks and praise. Each column bore
Its trophy. Swedish flags and standards waved,
And at our sovereign's mandate, Arthur prince
Of Homburg was announced the conquering hero.
*Pr.* I heard this. Well, what more?—and wherefore, friend,
Such gloomy looks?
*Hoh.* With no one hast thou spoken?
*Pr.* With Goltz even now,—and at the castle, where
Thou know'st I stood my trial.
*Hoh.* And of thy fate
What deem'st thou, Arthur, since this fearful change?
*Pr.* For my share,—nay, what thou and Goltz, or even
The judges deem,—so must I too. Th' elector
Has thus fulfilled one duty, and thereafter
He will obey the dictates of his heart.
'Thou wert in error'—so will he address me,—
Perchance of death will speak, or long confinement.
Yet of his own free grace will grant forgiveness—
And round the sword that won his victories,
Haply will twine some token of his favour,—
Though such, in truth, I have not merited.
*Hoh.* Oh Arthur!—

*Pr.* Well!—
*Hoh.* Art thou so sure of this?
*Pr.* I do believe it. That he holds me dear,
Even as a son,—from earliest youth have I
Had proofs unnumber'd. Wherefore should'st thou doubt?
Still more than I myself, hath he not seem'd
In my young growth of laurels to rejoice?
Through him alone have I not prospered thus?
And shall he now renounce and cast away
The favourite plant, and for no better cause,
Than that too rapidly, and uncontrolled
It shot forth into bloom?—Such thoughts of him,
His worst foe scarce would cherish,—and canst thou
Who know'st and lov'st him speak thus?—
*Hoh.* Yet thou stood'st
Thy trial, Arthur, and by martial law
Must be condemned—then wherefore—
*Pr.* On *that* ground
Mine expectations rest; for if in heart
He cherish'd not forgiveness,—to such law
I had not been subjected. No,—'twas there,
Even at the bar, before th' assembled judges,
That once more did my confidence revive.
The crime, forsooth, was black indeed—that I,
Perchance five minutes ere an order came,
Had crush'd the Swedish power into the dust!
What *other* guilt doth cleave unto my conscience?
And could he then invite me to that board,
Round which, like owls, whose accents ever more
Are prophecies of death, the judges clamour'd,
Were he not predetermined like a god,
With voice reviving, to descend among them?
Nay, friend, he but collects around my head
This dark array of midnight clouds—that he
May, like the morning sun, arise to chase them.
Nor such enjoyment would I blame.
*Hoh.* The court
'Tis said have fram'd thy sentence.
*Pr.* Aye, indeed.
Found guilty—Death.
*Hoh.* (*amazed.*) Thou know'st already?
*Pr.* Goltz,
Who sat among them, brought me their decision.
*Hoh.* Well, then, in God's name, art thou yet unmoved?
*Pr.* Stedfast and calm.
*Hoh.* Thou madman! and what then
Supports thy confidence?
*Pr.* Mine own convictions.
I pray thee, say no more. Wherefore with doubts

Unfounded should I thus torment myself?
The martial court adjudged me death;—thus far
The law must be obeyed. Yet ere th' elector
Enforced that doom against a faithful heart
So true to him as mine, I could believe
He would himself inflict his own death-wound,
And calmly see his ebbing life-blood flow!"

Notwithstanding this confidence, when Hohenzollern at length informs him that the elector has ordered the sentence of death to be recorded, and brought for signature, his tranquillity is shaken; but when he hears also that the Swedish ambassador, preparatory to a treaty of peace, has come to propose marriage betwixt the King of Sweden and Princess Natalia, his hopes are in one instant completely blighted. By the engagement already formed with Natalia, though sanctioned by her aunt, he believes that the elector has been deeply offended, and that it is for this cause, rather than on account of his military disobedience, that unmitigated severity is now shown towards him. A change so violent and sudden is more than his irritable nature can endure. Being only a prisoner on parole, he rushes forth, hastens to the apartments of the electress, and in the humblest and most abject manner begs for life.

*Pr.* Hither as I sped,
By torch-light was revealed that open grave,
That shall to-morrow hold my lifeless frame.
These eyes which gaze on thee shall then be darkened,
This beating heart with murderous missiles torn;
Windows are hired already in the square
By those who long to view mine execution;
And he, who, from the pinnacle of fortune,
To-day beheld the future gleam before him
A Fairyland of prospects wide, shall be
Within four narrow boards enclosed, and lastly
The tombstone only tell that once he lived!
*Electress.* My son, if this must be thy doom, thou wilt
With courage and composure meet thy fate.
*Pr.* So brilliant yet and beauteous seems this world,
I pray thee, let me not be driven untimely
From hence into the spectral realms of death!
If I am guilty—might not punishment
Some other shape assume—might I not be
Deprived of titles, rank and worldly wealth,—
Dismiss'd—cashiered—Oh Heaven, since I beheld
That deep and swarthy grave,—I wish for life—
For *life alone*,—nor ask if 'tis retained
With fame or with dishonour.

We have not space for the rest of this extraordinary scene, which concludes the third act. The fourth begins with a long interview between Natalia and the elector, in which he at last yields to her entreaties, and gives her a letter for the prince, restoring him to liberty. Natalia is then surprised by a visit from Count Reuss, with a supplication to the elector, signed by all the officers of the Orange cavalry, which he wishes that she also will sanction with her name. He attends her to the prison, where he waits in an ante-room till, in the presence of her female attendants, she has a conversation with the prince.

" *Nat.* Now, even as I predicted, all is well!
This letter brings thee pardon,—liberty;—
'Tis from th' elector's hand.
*Pr.* Wer't possible!—
Ah, no,—'tis but a dream.
*Nat.* Read, and believe.
*Pr.* (*reading.*) 'Prince, when for disobedience in the field,
Thou wert arrested, in this act methought
I but fulfilled my duty, and would gain
Thine own approval, but if thou believ'st
That I have done injustice, freely then
Decide the cause. Three words may here suffice,
And to thy station shalt thou be restored.'
(*Natalia becomes pale. A pause. The prince looks at her inquiringly.*)
*Nat.* (*with a sudden expression of joy.*)
Now, so 'tis won!—Three words suffice;—I pray thee,
Here take the pen, and write in haste.
*Pr.* He says
'If I believe that he hath done,'—
*Nat.* (*interrupting him.*) Aye, truly—
But wherefore this delay?—Come, write, and I
Shall dictate what thou should'st rejoin.
*Pr.* Nay, first,
I must read over—
*Nat.* (*snatching the letter out of his hand.*) To what purpose? Say,
Hast thou forgotten, in that gloomy vault
The grave that now awaits thee, and how fast
Thine hour approaches? Write, I say, on pain
Of my displeasure. (*She turns away and weeps.*)
*Pr.* (*Having written, tears the paper and takes another sheet.*)
Pah!—A vile beginning!—
*Nat.* (*takes up the letter.*) What would'st thou? This, in truth, is excellent,—
No change required.—
*Pr.* (*meditating.*) A dolt—a poltroon only
Would write so—not a prince. I will consider

Some fitter terms.

(*A pause.—He grasps at the billet which the princess holds in her hand.*)

What says he in that letter?

*Nat.* Nothing. Thou shalt not have it.

*Pr.* Nay, in sooth—

Give it me.

*Nat.* Thou hast read it.

*Pr.* Yet once more,

I would compare the tenour of mine answer.

*Nat.* (*aside.*) Oh, Heaven, now he is lost!—

*Pr.* See, there, in truth—

'Tis passing strange,—thou had'st o'erlooked the sentence.

*Nat.* No,—which then?

*Pr.* To mine own decision, mark you—

He leaves the question.

*Nat.* Well then?

*Pr.* And herein

Hath acted nobly—

*Nat.* Doubtless—and with thee

It rests his kind intentions to fulfil—

Thou seest, 'tis but an outward form,—three words

Expressing thy dissent,—let him but have

That answer, and the strife is at an end.

*Pr.* Nay, dearest,—till to-morrow I shall wait.

*Nat.* Mysterious man—what cause canst thou assign?

*Pr.* (*vehemently.*) I pray thee do not ask. Thou hast not weighed

The import of his words. 'That he hath done

Injustice'—*this* I cannot write, and if

Thou shouldst compel me in such mood to answer,

By heaven, I must affirm that my arrest

And sentence both were just. (*Sits at the table with folded arms gazing at the letter.*)

*Nat.* (*agitated and bending over him.*) Madman! what say'st thou?

*Pr.* Nay, grant me but a moment's calm reflection.

Methinks—

*Nat.* Well then?

*Pr.* Soon shall it be determined

What I must write.

*Nat.* (*with great anxiety.*) Homburg!

*Pr.* (*taking a pen.*) Speak on.

*Nat.* Believe me,

I do applaud thy feelings; but of this

Be now assured,—the regiment hath already

Been summoned hither, o'er thy grave to-morrow

To pay their homage of a last salute.

And if thy spirit proudly thus disdains

To avert the sentence,—if thou wilt not write

That answer which th' elector hath required,
He, too, will prove inflexible; the doom
Immitigably will prevail against thee.
*Pr.* (*writing.*) I reck not.
*Nat.* How?
*Pr.* Let him perform his duty.
Mine, too, shall be fulfilled.
*Nat.* (*terrified.*) Relentless man!
And dar'st thou write———?
*Pr.* Signed 'Homburg—Fehrbellin,
The twelfth"—Ho, Francis!'—(*Covers and seals the letter. A servant enters.*)
*Nat.* Heaven have mercy!—
*Pr.* (*rising from his chair.*) Take
This letter to his highness at the castle.
Hear'st thou? Dispatch!—Before the prince, who thus
His dignity upholds, I shall not stoop
Degraded. That the law hath been infringed,—
That I am guilty may not be denied,
And if by falsehood only I can gain
Forgiveness, never on such terms, by Heaven,
Shall I accept the boon!
*Nat.* Take this embrace!—
And if the fatal moment had arrived,
And in the dust thy lifeless frame were laid,
Even then, exulting in my hopeless grief,
I should proclaim—For this I honour thee!
So be the dictates of thy noble heart
Obeyed; yet not the less I follow mine!
Count Reuss!—
*Count.* (*entering.*) Here!—
*Nat.* Gallop straight to Arnheim. Give
My letter to the colonel instantly;
To Fehrbellin the regiment shall advance.
'Tis my command; and ere the midnight hour
I shall expect them. [*Exeunt.*

Thus concludes the fourth act, and we have seen the Prince of Homburg conducted through his various transformations of character,—first, a visionary enthusiast, then a brave warrior and ardent lover,—for a brief interval a coward begging for his life,—lastly, having by reflection concentrated his faculties, he becomes once more brave and resolute, in which mood he persists to the end of the piece. The conception is good, but the dialogue throughout is faulty; more especially in scenes which ought to be impassioned, it is lamentably tame. Yet this is the style of writing, which Mr. Lewis Tieck would exalt in opposition to that of Müllner, Grillparzer, Raupach, Houwald and others, to all of whom he cherishes an inveterate dislike,—in which respect it

is needless to repeat that his opinion is completely different from ours. The fifth act is from beginning to end full of bustle. The elector and his cabinet councillors are suddenly roused from sleep by the arrival at midnight of the Orange cavalry which (except by the princess) was then totally unexpected. The field marshal represents their conduct as an act of rebellion and open mutiny; but the elector quietly agrees to grant audience to Kottwitz and other officers who come with their petition in favour of Prince Arthur. There is considerable liveliness in the debate which he holds with Kottwitz and Hohenzollern on the prince's conduct, which the former tries to defend, and the latter to excuse.

*Elector.* (*to Kottwitz.*) If thus when victory's car doth onward roll,
"Twere granted that each rash fool-hardy hand
Should grasp the reins, how dar'st thou hope that still
Our cause would prosper? Deem'st thou that success
On disobedience evermore attends?
But mark you, friend,—such conquest that hath fallen
The child of Chance into mine arms I prize not—
But must uphold the Law,—our throne's protectress,
The natural parent of all victories.

*Kottw.* My liege, 'tis not alone thy will that rules
A soldier's heart,—but therein fondly cherished,
Affection to his father-land and thine!
*This* forms the best and noblest law;—and wherefore
Dispute our movements on the battle field,
If hostile powers are crush'd and trophies won?
Wouldst thou that every leader, to thy cause
With passionate zeal devoted, should even like
The sword he wields,—a lifeless implement,—
Of proper will and purpose be devoid?
Short-sighted caution,—grovelling policy,
That else thou scorn'st!—For if the heart's warm impulse
Hath *once* brought evil in its consequence,
Yet numberless on record are examples
That only thus destruction was averted.
In battle field, think'st thou, my blood should flow
For stipulated guerdon, paid in gold,
Or dazzling honours?—Truly, no; for this
Were life too precious. But I am requited
By pleasures independent,—nobler far
Than wealth could e'er bestow,—by the conviction
That to my country's weal, and thy renown,
Mine efforts do contribute. This affords
The high reward that every toil compensates.
The victory, say'st thou, has of Chance been won,
And therefore is the conqueror doom'd to death;

But if to-morrow on the field again
I saw the doubtful fortunes of the day
So placed at my command, by Heaven it were
A traitor's part, if I should then refrain
To act even like our generous Prince of Homburg!
Thereafter, saidst thou, to the laws appealing,
'Kottwitz, for this thy head must be the forfeit'—
I should reply,—'my liege, I knew it well,
But when I swore to be thy faithful servant,
With heart and hand unto thy cause devoted,
My head was not excepted in the bargain,—
Take then what unto thee belongs!'

To the astonishment of Kottwitz, the elector now directs that the Prince of Homburg shall be brought from prison, in order to plead against himself, and convince the veteran colonel how dangerous are the principles which he had thus been defending. Meanwhile Hohenzollern endeavours to prove that the elector himself, by the experiments tried in the garden scene at the commencement of the play, has been the actual cause of whatever errors the prince afterwards committed. The language in this debate is less faulty than in any other portion of the drama, but the scene is too long for insertion here. At length the prince makes his appearance.

*Elect.* Once more,
Young Prince of Homburg, I must claim thine aid.
The veteran Kottwitz brings this document,
A formal supplication in thy favour,
Wherein a hundred noble names appear.
The army, 'tis alleged, demands thy freedom;
All disapprove the doom pronounced against thee.
Read their assertions, and thyself decide.—
*(He gives him the paper.)*
*Pr. (Looks at it for a moment, then turns to his brother officers.)*
Kottwitz, old friend, give me thy hand!—Far more
Than on the field my conduct merited,
Thou show'st of kindness here. But now, I pray thee,
With all thy squadrons hence return to Arnheim,
And think of me no more. My doom was just;—
I have reflected,—am resolved to suffer.
*Kottw. (astonished.)* What say'st thou? No, by heaven!
*Hoh.* He is resolved?
*Truchs.* He must not, *shall* not die.
*Several officers. (coming forward.)* My liege, my sovereign,
Yet listen!
*Pr.* Silence!—'Tis mine own free will,
But this inflexibly shall be obeyed.
The sacred laws of war that I insulted
Shall in my voluntary death be honour'd.

With this compared, good friends, what were the triumphs,
That o'er the invader I might still have won?
Presumption and rebellious pride are foes
Intestine, by the state abhorr'd,—and these
To-morrow shall I vanquish. Thus, ere long,
May our lov'd sovereign crush those insolent foes
Who vainly strive to enthrall us, and again
Possess, in peace, his own paternal realm,
Whose fertile fields for him alone should bloom.

*Kottw. (agitated.)* My son!—my dearest friend!

*Truchs.* Almighty powers!

*Pr. (to the Elector.)* Thus humbly now, repentant at thy feet,
My liege, I do implore thy kind forgiveness,
For that with rash presumption—over-zeal—
I dar'd to serve thee on the battle-field.
But if through death I can atone for guilt,
Then may this heart which, reconciled and freely,
Acknowledges the justice of thy sentence,
One consolation reap,—to be assured
That in thy bosom no resentment dwells?
And at our parting hour, of this in token,
Say, wilt thou hear my last request?

*Elect.* Speak on.
I pledge mine honour, whatsoe'er thou askest,
It shall be granted.

*Pr.* With thy niece's hand
Let not the peace with Sweden's king be purchased.
Away with that base trader from thy camp,
Who dared on such commission to address thee!
In chain shot let thine answer be conveyed!

*Elect.* With this embrace, my son, thy prayer is granted.
If by the miseries of this lengthened war
Compelled, I might have entertained such treaty,
Yet in each word of thine, methinks, I hear
Predictions of a victory still to come,
That shall at once th' invader's power destroy.
'Natalia is the Prince of Homburg's bride,'
(This be mine answer through th' ambassador,)—
'That hero's bride, who claimed against himself
The just doom of our martial laws. Henceforth
His dauntless spirit stalks before our banners—
And with that champion, 'mid the battle fray,
The prize must be contested.'

*Pr. Vivat!* now,
Thou hast bestow'd on me far more than life.
For this, I pray, that on my sovereign's head
All blessings may from heaven descend!—Once more
March forth,—defy thine enemies, and if all
Earth's nations join'd against us, mayst thou gain,
As heretofore, the triumph thou deserv'st!"

Here the electress enters with the Princess Natalia, who appears in a state of distraction and despair. We are within two pages of the last scene, yet suspense is undiminished. The Prince of Homburg will not listen to any one by whom his own resolution or that of the elector might be shaken, but demands vehemently to be led back to prison, and at length rushes out, followed by his guard. Thereafter, the elector declares to the assembled officers, that, according to his nephew's request, the present truce will be for three days only. He then reminds them, that, for the third time, Prince Arthur of Homburg has been found guilty of levity, rashness, and disobedience, notwithstanding which he desires them to consider whether they are willing to venture into the battle for the fourth time with such a general? Kottwitz answers with great energy in the affirmative; all the rest are of course unanimous; and the elector desires them to follow him into the garden, where he will prolong the consultation. We now anticipate what must be the result. The last scene, with the exception of a short soliloquy of the prince, consists almost entirely of stage directions. He is at first led in blindfolded, as if for execution, while from a distance are heard the drums of a band playing the dead march. Then the elector enters with the laurel wreath and gold chain in his hand, followed by the electress, Princess Natalia, and the other dramatis personæ, as in act first, scene first, of which this presents a sort of *rifacciamento*. The prince's eyes being at length unbound, the whole adventure which he then encountered, as if in a dream, is now changed into reality. Descending the terrace steps, the elector gives the wreath to Natalia, the other characters following in the manner of a procession. Surrounded by torchbearers, Natalia advances to Prince Arthur, who starts up in astonishment. She then places the wreath on his head, hangs the gold chain about his neck, and takes his hand, which she presses to her heart. Hereupon the prince is once more overcome by the emotions caused by sudden transition, and he falls to the ground insensible. The elector exclaims "let the cannon's roar awaken him." A salute is fired, not without the desired effect, and the play concludes with joyful acclamations.

We have been thus particular in our notice of the "Prince of Homburg," because the author of "Theatrical Leaves" has considered the production so highly deserving of applause. Yet, whatever are its merits, Mr. Tieck may rest assured that compositions of this kind never will pass muster along with those of Müllner, Howald, Raupach, and other living authors whom he is disposed to condemn. That Kleist's conceptions were clear and accurate, we are fully disposed to admit; but his natural im-

patience and irritability prevented him from acquiring that power of eloquence, without which a dramatic composition will be found to differ as much from the best models, as a paltry silhouette from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Still we fully sympathize with Mr. Tieck's feelings of respect for the poetic character, and with his forgiveness of those defects and aberrations, which are too often the unavoidable and inseparable concomitants of genius, while at the same time, we must remember, that with such feelings the world will not sympathize, and that for such faults it is needless to expect from the public any indulgence.

No less than fourteen octavo pages have been devoted by the friendly critic to an analysis of the tragedy of "Schroffenstein;" nor without more considerable space than we can here afford, could the intricacies of such a plot be rendered intelligible to our readers, and we shall therefore not attempt it, only remarking by the way that it was very judiciously remodelled for the stage by Mr. Holbein in 1824. In the "Katharine von Heilbronn," the leading source of interest consists in the persevering—the intense and pure affections of the heroine, towards the chivalrous hero of the piece, in despite of the most cruel sufferings, insults, misfortunes, and persecution, amid all which her inexhaustible love exists changeless and triumphant. The idea is beautiful, exalted and affecting; but here, also, though Kleist evinced all the best feelings of a poet, the "accomplishment of art" was wanting, and the work, though it keeps its place on the stage, is extremely unequal and defective. Perhaps he succeeded best of all in his novel, entitled "Michael Kohlhaas," exhibiting the struggles of an honest farmer who, at that period when the strongest arm could always obtain those advantages which would have been refused by justice, is, in consequence of a dispute with a certain Baron, against whose oppressions he vainly applies for protection, gradually brought, without any guilt imputable to his own conduct, into a state of utter despondency and the most abject wretchedness

It would be difficult to say why this narrative, and his tale of wonder entitled the "Beggar of Locarno," should not have found their way into some of those collections of German romances that have been published in this country.

ART. XII.—*Gallerie zu Shakspeares Dramatischen Werken. In Umrissen, erfunden und gestochen von* Moritz Retzsch. Erste Lieferung. *Hamlet.* 17 *Blätter. Mit* C. A. Böttigers *Andeutungen und den szenischen Stellen des Textes. (Retzsch's Outlines to Shakspeare. First series. Hamlet. Seventeen Plates.)* Leipsic und London. Folio. 1828.

A GREAT revolution of taste in the fine arts, in England, is one of the striking characteristics of the present era. Mythological subjects have almost ceased to be painted, and the pictures of the great Italian masters on sacred subjects have deteriorated in price, though not in value. Profane history is scarcely touched, and while our Gallic neighbours reproach our first artists and engravers with employing their genius and their talents in illustrating the conceptions of the poet, the dramatist and the novelist, they pique themselves on painting and engraving historical subjects—modern fields of battle, squadrons of dragoons and battalions of infantry—a hundred thousand men, marshalled by the état-major! That the pontifical patrons of Raffael and his illustrious countrymen should have opened to them the Bible and the Legends, as furnishing the proper objects of a painter's attention—that the ancient classics, when unlocked to the world at large, should have fascinated the minds and employed the pencils of artists of every country,—and that, under the despotism of a long-triumphant conqueror, and while the soldiers yet live who gained their fortune, rank and fame beneath his banner, modern battle fields should supersede both the sacred and profane subjects of antiquity—were, and are, incidents in the just order of cause and effect.

But England is a country without a parallel, and more universal than any other nation in the whole history of the world. Having run the circle of the arts, visited every foreign gallery and collection, and enriched herself with the choicest gems from every son of genius on earth, she sits down to the gorgeous feast; but, unlike him who wept that there were no more worlds to subdue, she rises from it with undiminished appetite, and the consciousness that there still remain new creations to conquer.

Hence the pictures of the great masters no longer exclusively adorn the mansions of the noble and wealthy. Hence living artists receive a princely remuneration for their works. Hence engravings no longer slumber in portfolios; and hence, finally, the publisher of a popular poet is enabled to pay thousands for graphic illustrations of his conceptions.

While there are men of first-rate genius and talents in every branch of the fine arts, a totally new perfection in water-colour drawings, and in engraving, are the most distinguishing charac-

teristics of the present epoch. And instead of agreeing, with the French, that our first-rate painters and engravers are less worthily employed in illustrating the works of Byron, Scott, &c. than they would be on the victories of Wellington, we think it proves that they, as well as the English public, possess a finer taste than their neighbours, and more accordant with the kindred spirit of the sister muses. The poet imagines, the painter gives a body to his conception, and the engraver insures it a splendid, almost an imperishable, existence. The prominent characteristics of these works of art are exquisite beauty in conception, form, and pictorial effect, with surpassing elegance and delicacy of execution, combined with a graceful force, breadth of light, and depth and harmony of tone, which make them, indeed, the scenes and beings created by the inspired individuals whose rapt visions they illustrate.

But while we duly appreciate the merits of our native artists, Germany has the honour to possess a son, who unites the genius for designing his own works to the talent of engraving them, and who therefore takes his place along with the few artists of original genius, who have used the graver as well as the pencil. Like some of his precursors in this department, Moritz Retzsch has contented himself with outline, as though he deemed the finishing each individual work a sacrifice of time, too great for a man who contemplated giving the world so many original works. Thus, in 1820, he published twenty-six illustrations of the Faust of Goethe; in 1823, eight of the Fridolin of Schiller; in 1824, sixteen of the Fight with the Dragon; and in the present year, seventeen of Hamlet, being the first of an intended series of illustrations of all the plays of Shakspeare. While this high compliment to the English bard is hailed by the artist's own countrymen, it is not less acknowledged and appreciated in England, where the previous compositions of Retzsch had already obtained a just celebrity, and had even been copied by one of our own engravers.

Without at present enlarging on Retzsch's Illustrations of Goethe and Schiller, it may be observed that those of Faust have all the wild, the extravagant, and the preternatural characteristics of the poet's dreams. While with Goethe he luxuriates, like a Mahometan in his promised paradise,—but which, with Goethe and Retzsch, is a paradisaical hell, full of horrors and monstrous anomalies,—in other scenes, he displays a simplicity, an individuality of character, and a domestic truth, that prove him to be the graphic poet of nature, as well as of German romance. In the Fight with the Dragon, of Schiller, he has shown himself one of the best tellers of a story with the graver, that ever used that implement instead of the poetical pen;—it requires no key, no language to explain the whole rise, progress and end of the tale;

—from the first plate to the last, every incident, every *intention*, is so perfectly manifest, that words are felt to be unnecessary in explanation. The Fridolin is also beautifully told, for while, with a masculine mind, he pourtrays the coarser humours and deformities in man, he there gives to female modesty and virtue a grace, sweetness and beauty, worthy the pencil of Guido; and in the scenes where a number of figures is introduced, he evinces powers of composition which raise him to a high rank in the historic school.

Many of the illustrators of Shakspeare have chosen their subjects from passages not in the action of the piece, but described by some one of the characters. In this course there is a wider field for invention, and less data for critical objection, than in pourtraying scenes actually represented on the stage—there is more of ideality, and less of histrionic fact. This is not the course which has been adopted by Retzsch in his Illustrations of Hamlet, with the exception of the first and the last plates, which are the poisoning of Hamlet's father, and Hamlet laid out in state, agreeably to the directions of Fortinbras. Without for a moment questioning the fitness of any description, or subject for a picture, it appears to us, that where a series of pictures is intended to tell any given story, the plan of Retzsch is the best, since distinct episodes, however beautiful in themselves, would interrupt the thread, and destroy the unity of the action. The two subjects, already mentioned as deviations from this plan, have been selected with so much judgment, that, instead of impairing the unity of the story, they serve to render it graphically more perfect and intelligible.

The first plate, No. 2, (No. 1 being the Apotheosis of Shakspeare,) in which Claudius is pouring the deadly poison into the ear of his sleeping brother, is a noble composition; the figure of the slumbering monarch has all the chasteness, the repose, the breadth and grace of drapery of the finest models of antiquity, and is admirably contrasted with that of the assassin, which is full of the energy, yet trepidation, of his horrid purpose, and the personal danger of discovery by his awakened victim. At the same time, we may be allowed to observe, that the figure of Claudius possesses a grace in the attitude, and elegance of form in the limbs, which is not perpetuated in the other plates, and which do not well agree with Hamlet's contemptuous comparison of the personal attractions of his uncle with those of his father. It is true he has a most villainous eye, and a very hooked nose, with a large beard covering all the lower part of his face—but then his brother had a similar amplitude of beard; so that, excepting the eye and the hooked nose, the one is as proper, and likely a man, to win a false-hearted lady as the other. There

is in a niche immediately above the sleeping king, a statue of Justice treading on a serpent, which, with the architecture of the porch, an arabesque head supporting the spring of the arch, and the stool on which the monarch's left arm and the crown are placed, are all in a fine classic taste, and, with the figures "that breathe," drawn in a pure and bold style. There are other episodical hints which prove that Retzsch, like all designers of genius, has a truly poetic mind, though he may never have written a line. The principal is, that the assassin, in steadying himself to pour the poison in the ear, with his left hand touches the crown—the object of his ambition, the cause of his crime. Another is a butterfly sporting over a vase of flowers, while a venomous spider is darting down on the unsuspecting flutterer. True to nature, the spider is hanging by a single thread it is spinning—but is it hypercritical to observe, that the thread is, in comparison of a spider's thread, the cable of a seventy-four?—it is true it is nearly as fine as a graver could make it, but what cannot be truly expressed, had, unless of great consequence, better not be attempted. One word more on this unlucky spider—it is capable of grasping one of the scales of justice within its claws—it could even embrace the massive forehead of the monarch from temple to temple!

The 2d plate is the 4th scene in the first act, in which the Ghost of the murdered monarch beckons Hamlet to follow him, and at the instant when bursting from Horatio and Marcellus, he says

> "My fate cries out,
> And makes each petty artery in this body
> As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—
> Still am I called; unhand me, gentlemen;
> By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

This group is admirably conceived—Hamlet has all the energy, the breathless eagerness to obey the awful summons of the departed majesty of Denmark, which he has so poetically, so vigorously expressed; while Horatio, with a countenance powerfully indicative of the supernatural shock he has received, has yet that love for his prince, and that courage, strong in friendship, which makes him, with his down-pointed partizan, and left hand raised and open, bar his passage. To these figures, so full of energy, that of Marcellus forms an admirable contrast—it has the milder character of entreaty, if not of fear, not the bold port of absolute, though respectful, opposition. Hamlet's face is in profile, the nose aquiline, but not hawk-billed—his countenance expressive of the most intense feeling directed at the supernatural appearance—while the outstretched throat and the whole action of the limbs and body, evince the undaunted, the reckless purpose of his

soul to obey the summons. Horatio's features, countenance, figure, and attitude, are grand. Marcellus on the contrary, as already hinted, is a felicitous foil to the other two. The ghost has a very imposing and ethereal effect—yet it may be doubted whether the artist has been very judicious in adopting a conceit—for it is not original—which adds nothing to the immaterial effect, though doubtless intended with that view. This consists in sundry lines of dots on the figure, which are intended to show that the stone wall, behind the ghost, shines through that unsubstantial form. Those who have seen a real ghost are best able to tell whether they saw the brick work, or the stone work of a house, or any other sort of solid reality, through the appearance of a human being clad in woollen, or armour, as the case might be; but it seems to a person who has never, consciously, had the fortune to see one, that if he should be so highly favoured, he would—though like Hamlet, staring with *all* his eyes—not detect whether any tinting of colour in particular parts partook of the form and hue of the objects behind the awful sprite. One would rather suppose, that a ghost looks like the thing it represents—a human being, clad in his usual apparel—and not, in spite of the poets, "a *thin* unsubstantial thing," to be looked through, as we peep at a beautiful woman, who is so cruel as to wear a veil.

With every disposition to admire without any abatement Retzsch's personification of Hamlet himself, disappointment is felt, both at the form of the figure, and the dress of that sublimely conceived personage. It is not the attitudes, or the expression, which do not satisfy, but the figure and costume—certainly inferior considerations, but still of some weight. Hamlet is the beau ideal of the poet, and in England we have had John Kemble, and fortunately, we still have Charles, as his representative. Are we to conclude, that the German personator of Hamlet has poor, though strait limbs—that he has legs which would be sadly tried in white silk hose—and that his person is so defective in one particular that Retzsch himself, as if conscious of the faults of his model, has adopted a large pudding round the juncture of the limbs and trunk rather than a costume which would at once allow the human form its beautiful outline, without offending the eye of decency? That such a pudding has been worn there is no doubt: Retzsch himself introduced it in the male figures in the Faust, but Hamlet is the only one in these plates disfigured by it—Horatio wears slashed hose, and Marcellus a kilt over drawers. Do we not then come near the truth, in supposing that both the meagre limbs and costume of Hamlet are portraits? If so, let Retzsch, in his future illustrations, shun making actors his models.

The 4th plate is the fifth scene, where Hamlet, in swearing

Horatio and Marcellus on his sword, is aided by the commands of the ghost, and which, as frequently as the trio change their station, seems to accompany them. The artist has greatly injured this scene by showing the head and shoulders of the ghost rising from the bottom of the plate; though from its being completely cut in pieces by the transverse lines of the flagged court, it might be mistaken for some freak of a draftsman, who had commenced a sketch of the ghost on the spot! This introduction of the spectre-king is altogether gratuitous, and while it mars the picture, does not explain it. Shakspeare did not mean that any of the personages in this scene should *see* the apparition, but that they should all *hear* it; and from the circumstance of the ubiquity of the preternatural voice, Retzsch has made the three persons bend their astonished gaze in different directions, which, again, is not right, since the ghost always spoke from beneath the actual spot on which they stood, and which was the cause of Hamlet's making them twice change their position. This is manifest by his saying, "Well said, old mole! canst work i'the earth so fast? A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends." The attitude, action, and countenance of Hamlet are admirably conceived. While holding his sword, on which Horatio and Marcellus are to swear, he turns half from them, and, with a gentle action of his left hand, and his countenance, grave and earnestly fixed on the earth, says, "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" He is thus addressing himself to the very spot from which the instant before the awful command "Swear!" had proceeded, and yet it is widely asunder from that where the ghost actually appears! The style of architecture in these two scenes, with

"The dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,"

and the adjunct of a full-orbed moon, with all its mysterious depth of shadows and silvery catching lights, would make fine back grounds for finished engravings.

"To be, or not to be—that is the question," is the immortal subject of the fifth plate, and is conceived in a spirit worthy of the poet. Hamlet has entered by a Gothic door in the centre of the picture—Ophelia, on the right, is seated with a book in her hand, and on the left, concealed by a partition and curtain from those in the chamber, are the King and Polonius listening. Hamlet's attitude and expression are very happily imagined—at once philosophic and graceful. He is not an actor speaking to an audience, but a man debating on the immortality of the soul. Ophelia is natural, but not graceful—the countenance, though that of a maiden who loves and thinks, is not beautiful, and the contracted posture of the limbs—the crossing her feet, and drawing them under her, together with the

position of the left hand, are decidedly inelegant. Retzsch can afford to have this much said against one of his young females, since he is in general peculiarly felicitous in expressing maiden innocence with all its grace and sweetness. The attitude of the listening King is good, and the expression of his countenance truly malign—Polonius, on the contrary, has more marks of littleness than some of his reflexions warrant; but then his besetting sin of curiosity, and function of chief spy, are admirably expressed—his very eyes listen, and his compressed lips indicate that he is hearkening to "one who reasoneth well."

The play is the scene of the sixth plate. This is a composition of more figures than any of the preceding, and is admirable both in detail and as a whole. A drawn curtain in the centre discovers a stage, some four feet from the ground, representing a forest garden. Gonzago is sleeping on the ground, and Lucianus pouring poison into his ear with the left hand, while he grasps the crown with his right. Hamlet reclines on the ground beneath this second stage—the King and Queen in their chairs of state on the right, and behind them Polonius and others. On the left Ophelia is seated, her limbs concealed by the interposition of Hamlet's figure. Behind her chair are Horatio and others, and between them and the spectator, the figure of a youthful page—an incident frequently used, and generally with good effect. Ophelia's face and figure are in profile—her head slightly depressed, and with a down-cast look. Her countenance is as full of sweetness as her features are of Grecian delicacy and beauty—her hands are gracefully crossed. She neither attends to the play, nor, like Horatio, watches the countenance of the King; neither does she seem to hear even Hamlet's exclamation to the usurper, "He poisons him i'the garden!" but after her sport of wit with Hamlet, has forgotten all around her, and thinks only of her unhappy love. Hamlet's posture is easy and natural, and when he sees the conscience-struck monarch rising from his chair, he points to the actors, and hastens to tell him the conclusion of the play, which the other will not wait to see—

> "You shall see anon, how
> The murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife."

The seventh plate is that original scene, worthy the genius of Shakspeare, when Hamlet urges Guildenstern to "play upon his pipe," that he may annihilate his hopes of playing upon him. This is a fine subject and nobly managed—Hamlet is full of energy, and Guildenstern of that earnest and honest disclaimer of having any skill on the flute, coupled with a perfect unconsciousness of the trap the prince is preparing, which shows the excellent judgment and skill of Retzsch. Guildenstern, though a regular court spy, is at this moment perfectly sincere—and so he

looks—while Hamlet is like the eagle pouncing on his prey—but on a prey too contemptible to ruffle the majesty of his nature. Horatio and another complete this group, and the three players form a second, which by their quiet attitudes, yet earnest observation of Hamlet, adds greatly to the picture—neither are the disarranged Gothic chairs and architecture of the room, though subordinate features, without a good effect.

The principal figure in the eighth plate is the King at his prayers, and the other, Hamlet in the back ground retiring through a door, and putting up his sword. "Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent." To place the King in the foreground was scarcely judicious. It brings to one's recollection so many noble figures of kneeling saints by the great masters, that the royal fratricide commands neither our commiseration, nor the artist our unqualified applause. Hamlet's figure is very spirited.

Neither is the ninth plate one of Retzsch's happiest efforts. Hamlet in the centre has lunged his sword through the arras—

"How now, a rat!
Dead for a ducat."

The figure of Hamlet is good, but somewhat heavy, He is ten years older than when he said "To be, or not to be!" And as to poor Polonius, whom we partly see through an opening in the arras, transfixed by Hamlet's rapier, he is writhing in a manner which, if it be natural, is at the same time very grotesque. The Queen, starting forward in her chair, has much horror and well-expressed action in her face, arms, hands, and upper part of the body; but there would have been more life in the whole figure were she a little rising from her seat.

The tenth plate is a continuation of the same 4th scene in the third act, at the moment when Hamlet, addressing the ghost (which is unseen by his mother), says,

"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?"

The countenance, attitude, and clasped hands of the Queen, "Alas! he's mad"—are extremely fine, and so is the attitude of Hamlet, with awe-struck profile, and "bedded hair" that "starts up and stands on end." The slain Polonius has fallen through the opening in the arras, and lies on his back, with his arms and limbs still flexible, and so disposed, that though the head indicates death, it has come so recently, that the muscles are not yet unstrung.

The 11th plate, Ophelia's madness, is a pathetic subject, ably and touchingly treated. Ophelia, saying

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray
You, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."

—is a fine figure, but rather large. Laertes is nobly conceived, and so are the King and Queen.

The 12th plate is a magnificent picture—the church in the centre—the gates to the church-yard on the right, and the left—the distant houses and road, with the procession of Ophelia's funeral—the church-yard itself, with its tombs and crosses, and sculptured angel mourning, and innocent child with out-stretched arms looking up to heaven, are all grouped in that admirable disorder, which an old Catholic burial-ground so frequently presents. While the procession is seen in the distance, on the left one of the grave-diggers has stuck his spade in the earth, and retired under the shelter of the church and an upright tomb-stone, where he is quaffing the contents of a bottle raised with both hands to his mouth. Thus Retzsch is, like Shakspeare, the painter of nature; the presence of a prince, the solemnity of the funeral of the high-born, young and beautiful, change not for a moment the disposition of the grosser sons of earth.

Hamlet and Horatio are in the centre of the foreground; and still nearer, but more to the right, is the first grave-digger, in the grave, resting on his spade, and looking up at Hamlet. Early impressions are not easily effaced; one can never forget the divine picture of Hamlet by Lawrence, one of the sublimest conceptions in the world. Yet Retzsch, with less poetic feeling, is more true to nature, more true to Shakspeare—(are they not the same?) Hamlet, holding the skull of Yorick, is looking at it, and with an easy action of his right hand, as indicating that it is of the skull he is speaking, tells the attentive Horatio,

"Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft."

This most admirable picture is followed by one of a still higher order, being a grand composition of not less than thirty figures. The scene,—Hamlet and Laertes struggling in the grave of Ophelia. No written description can convey any idea of this picture; but the variety and contrast of attitude, yet perfect harmony of the whole, with the admirable drawing of every part, place Retzsch in the first, the highest rank of art, that of design.

The next plate, No. 14,—the pause in the fencing of Hamlet and Laertes, when the king says,

"Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health,—give him the cup,"

is another fine composition, but necessarily of less energy than the last.

Plate the 15th is at the moment when Hamlet stabs the king.

"The point
Envenom'd too! then venom, do thy work."

This subject is also nobly treated. The Queen dead and the terror of her ladies—the astonishment, horror, and vain interposition of the courtiers—the agony of the King, his upraised leg, and hand grasping the cloth of the table—the impetuous energy—the vengeance with which Hamlet thrusts his sword into the heart of his father's murderer—the conscience-stricken and mortally wounded Laertes, on the ground, still pointing to the King, the prime cause of all this horror—altogether form a picture, as Retzsch has treated it, of the highest order.

The last plate in this series of Illustrations of Hamlet, is the exclusive conception of Retzsch, the subject not being represented on the stage. It is Hamlet laid out in state, on a raised platform, and, on one beneath him, the King and Queen. Hamlet lies on a royal pall; on a covered stool on the near side are his hat and sword, and on the further side two ancient warriors in armour, each holding a standard of royal Denmark. At the head of the bier, Horatio, with Danish warriors behind him, is addressing Fortinbras, Prince of Norway, who, in armour, and with a collar and royal mantle, is seated on a stool at the foot. In the back ground are Norwegian warriors. Lower down, royal guards are, with their partizans, keeping back the multitude, whose rude heads, of both sexes, are seen at the bottom, and in the centre of these, part of the head and mane of a horse, with the back of its rider in complete armour, and a bear-skin mantle across his left shoulder. These form a picture, which most appropriately, and most ably completes this first part of the work.

Without undertaking the invidious task of comparing these plates, with any of the numerous existing illustrations of our immortal dramatist, it is only just to say, that Retzsch brings genius and talent into the field of no ordinary calibre, and that he has a practical knowledge of drawing, a felicity of design, and a vigour of execution, which must inevitably rank his compositions in the first class of works of the kind. From the lovers of art in this its first, its simplest, but most difficult, and most elevated form—outline—they cannot fail to receive a degree of encouragement, which will stimulate our own rising artists to consider, that to design greatly and to draw well, are the noblest efforts of art, though to paint beautifully, to finish highly may be more attractive to the multitude. The great designer, the bold and accurate drawer in outline, is the Homer, the Dante, the Shakspeare—the beautiful finisher, the Virgil, the Pope, the Racine—of painting.

## *Postscript to the Article on Paixhans's New Maritime Force and Artillery.*

THIS article was entirely printed off previously to the appearance of Captain Ross's "Treatise on Navigation by Steam;" and it is a source of gratification to us to find our views on the importance of this part of the subject, confirmed by those of an officer of Captain Ross's judgment and experience. One of the chapters of his book is expressly devoted to the application of steam vessels to the purposes of naval warfare, in which he considers them—"as auxiliaries to men of war—as a separate force—as a protection to trade—and as a defence to the nation;" and enters into a variety of practical details, exhibiting very clearly the advantages possessed by steam vessels over ships of the line, under certain circumstances. Although we should suppose that Captain Ross is not at all acquainted with the works of Col. Paixhans, otherwise than by hearsay, (for he makes no specific allusion to them,) it is not a little remarkable, that on all the points on which the French Colonel of Artillery grounds the superiority of his proposed system to that now in use, he is fully borne out by the opinions of the British Post Captain. We select a few passages from Capt. Ross's Introduction, which have particularly struck us, and which we submit to our readers' meditation.

After stating the complete revolution which navigation has undergone by the introduction of the steam engine, and that the change is still more applicable to naval warfare than to commercial or mercantile purposes, Capt. Ross says, "If it be true, as is generally understood, that our rivals and enemies are turning their attention very particularly to this object, it is the more incumbent on us to see that no time is lost by ourselves, in taking such steps as may insure us that continued superiority at sea on which our very existence depends." Among the peculiar advantages of steam vessels he ranks this, "that they may easily engage with red-hot shot, and *with other missiles, which the present system does not appreciate, or which are now not deemed convenient;*" and he adds, that "it is further easy to see that there is scarcely a limit to the changes which a system of this nature will introduce into naval warfare, and that consequently an entire new course of study will be required in training both men and officers to this science."

After noticing briefly the immense difference in point of economy between the system of fighting steam vessels and that of line-of-battle ships, and the great advantages which the former hold out to the secondary naval powers, he says, "Without wishing to excite unnecessary alarm, it is very difficult to reflect steadily on the question, without some feeling of doubt whether the destiny of Great Britain may not at length be involved in this very invention, whether its fate will not even be sealed, as soon as steam vessels shall supersede the present ones among the nations of Europe, and become, what the latter scarcely ever can, the general naval warfare of the world."

The last passage we shall quote is very nearly a counterpart of one or two which we could point out in the French author:—"Our naval superiority at present, or on the existing system, is identified with the general causes of our prosperity, and secured to us as long as that state shall last. But the case may become far otherwise, should the system of naval warfare, which is here contemplated, ever become generally established, should it ever supersede the system of large ships managed by thorough-bred seamen. The general political consequences are easily inferred. Warfare at sea will approach more nearly to warfare on shore, or the differences between a military and a naval system will be small, compared to what they are at present. Any nation sufficiently wealthy to levy armies and fortify towns, may then build vessels and produce seamen, if seamen they can be termed, adequate to the management of a flotilla, and as well fitted for all the purposes of naval warfare, as their soldiers are for land service. The system in fact will become a species of military, rather than a naval one, and they who should have been sailors, will be maritime soldiers, not seamen; and then will our superiority, as far as depends on seamanship, disappear; or we also shall become what they will be, and must learn to meet them on our own channel, and on their own shores, as we met them at Vittoria and Waterloo. It is equally evident that the least maritime nations will then become capable of undertaking naval wars, as almost every instruction and discipline which their officers, men, and vessels may require, will become practicable even in their own rivers and harbours, and on their own narrow seas."

# CRITICAL SKETCHES.

Art. XIII.—*De Priscâ Ægyptiorum Litteraturâ Commentatio Prima, quam scripsit* J. G. L. Kosegarten. Weimar. 1828. 4to. pp. 71, 28 plates.

This little work of Professor Kosegarten contains much valuable information, without any of that wild conjecture which has of late years become so popular: it really does credit both to the industry and to the modesty of the author; and it contains almost every thing that is hitherto known to the public, respecting the enchorial or demotic characters of the ancient Egyptians.

"Being desirous," says the author, in his preface, "of deciphering the old Egyptian papyri, especially those which are deposited in the Royal Library at Berlin, I have thought it right to begin with collecting in this commentary the elements of what is known on the subject. In explaining these elements, I could not do otherwise than agree in general with the duumvirate, which has deserved the most in Egyptian literature; and endeavour to confirm and extend the discoveries of Young and Champollion by new examples. I have added to this essay a copy of the Inscription of Rosetta, together with Young's translation; not that I thought it in every particular correct: an opinion which even the learned author himself, I apprehend, is not disposed to maintain; but because I thought it right to avoid interfering with the conclusions of a person so well qualified for judging on the subject. The present publication contains ten lines only of the Inscription, in four plates; the remainder will form as many more in my second essay. I have merely substituted the corresponding Greek words for some of the Latin epithets of the Ptolemies.

"I have added plates of the whole of the Berlin Papyrus, No. 36, and of the beginning of the other manuscripts of Berlin, with such translations as I have been able to satisfy myself were approximately correct; and I shall add other papyri in my next essay. Some of the manuscripts appear to be duplicates of each other, written at the same time, with slight variations: these are marked by the librarian *a* and *b*. I have thought it right to give also copies of the characters expressing the numbers and the months, as explained by Champollion, in order to support my conclusions respecting the dates, which have been otherwise understood by Seyffarth. I have to return my best thanks to Young, to Champollion, and to Peyron, for their obliging and ready answers to any inquiry that I have had occasion to make of them; and to my friends at Berlin who have kindly entrusted me with the manuscripts that I required.—Greifswald, Aug. 1827."

The candour and good-nature of the author are exhibited in many parts of the work, and he deserves our gratitude much more than if he had attempted, even with some success, to add many new conjectures to the multitude which are in danger of overwhelming the subject of Egyptian literature. He is not, however, wholly without claim to originality, and he seems to have been the first to see *clearly* the vestiges of the word METHRE, witnesses, in the papyrus of Casati; though he has omitted to insert in his plate the corresponding part of the manuscript of Berlin. There are also several new modifications of the forms of the letters, of considerable importance, which he has first *publicly* noticed, especially those of the P and F; and he has very satisfactorily shown that some readings, in which Dr. Young was at first inclined to follow Akerblad, but which he afterwards abandoned, are wholly untenable. Professor Kosegarten adds, with great simplicity, p. 19, that he is therefore inclined to *doubt* on the subject. But how much better is it to be right with *hesitation*, than to be wrong with *confidence!*

ART. XIV.—*Catalogus Artificum, sive Architecti, Statuarii, Sculptores, Pictores, Cælatores et Scalptores Græcorum et Romanorum, literarum ordine dispositi*, a Julio Sillig. *Accedunt tres tabulæ Synchronisticæ.* Dresdæ & Lipsiæ, Libraria Arnoldia, 1827, in 8vo.

MR. SILLIG, the author of this work, is, we believe, the editor of the Dresden reprint of Markland's edition of Statius' Silvæ, noticed in our last number. In the dedicatory preface addressed to the celebrated Böttiger, to whose encouragement, and that of Creuzer, the origin of the work is ascribed, the author explains, at full length, the principles upon which he has proceeded.

Mr. Sillig's first idea was to republish, with notes and additions, the Catalogus Artificum of Francis Junius, which appeared in 1694. Of this work Creuzer had sent him a copy, with the marginal notes of Valckenaer, which proved, however, of little value; and the work itself was so very defective, in consequence of the credulity, ignorance, and haste of the writer, that Mr. Sillig saw at once the necessity of composing an entirely new work on the subject, retaining merely the alphabetic order of his predecessor.

The principal authority in an undertaking of this nature, it is evident, must be the Natural History of Pliny. On that work, which Mr. Sillig pronounces to be one of those which have most suffered from interpolations, and to have been published from faulty MSS., he has bestowed a considerable degree of attention and care. During a residence at Paris he devoted himself to an examination of the MSS. of it in the King's Library, and he is now preparing a new and revised edition, which, however, is not likely to see the light for some time, in consequence of the laborious revision he is bestowing on it.

The present work is for ancient, what the works of Lanzi, Pilkington, and others, are for modern times; and scholars, as well as the amateurs of ancient art, will find it a most useful and valuable manual.

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ART. XV.—*Grammaire Grecque, contenant les Dialectes et la différence avec le Grec Vulgaire.* Par C. Minoïde Mynas, Ex-professeur de Philosophie. Paris. 1828. 8vo.

THE author of this Grammar is one of those learned Hellenes who have taken refuge in foreign countries, from the toils and dangers to be encountered in their own. He is now a teacher of the Greek language in Paris, where he has published several works on the subject of Greek grammar and orthoëpy. He is a strenuous opponent of the Erasmian system of pronunciation, which he designates as a *prononciation ridicule*,—an assertion, by the way, perfectly unfounded, for there can be very little doubt but that the β, η, αυ, αι, as sounded by the ancients, accord with the system of that eminent scholar. It is still, however, a question whether foreigners should adhere to a system which makes their mode of pronouncing Greek unintelligible to those whose native tongue it is; and it would be, perhaps, the most advisable course if scholars were to adopt the system of sound and accent followed in the schools and language of Modern Greece; which will, in all probability, before long become once more a literary country, and produce works approaching to those of the days of Cimon and Pericles.

Mr. Mynas divides his grammar into four parts,—*Technology*, *Orthography*, *Syntax*, and *Dialects*. The two first correspond to what we usually call Etymology; and in them he developes, with considerable clearness, the declensions, conjugations, &c.;—perhaps he shows too much ingenuity, in seeking to establish differences in the tenses of verbs that do not exist. In notes at the

bottom of the pages, he points out the various changes that forms have undergone in the mouths of the people, whose language, both in this work and in his *Calliope*, he maintains not to be modern.

"Before," says he, "the formation of the grammar which regulated the Hellenism, or Attic language, the common people spoke in Greece, as they do at the present day, an idiom which is nothing but an irregular mixture of the different dialects; it is, therefore, quite useless to give a particular grammar of it, since it does not exist even in Greece, and still more useless to trouble oneself about it. What is of importance for knowing the vulgar Greek, is to abandon the false pronunciation which Erasmus created; for students, when acquainted with our pronunciation, will understand the people, and the practice of a few days will enable them to make themselves understood by them."

From these ideas, we believe very generally entertained by the modern Greeks, it is quite evident that they will, in their future writings, strive after classic purity, retaining their present pronunciation.

The other divisions are equally well treated; and this Grammar may, on the whole, be pronounced to be a good one, though undoubtedly inferior to those of Buttman or Matthiæ.

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## Art. XVI.—*Gran Disionario della Lingua Italiana.* 7 vols. 4to. Bologna. 1819—27.

This Dictionary is an enlarged and improved edition of the La Crusca, whose system it follows, as no word is inserted without the authority of approved writers, the examples being quoted at length. The compilers of the present work, among whom we find Paolo Cotta, Professors Orioli and Tommasini, of Bologna, and other respectable names, have added considerably to the list of authors selected by the Florentine Academicians, and have also adopted the corrections and additions contained in Monti's celebrated *Proposta*. But another important feature of the present Dictionary is the introduction of terms belonging to art and science, in which the Italian language had been hitherto considered greatly deficient. One science, however, the editors appear to have neglected, and that is geography: this is the more to be regretted, as the Italians are much given to Italianize, or rather Latinize, geographical names. How is one to know, for instance, that Aquisgrana is the same as Aix-la-Chapelle; that Augusta means Augsburg; that Monaco is Munich; Basilea, Basle; and others, besides the names of Italian places, which are often spelt in two different ways, Torino and Turino, Firenze and Fiorenza, &c.? The proper names, ancient and modern, are also, we find, omitted. A *great and complete Dictionary* of a language ought to contain all these. It appears also that the editors have sacrificed so far to old principles, as to overlook the authority of the writers of the eighteenth century; thus depriving themselves and the public of the assistance derivable from a period of great labour and erudition, during which many words were introduced by men of learning, in order to satisfy the wants of spreading information and industry.

Other omissions we have noticed, especially among the verbal nouns, in which the Italian is so rich: many of these are left out; the pronunciation is also neglected, and no clue is given to find out the proper sound of the *e* and of the *o*, which is so often mistaken even by Italians, nor that of the *s* and the double *z*. This part of the language has been hitherto unattended to in most Dictionaries, with the exception of the *Disionario Ortologico* of Nesi, and of Petroni's Italian, French, and English Dictionary.

Notwithstanding these and other minor faults, the *Gran Disionario* of

Bologna is the best general Dictionary of the Italian language now extant. The last edition of the genuine La Crusca is now nearly a century old; the Dictionary of Alberti, although good, is not sufficiently discriminating in the selection of words; and that of Cesari, on the contrary, is over scrupulous, by its exclusive reference to the old classics. The present compilers have taken a middle path between Alberti and Cesari.

The Academicians of La Crusca have long promised a new edition of their Great Dictionary, and we understand they have registered above twenty thousand words to add to it; but as yet we see no prospect of the result of their labours coming very soon before the public. A Dictionary at once analytical, complete, and corresponding to the improved state of intellect and of education, is still a desideratum in Italian literature.

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Art. XVII.—*Cabrino Fondulo, frammento della Storia Lombarda sul finire del secolo* 14*mo, e 'l principiare del* 15*mo; opera di* Vincenzo Lancetti, Cremonese. 2 vol. 16mo. Milano. 1827.

The author of this little work has properly styled it a "historical fragment," but some of the critics and philologists of Italy have classed it amongst the "historical novels;" for the *name* has now spread beyond the Alps, although, compared with Manzoni's "Betrothed," none of the attempts that have been there made, in imitation of the great Northern Magician, deserve much attention. Mr. Lancetti, however, did not sit down to write a work of imagination; his task was of a different nature. He searched diligently libraries and archives, and consulted MSS. in order to fill up every flaw in the life of his hero; and when all records failed him, he "drew from preceding as well as from subsequent facts, the indication of those which must have happened between, availing himself of every incident to render the course of his narrative instructive, entertaining, and *probable*," leaving to critics to call it "a history, or a historical novel, if they prefer the latter term, agreeably to the now prevailing fashion in Europe."—*Preface.*

Cabrino Fondulo was born at Soncino, in the territory of Cremona, of an ancient family; he began his military career in the service of the Viscontis, the then rulers of Milan, and who aspired to the sovereignty of Italy. John Galeazzo Visconti, who died in 1402, divided between his three sons, still under age, his splendid dominions, which extended from the Alps of Tyrol to the shores of the Tyrrhenian sea, including Lombardy, Monferrat, part of Tuscany, Parma, Piacenza, Reggio, and even Bologna and Perugia. This was considered a favourable opportunity by the enemies of the Viscontis, to shake off their yoke. Among these was the family of Cavalcabò, who had been in former times Lords of Cremona, but had lost their power during the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibelins. Cabrino, who was of a family anciently attached to the Cavalcabò, sided with the latter, and assisted their representative, Ugolino, to make himself Lord of Cremona. Soon after, however, Ugolino, being attacked by the troops of the Visconti, was defeated and taken prisoner to Milan. His nephew, Charles Cavalcabò, assumed the management of affairs at Cremona, and became so enamoured of his power, and forgetful of the ties of nature and duty that bound him to Ugolino, that when the latter escaped from prison and re-appeared at Cremona, Charles, by a stratagem, inveigled him into the castle, where he had him soon after murdered—a common practice in the politics of those times. But the unnatural assassin fell by the same arts which he had practised against his uncle. Cabrino had

served them both in his military capacity, and had connived at the treason against Ugolino; but afterwards finding that the new ruler of Cremona suspected and hated him, and receiving information that his destruction was determined upon, resolved to anticipate his treacherous lord. Having assembled a number of friends and followers at his castle of Macastorna, he waited for Charles Cavalcabò, who was returning from Milan to Cremona, and after treating him to a feast, had him murdered in his sleep, together with his relatives and attendants. After this horrid tragedy, Cabrino proceeded to the town, where he was proclaimed by his partizans Lord of Cremona, in 1406; which sovereignty he retained till 1420, a long period for a small state surrounded by enemies. Cabrino's government was comparatively wise and beneficent, and under it, in spite of his frequent wars with the Visconti and his other neighbours, Cremona prospered. He established a university, which for the time rivalled those of Bologna and Pavia. He appears to have been master of the politics of his age, having a perfect command of himself, united to bravery, skill, and a deep knowledge of men. But to his adversaries he was terrible and cruel; several of them, whom he secured either by force or stratagem, he caused to be precipitated from the lofty tower of Cremona. A poet, who wrote some satirical verses on the birth of one of his sons, he caused to be buried alive. In short, he was, what most cotemporary rulers then were, a crafty, unprincipled tyrant.

The Emperor Sigismund and Pope John XXIII. met at Cremona in 1414, where they held a congress for the pacification of Italy and of the church. Cabrino entertained his guests with great splendour. It was then that, having accompanied the two illustrious strangers to the summit of the great tower, he had, as it was afterwards reported, hesitated a moment whether he should not hurl down both Pope and Emperor into the square below, as he had done with his other victims, in order thus to create a general confusion throughout Christendom, of which he might take advantage to extend his power. But this vague surmise, which has been recorded in history, appears to have been a story invented by his enemies, the Visconti, and published afterwards by Paul Giovio, a writer of little veracity. At last Cabrino's star grew pale, and as he found that he could no longer resist the power of Philip Maria Visconti, whose armies were then led by the celebrated Carmagnola, he agreed to give up Cremona to the Duke of Milan for the sum of thirty-five thousand gold ducats, reserving to himself the castle and lands of Castelleone, with the title of Marquis. This treaty was executed in 1420. But Cabrino did not enjoy his retirement many years. Philip Maria, after the desertion of Carmagnola from his service, having become more suspicious and cruel, sent troops to take possession of Cabrino's castle, and had him brought prisoner with his family to Pavia, where, after being put to the torture and undergoing eight months' imprisonment, he was, by a mock judgment, condemned to death, and decapitated at Milan, in the square of the Mercanti. His wife and children were confined in the castle of Cremona, where it appears they soon after died.

The research of Mr. Lancetti has been very great, in order to elucidate the municipal events of those obscure times. Where history failed him, he has added the connecting links with great discrimination; and he has supplied the minor details of domestic and public life, in conformity to the manners of the age. The historical part of the work evidently outweighs, in extent and importance, the accessory or romantic, as it has been styled. The "fragment" might, perhaps, be called a romantic history, rather than a historical novel. Whether this be a proper mode of serving up the mutilated records of the obscure biography of the middle ages, we shall not here discuss. Macchiavelli, in his Life of Cattruccio, took still greater liberties with history.

As a historical fragment of the history of Lombardy, and embracing those features and events which are authenticated by the author's reference to texts, we consider Cabrino Fondulo as a valuable acquisition to Italian literature. The history of Italy is a chaos, out of which we almost despair of seeing any more than partial sketches brought to light. If, in every state or city of that country, there were men as intelligent and as industrious as the present author, we might obtain a collection of municipal histories, which would enable us to form a correct idea of the social and political condition and progress of the various people of the peninsula, during the ages that elapsed between the destruction of the Western empire and the epoch of Charles V.

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ART. XVIII.—*De la Sicile, et de ses rapports avec l'Angleterre, à l'époque de la Constitution de* 1812; *avec la Réfutation de l'Histoire d'Italie par M. Botta, pour les parties qui ont rapport à ces mêmes évènemens.* Par un Membre des différens Parlemens de Sicile. 8vo. Paris. 1827.

THIS is a temperate, well-written account of the short-lived Constitutional Government of Sicily, which was established in that island, in 1812, by the common consent of the Nobles, the Clergy, and the Commons; and abruptly abolished, in 1815, by the late King Ferdinand, after his restoration to his continental dominions. The tale has been already told; and it bears an ominous resemblance to the events which are now taking place in Portugal.

The three orders, which had agreed in the formation of a constitution, soon began to differ, when they came to legislate upon particular points; parties were formed, which the creatures of the old king and queen encouraged; the inexperience of the commons, regret for the loss of their privileges in many of the nobles, the jealousy and suspicion of the clergy, and the hostility of the court, ruined the work which had begun in a moment of generous enthusiasm, and under the protecting influence of England. The details which our author gives us of the progress of the crisis, display weakness and incapacity on one side, disingenuousness and intolerance on the other. With such materials, a catastrophe was unavoidable; but it was most ungenerous in the Neapolitan Cabinet thus to reward, by an obnoxious act of power, the devotion which the Sicilians had shown to their monarch in the hour of adversity. For we ought to bear in mind, that by the annexation of Sicily, in 1816, as a part or province of the Neapolitan monarchy, that island not only lost its new constitution, but also its old parliament and privileges, which dated from the time of the Normans. And here our author refutes certain assertions of the historian Botta, who appears in general less accurately informed of the state of parties, and of the multifarious events that occured in rapid succession in Southern Italy, than he is of the history of the Northern States, where he was in many instances an eye-witness of, and in some an actor in, the events. The occurrences in the south are even now obscured and disfigured by partial accounts; and a confusion of ideas prevails in the minds of the natives, which throws a false colouring on many of those events. Botta attributes the overthrow of the Constitution in Sicily to popular license and the influence of strangers,—meaning the English. Bursts of popular license are the usual attendants on sudden political changes; but Sicily was remarkably free from any such effervescence. With regard to the Commons, they certainly betrayed great inexperience, joined to a peevish and factious spirit; but they were so far from being influenced by the English, that the system of non-interference adopted by the latter is what the constitutionalists in the south have most bitterly complained of. Botta, in this and some other instances, displays those prejudices against

England which are too commonly entertained by continental people unacquainted with this country, and to which, in another instance, we alluded in our review of his work, in No. I. of this Journal, p. 261.

The other passage of Botta of which our Sicilian author complains, is the following, with which the historian concludes his narrative of the affairs of Sicily:—

"Hardly had Ferdinand, *through the events of* 1814, recovered the throne of Naples, when he, by a single word, abolished the constitution, not only without disturbance, but even without dissatisfaction on the part of the people."

We will not cavil, as some hypercritic* has done, about dates; for although Ferdinand did not reascend the throne of Naples till 1815, it was "through the events of 1814" that he was enabled to attempt the recovery of his continental dominions, which he did not effect, however, till Murat's rashness in the following year afforded him a favourable opportunity. But in 1814, after Ferdinand's reassumption of the regal power at Palermo, the fate of the Sicilian Constitution had been already sealed. Whatever opposition was shown to its overthrow, was chiefly in the middling classes; but it never assumed an imposing appearance, and the mass of the people showed considerable apathy.

In conclusion, Botta has in this, as in other minor points, judged perhaps too hastily of causes; while (and we repeat the words of our former article,) "the general outline of facts has been faithfully adhered to by him." At his age, and with his experience, he takes a melancholy and desponding view of the illusions with which the Italians have been dazzled for thirty years past; and he condemns, perhaps too severely, the hallucination of those who trusted to them. He is angry with both natives and foreigners, invaders and allies, who meddled in the affairs of Italy, seemingly only to increase its disasters; for Italy may claim the melancholy privilege of having grounds of complaint against all. Before Botta's work appeared, people had been taught to consider the French invasion as the epoch of Italian regeneration, and the subsequent sway of Napoleon as the golden age of Italy. Our historian has fully exposed the fallacy of such statements; he has shown that Italy was betrayed, plundered, abandoned and calumniated; he has told many unpalatable truths to men of all parties; he has shown the abuses of each of the Italian States,

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* A furious attack has been made, in another Journal, on the character of Botta, and, as a matter of course, on all who do not coincide with the author of the article, in his depreciation of the historian. The Antologia of Florence is charged with having praised Botta, because *he is a contributor to that Journal*. Now, we happen to know that Botta wrote but two articles in the Antologia; one of which was a clever and humourous, but good-tempered, critique of Lady Morgan's Salvator Rosa. The Antologia has neither praised nor puffed Botta; it has spoken of him as of a distinguished Italian writer of our days,—an opinion which, we believe, few will controvert,—and has given him credit for sincerity of purpose; strongly animadverting, at the same time, on the inaccuracies into which too much reliance on his sources of information have led him. The Antologia is a publication too well known for its impartiality and liberality of sentiments, to require any defence from us. For the praise which we conscientiously bestowed on Botta's history, we have also been honoured with a share of this critic's abuse—which we utterly disregard. We are no partisans in politics, and intend to assert our right of speaking what we believe to be the truth, *malgré les coteries*. We do not pin our political faith on the statements of Helen Maria Williams, Cuoco, or even of Angeloni or Santa Rosa; the opinion of a French periodical on Italian affairs, we regard as of very questionable authority; and finally, in venturing to pass an opinion upon the historian, we considered it but fair to judge him by his original work, and not by a French version of it, as our learned contemporary has done. *Sed jam satis.*

previously to, and after, the French conquest; and his harvest has been what might be expected—abuse from all quarters.

It is curious to observe how Botta, whom the critic already mentioned in the note charges with subserviency, "not to Austria alone, but to *all* the actual masters of Italy," (no sinecure, one would suppose, to please *eight different masters*,) has been treated by the ex-officio defenders of these rulers. His work has been most strictly prohibited at Milan. *L'Amico d'Italia*, a Turin loyal publication, stigmatizes him as being still a republican in his heart, for having spoken disrespectfully of the Piedmontese government; and as little better than a heretic, for having said that the government of the Church was originally popular. The *Giornale Ecclesiastico* of Rome reprobates him for having accused the Jesuits of ambition. The *Giornale de' Letterati di Pisa*, denies his assertion that the Jansenists and Bishop Rieci had many partisans in Tuscany. The journal of Modena, *Memorie di Religione, Morale, &c.*—a most loyal paper, published in a state most strictly monarchical and Catholic,—upbraids him for expressing the sentiments of those who were disposed to a reform in Italy; as "if it were possible for a moment to establish any parallel between the faithful and the rebel, and to assume that both had some causes of complaint." This is, then, the way that Botta shows his subserviency "to all the ruling powers of Italy!"

With Botta's personal history we cannot boast the same private acquaintance as our contemporary; all we know is, that he has not enriched himself by the situations he has filled, and that he lives in humble retirement at Paris; but we remark, among other consistent statements of the critic, that the Sardinian government disdainfully refused to employ Botta in 1818, as one of the old revolutionists, and yet that the author's chief study is now to falsify history, in order to please this very government. A most disinterested loyalty this!

With regard to Botta's long-acknowledged literary merit, independently of his latter work, we might quote many respectable authorities, but we will content ourselves with that of Giordani, a writer well known for the independence of his sentiments, both in political and literary matters, an independence by which he has seriously injured his worldly prospects.

"We owe more to Carlo Botta than to any other living author, because he has restored to Italy its former reputation in historical writing. Before him, we had been sixty years without having a work that deserved the name of history. Let others cavil about trifles, Botta has displayed all the qualities of a great and immortal historian. He will ever be to me one of the most deserving and illustrious Italians, and I could wish to go to Paris, on purpose to see him, as the old Gaditan came to Rome from the western extremity of Europe solely for the purpose of beholding Livy."—*Giordani Opere*, vol. vii. p. 96.

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Art. XIX.—*Cromwell, Drame.* Par Victor Hugo. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

We did not take up a volume of French poetry of this goodly bulk, without being fully prepared to undergo a treatise of proportionate weight on the classic and romantic. In the present case, however, there is a leaven of ingenuity and good sense, that raises up the otherwise torpid and heavy mass into something which forms really almost as palatable fare as critic could desire. It will not be expected that we should give any detailed account of a preface of sixty-four octavo pages. The author is a romanticist. He conceives that there have existed three great and distinct ages of poetry, each adapted to, and created by, a corresponding state of society. These three are, the ages of the ode, the epos, and the drama. The primitive, or what the ancients called the fabulous time, is lyrical; the time of the ancients, epic; and that

of the modefns, dramatic. The ode sings eternity, the epos solemnizes history, the drama paints life. The character of the first is naïveté; of the second, simplicity; and of the third, truth. The personages of the ode are colossuses, Adam, Cain, Noah; those of the epos giants, Achilles, Atreus, Orestes; those of the drama men, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello. The ode expatiates on the ideal, the epos on the lofty, the drama on the real; and this triple poetry descends from three great sources—the Bible, Homer, and Shakspeare. The burlesque, M. Hugo adds, although its germ may have existed previously, is the great and distinguishing feature of the third or present age; it was born of inevitable circumstances; and the overthrow of the unities, and the jumbling of tragedy and comedy, terror and buffoonery, were not the consequences of the decline of poetry, but of the march of time, and the progress of human society. It is a pity that the author should have struggled so hard to identify himself with his own age. The burlesque, as he himself observes, is natural to the moderns, and will come, whether we do call on it or not; but the introduction of the three fools, who mingle in his play, something like the chorus of the Greek tragedy travestied, is a gratuitous piece of buffoonery which we cannot away with. "Cromwell" is less a drama than a historical romance in dialogue; and yet it is so dramatic in spirit, that we feel angry it should not be so also in body; and so amusing without being perfectly dramatic, that we regret being constantly reminded that it was the author's intention to concoct a drama. The story relates to a double conspiracy among the cavaliers and round-heads against the protector. In the first act, the conspirators of both factions meet in a tavern, and the plan of the royalist plot is developed, together with the characters of the personages who are engaged in it. Of these, the gallant and gay Earl of Rochester is one of the most conspicuous; and the light inconsequence of his character, is well contrasted in the other party, by the sombre fanaticism of Carr. In reply to the courtly coxcomb who invites him to drink by the leading question, Are you thirsty?—the latter answers,

> "Never! nor thirst, nor hunger do I know.
> Ashes, my friend, I eat, yea, even as bread.
> *Roch.* Faith, he may eat alone, if thus he dines."

In the midst of their debates, the conspirators are startled by the abrupt entrance of Richard Cromwell, the protector's son. He accuses the royalists of felony—treason; but, when their dismay is at the highest, adds—for having come there to drink without him! He then tosses off a bumper to the health of King Charles, and the meeting is about to terminate in a jovial drinking-bout, when the wassailers are disturbed by the proclamation of a fast in the name of the parliament, and the tavern is shut up. In the second act, Cromwell is represented as giving audience to different ambassadors, and transacting business with his minister Thurlow. When the latter communicates the intelligence, that the parliament intend, on that day, to offer him the crown, the protector exclaims in transport:

> "And is it mine! And have my feet at length
> Attain'd the summit of the mount of sand!
> *Thurlow.* And yet, my lord, you have reigned long——
> *Cromwell.* No, no!
> Power I have had, indeed, but not the name.
> Thou smilest, Thurlow? Ah, thou little know'st
> What hole it is ambition digs i' the heart!
> What end, most seeming empty, is the mark
> For which we fret, and toil, and dare! How hard,
> With an unfinish'd fortune to sit down!

—— Then, what a lustre from most ancient times
Heaven has flung o'er the sacred head of kings!
King,—majesty,—what names of power! No kings
And yet the world's high arbiter! The thing
Without the word!—the power and not the title!
Away—the empire and the name are one!
—Oh yes, thou little know'st how grievous 'tis,
Emerging from the crowd, and at the top
Arrived, to feel that there is *something* still
Above our heads;—something—a word?—no matter—
That word is everything!"

The puritan Carr now enters, and, lamenting that he is under the necessity of saving Cromwell while he saves the state, reveals the plot, together with the names of the royalist leaders. This scene is finely drawn, and is the best in the drama. Sir Richard Willis, the spy, follows, and enumerates the round-head conspirators, so that Cromwell is now in possession of the whole secret. Rochester is introduced to him in an assumed character, in which he is to perform the duty entrusted to him by the other royalist lords, and receives the appointment of chaplain. The plot begins to thicken.—Act III. Cromwell finds the *soi-disant* parson on his knees before his daughter Frances, endeavouring to persuade her to accept of a quatrain which he has made on her beauty. Frances, partly out of pique, partly out of good-nature, persuades her father that the holy man was petitioning for the hand of dame Guggligoy, and the unhappy Rochester is sent off to be married *instanter* to the old duenna. It turns out that the paper, through accident, contains not a copy of love verses, but a detail of the plot for carrying off the protector that night, and everything is discovered. Rochester, in the evening, presenting his drink to Cromwell, drugged with a soporific potion, is compelled to swallow it himself, and, falling asleep, is put into the protector's bed.—Act IV. Cromwell, in the disguise of a soldier, posted at the gate, narrowly escapes death from the royalist conspirators, to whom he is unable to give the countersign. They at last determine rather to bribe him; and on the purse he sees his son's name. This circumstance, together with the fact of Richard having been at the meeting of the conspirators, and there having drank the king's health, gives rise to suspicions amounting to conviction; and after the royalists have entered Whitehall, by the supposed sentinel's permission, and Richard Cromwell makes his appearance on his way home, the father is just about to stab him unperceived, when his arm is arrested by the return of the conspirators. They had found Rochester in the protector's bed, and supposing him, in the dark, to be the prey they sought, gagged, covered him up, and carried him away with them. A question now arises as to whether they should complete the sacrifice on the spot, or remove their victim alive; and Richard Cromwell throws himself upon what he supposes to be the body of his father, to protect him from their rage. At this moment Rochester awakes. "Where then is Cromwell?" is the terrified question of the bearers. "Here am I!" shouts the disguised sentinel, in a voice of thunder, "To your tents, O Jacob! To your tents, O Israel!" and in an instant the whole scene is filled with his armed adherents.—Act V. Westminster Hall. The round-head conspiracy now comes in course. Cromwell is to be stabbed the instant he receives the crown. Old Noll, however, is too knowing: he rejects the fateful symbol, to the surprise of all England. The conspirators are pardoned, with one exception; Rochester is remitted to the arms of his Guggligoy; and the protector, *rêveur, à part*, exclaims, "*Quand donc serai-je roi?*"

When the reader is informed that this "drama" is about four times longer than an ordinary tragedy, he will perceive that we can only have given a very

faint outline even of the more remarkable incidents; and if we could afford room for a few specimens, we are convinced he would agree with us in lamenting, that where there are all the materials both of a tale and a drama, the work of M. Victor Hugo should be neither the one nor the other.

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Art. XX.—1. *Ansichten der Natur, mit wissenschaftlichen Erläuterungen*, von Alex. von Humboldt, 2te Ausgabe, 2 vols. 18mo. Stuttgart. 1826.

2. *Tableaux de la Nature, ou Considérations sur les déserts, sur la Physionomie des Végétaux, sur les Cataractes de l'Orénoque, sur la Structure et l'Action des Volcans dans les différentes Régions de la Terre. Par* A. de Humboldt; *traduits de l'allemand, par* M. Eyriès. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

The title of this work, originally published in 1808, sufficiently explains its nature. The great features of this globe are here scanned by a man whose talents and acquirements have gained for him an European reputation. It may be looked upon as the philosophy of nature rather than natural philosophy. The volumes contain reflections on those immense plains, technically termed "steppes," which are spread in almost boundless extent on each quarter of the globe. In every zone the character of these plains is different, and their physiognomy peculiar. Their geological characters are noticed and elucidated. The various forms of life which are found in them are characterized, the causes of these varieties are dwelt upon and pointed out. The physiognomy of the vegetable world is considered, and the vast variety of appearances are reduced to sixteen or seventeen distinct standard forms. This, though perhaps the least interesting portion of the work to the general reader, has a great value to the philosopher; it proves in the vegetable kingdom that the same unity of plan is perceptible as in the animal, in which all the various forms may be reduced to a few original types.—There are some very interesting remarks on the structure and action of volcanoes and on cataracts. In short, the most striking phenomena of our globe are generalized in such a way, that this work of M. de Humboldt is to the naturalist what Laplace's 'System of the World' is to the astronomer or mathematician, or Cuvier's 'Theory of the Earth' to the geologist. He that will give his days and his nights to the study of these three standard works, can scarcely rise from his labours with a contracted mind or selfish heart. To know them is to know the history, not of years but eras, of changes which are in eternity rather than in time, of convulsions operating not on "moving dirt," but on worlds. Mr. Humboldt says in his Preface,

"I have every where endeavoured to direct thought towards that eternal influence which Physical Nature exercises on the moral dispositions and destinies of man, and I consecrate my work to him whose heart has withered in misfortune. Let him who will escape from the storms of life follow me into the solitudes of the forest, with me penetrate the silent desert, or look into space from the summits of the Andes."

We shall present the reader with one short extract, as a specimen of the style and matter of the work.

"It is not only the crocodile and jaguar which in America lie in ambush for the horse, but even among fishes this animal has a dangerous enemy. The marshy waters of Béra and Rastro are filled with the electric eel, whose slimy yellow-spotted body sends forth at will terrible shocks. These gymnotes are from five to six feet long, and sufficiently strong to kill the most robust animals, when they bring their organs properly into action. At Uritucu, they have been obliged to change the direction of the road, because the number of these eels had so much increased in a little river, that annually a number of horses in passing the ford were killed. All animals of their own

element fly from these formidable eels; even man is surprised, when angling by the river side, and receives the fatal shock by means of the wetted line. The fishing for the gymnote presents a picturesque spectacle. The Indians inclose a marshy spot and then drive in horses and mules into the water, until the noise excites these courageous fishes to the attack. They are seen swimming on the surface like snakes, and adroitly insinuating themselves under the belly of the horses, many of which fall under the violence of these invisible blows, while others, panting, with streaming mane and haggard eyes, expressive of anguish, strive to evade the storm which threatens them; but the Indians, armed with long bamboos, drive them back again into the middle of the water. The impetuosity of this unequal combat at length diminishes. The gymnotes, fatigued, disperse, like clouds deprived of the electric fluid, and require long repose and abundant nourishment to repair the loss of the galvanic force. Their strokes, getting feebler and feebler, produce a less sensible effect, until frightened at length by the trampling of the horses, they timidly approach the banks, and are then struck with harpoons by the Indians, and subsequently pulled on the steppe with dry sticks, non-conductors of the fluid."

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Art. XXI.—1. *Collection de Manuels; formant une Encyclopédie des Sciences et des Arts. Par une réunion de Savans et de Praticiens.* 18mo. Paris. 1821 to 1828.

2. *Encyclopédie Portative, ou Résumé Universel des Sciences, des Lettres et des Arts, en une Collection de Traités Séparés. Par une Société de Savans et de Gens de Lettres. Livraison,* 1—25. 24mo. Paris. 1824—1828.

3. *Le Petit Producteur Français. Par le Baron Charles Dupin, Membre de l'Institut, &c. &c.* 7 vols. 18mo. Paris. 1827-8.

4. *Bibliothèque d'Instruction Elémentaire: Collection de petits ouvrages couronnés par la Société pour l'Instruction Elémentaire.* 18mo. Paris. 1826-8.

5. *Almanach des Bons Conseils pour l'an de Grace* 1828. 18mo. Paris.

6. *Almanach de M. de Montyon pour l'année* 1828, *contenant le récit des actes de vertu couronnés par l'Academie Française, depuis* 1820 *jusqu'à* 1828. 18mo. Paris.

The impulse lately given in this country to the business of education seems to have extended, we are happy to say, over the greater part of Europe. It was at the close of 1823 that the first Mechanics' Institution was established in England,—the School of Arts at Edinburgh, and the Andersonian Institution at Glasgow, being previously in existence; and at present there are we believe rather more than one hundred such institutions in Great Britain and Ireland. In November, 1824, the first attempt was made in France to impart scientific knowledge to artizans. Baron Charles Dupin, who had seen in this country, as he expresses it, the powerful and the learned uniting their efforts to procure for the workmen a better education, which was to render them more skilful and more prudent, began at that period, at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers* at Paris, a course of Lectures on the application of Mathematics to the Arts. Every year since, or rather twice a year he has repeated this course; and other gentlemen, imitating his example, have delivered similar courses of lectures in the different towns of France. The government, under the ministry of M. de Chabrol, patronised this sort of instruction; by his orders the professors of hydrography at forty-four of the maritime towns of France were instructed to give gratuitous lectures to such mechanics and artizans as chose to attend them. In consequence of this patronage, the spread of such institutions in France was extremely rapid, and in December, 1826, ninety-eight towns of that country could boast of having lectures and other means for teaching workmen practical geometry. In the success of the different works and

discourses of M. Dupin on this subject, there is abundant evidence that that species of instruction has been relished by the French artizans, and in general the lectures have been assiduously attended. Similar institutions (though to what extent we are not exactly informed) have been established in the Netherlands, and the king of that country, in his public speech, delivered at the opening of the session of the states-general in 1826, congratulated the representatives of the people "on a beginning having been made to give to the working classes scientific instruction." In Germany, also, the same work has been commenced, although, from the excellent schools already existing in that country, new institutions for education are there less wanted. Even at Madrid, we are informed by Baron Dupin, some efforts have been made to open a course of instruction in geometry applied to the arts. These contemporaneous efforts to improve education, show the general nature of that movement, which seems of late, as one of the blessings of peace, to have been given to the intellectual progress of Europe.

"After Madrid," says Baron Dupin, "it would be superfluous to remind you of Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, of Sweden and Poland, and even of Russia, having adopted the new method of instruction, and of their redoubling their efforts to create a new era, which may see them worthily rivalling the formidable industry of Great Britain. Haiti asks for professors, the South American states have translated into their language the lessons taught at Paris, and the impulse given in France has already reached the countries of another hemisphere."*

About the same time that the first Mechanics' Institution was established in this country, a number of literary undertakings were begun, having for their object to supply accurate scientific instruction at a cheap rate; such as "Mechanics' Magazines," "Chemistry," "Dictionaries of the Arts," "Dictionaries of Architecture," "Cheap Encyclopedias," &c. &c., and subsequently, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, commenced at the early part of 1827, the publication of its series of scientific treatises. In France the progress has been similar. Baron Dupin, on commencing his course of Mathematical Instruction, composed a treatise on Mathematics applied to the Arts, with a view of forming a text-book for the different institutions of France, which has been translated into most of the languages of Europe. He has now taken the most interesting details contained in his large work, "*Forces Productives et Commerciales de la France,*" (reviewed in our second number) and has worked them up, with other materials, into the seven little volumes placed at the head of this article (No. 3.) Of the series of "*Manuels,*" not actually begun, but much extended in 1825, nearly one hundred have been published, forming altogether a complete body of compendious treatises on the sciences and arts. Each of them costs from 2½ to 4 francs per volume, according to its size, and several of them have already reached a second and even a third edition. The "*Encyclopédie Portative*" was begun about the same period, and seems also to have met with a favourable reception. Finally a society has been established at Paris, under the name of *Société pour l'Instruction Elémentaire,* similar to the Society for diffusing Useful Knowledge. Not only, therefore, have many new and valuable institutions for promoting knowledge been recently established in several countries of Europe, but there has at the same time been published, both in France and England a great, we may say, indeed, an unusual number of books, all calculated to bring the very highest parts of knowledge to the doors of the very poorest classes of society. What may be the success of these efforts it is impossible to predict, but as other ages have been distinguished for great and important acquisitions to our knowledge, such as we

* Petit Producteur, tome v. p. 43.

can hardly now anticipate, we would fain hope that this is to be the age of its universal diffusion.

There can be no doubt that much, very much, is still required, to accelerate this diffusion, more particularly among the agricultural classes both of France and England. On this very interesting subject, as far as France is concerned, we have already published in our second number the important statistical details collected by Baron Dupin; as well as the corresponding numerical ones which show how much the means of instruction for the lower classes in that country have of late been augmented. We shall now, therefore, only add an observation or two from his *Petit Producteur;* which show how very necessary it is that some means should be taken, to spread over the whole of France, a little of that civilization, as well as learning, which are now accumulated in, but almost confined to Paris and the other large towns.

"In five-sixths of France," he says, "the agricultural instruments are still made in the rudest form. They are so badly constructed, so ill-adapted to the animal power which sets them in motion, that they cause the half of it, two-thirds, and sometimes even three-fourths to be wasted." "There are still some parts of France," he observes, in another place, "where the people have not a sufficient number of domestic animals to prevent the women being employed as beasts of burden or draught; they drag barrows and dung-carts, haul along boats and vessels, carry heavy burdens, drive the plough and share the most irksome labours. Shall I mention, even, that one generation has scarcely past away since France saw, in some of the vallies of the Alps, women harnessed to the plough in conjunction with asses? Borne down by excessive labour, exposed to the sun, the rain and the snow, the women have their faces, hands, feet, and neck covered with a blackish tanned skin, which makes them resemble Hottentots, and their hard angular wrinkled features remind one of Tartars."

Such is we believe a correct, and by no means exaggerated description, of the agricultural parts of France. The case is somewhat better in England; but still the difference is great between the degree of instruction found in our towns and in the country. We happen to know that of a company of marines recently embarked on board one of His Majesty's ships, and consisting chiefly of men who had been agricultural labourers, not above one in twenty could read or write, whereas, of the seamen on board the same ship, collected chiefly from our towns, there was not one in twenty who could not. It is of course amongst a condensed population that education is easily diffused, so that a crowded city supplies many correctives for the evils which it is thought to engender.

One great distinction between the system followed in the two countries, (which will lead, we apprehend, to important consequences) is, that in England the people have established Mechanics' Institutions for themselves, and support them, while the people of France are taught gratuitously. There the new schools have all been founded by *Prefects* and *Mayors*, under the sanction of the ministry, or by the ministers themselves. Here, with the exception of some little patronage bestowed by the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Peel and Mr. Huskisson, the members of the government have completely stood aloof from this great work. There, consequently, nothing will be taught but what the government may sanction; here, on the contrary, the instruction will adapt itself to the wants of the people, and already the lectures delivered to them, embrace not only Geometry and Mechanics, but History, Political Economy, Anatomy and Physiology, and even Metaphysics. As long as public opinion preserves the sway, which it seems now to have acquired in the government of France, no evil will perhaps ensue from concentrating in the hands of its rulers this additional power over the minds of its subjects; but we are afraid of the debasing consequences, should the Jesuitical faction ever come to govern the country in the name of the king.

The "*Manuels*" are neat, concise, and yet comprehensive descriptions of the different arts and sciences. Each treats of some particular subject, and at the commencement an account is given of all the existing laws relative to that subject. This will be very useful, but it could scarcely be imitated here in the present state of our laws. Among them, also, there is a "Manuel du Praticien," or "Cabinet Lawyer," bringing the law within the reach of the whole community. The "Encyclopédie Portative" differs chiefly from the "Manuels" in being somewhat more concise and more *récherché*. The latter also embrace all the arts, while the former is nearly limited to the sciences, fine arts, and belles lettres. The former is rather adapted to the professions, the latter to the working classes. At the end of each volume of the Encyclopédie, a short neat biography of the most celebrated authors on the subject of which the volume treats is given, as well as a succinct bibliography, both of which seem to us very desirable in such works. The *Bibliothèqué d'Instruction Elémentaire* is a collection of treatises approved of by the society we have already mentioned, and published under its sanction. It embraces apparently all kinds of subjects, as we have seen works on Mineralogy, Political Economy, Practical Morality, Law, &c. &c. *L'Almanach des Bons Conseils* is a very cheap little work, and stands very high in our estimation. Besides the Calendar, unstained by predictions, it contains a great number of useful notices and much pleasant instruction, conveyed by selecting examples from life. On the whole, we are bound to say, that the cheap works lately published, or now publishing in Paris, for the instruction of the people, whether they proceed from the enterprize of individual booksellers or from the Society for Elementary Instruction, are fully equal to the corresponding works lately published or now in the course of publication in this country. We can safely recommend the little treatises of the *Encyclopédie Portative*, on Eloquence, the History of Literary Men, Archæology, Rhetoric, and similar subjects, as well adapted for the more advanced classes of the students of French.

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ART. XXII.—*Luise von Halling. In Briefen aus Südspanien, von* Dan. Lessman. 2 Theile. 12mo. Berlin. 1827.

LETTERS from Spain, that are almost silent on the horrors of the inquisition, and on the last peninsular war—that never even allude to the political evils that still afflict that country—may well be considered a remarkable phenomenon in the literary world, if, indeed, the hand of the Berlin censor has not carefully pruned them of all such allusions. We grant, that by the statesman, the politician, or the soldier, the subjects just mentioned may be considered as of paramount importance; and we do not now intend to depreciate them, as furnishing lessons of moral and political wisdom: but, happily, there are other matters besides massacre, rapine, and martyrdom—and other classes of society whose tastes must be consulted. "Peace has its triumphs, too;" and we think well of the taste that turns away with loathing from the crimes and follies of mankind, to gaze on the brighter side of the picture.

The story of this amusing work is soon told:—Leopold, the principal character, appears to have spent his early days in Spain, and to have afterwards settled in Germany. It had long been his fondly-cherished wish to re-visit the scenes of his infancy—the happy plains of Andalusia; and about three years after his marriage he sets out for Spain. A fit of chagrin, occasioned by the haughty insolence of a proud Spaniard, in the presence of the ambassador, produces an attack of jaundice at Madrid, on his recovery from which

he quits that city, with his family and attendants, for the South of Spain, where, from Seville and Cadiz, the letters are dated. The party consists of Leopold, a well-informed and tolerant traveller—whose estimate of Spanish character we apprehend to be nearer the truth than bigots will allow—his wife, Angelica, a worthy companion of such a husband; her sister Louisa, a warm-hearted, blue-eyed German maiden, who speedily falls in love with, and takes home with her to Germany, a Don Sebastiano Guadaxaras as her spouse. Last in the *cortége* is Laurentius, a learned, hard-headed pedant, the butt of the whole party, who had quitted Germany on account of a duel. With all his love of Livy, and of the German philologists, he occasionally enlivens his letters with some scintillations of northern wit; and is, moreover, endowed with a most iron hardihood of constitution, adapted alike to every climate. Still he is continually discontented with all about him, and seldom makes a secret of it. The only object that afforded him pleasure, during the early part of the journey, was the madhouse at Toledo. No sooner is he comfortably seated in any town than his researches commence, and the discovery of a well-replenished madhouse is more interesting in his eyes than if he had been introduced to a college of cardinals. From such an abundant storehouse we have only room to make a few extracts, and these chiefly relating to literature. The following is from one of the letters of the young Louisa:

"Seville, April 21.

"When, on a Saint's day in Madrid, the long line of carriages on the Prado is all in motion, suddenly, at twilight, the bells of the nearest church summon to prayers, instantly every foot-passenger stands still, the carriages draw up, all conversation ceases, every head is uncovered, and every mouth ejaculates a prayer—the whole procession seems as if transformed to marble. When the last echo of the bells has died away, and the last prayer has been offered up, every foot is again in motion, and, as if the life's blood began to flow anew, the procession continues its former uninterrupted course.

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"In the evening I returned to my room, and read the *Delicias* of *Manuel de Villegas;* a collection of Anacreontic songs, in which the joyous spirit of pleasure is harmoniously blended with a sentimental, and almost unrivalled simplicity. I read, and read, and felt myself irresistibly attached to the book. Suddenly I heard beneath my window the notes of a guitar. I listened, and the sounds became louder and livelier. I drew near to the window, and observed a boy running his fingers over the instrument, and preparing to sing. He observed me, for the full moon shone bright; he had a foreign appearance, and I could see at the first glance that he was not a native of Spain. His long, fair hair, fell over his shoulders, and his complexion was fairer than is generally observed among the boys here. Conceive my astonishment when he began to play, and accompanied his guitar with a song in my native language! If my first surprise was great, it was still more increased at hearing the contents of the song."

The truth is, the Don Sebastian already mentioned, who had seen Louisa on the Prado at Madrid, and fallen deeply in love with her, had accompanied her, unobserved, along the journey, and was fortunate enough to save her from drowning on crossing the Guadiana. He it was who had hired the young German minstrel to serenade his mistress in her own language, and to acquaint her, in the song, with the tale of his love; which is carried on, in sunshine and in shade, to the usual blissful termination.

In another letter, Louisa, again speaking of Villegas, remarks,

"I return to him with fresh delight, and have now read his poems twice through. I greatly prefer his *Delicias* to his *Amatorias*, in which, like Marini, he often errs, by unnatural exaggeration. True, indeed, I can but imperfectly sympathise with him in his joyous moods; but his pictures are so enchanting, and his manner so *naïve*, that I do not know a single German poet that can be compared with him in the felicitous handling of such trifles. * * * *

"In Spain the muses have long been forced to look to the past days of their glory, in order to save themselves from total ruin, and to keep them from idleness. The present times produce nothing original. Novel-writers go on, recasting the precious metals of *Cervantes* and *Mendoza*. The worshippers of Melpomene lisp the same prettiness that formerly immortalized a *Vega* and a *Calderon*. Those that press forward to the temple of immortality on the wings of an idyl, dress themselves out in Saa de Miranda's graceful simplicity, or borrow for their shepherds the endearing philosophy of *Montemayor*, whose productions were formerly so highly esteemed in the poetical Arcadia. The composer of Odes labours to attain the animated diction of a *Herrera*, and the aspirant for fame who writes devotional pieces, drags on painfully in the footsteps of the incomparable *Luis de Leon*, who, according to my Leopold, would have immortalized himself, had he written nothing else but the two odes, "Noche Serena," and "De la Vida del Cielo." Many fine productions, however, and in my opinion the finest, are only to be met with in the mouths of the common people, and Leopold is now busy with a translation of some popular romances.

"The Spaniards are particularly averse to borrowing from the intellectual treasures of other nations. They glean the field of their own muses to the very last ear, and then commence the same labour over again. They seem to me to resemble the wild animals in the garden of Aranjuez, which, although uninclosed, they are in no danger of leaving, as the whole country round affords neither shade nor nourishment. Obstinacy bears the blame of the greater part of this: indeed, so obstinate is the Spaniard, and in some provinces in particular so remarkably self-willed, that the inhabitants of one part of Spain make a jest of the others on this account. Thus, the obstinate Biscayan is represented as driving a nail into the wall with his head, whilst the still more obstinate Arragonian is figured in the same act and attitude, but with the point of the nail turned outward!"

To conclude this brief notice, the character of the different letter-writers is very well sustained; and we pass from the plain, unaffected good sense of Leopold and his wife, to the pleasing sentimentality and elegant taste of Louisa, and the half-boorish, half-pedantic sallies of the Westphalian Doctor—with entire conviction of the reality of the personages. Sketches of Spanish manners and customs, and spirited versions of old Spanish ballads, agreeably occupy the reader's attention to the end.

We may add, that Goethe is said to entertain a very favourable opinion of the talents of the author, who, if he has not visited Spain in person, has at least turned to very good account the labours of the most distinguished writers on that country.

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Art. XXIII.—A.W. Schlegels *Vorlesungen über Theorie und Geschichte der bildenden Künste, gehalten in Berlin im Sommer* 1827. *Herausgegeben in Skizzen im Berliner Conversations-Blatt für Poesie, Literatur und Kritik.* 4to.

During the summer of last year, A. W. Schlegel delivered at Berlin a course of lectures on the "Theory and History of the Formative Arts," *i. e.* Architecture, Sculpture and Painting. These lectures were numerously attended, and the distinguished lecturer enabled the editors of the Conversations-Blatt, to present the public with sketches of them in the columns of their journal.

In the first lecture, after pointing out the distinction between these and the other fine arts, Mr. Schlegel proceeds to consider the various theories of the beautiful that have been advanced from the time of Plato down to the present day, and takes occasion to qualify the idea of art being an imitation of nature, by showing that by that rule is not meant the servile copying of objects, but a striving after the varied, creative and productive powers of nature. In his third lecture he rejects the maxim "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," and maintains that there is a standard of taste, and that all nations, whatever their degree of cultivation, agree in the essentials of what they regard as beautiful. He farther thinks that it was neither necessity nor luxury, but the straining

after the ideal of a greater degree of perfection than is to be found in nature, that gave birth to the fine arts, and that hence they are cultivated in a greater or less degree among all tribes and nations.

He now passes to architecture, to which term he gives a very extensive meaning, including under it the art of laying out public squares, landscape gardening, ornamenting buildings and furniture, drinking-vessels, &c. &c., in fine, all works of art which have no definite prototype in nature. In architecture, he says, there are four things to be considered: 1. General geometrical and mechanical basis. 2. Symmetry. 3. Proportion. 4. Ornament. On all these heads he makes most judicious observations, and under the third he entirely rejects the idea of there being any fixed proportions in architecture, and of the Grecian style being suited for all ages and climates, as well as the standard of perfection. He next proceeds to show the difference between sculpture and painting, and illustrates in the following manner the relation in which these arts stand to each other.

"Suppose we have a bust and a picture of a person who is dead, and that we give to a sculptor the picture to make a bust from it, and the bust to a painter in order to draw a portrait. The difficulty the painter finds is, that in the bust the colour, the lively tone of the flesh and the animated glance of the eye are wanting, while the sculptor, who has only to do with the simple form, finds in the portrait a great deal that is superfluous, and if it is not a side face it will be almost impossible for him to give the just proportions."

On the subject of painting and its various component parts, Mr. Schlegel is very full and satisfactory, and as original as it was perhaps possible to be. Throughout he expresses his distaste for the servile copying of nature. And here he considers he has the voice of mankind with him, as Titian is universally esteemed a superior painter to Denner, though the portraits of the last will bear to be viewed with the microscope, and if exact imitation was the thing of value, Dioramas, Panoramas, &c. would rank before the landscapes of Claude and Ruysdael, which they decidedly do not.

In his tenth lecture Mr. Schlegel commences a historic view of the arts, beginning with Egypt; the massive character of her architecture he justly ascribes to sacerdotal influence and to the ponderous nature of their building materials, granite, syenite, &c. In sculpture, their *penchant* for symbol prevented their making any considerable progress. Painting was the art in which they were most deficient, though they had a wonderful knowledge of the painting substances, and the brilliancy of their colours subsists after thousands of years.

When commencing his view of the arts in India, Mr. Schlegel makes the following just remarks, which it would be well if such men as Creuzer and his followers would lay to heart.

"Although we find the strongest resemblance between the architecture of India and that of Egypt, yet there cannot be thence inferred a connexion between the two nations. It results from the general history of cultivation that art is grounded on human nature; hence, as in manners and religion, there is also to be found in art a certain degree of approximation and agreement."

He notices, for example, the circumstance of the buildings of these nations as well as of the Greeks, having columns with capitals, &c.; but philosophically concludes that each invented them independently. Indian artists, though checked by the same causes, idealized more than those of Egypt, and Mr. Schlegel regards the Indians as the first painters of the East.

After some remarks on the state of the arts in Phœnicia, Babylon and Persia, Mr. Schlegel passes to Greece, and, as might be anticipated, gives a masterly sketch of the rise and progress of the arts in that country. The ordinary theory of the gradual progress in architecture from the heavy to the light

he utterly rejects. Each national stem, he says, had its peculiar style; simultaneously with the massive Doric columns of Magna Grecia and Sicily arose the light Ionic of Asia Minor. The Ionic temple of Juno at Samos, and that of Diana at Ephesus, are as old as the Doric ones at Pæstum and Agrigentum. The rich Corinthian, too, is as ancient as the simpler Ionic. We are glad here to observe that Mr. Schlegel wisely rejects as silly tales the stories of the coming of Cecrops and other colonists from Egypt to Greece, and introducing there the rudiments of the arts. Grecian art is perfectly domestic and independent. After the Romans and Etrurians, Mr. Schlegel concludes by a view of the arts in the period of Christianity.

We suppose that these lectures will be published, and we look forward to their forming, at no distant period, a valuable addition to our own translated literature.

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Art. XXIV.—*Encyclopädisches Wörterbuch der Medicinischen Wissenschaften. Herausgegeben von den Professoren der Medicinischen Facultät zu Berlin,* C. F. v. Gräfe, C. W. Hufeland, H. F. Link, K. A. Rudolphi, E. von Siebold. *Erster Band,* (Aachen-Agyrta) Berlin, 1828. (Encyclopedical Dictionary of the Medical Sciences. Published by the Professors of the Medical Faculty at Berlin.)

The first volume of this great undertaking, conducted by some of the most eminent men in Germany, is now before us. It is to be completed in six years, and is to consist of 25 volumes thick 8vo. The articles which we have looked over, are good; and perhaps no people in the world are so capable of producing a standard Encyclopædia of Medicine as the Germans—their great learning and unwearied patience fit them so eminently for the task. No people have laboured so much at the philosophy of Medicine and Anatomy; and the enlarged views which Meckel and Tiedemann have taken of physiology, while they have added to their reputation, have extended the boundaries of that science. Those who possess the French *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales,* will, perhaps, look on this undertaking as a work of supererogation: it is always useful, however, to have the same facts viewed by different minds; and it may be stated that, making allowances for the too great proneness to generalisation and to fancifulness, the work of a German is generally more valuable to the student than that of a Frenchman. It is more candid and open to examination, as the grounds of his reasoning are always stated, and the reference to the facts given. In a great proportion of the modern French scientific works, there is scarcely a reference noted; and the reader, unless previously initiated, is deluded into a belief that all that is in the work is the author's own. Those who are in the habit of looking to the literature of both nations, will not find our remarks exaggerated. We refer, by way of example, to the work of M. Serres, on the *Anatomy of the Brain,* as one of a class. It embodies all the German discoveries, but put together in such a way that we are at a loss which to admire most—the impudence of the man, or the ignorance of the author.

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Art. XXV.—*Karte über die Geographische Verbreitung der Krankheiten.*

In a recent number of one of the German Literary Journals, (das Ausland,) we have remarked a curiosity, namely, a Map of the World on Mercator's Projection, which, instead of containing any information about rivers, seas and continents, is marked with the maladies "which flesh is heir to." There is no doubt that life presents various aspects in different portions of the globe, and that the conditions of its being are pretty strictly determined by the condition of each portion. Hence it is that Humboldt and others have been able

to construct maps, from which we can at once see what peculiar forms of life, animal and vegetable, are to be found in any given portion of the earth. It may appear at first sight paradoxical to assert that an animal, the *condor* for example, having the power of locomotion, seemingly with nothing to obstruct its own "lordly will," should yet be as strictly tethered to a region, as a plant is rooted to a spot. And yet nothing is more true. From the bottom of the ocean to the summits of the Andes, there are, if we may be allowed the expression, strata of animal life; some forms may range through more than one of these, but none can pass from its own to that of another permanently with impunity. Hence we find that at certain depths of the ocean certain fish only are found, whose organs are so constructed as to bear the additional weight of the column of water, and in this point of view the ocean may be regarded as a world *per se*, in which the forms are as various, and as strictly confined to certain depths as are those which exist on the surface of the earth. That disease can be viewed in the same way as the other phenomena of life there can be no doubt. It is a fact that certain diseases belong to certain climates. This map, therefore, which attempts to assign the limit to certain diseases, is not only curious but instructive. In its execution, however, it is too general, and on the whole the author must be regarded as one who has attempted, rather than performed, a good work. The authorities on which certain diseases are assigned to certain latitudes appear to be good; but he who studies the map will find much that requires faith, and not a little at which he will be inclined to cavil. From Norway to Behring's Straits, all the Polar nations are stated to be excitable in such a degree as to amount to timidity. On the plains of Northern Asia inflammation of the eye is attributed to the use of *mare's milk*. Ireland is marked for dysentery, England for the sweating sickness, &c. These are the weak points of the map. But with these are some fearful truths, the march of the cholera, for example, from the extremity of India to Astrakan. Its route is nearly uniformly north-west, and it has penetrated into climates too like our own to make us have any doubt on the *possibility* of its reaching us sooner or later. The causes which regulate this singular and dreadful malady are still matter of speculation. It will attack a certain portion of the camp—a certain line of the army, and keep to it so strictly, deviating so little to the right or left, that in India, from this resemblance to discipline, it was called the "*Corporal*."

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Art. XXVI.—*Las Comedias de* D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca, *cotejadas con las mejores ediciones hasta ahora publicadas, corregidas y dadas á luz por* Juan Jorge Keil. En cuatro Tomos. Tom. I. Leipsique. Fleischer, 1827. Royal 8vo.

This is the first volume of a second edition of the works of Calderon, published by the same editor (the first was in 12mo, and we believe is still unfinished), and is extremely creditable to the German press. It is printed in royal octavo, on a fine paper, with double columns, and in a clear though not remarkably handsome type. This first volume of more than 40 sheets, contains 27 plays, among which are *El Purgatorio de San Patricio*, *La Devocion de la Cruz*, *La Dama Duende*, *El Principe Constante*, *Peor está que estaba*, and several others of Calderon's best known pieces. A short life of the poet is prefixed. The three remaining volumes are to follow in succession, and the entire edition will be completed by June, 1829.

Next to Shakspeare, we know of no foreign dramatic author who enjoys such high reputation in Germany as Calderon, as is proved by the number and quality of translations of his pieces, and the demand for copies of the originals, which has led to speculations like the present. Of the translations, those of Schlegel and Baron von Malsburg are the best.

# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

## No. IV.

## AUSTRIA.

Vienna.—Fred. Schlegel is about to deliver a course of lectures on the Philosophy of History. He intends to continue, in these, the further application of the principles and truths laid down in his "Philosophy of Life" to the actual state and the entire historical development of mankind. The first five lectures, according to the prospectus, will give, besides the general introduction, an account of the character of the first nations of remote antiquity, who had the nearest participation in the divine revelation. Besides the questions of the relation of man to the earth, of the division of the human race into various nations, and of its twofold condition in the primitive world, the subjects to be treated of are, Chinese antiquity and the idea of the Chinese empire; the state of knowledge, mode of life, and philosophy of India; the science, development and corruption of Egypt; and the destination of the Hebrew nation to preserve the divine revelation in its purity, as well as the special guidance and the fate of that people. The next six lectures embrace the characters of the nations of classic antiquity, and of those of the first centuries of the Christian era, which acquired great influence and power. They treat, therefore, of the Persians, of their natural religion, their manners and their conquests; of the Greeks, the spirit of their sciences, and their dominion; of the Roman people and the Roman empire; of Christianity, its consolidation and diffusion throughout the world; of the Germanic nations; and of the dominion of the Arabs in the brilliant era of the first Caliphs. The last seven lectures contain a representation of the succeeding periods, and the progressive development of the modes of life, thinking and government, in modern Europe, as influenced by the principles of Christianity and the use and application which Christian nations have made of the light of truth which they have received. The subjects to be treated of here are, therefore, the establishment of Christianity in the more ancient German empire; the Greek schism and the struggles in the middle ages; the time of the crusades; the discovery of America; and the new impulse given to the sciences.

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A work is about to be published in parts at Vienna, by Moshamer, under the title of *Great Etymological Dictionary of the Upper-German Language*, considered: I. As an original language. II. As a daughter of the ancient Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Slavonic, &c. languages. III. As the original source of the high and low German dialects. A part will be published every fortnight, and the whole will be completed in a year.

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Grillparzer's New Play.—Perhaps no dramatic author of Germany has evinced talents and genius more decidedly original than Grillparzer; yet with the nervous sensibility, more or less incident to all poets, we doubt not that he must have been unduly influenced by the severe censures directed by some leading, though narrow-minded critics, against his powerful play of the "An-

cestress." Consequently, his later plays, the "Golden Fleece" and "King Ottokar," exhibited a comparative tameness which is not natural to him, but the result, probably, of a determination to meet such critics on their own ground, and prove that he can *ad libitum* conform to their doctrines, and still write successfully, though on principles very different from those on which his literary career was commenced. His new tragedy, quaintly entitled "The Faithful Servant," ("Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn,") has been brought out at Vienna with great effect, and possesses much dramatic capability, in which respect it is considered much superior to his already successful "King Ottokar."

HUNGARY.—Much praise has been bestowed on a collection of poems by Dr. Joseph Hoffbauer, entitled "Love of Home, by a Native of Styria," recently printed at Gratz.

## BAVARIA.

AN interesting work has just been published at Nuremberg, under the title of *Relics of Albert Dürer*, containing: I. An account of his family. II. Letters to Pirkheimer. III. Letters on business. IV. Miscellaneous letters. V. Poetical essays. VI. Journal of his tour in the Netherlands, 1520 and 1521. VII. Inedited fragments. VIII. Extracts from his printed works. IX. His death. X. Pirkheimer's remarkable account of the cause of his premature death. XI. His grave. XII. His character as a man and as an artist. The work is ornamented with his portrait, a fac-simile of his handwriting, his dwelling house, grave, &c.

The Chevalier Wiebeking has announced a new work in five volumes, on the Theory and Practice of Civil Architecture.

## DENMARK.

PERIODICAL literature had long been in a languishing state in Denmark, but within the last forty years it has assumed an extraordinary degree of activity, and in our own days has made very considerable progress.

There are at present eighty periodical works and journals in the kingdom, published at various intervals; seventy of these are in the Danish language, and are published either at Copenhagen or in the principal country towns. Of the remaining ten, six are in German, two in the Icelandic, and two in Danish, published in the East Indian possessions. The most popular literary journal appears to be *Kjobenhavns Flyvende Post*, edited by Mr. Heiberg, jun., a young man of elegant talent, and who excels equally in grave and lively compositions. The *Borgerrenen*, or "Friend of the Citizen," is edited by a society belonging to that class. This society is intended to assist members of the labouring classes with loans paying no interest, and is chiefly supported by the produce of the journal.

Theology—Medicine—Jurisprudence—Political Economy—History—Geography and Antiquities—Education—Agriculture—Mathematics and the Arts, even Phrenology, all have their appropriate journals, and many of them are conducted by men of first-rate talent and learning. The liberty of the press is said to be greater in the Danish provinces than in Holstein, which, although belonging to Denmark, forms part of the Germanic confederation. The two Icelandic journals are on miscellaneous subjects of history and lite-

rature, foreign and domestic. The journals published in the East Indies are a true picture of the population, exhibiting in the same number a government decree in Danish—an advertisement of the sale of sugars in English—a notice of a feast in French—or a proclamation respecting a runaway slave in Spanish; in short, they are a true tower of Babel.

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The Society for the Promotion of Danish Literature has proposed the following prize-question:—" In what manner has the written language, in the three northern kingdoms, and particularly in Denmark, been formed from their common original, the Icelandic?"

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The most northern library in the world is that at Reikiarik, the capital of Iceland, it contains about 3,600 volumes. That of the Farroe islands has been recently considerably augmented. Another is establishing at Eskefiordes in the north of Iceland.

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## FRANCE.

In the course of next month will appear in three volumes, octavo, a complete translation from the Spanish, by Messrs. Chalumeau de Verneuil and de la Roquette, of the Narrative of the four Voyages undertaken by Christopher Columbus, for the discovery of the New World, from 1492 to 1503, lately published for the first time by Don Ferdinand de Navarrete, Director of the Hydrographical Depôt at Madrid, and of the Royal Academy of History. This translation has the advantage of being revised by Navarrete himself, and will be accompanied with notes by the translators, and by Messrs. Abel-Remusat, Balbi, Baron Cuvier, Labouderie, Letronne, De Rossel, Saint Martin, Walckenaer and others. It will be embellished with two portraits of Columbus, his coat-of-arms, a *fac-simile* of one of his letters, and two maps. Whatever interest the recently published Life of Columbus by Washington Irving may present, that work in no degree supersedes the present, in which we find Columbus himself, and his principal companions, giving the history of their voyages with remarkable candour; we are here made participators of their different emotions, and in a certain degree the companions of their dangers as well as their triumphs. These narratives are accompanied by official documents of the highest interest. The translation of the other early Spanish voyages will follow their publication in the original.

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A very interesting work on the French Pyrenees by the Chevalier Arbanère will shortly make its appearance, in two volumes, octavo. It will contain a complete description of that very interesting chain of mountains, and of its principal vallies, from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic; with observations on the character, manners and dialects of their inhabitants, on the origin and customs of the Biscayans, on the properties of the several springs, and a sketch of the different classes of visitors to the bathing establishments of the country. The author, during a series of years and in a succession of tours, made on a digested plan embracing the whole chain, has explored the principal vallies as well as the most difficult passes and highest summits of the Pyrenees. Writing in the presence of these great scenes of nature, he has been enabled, by this fortunate position, to give to his descriptions the accurate perspective, and warmth and fidelity of colouring, which it would be impossible to find in the quiet of the closet.

The fourth volume of Benjamin Constant's work, *De la Religion*, is expected to appear next month.

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A History of the Parliament of Paris is shortly expected from the eloquent pen of M. de Barante.

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The first number of a Selection of Inedited Monuments of Pompeii has just made its appearance under the editorship of Messrs. Raoul-Rochette and Bouchet. The distinguishing features of the work are, the perfect novelty of the designs, (not one of them having hitherto been published,) and their resemblance to the originals in point of *colouring*, without which it is impossible to communicate the admirable charm that still renders them as fresh as on the day they were buried from the world. Government having granted to the authors the special favour of designing these inedited monuments on the spot, nothing will be wanting to render the work equally interesting to the amateur and the artist. The selection will be made from those edifices which have been universally acknowledged by all who have visited them to be the most interesting in point of arrangement and embellishment; the first part will accordingly contain the *House of the Tragic Poet*, which, of all the houses hitherto discovered at Pompeii, presents the greatest pictorial richness, and will now be represented in all its details so as to present a complete and faithful image of this charming edifice. Should this part be favourably received, a second will follow, containing the baths of Pompeii, and a third will represent the building usually denominated the Pantheon, which appears to have been a temple of Augustus, and which will complete the intended selection of inedited monuments.

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M. Raoul-Rochette has also circulated the prospectus of another work, which he is about to publish, the result of his tour in Italy and Sicily in 1826 and 1827. It will be entitled *Inedited Monuments of Figured Antiquity, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman*, and will form two volumes in folio, printed at the royal press, embellished with 200 plates, partly engraved, and partly lithographed. It will be distributed into twelve livraisons, the first of which will appear in June, and the future numbers as rapidly as is consistent with careful execution. The collection will contain monuments of every description, statues, groups, bas-reliefs, vases, urns, sarcophagi, paintings, medals, gems, amulets, fragments, &c. &c. In the text the author will endeavour to bring all these to illustrate his investigation of the manners, institutions, and religious creeds common to the three nations, and at the same time to exhibit in them the general march, and particular direction of art in these three schools, during its principal epochs. In relation to these objects, M. Raoul-Rochette flatters himself that this collection of inedited monuments will enrich the science of archæology, as well as the history of art, with a great number of new and important facts.

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The entire remaining stock of the Bipont collection of the Greek and Latin classics having recently been purchased by Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz of Paris, that house has determined to complete and continue them. Several of the authors in the set having been long out of print, the publishers have commenced their operations by a reprint of one of these, the *Horace*, which has just appeared, edited by Mr. Gence, the translator and editor of Thomas à Kempis. The literary notice of the various editions and translations of the poet has been continued up to a late period, and a very excellent index added. As a cheap, useful and neat edition of this favourite classic, we have not seen any one to rival it. The other classics that have been out of print will be

successively republished, and several others added, both Greek and Latin, that have not yet appeared in the collection. The greatest attention will be paid to maintain the reputation which these editions have acquired, from the correctness of their texts, and the valuable notes, indexes, and historical and bibliographical notices which they contain.

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M. Fauriel has just finished his learned work on the South of France during the Middle Ages. The first two volumes are expected towards the end of the year.

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M. Guizot is considerably advanced with the third volume of his *Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre.*

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M. Buchon is engaged on his *Introduction to the Collection of French Chronicles from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century.* This introduction will be published next year, in three volumes, octavo, and will form a Civil, Religious, Domestic and Literary History of France, from St. Louis to Francis I.

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A translation of Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, under the inspection of, and accompanied with notes by Lieutenant General Count Mathieu Dumas is in the press; the first volume will appear very shortly.

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The fourth livraison of M. Sismondi's *History of France*, containing the tenth, eleventh and twelfth volumes, will be published this season. Also a new edition of his work on the *Literature of the South of Europe*, completely revised and corrected by the author.

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A new volume (the eleventh) of the interesting collection published by the Institute of France, entitled *Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi et autres Bibliothèques*, (which had been suspended for the last seventeen years, the tenth volume being dated in 1810) has just been published. It contains several interesting articles on Oriental literature by Messrs. Silvestre de Sacy, Saint Martin and Abel-Rémusat; on Greek literature by Messrs. Boissonade and Hase; and the account of a curious MS. in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum, by M. Brial.

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A collection of the select works of the Greek and Latin Fathers, in the original, under the editorship of M. Caillau, assisted by thirty learned ecclesiastics, is about to be commenced at Paris. It will be published in livraisons of two volumes, one of which will appear every two months; and is estimated to form about thirty volumes.

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A History of Portugal from the origin of the Lusitanians to the Regency of Don Miguel is announced for publication, in ten volumes, octavo, by the Marquis de Fortia d'Urban, and M. Mielle. It will include a reprint, with corrections and alterations, of La Clede's History, which has been long out of print.

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A Catalogue of the Oriental MSS. of the Royal Library at Paris has been in preparation for several years, and will be published under the title of *Catalogue des Manuscrits Arabes, Persans et Turks, de la Bibliothèque du Roi.* One half of the work is already finished, and the remainder is actively proceeding towards completion. Some idea of the importance of this work may be estimated from the facts, that the ancient catalogue printed in 1739 abounds with errors, and that the number of the works has since been more than

doubled. The collection, as it exists at present, is unrivalled in the world, and consequently the catalogue will possess an interest, not only to students and amateurs of Oriental literature, but to all who value true learning. The work will be enriched with the valuable observations of M. Silvestre de Sacy and other eminent Orientalists, and may truly be regarded as the first authority in the Oriental Bibliography of Europe.

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The Geographical Society of Paris, which has now received the royal sanction, is proceeding with fresh zeal in its useful career. A translation has been appointed to be made, for insertion in the English journals, of the prizes offered by the society for the solution of some of the many problems that still remain unresolved in geography. The society notices, with the highest applause and gratitude, the exertions of M. Cesar Moreau of London, whose active correspondence has been of the utmost value in bringing the society into relations with the literary and scientific institutions of Great Britain and Ireland, and in furnishing information of every description connected with its objects.

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A complete translation of the works of Dr. Thomas Reid, the Scottish philosopher, is about to appear at Paris, in six volumes, octavo, by M. Jouffroy. The new French school of philosophy, which commenced with M. Royer Collard, (and of which it is the distinctive characteristic, to apply the same method to the science of the human mind, that has communicated, since the time of Galileo, so powerful an impetus to the progress of the natural sciences,) derives its principles from the works of the Scottish school, and particularly from those of Reid, its parent and most illustrious representative. In publishing Reid, M. Jouffroy will therefore present the public with the precursor of the new French philosophy. This translation will be enriched with some communications of M. Royer Collard, tending to illustrate Reid, and at the same time showing the progress that has been made since in the same path.

Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his newly published work, "The Philosophy of the Active and Moral powers of Man," alludes, at the conclusion of his preface, to a report that M. Royer Collard was engaged in a translation of Reid's Essays on the Intellectual powers of Man. We presume, from the preceding announcement, that this distinguished philosopher and statesman has relinquished his design and confined himself to aiding the labours of his friend M. Jouffroy. Mr. Stewart, in the same place, expresses "the pleasure which he has lately received from a perusal of the very elegant translation by M. Jouffroy of his Outlines of Moral Philosophy, preceded by a long introduction full of original and important matter;" "and the hope" (in which we are sure he will not be disappointed) "that the volumes he now publishes, which may be considered as a Comment on the Ethical part of his Outlines, may perhaps find a few who will not only read but study them with attention in some other countries as well as his own." A translation of Mr. Stewart's Philosophical Essays, by M. Huret, has also just appeared.

The first two volumes of the translation of Reid are expected immediately.

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M. Thiers, having completed his *History of the French Revolution*, (ten volumes, octavo,) is now engaged in writing the *History of the Empire.*

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M. Jules Renouard, of Paris, is about to publish a complete and elegant edition, in one volume, octavo, of the *Works of Schiller*, in German, with a prefatory Essay on his life and writings, and including his unpublished correspondence. A beautifully engraved portrait will be prefixed.

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The seventh volume of Malte-Brun's *Précis de Géographie Universelle* is promised in two months.

Two new reviews have commenced in France with the present year. The first, published quarterly, *Revue Trimestrielle*, is understood to be edited by Mr. Buchon; the other, *Revue Française*, published every two months, is under the direction of M. Guizot. The plans of both appear to be nearly similar to the English quarterly reviews, and political discussions form a large portion of their staple. The principles of both are *liberal*.

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Mr. Felix Lajard is about to publish his important work entitled, *Historical and Archeological Researches on the Worship of Mithra in Persia, in Asia-Minor and in the Roman Empire*. It will form two quarto volumes of 400 pages each, with a folio atlas of fifty plates. This work received the prize of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres in 1823.

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M. de Marlès, the translator of Conde's History of the Arabian Dominion in Spain, has just published the first two volumes of a *General History of India, Ancient and Modern, from the year* 2000 *before Christ to the present time*; preceded by a geographical notice, and separate dissertations on the chronology, religion, philosophy, legislation, literature, arts and sciences, and commerce of the Hindoos, and followed by a treatise on the present commerce of India with Asia, Africa, and Europe. The work will form six volumes in all.

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*Fulgurites.*—In the sitting of the 10th of March of the Royal Academy of Science at Paris, Doctor Fiedler, of Dresden, laid before that society several of his observations on Fulgurites, for the perfect knowledge of which we are indebted to him.* Fulgurites are the most interesting subjects of nature produced by electricity, for they teach us: 1. That lightning, the effects of which were considered as terminated, on its reaching the surface of the earth, is capable of penetrating deep into it. 2. They offer to us substantial proofs of its course. 3. They exhibit to us such an astonishing degree of heat produced by lightning, as was not known before. The Fulgurites are formed, where, under certain favourable circumstances, the lightning, striking into sandy soil in order to unite itself with the $\pm$E of the subterraneous waters, forces itself through the quarry-sand and fuses it, in consequence of its being a non-conductor, and forms, by means of the radiating nature of electricity and watery vapours arising, tubes which run, under an inclination of from 60° to 90°, sometimes to the depth of thirty feet; and from them several ramifications issue sideways. These tubes are internally perfectly fused, the external sand in immediate contact conglomerates, and that which surrounds the tubes assumes a reddish colour, produced by the sudden heat of the lightning and the small particles of iron contained in the sand. Externally these tubes are partly knaggy and rough, partly roundish. From their being suddenly cooled they are cracked into many smaller and larger bits, fitting perfectly into each other. Thus a Fulgurite of seventeen feet long, discovered near Dresden, dug out and geognostically joined together, and presented to the late King of Saxony by Dr. Fiedler, consisted of 411 pieces. Another, still in his possession, nineteen feet long, of 532 pieces; and a third of seven feet long, with a side branch extending to fourteen inches, consisted of 168 pieces. The cabinet at Dresden is the only one which possesses a Fulgurite, put together in its perfectly natural

* Gilbert's Annalen der Physik, B. 55. St. 2. F. 1817. St. 2. p. 121.—B. 61. St. 3. F. 1819. p. 235. 249.—B. 68. St. 6. F. 1821. St. 6. p. 209—B. 71. St. 7. 8. F. 1822. St. 7. 8. p. 301. 340...Neue Folge, 44 B. St. 2. F. 1823. St. 2. p. 213. Extracts in the Annales de Chimie et de Physique, par Messrs. Gay Lussac and Arago, T. XIX. 1821, p. 290.—T. XXIV. p. 441.

state, and which was considered by the late Professor Gilbert as the most remarkable and important object of this valuable cabinet.* The Fulgurites and their lateral ramifications in sandy soil terminated in obtuse slightly fused points, and on clay-stratum, as in Hungary, in oblong hollow bulbs. Although the arguments detailed in the before-mentioned notices are sufficient to prove the origin of the Fulgurites by means of lightning; yet since the subject has attracted attention, nature itself has offered proofs of it, by the lightning striking, before the eyes of several sailors, into the sand-downs of the Island of Amrum on the Baltic coast, and forming a Fulgurite, which was brought to Professor Pfaff of Kiel, who happened to be there.† The lightning also struck at Rausthen, a bathing-place on the Baltic coast, in the presence of different persons, and Professor Hagen of Königsberg had the spot dug, and found a Fulgurite.‡

In the *Annales de Chimie* for March, is a short account of some curious experiments made by the French Savans in order to produce similar tubes by means of a powerful electrical battery.

## GERMANY.

Frankfort.—Another publication of the veteran Bonstetten, one of whose recent works was noticed in our last, will appear in the course of a few months: this is, his *Letters to Frederica Brun*, born *Munter*, in 2 vols. 8vo. It cannot be doubted, that the publication of these letters will be most gratifying to the numerous friends of this amiable old man, who is now in his eighty-fourth year; they are written with all the spirit of youth, and are considered by himself as his best. It was his own wish that they might appear in his lifetime. The Letters to Matthisson, lately published, (also alluded to in our last,) give only a foretaste of the many beauties and the important information which may be looked for in this collection; for it embraces the correspondence of thirty-six years, and exhibits many interesting details on the Revolution of Venice, and the Cisalpine Republic, on Bonaparte, and the Swiss Revolution, on Italy, Madame de Staël, &c. &c.

Berlin.—The *Life of Erasmus of Rotterdam*, by Adolph Muller, 1 vol. 8vo. which obtained the prize of the Philosophical Faculty of the university of Berlin, is now published. We find the following remarks upon it in a foreign journal:—

"The interest with which the period of the Reformation is at present regarded, naturally extends to the persons who were engaged in it. Among these Erasmus fills a distinguished place. It is therefore to be lamented, that he has hitherto been judged of with so much partiality or prejudice, and painted either in the full dignity of a reformer, as the proper author of the Reformation, or as a cowardly and courtly hypocrite. The object of this work is, therefore, to represent, on the one hand the extensive activity of Erasmus as an author, and his extraordinary influence on the restoration of learning; on the other, his real position with respect to the Roman Catholic Church and to the Reformers. The author endeavours to throw light on the latter, by considering Erasmus as rooted (if it may be so expressed) in a preceding period, and properly belonging to that, more than to the subsequent age of the Reformation."

* Gilbert's Annalen, B. 71. St. 9. F. 1822. p. 111. † Ibid. ‡ Ib. F. 1823. p. 325.

A *History of the Order of the Knights Templars, chiefly from hitherto unemployed sources*, by W. J. Wilcke, in 2 vols. 8vo., is one of the most important historical works that have lately appeared; for hitherto we have had only essays, or materials towards a history of the Templars. In the composition of this work, the author was not only able to make use of all the hitherto known sources, by the aid of the excellent library at Halle, but had new ones opened to him by the kindness of Bishop Münter at Copenhagen, who communicated to him all the MSS. and papers relative to this order, (never before printed,) which he had collected in the course of many years. All the literary journals of Germany, that have hitherto noticed this book, speak of it in the highest terms.

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Gotha.—*History of the European States.*—Professors Heeren and Ukert have recently issued a prospectus of a new set of *Histories of the different European States*, from which we extract the following passages, explanatory of their plan:—

"Though there is no considerable state in Europe of which we do not possess one or more histories, yet the task which the authors of most of them undertook to perform was very different from what the public now look for. When people became sensible that history ought not to be merely the account of sovereigns and their wars, the development of constitutions was justly made the chief object of attention, and Spittler especially endeavoured to develope the origin of the third estate. The attention of modern times is directed to administration and the finances, and to obtain a knowledge of what was done for the improvement of agriculture, commerce, arts, and sciences, as well as a general idea of the popular modes of life. These subjects have hitherto been treated of singly, and unconnected with each other; but the picture of public life has been dissected into its several parts. The object of the projectors of the *History of the European States* is, to attempt to form these scattered members into an organised whole, for the purpose of showing how each state has, in the course of time, become what it now is.

"Each of the principal states of Europe will have its separate history; with respect to those of a secondary rank, time and the wishes of the public will decide.

"The extent of the several works cannot at present be accurately determined; but they are neither to be voluminous, nor mere abridgments. As far as possible, care will be taken that the history of any of the greater states shall not exceed three volumes.

"The following is a list of the works of which the collection will consist:—

"1. General History of Germany; 2. Austria; 3. Prussia; 4. Spain and Portugal; 5. Great Britain; 6. France; 7. Italy; 8. Switzerland; 9. The Ottoman Empire; 10. The Byzantine Empire and the Greeks; 11. Poland; 12. Russia; 13. Sweden, Denmark, and Norway; 14. The Netherlands; 15. General Introduction. Of these, the 1st and the 7th, (Germany and Italy,) each of them in 3 vols., are now in the press. It will be a sufficient recommendation of this work to name some of the men employed in writing the histories of the several states:—Professor Dahlmann, at Kiel; Mr. Ewers, at Dorpat; Professor Leo, at Berlin; Dr. Zobell, at Berlin; Dr. Pfister, at Unterturkheim; Professor Ranke, at Berlin; Professor Rehm, at Marburg; Aulic Counsellor von Rotteck, at Friburg; Professor Stentzel, at Breslaw. The whole under the direction of Professors Heeren and Ukert. Five or six volumes to be published annually, and the printing of no work will be begun till the whole MS. is in the hands of the publisher.

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*Prussian Schools.*—In the Prussian states, according to the Census of 1825, there were 12,256,725 inhabitants, of whom were 4,487,461 children under fourteen years of age; so that the latter formed above a third of the whole population. The number of children is so great, that a very large proportion of the earnings of the poorer classes is expended on them. One of the most serious charges is that for education; even assuming that their instruction in the public school does not commence till they have completed their seventh year, about three-sevenths, that is in the Prussian dominions above 1,920,000 of them, are in want of it. Every three years lists are published, showing the number of public schools, of the masters and mistresses employed, and of the children of both sexes who receive instruction in them. At the end of the year 1825 there were—

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|---|---|---|
| Elementary schools for both sexes . . . . . | | 20,887 |
| Central schools for boys . . . . . | 458 | |
| Do. for girls . . . . . | 278 | |
| | | 736 |
| Total . . . | | 21,623 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| In these schools are employed, Masters . . . . . | | 22,261 |
| Mistresses . . . . . | | 704 |
| Total . . . | | 22,965 |

Besides 2,024 assistant masters and mistresses.

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HANOVER.—Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription *The History of the Church and the Reformation in the North of Germany and the Hanoverian Dominions*, by J. K. F. Schlegel.

"The north of Germany," says the Prospectus, "performed an important part in the work of the Reformation, of which Brunswick, with Hanover, Luneburg and Celle, may be justly considered as a central point. The archives of the civil and ecclesiastical departments, relative to the religious institutions, convents, &c. in Brunswick, Luneburg, Wolfenbüttel, Saxe-Lauenburg, and the adjacent countries recently united with Hanover, contain many acts and documents hitherto unpublished, to which the author, in his official capacity as counsellor to the Consistory, has had free access. He has considerably availed himself of these, so that his work will contain many hitherto unknown facts and important original documents, and present a history of the Reformation, which cannot fail to satify readers of every party, as it is written with all the impartiality desirable in works of this description."

The work will form two thick volumes in large octavo.

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STUTTGARD.—M. Cotta has announced for publication the Lectures lately delivered by Baron Alexander von Humboldt, at Berlin, under the title of *A Physical Description of the World. Notes from the Lectures of Alexander von Humboldt.* They will form two volumes octavo, and a specimen will be published in June.

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*Mary Queen of Scots, an Historical Sketch*, by Fred. von Gentz, first published in one of the German Annuals, has now appeared separately, handsomely printed, and adorned with five plates.

Dresden.—A new periodical has been commenced by Böttiger, under the title of *Archäologie und Kunst*, intended as a continuation of the *Amalthea*. The first number commences with an Essay, entitled *Dioskorides und Solon*, by the Counsellor Von Köhler, of St. Petersburgh. This is followed by an article on Gems, with the names of the artists, which is equally rich in original views, and in rectification of the errors of former writers—particularly Millin and Visconti—on this much debated subject. The number also contains an article by the learned editor on the Fascination of the Ancients, (see Art. V. in our present Number—the Jettatura); a view of the toilet of the ancient Egyptian ladies, founded on the collection of Passalacqua, by Von Levezow, &c. &c.

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The collection of the productions of the Minnesingers, which was formed with so much care and splendor by the Zurich Counsellor, Rüdiger Manesse, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, is justly regarded as one of the most valuable works in German literature. This is true not only as regards its poetical worth, but also in respect to the light it throws on the language, manners and customs of the period, and the state of society among the chivalry, the clergy and the lower classes, while it opens to our view a portion of the history of the most brilliant period of the thirteenth century.

One of Bodmer's strongest claims to the gratitude of his countrymen was his edition of this work, containing the poems of 140 authors of all grades of society, and of all parts of Germany, although, by his plan of editing, he greatly impeded a knowledge of the true character of the originals. To obviate the omission in the MSS. of single letters and words, he frequently left out whole verses, and various stanzas and songs, without any remark, or assigning any reason; so that the poems of many authors consist only of *disjecta membra*; while the division of the songs, as existing in the original, is wholly overlooked, and the proper position of the stanzas and rhymes is frequently disregarded. To remedy all these imperfections, it is intended to publish a new edition, which has been long called for. In the original there are portraits of all the poets, which will now be given, together with all possible information on their lives. Many new poems and songs will be introduced from other MSS., and many interesting notes on the language and poetical style, together with lithographic engravings of the music and of the original MSS. A complete index will be added of all the songs, with their first lines, to facilitate reference. It was at first intended to give a Glossary, but that has been abandoned in order to prepare a Dictionary on a large scale, which will embrace all the principal works of the early language. The whole will be completed in three or four volumes, and will be edited by the celebrated Hagen, who has already so much distinguished himself by his antiquarian and philological researches.

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Baron von Eckstein, the editor of a periodical entitled *Le Catholique*, published at Paris, having recently insinuated, in one of the numbers of that work, that the celebrated Professor, August. W. von Schlegel, was half a Catholic in his sentiments, the Professor has replied to this in a pamphlet just published at Berlin, in which he makes an open and solemn confession of his faith, and says he is very far from wishing to leave the Communion in which his ancestors have been ministers of the Gospel for 200 years, and in which he had the happiness to be reared by his father, a learned, pious, and worthy divine. Still less does he wish to condemn his ancestors as having embraced mortal errors, or to throw their bones out of their Christian interment. The Professor considers the right of free inquiry—so heroically achieved at the Reformation—as the palladium of Humanity; and the Reformation—that immortal monument of German fame—as a necessary event in the history of the world, whose beneficial effects, not too dearly purchased by a century of

contest, are attested by 300 years of progress in knowledge, and in every social and moral improvement. The whole pamphlet is extremely well worthy of perusal.

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The associated booksellers of Berlin have proposed three prizes for dramatic compositions; the first of fifty Fredericks d'or, for the best comedy in two or three acts; the second of twenty-five, for the best comedy in one act; and the same sum for the best comic opera or vaudeville in one act. The prizes will be distributed immediately after the decision of the jury, and an extra sum will be paid for their insertion in the Annual Dramatic Register. The printing of the pieces will be delayed for a year, in order that the authors may enjoy the advantage of selling the MSS. to the different theatres in Germany. The judges appointed are men of acknowledged talent, and all MSS. should be sent to the Society of Booksellers, at Berlin, before the first of August.

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A work has just appeared at Hamburgh, by M. Gemberg, on the present state of the National Church of Scotland, in its interior and exterior constitution, with a preface by Dr. Neander, of Berlin. The work is divided into three parts, treating, first, of the *Doctrine* of the Scottish Church, which is represented as a practical, biblical and rational *super-naturalism*. The second part treats of the *Worship*; the third of the *Discipline*, which is represented as not so severe now as formerly: and the fourth of the *Constitution* of the Church, which is pure Presbyterianism. At the end is an account of the various sects which have separated from the establishment.

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*Necrology.*—John Samuel *Ersch*, professor and principal librarian at Halle, and the father of German bibliography, died on the 16th of January last, aged 62. He was the author of several useful Indexes to the periodical literature of Germany; of *La France Littérairé*, a Catalogue of French authors, from the year 1771 up to 1805; and of the *Handbuch der Deutschen Literatur*, or Manual of German Literature, from the middle of the eighteenth century to the present times, a most useful work, of which an enlarged edition is now in the course of publication. He was also the editor, jointly with Professor Gruber, of the *Universal Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences*, published at Leipzig, of which sixteen volumes in quarto have appeared up to 1827.

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Dr. Henry Gottlieb *Tschirner*, an eminent theologician, chief minister of St. Thomas's church at Leipzig, and second professor of divinity in that university, died on the 17th of February last, in his fiftieth year. He was the author of *Christlichen Apologetik*; of *Protestantism and Catholicism considered in a Political View*, 1822; and of the *System of Reaction*, 1824. These two last works excited a great sensation in Germany at the time of their appearance, and were translated into different languages.

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## ITALY.

MILAN.—There has lately been published here an edition of the *Corsair*, by Lord Byron, in English; consisting of only three copies, printed on vellum, with the author's portrait, paintings, vignettes, &c.; edited by Giambattista Gigola. About nine years ago, the same editor published a beautiful edition of the novel of *Romeo e Giulietta*, by Luigi Porta, consisting of only seven copies, all on vellum, richly adorned with illuminations and miniature paintings; and of which one copy, in the possession of Lord Spencer, is minutely described by Mr. Dibdin. Mr. Gigola is not an artist to remain satisfied with

the reputation he then acquired. On the present occasion he has chiefly attended to the chrysography, an art which appears to have been neglected, after having attained to such perfection some centuries ago. The edition is in imperial octavo, printed by Fusi and Co. The first copy being sold, we shall describe the second; it begins with a frontispiece, in the middle of which are Boreas and several sea monsters, and the standard of the Corsair. At the head of the Editor's Preface is a pretty vignette, in the centre of which is a monkey, with pallet and pencils, an emblem of painting, the faithful imitator of nature. At the end of the preface another vignette represents the origin of painting under the figure of a maiden by the side of her lover, and holding a tablet, on which she traces the outline of the shadow representing his profile. One Cupid holds a torch which casts the shadow, and another presents to her a crayon or pencil. Two vignettes adorn the dedication to the celebrated Thomas Moore, the poet's friend, which is preceded by his lordship's portrait. To the right of the portrait is Clotho in the act of wetting the thread with which she spins the life of the poet. On the other side is Lachesis, who is winding the thread, and feeling it catch, looks surprised, as if saying *So near?* In fact, Atropos is represented as cutting the thread with great eagerness, to denote the shortness of the poet's life. The pictures, ten in number, the principal scenes of the poem, are equally distinguished by the ingenuity and beauty of the design, and the perfection of the execution.

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MILAN.—*Opérations Géodesiques et Astronomiques, pour la mesure d'un Arc du parallèle moyen, executées en Piémont et en Savoie, par une commission composée d'officiers de l'état major général et d'astronomes Piémontoses et Autrichiens, en* 1821, 1822 *et* 1823. 2 vols. 4to. With an Atlas of engraved tables.

This work being printed at the expense of the Austrian and Sardinian government, the edition is divided between them. The portion belonging to Austria will be ready for sale in the month of May.

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ROME.—The celebrated antiquarian, Carlo Fea, has lately published a Dissertation on the famous Mosaic of Palestrina, representing the conquest of Egypt by Augustus, and his triumph over Antony and Cleopatra; with a plate, the upper part of which exhibits the Mosaic in question; and the lower the ground-plan of the Temple of Fortune, showing the part of the Temple where the Mosaic was found, and where it now is.

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Rome has lost a great friend to literature and the arts in the Russian ambassador, Count Italinski. This nobleman, although celebrated as the elucidator of a great work on Vases, in his latter years devoted his principal attention to adding to his colossal library; and Von Hammer, in the *Bibliotca Italiana* for January last, describes the Oriental MSS. belonging to it as so remarkable, that he would prefer them to the ten times greater collection of the Vatican, of which he has also recently been giving an account in the same journal. The Count, from his having been twice ambassador at Constantinople, had excellent opportunities of purchasing such MSS., and he was guided in his choice by some knowledge of the Oriental languages, as well as by an extremely correct taste. It is matter of congratulation that his valuable library is to be added to the treasures in the library of the Royal Academy at St. Petersburgh, where the learned and able Frähn will speedily make them available to the public benefit.

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A new Tragedy has recently appeared at Rome, entitled *Pandolfo Colenuccio.* It is written in the style of Alfieri, and bears, perhaps, too evident traces of

his school, but is nevertheless distinguished by many fine passages, and breathing sentiments of the noblest patriotism.

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The monument intended to have been raised at Rome to the memory of Tasso, has been abandoned, it appears, from want of funds.

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The Cavaliere Inghirami is publishing a Homeric Gallery, or Collection of Ancient Monuments, illustrative of the Father of Poetry, in 36 parts, in 8vo., of which ten have appeared.

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The first part of the work, entitled *Saggi Pittorici, Geografici, Statistici, ecc. de l'Egitto*, has appeared at Florence, containing six plates and ten large folio pages of letter press. The whole will be completed in five parts, and will exhibit a correct pictorial representation of Egypt, such as it is under the improving government of Mohammed Ali.

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## NETHERLANDS.

A NEW work, which cannot fail to excite considerable interest at this moment, has been just published at Brussels, under the title of *Itineraire de Teflis à Constantinople le long de la Mer Noire.* The author, Colonel Rottiers, wrote this work in the very places which he describes. His observations on the country, as well as on the political force, the character and the commerce of the Porte, will be favourably received at a time when the eyes of all Europe are turned towards that state. Three maps and six Arabic inscriptions add to the value of the work, the materials of which are wholly new, for no European had previously travelled along the coast of the Black Sea with a view to acquire accurate information on the state of the country, such an undertaking being attended with extreme hazard. It is on the coast of the Black Sea, much better than in the Morea, that it is possible to appreciate the tyranny of the Mussulmen, their hatred of the Christian name, and the extreme forbearance of the Russians, who, ever since 1812, have suffered so many causes of complaint to accumulate.

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*From a Brussels Paper.*—A Prospectus has been published of a French translation of the Poem of Tollens, *The Batavians in Nova Zembla*, to which nearly 2000 persons have subscribed in a short time. This poem contains beauties of the highest order, and sublime descriptions, among which is that of the Aurora Borealis; the tempest which separates the ships of Ryp and Heemskerk, and the magnificent picture of the Glaciers about the Pole. This fine poem contains also some extremely affecting scenes, among which we may notice the death of Barendz, in Nova Zembla, and his last farewell to his brave companions in misfortune; the regret and the religious cares of these courageous seamen excite the deepest sympathy for the fate of those heroes, who seem to be for ever separated from every thing in the world that they hold dear. We admire their unparalleled courage in this memorable expedition; their incessant dangers make us tremble: and the most profound interest is felt for these unfortunate individuals, buried, without hope, in utter darkness, sharing with avaricious care their remaining food, and considering, with heroic fore-thought, of the means of bequeathing to posterity the results of their immortal voyage. With what pleasure we follow them on the shores of the Texel, after their marvellous escape from the dangers of the sea, the mortal rigour of the cold, innumerable hardships, famine and despair! The

Poem of Tollens was the successful competitor for the prize offered by the Society of the Fine Arts and Sciences at the Hague. The translator has subjoined several pieces by the same poet, and by his countryman Bilderdyk.

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The manuscripts of Drs. Kuhl and Van Hasselt, who recently travelled over the islands of the Indian Archipelago, for the purpose of exploring their Botany and Zoology, and who died in the midst of their researches, have been transmitted to Europe; and the first part of their botanical discoveries, forming the most interesting portion of their labours, published by command of his Majesty, edited by Professor von Brede, has recently appeared. The work will contain the genera and species of the Orchideæ and Asclepiadeæ, and will be completed in eighteen livraisons, containing five plates each.

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The first volume of *The Plutarch of the Netherlands, or Lives of the celebrated Men of that Kingdom*, contains, with a portrait of William I, the lives of William I, Ruyter, Rubens, John II, Brauwer, De Witt, Vondel, Boerhave, Gretry, Swammerdam, Huygens, Erasmus, Grotius, and Charles V.

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There are six Universities in the Kingdom of the Netherlands; namely, at Louvain, Leyden, Lüttich, Ghent, Utrecht and Groningen. The only difference between these and the Athenæums of Amsterdam, Franeker and Deventer, is the inability of the latter to confer the degree of Doctor. The Athenæums of the southern provinces embrace a more limited range of study, and, with the exception of that at Brussels, which has recently received considerable extension, they resemble the Latin Schools and Gymnasiums of Holland. Among the learned societies ranks, in the first place, the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, which was founded by Louis Bonaparte, after the model of that at Paris, and is endowed with the same laws, and has the same number of sections and classes, and the same order and division of labours allotted to it. Of the four sections, each of which has from thirty to forty members, who are elected by vote and confirmed by the King, and again divided into classes—the first is occupied with the exact sciences; the second with the language, literature and history of the nation; the third with the classical languages, antiquities and universal history; and the fourth with the arts. Every two years each section holds a public sitting, in which they render an account of their proceedings, and propose and distribute prizes. The next in point of rank is the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences at Brussels, which was founded by Count Cobentzel in 1767, and confirmed in its powers by the Empress Maria Theresa. This Society is devoted to the mathematical sciences, the fine arts, and natural history; it awards prizes of gold and silver medals, and, like most of all the other learned societies of the kingdom, publishes its Memoirs. The circumstances of the times suspended its operations in 1794, but it was reinstated in all its functions by the present King in 1816. The Society of the Sciences at Haarlem, the oldest institution of the northern provinces, according to its rules, is devoted to all branches of human knowledge, but in a more especial manner limits itself to the exact sciences, particularly natural philosophy, chemistry, and political economy. By presents of the members it possesses a good Museum of Natural History. The Leyden Society for the Literature of the Netherlands, endowed in 1766, and sanctioned by the state in 1775, is occupied with the national language, eloquence, history and poetry; and from time to time holds public sittings, and distributes prizes. The Zealand Society for the Sciences, at Middleburgh, embraces all the branches of human knowledge; it publishes its Memoirs, distributes prizes, and possesses a Collection of Coins, a Museum of Natural History and a Library. The Provincial Society of Arts and Sciences at Utrecht, is of the same nature

as the preceding, except that its Prize Essays are all written in the Latin language. The King is the protector of this as well as of the three former societies. The Batavian Society for Language and Poetry, is now termed the Dutch Society of the Sciences and the Fine Arts. It now only attends to the literature of the Low Countries, and has four sections, at Amsterdam, Leyden, Rotterdam and the Hague. Each of these sections takes the annual precedency in turn, and holds the general sitting in the city to which it belongs. The Society founded at Amsterdam in 1787, for the Public Good, is divided into 170 sections, in the Netherlands and in the West Indies, and has for its object the diffusion of sound religious and moral ideas, and of various branches of useful knowledge among the poorer classes. It publishes small works for primary instruction, and sells them at the lowest rate; attends to the improvement of public education, erects savings-banks, and is now occupied with the foundation of a School of Industry, chiefly intended for instruction in the arts and trades that require a knowledge of practical mathematics. The Netherlands Society, for the Improvement of Economical and Technological Knowledge at Haarlem, is devoted to the promotion of agriculture, the fisheries, the arts and trades, by the distribution of prizes. The Teylerian Institution at Haarlem, gives yearly two prizes for the solution of a question of a political or scientific nature. The Society of Felix Meritis, in Amsterdam, meets in the long winter evenings to discuss questions in literature, poetry, painting and music. It possesses a collection of casts of the best antiques, a library, an observatory, a school of painting, &c. The Society of Public Eloquence, in Amsterdam, educates young men for the national theatre. There is also the Jews' Society of Utility and Civilization.

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A work is announced to appear, in three volumes, by J. Odevacre, painter to the King of the Netherlands, on the splendor of the Fine Arts in Italy to the time of Raffael, and their progressive decay after his death.

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A Collection of the Belgian Poets is publishing at Brussels. The first two volumes contain the productions of deceased poets; the third contains the poems of Phil. Labroussat, who is still living.

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Professor Baron F. von Reiffenberg publishes at Brussels a periodical, entitled *Archives pour l'Histoire Civile et Litteraire des Pays-Bas*, which is chiefly occupied with researches in Belgian history.

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Under the Austrian government the state of elementary education in Belgium was most deplorable, being confided, for the most part, to ignorant and prejudiced monks. During the administration of the French matters were very little altered; but since the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the government has done much for the education of its subjects, although it has met with great opposition. The manufacturing classes having it in their power to amass wealth with comparative ease, have little feeling of the want of instruction, while the clergy decry the public establishments, and endeavour to attract the youth to the minor seminaries. The government, however, is not without encouragement to proceed, as it is seconded by many philanthropic individuals, animated by the success already obtained. Each province is now divided into a certain number of district schools, with an inspector, who is responsible for the state of education throughout the district assigned to him. He is bound to look to the execution of the rules, to visit the schools, and to report their situation. According to the instructions, he is the legal adviser of the teachers, whom he is charged to direct in the manner best fitted to promote education. He is to advise on the necessary measures

with the local and general authorities of the scholastic establishments, as well as for the appointment of teachers. None of these can be admitted without a certificate of ability, signed by the provincial commission for scholastic instruction, and they are obliged to pay every attention to propriety of conduct and to cleanliness. The situation of teacher is obtained at the competitions. There are two Normal schools for teachers, one at Harlem and the other at Lière. Periodical meetings of the teachers, for the purpose of communicating their experience, are encouraged by government.

A chart of the Low Countries, similar to that of France by M. Dupin, has been drawn up by M. Sommerhausen. The result of the documents furnished for this map shows, that while in France the most uninstructed department sends only one scholar in 268 inhabitants to the schools, the same province in the Netherlands sends one in 17 or even 14. At the same time it is to be remarked, that M. Dupin's calculation embraces only the male population, while the other includes the children of both sexes.

## RUSSIA.

Petersburg.—The want of good elementary works to facilitate the study of the Russian language, has long been felt as a great desideratum in our literature. Among us, as everywhere else, practice has preceded theory; but when a language becomes more rich and perfect, as the Russian is at present, it becomes absolutely necessary to reduce to rules what has been fully established by custom, to correct the abuses which may have been introduced, and amidst the uncertainty of a language, the forms of which have been hitherto subject only to the laws prescribed by usage, to ascertain and to define the true direction which its genius points out; in a word, to draw up a code of precepts which may serve as a basis for the further improvement of the language. This important task has just been executed by Mr. N. Gretsch, whose literary labours habitually led him to researches intimately connected with this subject.—(See our 1st vol. p. 628.)

The principal work of Mr. Gretsch, dedicated to the Emperor, is the *Grammaire Russe raisonnée.* The first volume, of which 1,200 were printed, has been sold in the space of a month. The second volume will be published immediately, and the French translation (the original being in Russian) was to be ready in April.

The second work, called *Grammaire Russe pratique*, gives merely an explanation of the common rules, without touching on general principles, which are the subject of the preceding work. Both these works are adopted by the university of St. Petersburg.

Lastly, Mr. Gretsch has composed a third work, entitled *Principes élémentaires de la Grammaire Russe.* The two last have also been translated into German, Swedish, and Polish.

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The topographical depôt of the war department at St. Petersburgh continues its geographical labours with much success, having already published many maps of Russia and the provinces, which have greatly extended and rectified our knowledge of this vast country. An enterprize of the highest interest is the survey, on a uniform plan, of all the empire, undertaken under the direction of the learned Lieutenant General Schubart, son of the celebrated astronomer.

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FINLAND.—*Conflagration at Abo.*—We beg leave particularly to direct attention to the advertisement stitched up in our present number, relative to this melancholy catastrophe, and to the appeal made on behalf of the University.

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Professor Erdmann, of the university of Casan, intends publishing an edition of the Annals of the celebrated Reschid Tabib, from a MS. which, although defective, contains nearly a complete history of the Mongols, more accurately related than anywhere else, and very different from what has been given by D'Herbelot and others.

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The "Short View of some recent Additions to the Treasures of Oriental MSS. at St. Petersburgh," in the "Leipzig Litteratur Zeitung," communicates some information on the efforts made by the Russian government, during the reign of the Emperor Alexander, for the advancement of Oriental literature. These recent additions consist chiefly of the MSS. of M. Rousseau, the French consul at Bagdad, purchased for the Asiatic museum, and containing, among others, the great work of Ahmed Makkary on Spain, the Life of the Visir Lisan-Eddin, the History of the Kurds, the first volume of Ibn Chaldun's Historical Prolegomena, and many grammatical and scientific works.

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## SPAIN.

MADRID.—*April.*—After several years' interruption, our naval almanack has just been published, under the following title:—"Estado General de la Real Armada para el anno de 1828." The reason that this almanack has not been published for some years is, because numerous reforms, which were required by the reduced state of our naval force and the penury of the treasury, were not completed. The work opens with a judicious account of the plan adopted by his Majesty to support the navy in a manner proportioned to the state of the revenue, but on such principles that it may be gradually augmented as opportunity shall occur. The reforms alluded to having extended to every branch of the service, a very clear idea is given of the present state of the establishments, the docks, the ports, the number and rates of our ships of war, list of officers on service or retired, and a great variety of useful tables. The appendix contains also a chronological list of voyages and naval discoveries by Spaniards, from 1393 to 1792.

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The ninth volume of Miñano's Geographical Dictionary of Spain and Portugal is now published. It contains 4490 articles under the letters T. U. V., with Maps of the Port and Mole of Valencia. The tenth volume will conclude the work, which has become more extensive than the author anticipated, on account of the abundance of materials which have been communicated to him since the publication of the earlier volumes.

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An alphabetical Compendium of Crimes and Punishments, according to the newest laws, has appeared at Madrid.

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Don Marriano Torrente has published at Madrid the first volume of his "Geografia Universal, Fisica, Politica y Historica."

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Bouterweck's History of Spanish Poetry and Eloquence has been translated into Spanish, and published at Madrid, but with so many notes and additions as to have enlarged the work to three volumes.

## SWEDEN.

Professor Geijer has obtained an honourable reputation in Sweden, and is regarded by every native and stranger as the representative of the elegant literature of his country. The crown prince, Oscar, during his short stay at the old university, had the advantage of his special instructions, which could not fail of procuring him a certain degree of consideration, independent of his literary merit. Geijer is distinguished for his attachment to the popular poetry of the present times, and for the warm interest he takes in the diffusion of a taste for German and English literature. During the contest between the Phosphorists, (as the romantic writers are termed here, in allusion to the name of their first journal,) and the adherents of the classical school, he displayed a mild and conciliating temper. His Swedish History excited the universal interest of the nation, particularly as he was expected to exhibit more candour and justice in his estimate of men and times than had been exhibited by Rühs. Geijer possesses one talent of an historian, which is not sufficiently valued—he knows how to write so as to attract the illiterate to his pages. But his chief merits are his efforts to illustrate the ancient poetry of Sweden. Along with Afzelius he has collected an extensive treasure of ancient popular ballads and songs. The difficulty of an undertaking like this, particularly in Sweden, where so few helpers can be found in the provinces who will engage in the work with the spirit of the projector, with sufficient enthusiasm for the national poetry, is such as to make us regard the labours of the editor with increased esteem. Unfortunately, the Swedes have taken so little interest in the support of the work, that it is feared the publication of the songs cannot be continued. Afzelius, however, continues to collect these ancient remains, and we must wait for better times to see them brought before the public. Sweden is truly rich in such treasures as no traveller can be supposed to be aware of, as even the native literati must employ more than ordinary address to banish from the minds of the peasants the dread of being laughed at and ridiculed before they can arrive at the object of their pursuit.

During the contest of the Phosphorists and Classicals, Elias Tegner, then a young man, acquired considerable celebrity as a poet, in which class he now stands first. Although when at the university he wrote in the Phosphorus, he is considered to belong rather to the true Swedish school of the middle ages. This, however, does not deprive him of the applauses of the classical party. At an early period, if we recollect right, he had made atonement to the ancient head of the opposite school—to the poet Leopold—and his satirical poems, which are more extensively circulated in MS. than in print, by no means exhibit him as a mystic or pietist. By his early poems, and particularly by his Axele, he became a favourite with the public, and it is said that this poem was the occasion of his being promoted to the bishoprick of Wexio. It is, however, asserted, that this advancement was not quite in accordance with the wishes of the poet, and it was feared that many poems which the public had been led to expect from him would now suffer a total eclipse. At length his Frithiofs Saga appeared, and placed him on such an eminence among the Swedish poets, as no one had hitherto attained. It has been translated three times into German; every respectable house throughout Sweden possesses a copy of it, and many of the songs are set to music, and sung in every city and castle of the land. Although his spiritual avocations will undoubtedly prevent the full display of his admirable poetical powers, yet, such a spirit as breathes throughout Frithiof cannot, we may rest assured, be wholly extinguished. The materials of his poem were collected from the old and valuable stores of the Scandinavian legends;

and although some Danish critics have accused him of modernising his poem too much, he has avoided the faults into which Macpherson fell in this respect. A pleasing melancholy reigns throughout the poem, while at the same time the disguise is such as to reveal the northern heaven and its forms with much of their ancient power and brilliancy. As French literature was so much encouraged under the native kings, it might be supposed that under a king who is a native of France it would be the prevailing study. The contrary, however, is the case, for the French language is no longer spoken at court, while the crown prince and princess uniformly give the preference to the language of the country, and speak nothing but Swedish in their circle. Of late years the mania of translation has also reached Sweden, and modern German literature has become familiarized to Swedish readers. A society for translations exists at Mariefred, which annually publishes many volumes, but executed with more fidelity than those of London or Paris. Brosselius, a bookseller, of Upsala, has also undertaken another work, to the honour of German literature, although little to the profit of the Leipzig booksellers,—namely, a complete edition of the German classics, so that every Swede, at a moderate rate, may possess the best works in the German language. Dr. Palmblad is the only bookseller who maintains a constant and scientific intercourse with Germany, and is himself a man of learning and an author.

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Mr. Carström, Councillor of Commerce, who died a few months ago, has left a most interesting MS. on the Partition of Poland, and the Court of Frederic William II. King of Prussia. He was at that time embassador at Warsaw, and an eye-witness of the events.

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According to recent intelligence from Stockholm, Bishop Tegner is employed on a new poem, which is expected to throw all he has hitherto written into the shade, notwithstanding the admiration his productions have already excited. The booksellers there are accordingly speculating on the profits likely to arise from a work the fame of which is already so great.

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## SWITZERLAND.

It is intended to raise a monument to the memory of Zuinglius, the first founder of the Reformation in Switzerland, by publishing a complete edition of the works of that celebrated man. It will be printed at Zurich, in eight volumes, but cannot appear before four years.

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Dr. Ebel, the celebrated Swiss traveller, has recently published at Zurich, in German and in French, a Picturesque Tour in the Canton of the Grisons, to the Lago Maggiore, and the Lago di Como, across the passes of the Bernardin and the Splugen. The work is accompanied with thirty-two views by Mayer in aquatinta, of extraordinary fidelity, and a map by Keller.

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

M. Semelet, one of M. de Sacy's oldest pupils, has just brought out an edition of the *Guliston* of *Sadi*, in Persian, executed in lithograph, so as to bear the perfect appearance of manuscript. This is the first attempt of the kind, and the execution of it has cost the editor an infinity of pains and labour; but it may be safely asserted that the text has been made more correct than in any previous edition, and better than the generality of manuscripts. In a French preface prefixed to the work, M. Semelet states the reasons which led him to undertake the edition, and the difficulties he has had to overcome; he also announces his intention of publishing a French translation of the work. The price of the work is extremely moderate, and its execution reflects as much honour on his patience as on his learning.

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M. Rousseau, the French consul at Aleppo, has announced to the Geographical Society of Paris, his acquisition of some new manuscripts of Ibn-Batouta and Ibn-Khaldoun, for the Society, and which are impatiently looked for at Paris. The narrative of the first of these travellers, of which we only possess an extract published by Professor Kosegarten, with remarks, is of great importance as relates to the African geography of the middle ages. He is the first of the travellers who penetrated into the heart of Africa, whose narratives have come down to us. He forms the link between the cosmographers of the fourteenth century and Leo Africanus, who wrote in the sixteenth. Ibn-Batouta traversed Africa in two different directions, from north to south, and from east to north-west. The notices which he gives us agree on almost all points with the most recent accounts of modern travellers; and it would appear from a careful examination of Leo's work, that he had not neglected to avail himself of the information of his able predecessor. Should it turn out that the manuscript purchased by M. Rousseau is a counterpart of the complete copy said to exist at Cairo, of which M. Walckenaer was so anxious to procure a transcript, it would be, indeed, a geographical prize, of which the Geographical Society would no doubt hasten to give the learned world the full benefit.

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Professor Schultz, of the university of Giessen, who has already distinguished himself by his knowledge of the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, left Paris in the middle of Summer, 1826, on a literary tour in the East, and particularly in the provinces which form the Persian empire. From the depth and variety of his acquirements, and his solid information, we have every reason to expect from this tour, which will last for some years, a rich harvest of new and interesting observations on the languages, literature, antiquities, geography, and history of the Eastern nations. The numbers of the *Nouveau Journal Asiatique* for January and February last, contain extracts from his correspondence, from his arrival at Constantinople in September, 1826, up to his reaching Arzroum (Erzerum in Armenia) in June, 1827. His researches among the libraries at Constantinople (which we adverted to in our last number, p. 252, *note*) have brought out some interesting details respecting Turkish authors. Respecting the great historian, Ibn-Khaldoun, referred to in the preceding notice, Mr. Schultz has given a detailed bibliographical account of the copy which he had discovered in the library of Ibrahim Pasha at Constantinople, although Mr. Von. Hammer had been unable to ascertain its existence in any of the libraries there. The MS. of Ibn Khaldoun, which Mr. Schultz examined, consists of eight volumes in folio, of which six only belong to that author, the other two being the work of Housain, the son of Mahomed, containing the history of the kings of Persia, from Caioumourts to Jezdejerd, the son of Scheheriar, the last of the Sassanian

kings. Ibn Khaldoun's work contains the history of the different Califats under the Abbassides in Bagdad and in Egypt; of the Alides and their different branches in Africa; of the Kurd dynasty of Beny Hasnouieh, governors of Dinwer and Samgham; of the Arabian dynasty of the Obeïdes in Egypt; of the tribe of the Berbers; and of the Turkish dynasty of the Seljukides. An extract from the History of the Berbers is promised in an early number of the same journal. Mr. Schultz, by a subsequent communication to M. Saint Martin, appears to have failed in his attempts to enter Persia by the way of Armenia, and had therefore returned to Constantinople, from which he proposed subsequently to proceed to Bagdad. To Oriental readers we cannot but recommend the *Nouveau Journal Asiatique* for the various and important information which it contains on every branch of their studies.

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M. Fred. Rosen, a pupil of Professor Boppe, and author of the *Radices Sanscritæ illustratæ*, has been elected Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of London.

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The third part of Professor Boppe's *Sanskrit Grammar*, (in German,) which completes the work, has been recently published at Berlin.

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Professor Schroeter, of Upsal, has recently published a Catalogue of the Cufic Coins in the Cabinet of the University.

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Bishop Munter has published, at Copenhagen, a tract on the Religion of the Babylonians, forming a third Supplement to his "Religion of the Carthaginians," second edition, 1821. The first Supplement was a Letter to M. Creuzer, on some Sardinian Idols, in 1822; and the second, "On the Temple of the Goddess at Paphos," in 1824.

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The third volume of the *Thousand and One Nights*, in Arabic, edited by M. Habicht, has been lately published. It is a subject of considerable regret that amid the multitude of existing copies, M. Habicht should have selected his text of this celebrated work from one of the African manuscripts, which are notoriously the most corrupt of any.

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A Turkish Bible and Testament, executed by Mr. Kieffer, at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been recently completed at the Royal Press at Paris.

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The work which M. Klaproth has recently finished, entitled *Tableaux Historiques de l'Asie, depuis la Monarchie de Cyrus jusqu'à nos jours*, consisting of twenty-seven maps coloured, with a volume of illustrative text in quarto, will be found of great service to the historical reader. The text exhibits a general view of the revolutions which have taken place in Asia, and the author has especially directed his attention to a development of the causes of the rise and fall of the different empires which have rapidly succeeded each other in that vast and fertile quarter of the globe.

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A French translation of Mr. Wilson's *Theatre of the Hindoos*, by Mr. Langlois, with notes and illustrations, and an index of the proper names and terms of Hindoo mythology and customs, is announced to be speedily published at Paris.

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# LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

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### FROM JANUARY TO APRIL, 1828, INCLUSIVE.

## THEOLOGY.

224 Le Christianisme et le Protestantisme, sont-ils deux choses distinctes? 8vo. *Paris.* 6d.

225 Vrindts, Nouvel Essai sur la certitude, où l'on simplifie enfin la question fondamentale de la certitude humaine. 8vo. *Paris.* 8s.

226 Resumé de la doctrine des Jesuites. 2de édition. 18mo. *Paris.* 4s.

227 Bayssieu, Lettre à mes Enfans, au sujet de ma conversion à la véritable réligion Chrétienne (Communion Protestante). 12mo. *Paris.* 6d.

228 Biblia Sacra, Vulgatæ editionis. 6 tom. 32mo. *Paris, Didot.* 1l. 16s.

229 ——————————— 1 vol. 8vo. *ibid.*

230 Breviarium Romanum ex decreto SS. Concilii Tridentini restitutum, &c. 4 vols. 12mo. *Paris et Lyon.* 1l. 7s.

231 Guigniaut, Le Dieu Sérapis et son origine, ses attributs et son histoire; Supplément du Tom. I. de l'Histoire des Religions d'Antiquité d'après Creuzer. 8vo. *Paris.* 1s. 6d.

232 Cerati, Des Usurpations Sacerdotales, ou du Clergé en opposition avec les principes actuels de la Société, et du besoin de ramener la Culte Catholique à la réligion primitive. 8vo. *Paris.*

233 Sainte Bible de Vence, Latin-Français, avec des notes littéraires, &c. 5me edition; revue, &c. par M. Drach, rabin converti. Tom. V. VI. 2 vols. 8vo. *Paris.* 18s.

234 Bibliothèque Choisie des Pères de l'Eglise, Grecque et Latine, ou Cours d'Eloquence Sacrée par Guillon. Tom. XIX. et XXIV. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

235 Matter, Histoire Critique du Gnosticisme, et de son influence sur les sectes religieuses et philosophiques des 6 premières siècles de l'Ere Chrétienne. *Avec Atlas de planches.* 3 vols. 8vo. *Paris.* 24s.

236 Boulogne, (évêque de Troyes,) Melanges de Réligion, de Critique et de Littérature. Tom. III. 8vo. *Paris.* 9s.

237 Janssens, Hermeneutique Sacrée, ou Introduction à l'histoire Sainte en général, &c. à l'usage des Séminaires. Trad. du Latin par Pacaud. 2 vols. 8vo. *Paris.* 18s.

238 Augusti, Corpus Librorum Symbolicorum in ecclesia reformatorum. 8vo. *Elberf.* 17s.

239 Novum Testamentum Græce. Cum Montani Interpret. Lat. cura C. C. de Leutsch. 12mo. *Lips.* 5s.

240 ——————————— Griesbachii. Emend. et aust. curavit Schulz. Tom. I. gr. 8vo. *Basel.* 18s.

241 Hase, Gnosis oder evangelische Glaubenslehre für die Gebildeten in der gemeinde wissenschaftlich dargestellt. 2 vols. 8vo. *Lips.* 8s.

242 Gerdil, Cardinale, Introduzione allo Studio della Religione. 2 Tom. 8vo. *Milano.* 10s.

243 Rosenmüller, Scholia in Vetus Testamentum, p. VIII. Jeremiæ Vaticinia et Threnos continentis. Vol. 2dum. 8vo. *Lips.* 13s. 6d.

244 Wessenberg, J. H. von, die Christlichen Bilder. 2 vol. 8vo. *Constanz.* 1l. 18s.

245 Lange, D. L., Beiträge zur ältesten Kirchengeschichte. 1r Band. 8vo. *Lips.* 4s.

246 Geist aus Luthers Schriften, oder Concordanz der Ansichten und Urtheile des grossen Reformators über die wichtigsten Gegenstände des Glaubens. 8vo. 1r Band. *Darmstadt.* 6s.

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