This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that’s often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book’s long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ Make non-commercial use of the files We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google’s system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ Maintain attribution The Google “watermark” you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can’t offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book’s appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world’s books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at [http://books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
Harvard College Library

FROM

Mrs. Murray A. Potter
CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

ESSAYS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.)

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY & HART.
1841.
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Novels of Ernest Theodore Hoffman</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Omen</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haji Baba in England</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tales of My Landlord</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thornton's Sporting Tour</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Cookery Books</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnes' Translation of Froissart</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miseries of Human Life</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carr's Caledonian Sketches</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady Suffolk's Correspondence</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kirkton's Church History</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life and Works of John Home</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Culloden Papers</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pepys' Memoirs</td>
<td>411</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
MISCELLANIES

by

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CRITICISM

ON

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

NOVELS OF ERNEST THEODORE HOFFMANN.*

[Foreign Quarterly Review, July, 1837.]

No source of romantic fiction, and no mode of exciting the feelings of interest which the authors in that description of literature desire to produce, seems more directly accessible than the love of the supernatural. It is common to all classes of mankind, and perhaps is to none so familiar as to those who assume a certain degree of scepticism on the subject; since the reader may have often observed in conversation, that the person who professes himself most incredulous on the subject of marvellous stories, often ends his remarks by indulging the company with some well-attested anecdote, which it is difficult or impossible to account for on the narrator’s own principles of absolute scepticism.

* Leben und Nachlass. 2 Vols. Berlin, 1823.—Serapionsbrüder. 6 Vols. 1819–26.—Nachtstücke. 2 Vols. 1816. By ERNEST THEODORE WILLIAM HOFFMANN.

VOL. II.—2
The belief itself, though easily capable of being pushed into superstition and absurdity, has its origin not only in the facts upon which our holy religion is founded, but upon the principles of our nature, which teach us that while we are probationers in this sublunary state, we are neighbours to, and encompassed by the shadowy world, of which our mental faculties are too obscure to comprehend the laws, our corporeal organs too coarse and gross to perceive the inhabitants.

All professors of the Christian religion believe that there was a time when the Divine power showed itself more visibly on earth than in these our latter days; controlling and suspending, for its own purposes, the ordinary laws of the universe; and the Roman Catholic Church, at least, holds it as an article of faith, that miracles descend to the present time. Without entering into that controversy, it is enough that a firm belief in the great truths of our religion has induced wise and good men, even in Protestant countries, to subscribe to Dr. Johnson's doubts respecting supernatural appearances.

"That the dead are seen no more, said Imlac, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, could not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears."

Upon such principles as these there lingers in the breasts even of philosophers, a reluctance to decide dogmatically upon a point where they do not and cannot possess any, save negative, evidence. Yet this inclination to believe in the marvellous gradually becomes weaker. Men cannot but remark that (since the scriptural miracles have ceased) the belief in prodigies and supernatural events has gradually declined in proportion to the advancement of human knowledge; and that since the age has become enlightened, the occurrence of tolerably well-attested anecdotes of the supernatural character are so few, as to render it more probable that the witnesses have laboured under some strange and
temporary delusion, rather than that the laws of nature have been altered or suspended. At this period of human knowledge, the marvellous is so much identified with fabulous, as to be considered generally as belonging to the same class.

It is not so in early history, which is full of supernatural incidents; and although we now use the word romance as synonymous with fictitious composition, yet as it originally only meant a poem, or prose work contained in the Romance language, there is little doubt that the doughty chivalry who listened to the songs of the minstrel, "held each strange tale devoutly true," and that the feats of knighthood which he recounted, mingled with tales of magic and supernatural interference, were esteemed as veracious as the legends of the monks, to which they bore a strong resemblance. This period of society, however, must have long passed before the romancer began to select and arrange with care, the nature of the materials out of which he constructed his story. It was not when society, however differing in degree and station, was levelled and confounded by one dark cloud of ignorance, involving the noble as well as the mean, that it need be scrupulously considered to what class of persons the author addressed himself, or with what species of decoration he ornamented his story. "Homo was then a common name for all men," and all were equally pleased with the same style of composition. This, however, was gradually altered. As the knowledge to which we have before alluded made more general progress, it became impossible to detain the attention of the better instructed class by the simple and gross fables to which the present generation would only listen in childhood, though they had been held in honour by their fathers during youth, manhood, and old age.

It was also discovered that the supernatural in fictitious composition requires to be managed with considerable delicacy, as criticism begins to be more on the alert. The interest which it excites is indeed a powerful spring; but it is one which is peculiarly subject to be exhausted by coarse handling and repeated pressure. It is also of a character which it is extremely difficult to sustain, and of which a very small proportion may be said to be better than the whole. The marvellous, more than any other attribute of fictitious narrative, loses its effect by being brought much
into view. The imagination of the reader is to be excited if possible, without being gratified. If once, like Macbeth, we "sup full with horrors," our taste for the banquet is ended, and the thrill of terror with which we hear or read of a night-shriek, becomes lost in that sated indifference with which the tyrant came at length to listen to the most deep catastrophes that could affect his house. The incidents of a supernatural character are usually those of a dark and undefinable nature, such as arise in the mind of the Lady in the Masque of Comus,—incidents to which our fears attach more consequence, as we cannot exactly tell what it is we behold, or what is to be apprehended from it:—

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Burke observes upon obscurity, that it is necessary to make anything terrible, and notices, "how much the notions of ghosts and goblins, of which none can form clear ideas, affect minds which give credit to the popular tales concerning such sorts of beings." He represents also, that no person "seems better to have understood the secret of heightening, or of setting terrible things in their strongest light, by the force of a judicious obscurity, than Milton.

His description of Death, in the second book, is admirably studied; it is astonishing with what a gloomy pomp, with what a significant and expressive uncertainty of strokes and colouring, he has finished the portrait of the King of Terrors.

'The other shape,—
If shape it might be called, which shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb:
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,—
For each seemed either, black he stood as night;
Fierce as ten furies; terrible as hell;
And shook a deadly dart. What seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.'

In this description all is dark, uncertain, confused, terrible, and sublime to the last degree.

The only quotation worthy to be mentioned along with the passage we have just taken down, is the well-known apparition introduced with circumstances of terrific obscurity in the book of Job:—
"Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ears received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice."

From these sublime and decisive authorities it is evident that the exhibition of supernatural appearances in fictitious narrative ought to be rare, brief, indistinct, and such as may become a being to us so incomprehensible, and so different from ourselves, of whom we cannot justly conjecture whence he comes, or for what purpose, and of whose attributes we can have no regular or distinct perception. Hence it usually happens, that the first touch of the supernatural is always the most effective, and is rather weakened and defaced, than strengthened, by the subsequent recurrence of similar incidents. Even in Hamlet, the second entrance of the ghost is not nearly so impressive as the first; and in many romances to which we could refer, the supernatural being forfeits all claim both to our terror and veneration, by descending to appear too often; to mingle too much in the events of the story, and above all, to become loquacious, or, as it is familiarly called, chatty. We have, indeed, great doubts whether an author acts wisely in permitting his goblin to speak at all, if at the same time he renders him subject to human sight. Shakspeare, indeed, has contrived to put such language in the mouth of the buried majesty of Denmark as befits a supernatural being, and is by the style distinctly different from that of the living persons in the drama. In another passage he has had the boldness to intimate, by two expressions of similar force, in what manner, and with what tone supernatural beings would find utterance:

"And the sheeted dead
Did *squeak* and *gribe* in the Roman streets."

But the attempt in which the genius of Shakspeare has succeeded would probably have been ridiculous in any meaner hand; and hence it is, that in many of our modern tales of terror, our feelings of fear have, long before the conclusion, given way under the influence of that familiarity which begets contempt.

A sense that the effect of the supernatural in its more obvious application is easily exhausted, has occasioned the
efforts of modern authors to cut new walks and avenues through the enchanted wood, and to revive, if possible, by some means or other, the fading impression of its horrors.

The most obvious and inartificial mode of attaining this end is, by adding to, and exaggerating the supernatural incidents of the tale. But far from increasing its effect, the principles which we have laid down, incline us to consider the impression as usually weakened by exaggerated and laborious description. Elegance is in such cases thrown away, and the accumulation of superlatives, with which the narrative is encumbered, renders it tedious, or perhaps ludicrous, instead of becoming impressive or grand.

There is indeed one style of composition, of which the supernatural forms an appropriate part, which applies itself rather to the fancy than to the imagination, and aims more at amusing than at affecting or interesting the reader. To this species of composition belong the Eastern tales, which contribute so much to the amusement of our youth, and which are recollected, if not re-perused, with so much pleasure in our more advanced life. There are but few readers, of any imagination, who have not at one time or other in their life sympathized with the poet Collins, "who," says Dr. Johnson, "was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meadows of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." It is chiefly the young and the indolent who love to be soothed by works of this character, which require little attention in the perusal. In our riper age, we remember them as we do the joys of our infancy, rather because we loved them once, than that they still continue to afford us amusement. The extravagance of fiction loses its charms for our riper judgment; and notwithstanding that these wild fictions contain much that is beautiful and full of fancy, yet still, unconnected as they are with each other, and conveying no result to the understanding, we pass them by as the championess Britomart rode along the rich strand—

"Which as she overwent,
She saw bestrewed all with rich array
Of pearls and precious stones of great assay,
And all the gravel mixt with golden ore:
Whereat she wondered much, but would not stay
For gold, or pearls, or precious stones, one hour;
But them despised all, for all was in her power.”

With this class of supernatural composition may be ranked, though inferior in interest, what the French call *Contes des Fées*; meaning, by that title, to distinguish them from the ordinary popular tales of fairy folks which are current in most countries. The *Conte des Fées* is itself a very different composition, and the fairies engaged are of a separate class from those whose amusement is to dance round the mushroom in the moonlight, and mislead the belated peasant. The French *Fée* more nearly resembles the *Peri* of Eastern, or the Fata of Italian poetry. She is a superior being, having the nature of an elementary spirit, and possessing magical powers enabling her, to a considerable extent, to work either good or evil. But whatever merit this species of writing may have attained in some dexterous hands, it has, under the management of others, become one of the most absurd, flat, and insipid possible. Out of the whole *Cabinet des Fées*, when we get beyond our old acquaintances of the nursery, we can hardly select five volumes, from nearly fifty, with any probability of receiving pleasure from them.

It often happens that when any particular style becomes somewhat antiquated and obsolete, some caricature, or satirical imitation of it, gives rise to a new species of composition. Thus the English Opera arose from the parody upon the Italian stage, designed by Gay, in the *Beggar’s Opera*. In like manner, when the public had been inundated *ad nauseam*, with Arabian tales, Persian tales, Turkish tales, Mogul tales, and legends of every nation east of the Bosphorus, and were equally annoyed by the increasing publication of all sorts of fairy tales,—Count Anthony Hamilton, like a second Cervantes, came forth with his satirical tales, destined to overturn the empire of Dives, of Genii, of Péris, et hoc genus omne.

Something too licentious for a more refined age, the Tales of Count Hamilton subsist as a beautiful illustration, showing that literary subjects, as well as the fields of the husbandman, may, when they seem most worn out and effete, be renewed and again brought into successful cultiva-
tion by a new course of management. The wit of Count Hamilton, like manure applied to an exhausted field, rendered the Eastern tale more piquant, if not more edifying, than it was before. Much was written in imitation of Count Hamilton’s style; and it was followed by Voltaire in particular, who in this way rendered the supernatural romance one of the most apt vehicles for circulating his satire. This, therefore, may be termed the comic side of the supernatural, in which the author plainly declares his purpose to turn into jest the miracles which he relates, and aspires to awaken ludicrous sensations without affecting the fancy—far less exciting the passions of the reader. By this species of delineation the reader will perceive that the supernatural style of writing is entirely travestied and held up to laughter, instead of being made the subject of respectful attention, or heard with at least that sort of imperfect excitement with which we listened to a marvellous tale of fairy-land. This species of satire—for it is often converted to satirical purposes—has never been more happily executed than by the French authors, although Wieland, and several other German writers, treading in the steps of Hamilton, have added the grace of poetry to the wit and to the wonders with which they have adorned this species of composition. Oberon, in particular, has been identified with our literature by the excellent translation of Mr. Sotheby, and is nearly as well known in England as in Germany. It would, however, carry us far too wide from our present purpose, were we to consider the comi-heroic poetry which belongs to this class, and which includes the well-known works of Pulci, Berni—perhaps, in a certain degree, of Ariosto himself, who, in some passages at least, lifts his knightly vizor so far as to give a momentary glimpse of the smile which mantles upon his countenance.

One general glance at the geography of this most pleasing “Londe of Faery,” leads us into another province, rough as it may seem and uncultivated, but which, perhaps, on that very account, has some scenes abounding in interest. There are a species of antiquarians who, while others laboured to reunite and highly ornament the ancient traditions of their country, have made it their business antiquos accedere fontes, to visit the ancient springs and sources of those popular legends which, cherished by the gray and
superstitious Elde, had been long forgotten in the higher
circles, but are again brought forward, and claim, like the
old ballads of a country, a degree of interest even from their
rugged simplicity. The *Deutsche Sagen* of the brothers
Grimm, is an admirable work of this kind; assembling,
without any affectation either of ornamental diction or im-
proved incident, the various traditions existing in different
parts of Germany respecting popular superstitions and the
events ascribed to supernatural agency. There are other
works of the same kind, in the same language, collected
with great care and apparent fidelity. Sometimes trite,
sometimes tiresome, sometimes childish, the legends which
these authors have collected with such indefatigable zeal
form nevertheless a step in the history of the human race;
and, when compared with similar collections in other coun-
tries, seem to infer traces of a common descent which has
placed one general stock of superstition within reach of the
various tribes of mankind. What are we to think when we
find the Jutt and the Fin telling their children the same
traditions which are to be found in the nurseries of the
Spaniard and Italian; or when we recognise in our own in-
stance the traditions of Ireland or Scotland as corresponding
with those of Russia? Are we to suppose that their simi-
larly arises from the limited nature of human invention,
and that the same species of fiction occurs to the imagina-
tions of different authors in remote countries as the same
species of plants are found in different regions without the
possibility of their having been propagated by transportation
from the one to others? Or ought we rather, to refer
them to a common source, when mankind formed but the
same great family, and suppose that as philologists trace
through various dialects the broken fragments of one gene-
ral language, so antiquaries may recognise in distant coun-
tries parts of what was once a common stock of tradition?
We will not pause on this inquiry, nor observe more than
generally that, in collecting these traditions, the industrious
editors have been throwing light, not only on the history of
their own country in particular, but on that of mankind in
general. There is generally some truth mingled with the
abundant falsehood, and still more abundant exaggeration,
of the oral legend, and it may be frequently and unexpect-
edly found to confirm or confute the meagre statement of
some ancient chronicle. Often, too, the legend of the common people, by assigning peculiar features, localities, and specialities to the incidents which it holds in memory, gives life and spirit to the frigid and dry narrative which tells the fact alone, without the particulars which render it memorable or interesting.

It is, however, in another point of view, that we wish to consider those popular traditions in their collected state: namely, as a peculiar mode of exhibiting the marvellous and supernatural in composition. And here we must acknowledge, that he who peruses a large collection of stories of fiends, ghosts, and prodigies, in hopes of exciting in his mind that degree of shuddering interest approaching to fear, which is the most valuable triumph of the supernatural, is likely to be disappointed. A whole collection of ghost stories inclines us as little to fear as a jest book moves us to laughter. Many narratives, turning upon the same interest, are apt to exhaust it; as in a large collection of pictures an ordinary eye is so dazzled with the variety of brilliant or glowing colours as to become less able to distinguish the merit of those pieces which are possessed of any.

But, notwithstanding this great disadvantage, which is inseparable from the species of publication we are considering, a reader of imagination, who has the power to emancipate himself from the chains of reality, and to produce in his own mind the accompaniments with which the simple or rude popular legend ought to be attended, will often find that it possesses points of interest, of nature, and of effect, which, though irreconcilable to sober truth, carry with them something that the mind is not averse to believe, something in short of plausibility, which, let poet or romancer do their very best, they find it impossible to attain to. An example may, in a case of this sort, be more amusing to the reader than mere disquisition, and we select one from a letter received many years since from an amiable and accomplished nobleman some time deceased, not more distinguished for his love of science, than his attachment to literature in all its branches:—

"It was in the night of, I think, the 14th of February, 1799, that there came on a dreadful storm of wind and drifting snow from the south-east, which was felt very severely in most parts of Scotland. On the preceding day a Captain M——, attended by
three other men, had gone out a deer-shooting in that extensive tract of mountains which lies to the west of Dalnacardoch. As they did not return in the evening, nothing was heard of them. The next day, people were sent out in quest of them, as soon as the storm abated. After a long search, the bodies were found in a lifeless state, lying among the ruins of a bothy (a temporary hut), in which it would seem Captain M—— and his party had taken refuge. The bothy had been destroyed by the tempest, and in a very astonishing manner. It had been built partly of stone, and partly of strong wooden uprights driven into the ground; it was not merely blown down, but quite torn to pieces. Large stones, which had formed part of the walls, were found lying at the distance of one or two hundred yards from the site of the building, and the wooden uprights appeared to have been rent asunder by force that had twisted them off as in breaking a tough stick. From the circumstances in which the bodies were found, it appeared that the men were retiring to rest at the time the calamity came upon them. One of the bodies indeed, was found at a distance of many yards from the bothy; another of the men was found upon the place where the bothy had stood, with one stocking off, as if he had been undressing; Captain M—— was lying without his clothes, upon the wretched bed which the bothy had afforded, his face to the ground, and his knees drawn up. To all appearance the destruction had been quite sudden: yet the situation of the building was such as promised security against the utmost violence of the wind. It stood in a narrow recess, at the foot of a mountain, whose precipitous and lofty declivities sheltered it on every side, except in the front, and here, too, a hill rose before it, though with a more gradual slope. This extraordinary wreck of a building so situated, led the common people to ascribe it to a supernatural power. It was recollected by some who had been out shooting with Captain M—— about a month before, that while they were resting at this bothy, a shepherd lad had come to the door and inquired for Captain M——, and that the captain went out with the shepherd, and they walked away together, leaving the rest of the party in the bothy. After a time, Captain M—— returned alone; he said nothing of what had passed between him and the lad, but looked very grave and thoughtful, and from that time there was observed to be a mysterious anxiety hanging about him. It was remembered, that one evening after dusk, when Captain M—— was in the bothy, some of his party that were standing before the door saw a fire blazing on the top of the hill which rises in front of it. They were much surprised to see a fire in such a solitary place, and at such a time, and set out to inquire into the cause of it, but when they reached the top of the hill, there was no fire to be seen! It was remembered, too, that on the day before the fatal night, Captain M—— had shown a singular obstinacy in going forth upon his expedition. No representations of the inclemency of the weather, and of the dangers he would be exposed to, could restrain him. He said he must go, and was resolved to go. Captain M.'s character was likewise remembered; that he was popularly re-
ported to be a man of no principles, rapacious, and cruel; that he had 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 had picked it up with an indictment for robbery if he did not enlist.* Our informer added nothing more; he neither told us his own opinion nor that of the country; but left it to our own notions of the manner in which good and evil is rewarded in this life, to suggest the author of the miserable event. He seemed impressed with superstitious awe on the subject, and said, 'There was na' the like seen in a' Scotland.' The man is far advanced in years, and is a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood of Rannoch. He was employed by us as a guide upon Schiehallion; and he told us the story one day as we walked before our horses, while we slowly wound up the road on the northern declivity of Rannoch. From this elevated ground we commanded an extensive prospect over the dreary mountains to the north, and amongst them our guide pointed out that at the foot of which was the scene of his dreadful tale. The account is, to the best of my recollection, just what I received from my guide. In some trifling particulars, from defect of memory, I may have misrepresented or added a little, in order to connect the leading circumstances; and I fear, also, that something may have been forgotten. Will you ask Mr. P—— whether Captain M——, on leaving the bothy after his conversation with the shepherd lad, did not say that he must return there in a month after? I have a faint idea that it was so; and, if true, it would be a pity to lose it. Mr. P—— may, perhaps, be able to correct or enlarge my account for you in other instances."

The reader will, we believe, be of our opinion, that the feeling of superstitious awe annexed to the catastrophe contained in this interesting narrative, could not have been improved by any circumstances of additional horror which a poet could have invented; that the incidents and the gloomy simplicity of the narrative are much more striking than they could have been rendered by the most glowing description; and that the old Highland schoolmaster, the outline of whose tale is so judiciously preserved by the narrator, was a better medium for communicating such a tale than would have been the form of Ossian, could he have arisen from the dead on purpose.

It may, however, be truly said of the muse of romantic fiction,

"Mille habet ornatus."

* It is needless to say that this was a mere popular report, which might greatly misrepresent the character of the unfortunate sufferer.
The Professor Musaeus, and others of what we may call his school, conceiving, perhaps, that the simplicity of the unadorned popular legend was like to obstruct its popularity, and feeling, as we formerly observed, that though individual stories are sometimes exquisitely impressive, yet collections of this kind were apt to be rather bald and heavy, employed their talents in ornamenting them with incident, in ascribing to the principal agents a peculiar character, and rendering the marvellous more interesting by the individuality of those in whose history it occurs. Two volumes were transcribed from the Volksmarchen of Musaeus by the late Dr. Beddoes, and published under the title of Popular Tales of the Germans, which may afford the English reader a good idea of the style of that interesting work. It may, indeed, be likened to the Tales of Count Anthony Hamilton already mentioned, but there is great room for distinction. "Le Belier," and "Fleur d'Épine," are mere parodies arising out of the fancy, but indebted for their interest to his wit. Musaeus, on the other hand, takes the narration of the common legend, dresses it up after his own fashion, and describes, according to his own pleasure, the personages of his drama. Hamilton is a cook who compounds his whole banquet out of materials used for the first time; Musaeus brings forward ancient traditions, like yesterday's cold meat from the larder, and, by dint of skill and seasoning, gives it a new relish for the meal of to-day. Of course the merit of the rifacimento will fall to be divided in this case betwixt the effect attained by the groundwork of the story, and that which is added by the art of the narrator. In the tale, for example, of the Child of Wonder, what may be termed the raw material is short, simple, and scarce rising beyond the wonders of a nursery tale, but it is so much enlivened by the vivid sketch of the selfish old father who barters his four daughters against golden eggs and sacks of pearls, as to give an interest and zest to the whole story. The Spectre Barber is another of these popular tales, which, in itself singular and fantastic, becomes lively and interesting from the character of a good-humoured, well-meaning, thick-skulled burgher of Bremen, whose wit becomes sharpened by adversity, till he learns gradually to improve circumstances as they occur, and at length recovers his lost pros-
perity by dint of courage, joined with some degree of acquired sagacity.

A still different management of the wonderful and supernatural has, in our days, revived the romance of the earlier age with its history and its antiquities. The Baron de la Motte Fouqué has distinguished himself in Germany by a species of writing which requires at once the industry of the scholar, and the talents of the man of genius. The efforts of this accomplished author aim at a higher mood of composition than the more popular romancer. He endeavours to recall the history, the mythology, the manners of former ages, and to offer to the present time a graphic description of those which have passed away. The travels of Thioldolf, for example, initiate the reader into that immense storehouse of Gothic superstition which is to be found in the Edda and the Sagas of northern nations; and to render the bold, honest, courageous character of his gallant young Scandinavian the more striking, the author has contrasted it forcibly with the chivalry of the south, over which he asserts its superiority. In some of his works the baron has, perhaps, been somewhat profuse of his historical and antiquarian lore; he wanders where the reader has not skill to follow him; and we lose interest in the piece because we do not comprehend the scenes through which we are conducted. This is the case with some of the volumes where the interest turns on the ancient German history, to understand which, a much deeper acquaintance with the antiquities of that dark period is required than is like to be found in most readers. It would, we think, be a good rule in this style of composition, were the author to confine his historical materials to such as are either generally understood as soon as mentioned, or at least can be explained with brief trouble in such a degree as to make a reader comprehend the story. Of such happy and well-chosen subjects, the Baron de la Motte Fouqué has also shown great command on other occasions. His story of Sintram and his Followers is in this respect admirable; and the tale of his Naiad, Nixie, or Water-Nymph, is exquisitely beautiful. The distress of the tale—and, though relating to the being, it is real distress—arises thus. An evil renounces her right of freedom from human beings, become the spouse of a gallant young knigh
with infidelity and ingratitude. The story is the contrast at once, and the pendant to the Diabé Amoureux of Cazotte, but is entirely free from a tone of polissonnerie which shocks good taste in its very lively prototype.

The range of the romance, as it has been written by this profusely inventive author, extends through the half-illumined ages of ancient history into the Cimmerian frontiers of vague tradition; and, when traced with a pencil so much truth and spirit as that of Fouqué, affords scenes of high interest, and forms, it cannot be doubted, the most legitimate species of romantic fiction; approaching in some measure to the epic in poetry, and capable in a high degree of exhibiting similar beauties.

We have thus slightly traced the various modes in which the wonderful and supernatural may be introduced into fictitious narrative; yet the attachment of the Germans to the mysterious has invented another species of composition, which, perhaps, could hardly have made its way in any other country or language. This may be called the fantastic mode of writing,—in which the most wild and unbounded license is given to an irregular fancy, and all species of combination, however ludicrous, or however shocking, are attempted and executed without scruple. In the other modes of treating the supernatural, even that mystic region is subjected to some laws, however slight; and fancy, in wandering through it, is regulated by some probabilities in the wildest flight. Not so in the fantastic style of composition, which has no restraint save that which it may ultimately find in the exhausted imagination of the author. This style bears the same proportion to the more regular romance, whether ludicrous or serious, which farce, or rather pantomime, maintains to tragedy and comedy. Suddenly transformations are introduced of the most extraordinary kind, and wrought by the most inadequate means; no attempt is made to soften their absurdity, or to reconcile their inconsistencies; the reader must be contented to look upon the gambols of the author as he would behold the flying leaps and incongruous transmutations of Harlequin, without seeking to discover either meaning or end further than the surprise of the moment.

Our English severity of taste will not easily adopt this wild and fantastic tone in our own literature; nay, perhaps
will scarce tolerate it in translations. The only composition which approaches to it is the powerful romance of Frankenstein, and there, although the formation of a thinking and sentient being by scientific skill is an incident of the fantastic character, still the interest of the work does not turn upon the marvellous creation of Frankenstein's monster, but upon the feelings and sentiments which that creature is supposed to express as most natural—if we may use the phrase—to his unnatural condition and origin. In other words, the miracle is not wrought for the mere wonder, but is designed to give rise to a train of acting and reasoning in itself just and probable, although the postulatum on which it is grounded is in the highest degree extravagant. So far Frankenstein, therefore, resembles the Travels of Gulliver, which suppose the existence of the most extravagant fictions, in order to extract from them philosophical reasoning and moral truth. In such cases the admission of the marvellous expressly resembles a sort of entry-money paid at the door of a lecture-room,—it is a concession which must be made to the author, and for which the reader is to receive value in moral instruction. But the fantastic of which we are now treating encumbers itself with no such conditions, and claims no farther object than to surprise the public by the wonder itself. The reader is led astray by a freakish goblin, who has neither end nor purpose in the gambols which he exhibits, and the oddity of which must constitute their own reward. The only instance we know of this species of writing in the English language, is the ludicrous sketch in Mr. Geoffrey Crayon's tale of The Bold Dragoon, in which the furniture dances to the music of a ghostly fiddler. The other ghost-stories of this well-known and admired author come within the legitimate bounds which Glanville, and other grave and established authors, ascribe to the shadowy realms of spirits; but we suppose Mr. Crayon to have exchanged his pencil in the following scene, in order to prove that the Pandours, as well as the regular forces of the ghostly world, were alike under his command:—

"By the light of the fire he saw a pale, woe-sown-faced fellow, in a long flannel gown, and a tall white nightcap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by the way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching
about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and hobbing about his tasseled nightcap.

"From the opposite side of the room, a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a comical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw-foot, then a crooked arm, and at length making a leg, slipped gracefully up to an easy chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

"The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his nightcap about like mad. By degrees, the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country-dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg; while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the movable parts got in motion pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils; all except a great clothes-press, which kept curtseying and curtsying in a corner like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music, being rather too corpulent to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a partner."

This slight sketch from the hand of a master, is all that we possess in England corresponding to the fantastic style of composition which we are now treating of. Peter Schlemil, The Devil’s Elixir, and other German works of the same character, have made it known to us through the medium of translation. The author who led the way in this department of literature was Ernest Theodore William Hoffmann; the peculiarity of whose genius, temper, and habits, fitted him to distinguish himself where imagination was to be strained to the pitch of oddity and bizarrie. He appears to have been a man of rare talent,—a poet, an artist, and a musician, but unhappily of a hypochondriac and whimsical disposition, which carried him to extremes in all his undertakings; so his music became capricious,—his drawings caricatures,—and his tales, as he himself termed them, fantastic extravagances. Bred originally to the law, he at different times enjoyed, under the Prussian and other governments, the small appointments of a subordinate magistrate; at other times he was left entirely to his own exertions, and supported himself as a musical composer for the stage, as an author, or as a draughtsman. The shifts, the uncertainty, the precarious nature of this kind of

Washington Irving’s Tales of a Traveller, vol. i.
existence, had its effect, doubtless, upon a mind which nature had rendered peculiarly susceptible of elation and depression; and a temper, in itself variable, was rendered more so by frequent change of place and of occupation, as well as by the uncertainty of his affairs. He cherished his fantastic genius also with wine in considerable quantity, and indulged liberally in the use of tobacco. Even his outward appearance bespoke his nervous system: a very little man with a quantity of dark-brown hair, and eyes looking through his elf-locks, that

"E'en like gray goss-hawk's stared wild,"

indicated that touch of mental derangement, of which he seems to have been himself conscious, when entering the following fearful memorandum in his diary:

"Why, in sleeping and in waking, do I, in my thoughts, dwell upon the subject of insanity? The out-pouring of the wild ideas that arise in my mind may perhaps operate like the breathing of a vein."

Circumstances arose also in the course of Hoffmann's unsettled and wandering life, which seemed to his own apprehension to mark him as one who "was not in the roll of common men." These circumstances had not so much of the extraordinary as his fancy attributed to them. For example; he was present at deep play in a watering-place, in company with a friend, who was desirous to venture for some of the gold which lay upon the table. Betwixt hope of gain and fear of loss, distrusting at the same time his own luck, he at length thrust into Hoffmann's hand six gold pieces, and requested him to stake for him. Fortune was propitious to the young visionary, though he was totally inexperienced in the game, and he gained for his friend about thirty Fredericks d'or. The next evening Hoffmann resolved to try fortune on his own account. This purpose, he remarks, was not a previous determination, but one which was suddenly suggested by a request of his friend to undertake the charge of staking a second time on his behalf. He advanced to the table on his own account, and deposited on one of the cards the only two Fredericks d'or of which he was possessed. If Hoffmann's luck had been remarkable on the former occasion, it now seemed as if some supernatural power stood in alliance with him. Every attempt
which he made succeeded—every card turned up propitiousy.—

"My senses," he says, "became unmanageable, and as more and more gold streamed in upon me, it seemed as I were in a dream, out of which I only awaked to pocket the money. The play was given up, as is usual, at two in the morning. In the moment when I was about to leave the room, an old officer laid his hand upon my shoulder, and, regarding me with a fixed and severe look, said, 'Young man, if you understand this business so well, the bank, which maintains free table, is ruined; but if you do so understand the game, reckon upon it securely that the devil will be as sure of you as of all the rest of them.' Without waiting an answer, he turned away. The morning was dawning when I came home, and emptied from every pocket heaps of gold on the table. Imagine the feelings of a lad in a state of absolute dependence, and restricted to a small sum of pocket-money, who finds himself, as if by a thunder-clap, placed in possession of a sum enough to be esteemed absolute wealth, at least for the moment! But while I gazed on the treasure, my state of mind was entirely changed by a sudden and singular agony so severe, as to force the cold sweat-drops from my brow. The words of the old officer now, for the first time, rushed upon my mind in their fullest and most terrible acceptation. It seemed to me as if the gold, which glittered upon the table, was the earnest of a bargain by which the Prince of Darkness had obtained possession of my soul, which never more could escape eternal destruction. It seemed as if some poisonous reptile was sucking my heart's blood, and I felt myself fall into an abyss of despair."

Then the ruddy dawn began to gleam through the window, wood and plain were illuminated by its beams, and the visionary began to experience the blessed feeling of returning strength, to combat with temptations, and to protect himself against the infernal propensity, which must have been attended with total destruction. Under the influence of such feelings, Hoffmann formed a vow never again to touch a card, which he kept till the end of his life. "'The lesson of the officer," says Hoffmann, "was good, and its effect excellent." But the peculiar disposition of Hoffmann made it work upon his mind more like an empiric's remedy than that of a regular physician. He renounced play less from the conviction of the wretched moral consequences of such a habit, than because he was actually afraid of the Evil Spirit in person.

In another part of his life Hoffmann had occasion to show, that his singularly wild and inflated fancy was not accessible to that degree of timidity connected with insanity,
and to which poets, as being of "imagination all compact," are sometimes supposed to be peculiarly accessible. The author was in Dresden during the eventful period when the city was nearly taken by the allies; but preserved by the sudden return of Buonaparte and his guards from the frontiers of Silesia. He then saw the work of war closely carried on, venturing within fifty paces of the French sharpshooters while skirmishing with those of the allies in front of Dresden. He had experience of a bombardment; one of the shells exploding before the house in which Hoffmann and Keller, the comedian, with bumpers in their hands to keep up their spirits, watched the progress of the attack from an upper window. The explosion killed three persons; Keller let his glass fall,—Hoffmann had more philosophy; he tossed off his bumper and moralized: "What is life!" said he, "and how frail the human frame that cannot withstand a splinter of heated iron!" He saw the field of battle when they were cramming with naked corpses the immense fosses which form the soldier's grave; the field covered with the dead and the wounded,—with horses and men; powder-waggons which had exploded, broken weapons, schakos, sabres, cartridge-boxes, and all the relics of a desperate fight. He saw, too, Napoleon in the midst of his triumph, and heard him ejaculate to an adjutant, with the look and the deep voice of the lion, the single word "Voyons." It is much to be regretted that Hoffmann preserved but few memorandums of the eventful weeks which he spent at Dresden during this period, and of which his turn for remark and powerful description would have enabled him to give so accurate a picture. In general, it may be remarked of descriptions concerning warlike affairs, that they resemble plans rather than paintings; and that, however calculated to instruct the tactician, they are little qualified to interest the general reader. A soldier, particularly, if interrogated upon the actions which he has seen, is much more disposed to tell them in the dry and abstracted style of a gazette, than to adorn them with the remarkable and picturesque circumstances which attract the general ear. This arises from the natural feeling, that, in speaking of what they have witnessed in any other than a dry and affected professional tone, they may be suspected of a desire to exaggerate their own dangers,—a suspicion which, of all
others, a brave man is most afraid of incurring, and which, besides, the present spirit of the military profession holds as amounting to bad taste. It is, therefore, peculiarly unfortunate, that when a person unconnected with the trade of war, yet well qualified to describe its terrible peculiarities, chances to witness events so remarkable as those to which Dresden was exposed in the memorable 1813, he should not have made a register of what could not have failed to be deeply interesting. The battle of Leipsic, which ensued shortly after, as given to the public by an eyewitness—M. Shoberl, if we recollect the name aright—is an example of what we might have expected from a person of Hoffmann's talents, giving an account of his personal experience respecting the dreadful events which he witnessed. We could willingly have spared some of his grotesque works of diablerie, if we had been furnished, in their place, with the genuine description of the attack upon, and the retreat from Dresden, by the allied army, in the month of August, 1813. It was the last decisive advantage which was obtained by Napoleon, and being rapidly succeeded by the defeat of Vandamme, and the loss of his whole corps d'armée, was the point from which his visible declension might be correctly dated. Hoffmann was also a high-spirited patriot,—a true, honest, thorough-bred German, who had set his heart upon the liberation of his country, and would have narrated with genuine feeling the advantages which she obtained over her oppressors. It was not, however, his fortune to attempt any work, however slight, of an historical character, and the retreat of the French army soon left him to his usual habits of literary industry and convivial enjoyment.

It may, however, be supposed, that an imagination which was always upon the stretch received a new impulse from the scenes of difficulty and danger through which our author had so lately passed. Another calamity of a domestic nature must also have tended to the increase of Hoffmann's morbid sensibility. During a journey in a public carriage, it chanced to be overturned, and the author's wife sustained a formidable injury on the head, by which she was a sufferer for a length of time.

All these circumstances, joined to the natural nervousness of his own temper, tended to throw Hoffmann into a state
of mind very favourable, perhaps, to the attainment of success in his own peculiar mode of composition, but far from being such as could consist with that right and well-balanced state of human existence, in which philosophers have been disposed to rest the attainment of the highest possible degree of human happiness. Nerves which are accessible to that morbid degree of acuteness, by which the mind is incited, not only without the consent of our reason, but even contrary to its dictates, fall under the condition deprecated in the beautiful Ode to Indifference:

"Nor peace, nor joy, the heart can know,
Which, like the needle, true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too."

The pain which in one case is inflicted by an undue degree of bodily sensitiveness, is in the other the consequence of our own excited imagination; nor is it easy to determine in which the penalty of too much acuteness or vividness of perception is most severely exacted. The nerves of Hoffmann in particular, were strung to the most painful pitch which can be supposed. A severe nervous fever, about the year 1807, had greatly increased the fatal sensibility under which he laboured, which acting primarily on the body, speedily affected the mind. He had himself noted a sort of graduated scale concerning the state of his imagination, which, like that of a thermometer, indicated the exaltation of his feelings up to a state not far distant, probably, from that of actual mental derangement. It is not, perhaps, easy to find expressions corresponding in English to the peculiar words under which Hoffmann classified his perceptions: but we may observe that he records, as the humour of one day, a deep disposition towards the romantic and religious; of a second, the perception of the exalted or excited humorous; of a third, that of the satirical humorous; of a fourth, that of the excited or extravagant musical sense; of a fifth, a romantic mood turned towards the unpleasing and the horrible; on a sixth, bitter satirical propensities excited to the most romantic, capricious, and exotic degree; of a seventh, a state of quietism of mind open to receive the most beautiful, chaste, pleasing, and imaginative impressions of a poetical character; of an eighth, a mood equally excited, but accessible only to ideas the most unpleasing,
the most horrible, the most unrestrained at once and most tormenting. At other times, the feelings which are registered by this unfortunate man of genius, are of a tendency exactly the opposite to those which he marks as characteristic of his state of nervous excitement. They indicate a depression of spirits, a mental callowness to those sensations to which the mind is at other times most alive, accompanied with that melancholy and helpless feeling which always attends the condition of one who recollects former enjoyments in which he is no longer capable of taking pleasure. This species of moral palsy is, we believe, a disease which more or less affects every one, from the poor mechanic who finds that his hand, as he expresses it, is out, that he cannot discharge his usual task with his usual alacrity, to the poet whose muse deserts him when perhaps he most desires her assistance. In such cases wise men have recourse to exercise or change of study; the ignorant and infatuated seek grosser means of diverting the paroxysm. But that which is to the person whose mind is in a healthy state, but a transitory though disagreeable feeling, becomes an actual disease in such minds as that of Hoffmann, which are doomed to experience, in too vivid perceptions in alternate excess, but far most often and longest in that which is painful—the influence of an over excited fancy. It is minds so conformed to which Burton applies his abstract of melancholy, giving alternately the joys and the pains which arise from the influence of the imagination. The verses are so much to the present purpose, that we cannot better describe this changeful and hypochondriac system of mind than by inserting them:

"When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness;
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

"When I lye, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontentments and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as Melancholy.

"Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wonderous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then, then, the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine;
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

"Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men and apes,
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as Melancholy."

In the transcendental state of excitation described in these verses, the painful and gloomy mode of the mind is, generally speaking, of much more common occurrence than that which is genial, pleasing, or delightful. Every one who chooses attentively to consider the workings of his own bosom, may easily ascertain the truth of this assertion, which indeed appears a necessary accompaniment of the imperfect state of humanity, which usually presents to us, in regard to anticipation of the future, so much more that is unpleasing than is desirable; in other words, where fear has a far less limited reign than the opposite feeling of hope. It was Hoffmann's misfortune to be peculiarly sensible of the former passion, and almost instantly to combine with any pleasing sensation, as it arose, the idea of mischievous or dangerous consequences. His biographer has given a singular example of this unhappy disposition, not only to apprehend the worst when there was real ground for expecting evil, but also to mingle such apprehension capriciously and unseasonably, with incidents which were in themselves harmless and agreeable. "The devil," he was wont to say, "will put his hoof into everything, how good soever in the outset." A trifling but whimsical instance will best ascertain the nature of this unhappy propensity to expect the worst. Hoffmann, a close observer of nature, chanced one day to see a little girl apply to a market-woman's stall to purchase some fruit which had caught her eye and excited
her desire. The wary trader wished first to know what she was able to expend on the purchase; and when the poor girl, a beautiful creature, produced with exultation and pride a very small piece of money, the market-woman gave her to understand that there was nothing upon her stall which fell within the compass of her customer's purse. The poor little maiden, mortified and affronted, as well as disappointed, was retiring with tears in her eyes, when Hoffmann called her back, and arranging matters with the dealer, filled the child's lap with the most beautiful fruit. Yet he had hardly time to enjoy the idea that he had altered the whole expression of the juvenile countenance from mortification to extreme delight and happiness, than he became tortured with the idea that he might be the cause of the child's death, since the fruit he had bestowed upon it might occasion a surfeit or some other fatal disease. This presentiment haunted him until he reached the house of a friend, and it was akin to many which persecuted him during life, never leaving him to enjoy the satisfaction of a kind or benevolent action, and poisoning with the vague prospect of imaginary evil whatever was in its immediate tendency productive of present pleasure or promising future happiness.

We cannot here avoid contrasting the character of Hoffmann with that of the highly imaginative poet Wordsworth, many of whose smaller poems turn upon a sensibility affected by such small incidents as that above mentioned, with this remarkable difference—that the virtuous, and manly, and well-regulated disposition of the author leads him to derive pleasing, tender, and consoling griefs and reflections from those circumstances which induced Hoffmann to anticipate consequences of a different character. Such petty incidents are passed noteless over by men of ordinary minds. Observers of poetical imagination, like Wordsworth and Hoffmann, are the chemists who can distill them into cordials or poisons.

We do not mean to say that the imagination of Hoffmann was either wicked or corrupt, but only that it was ill-regulated, and had an undue tendency to the horrible and the distressing. Thus he was followed, especially in his hours of solitude and study, by the apprehension of mysterious danger to which he conceived himself exposed; and the whole tribe of demi-gorgons, apparitions, and fanciful spec-
tres and goblins of all kinds with which he has filled his pages, although in fact the children of his own imagination, were no less discomposing to him than if they had had a real existence and actual influence upon him. The visions which his fancy excited are stated often to be so lively, that he was unable to endure them; and in the night, which was often his time of study, he was accustomed frequently to call his wife up from bed, that she might sit by him while he was writing, and protect him by her presence from the phantoms conjured up by his own excited imagination.

Thus was the inventor, or at least first distinguished artist who exhibited the fantastic or supernatural grotesque in his compositions, so nearly on the verge of actual insanity, as to be afraid of the beings his own fancy created. It is no wonder that to a mind so vividly accessible to the influence of the imagination, so little under the dominion of sober reason, such a numerous train of ideas should occur in which fancy had a large share and reason none at all. In fact the grotesque in his compositions partly resembles the arabesque in painting, in which is introduced the most strange and complicated monsters, resembling centaurs, griffins, sphinxes, chimeras, rocs, and all other creatures of romantic imagination, dazzling the beholder as it were by the unbounded fertility of the author's imagination, and saying it by the rich contrast of all the varieties of shape and colouring, while there is in reality nothing to satisfy the understanding or inform the judgment. Hoffmann spent his life, which could not be a happy one, in weaving webs of this wild and imaginative character, for which after all he obtained much less credit with the public, than his talents must have gained if exercised under the restraint of a better taste or a more solid judgment. There is much reason to think that his life was shortened not only by his mental malady, of which it is the appropriate quality to impede digestion and destroy the healthful exercise of the powers of the stomach, but also by the indulgences to which he had recourse in order to secure himself against the melancholy, which operated so deeply upon the constitution of his mind. This was the more to be regretted, as, notwithstanding the dreams of an overheated imagination, by which his taste appears to have been so strangely misled, Hoffmann seems to have been a man of excellent disposition, a close observer of
nature, and one who, if this sickly and disturbed train of thought had not led him to confound the supernatural with the absurd, would have distinguished himself as a painter of human nature, of which in its realities he was an observer and an admirer.

Hoffmann was particularly skilful in depicting characters arising in his own country of Germany. Nor is there any of her numerous authors who have better and more faithfully designed the upright honesty and firm integrity which is to be met with in all classes which come from the ancient Teutonic stock. There is one character in particular in the tale called "Der Majorat"—the Entail—which is perhaps peculiar to Germany, and which makes a magnificent contrast to the same class of persons as described in romances, and as existing perhaps in real life in other countries. The justiciary B—— bears about the same office in the family of the Baron Roderick von R——, a nobleman possessed of vast estates in Courland, which the generally-known Bailie Macwheedle occupied on the land of the Baron of Bradwardine. The justiciary, for example, was the representative of the seigneur in his feudal courts of justice; he superintended his revenues, regulated and controlled his household, and from his long acquaintance with the affairs of the family, was entitled to interfere both with advice and assistance in any case of peculiar necessity. In such a character, the Scottish author has permitted himself to introduce a strain of the roguery supposed to be incidental to the inferior classes of the law,—maybe no unnatural ingredient. The Bailie is mean, sordid, a trickster, and a coward, redeemed only from our dislike and contempt by the ludicrous qualities of his character, by a considerable degree of shrewdness, and by the species of almost instinctive attachment to his master and his family, which seem to overbalance in quality the natural selfishness of his disposition. The justiciary of R—— is the very reverse of this character. He is indeed an original: having the peculiarities of age and some of its satirical peevishness; but in his moral qualities he is well described by La Motte Fouqué, as a hero of ancient days in the nightgown and slippers of an old lawyer of the present age. The innate worth, independence, and resolute courage of the justiciary seem to be rather enhanced than diminished by his educa-
tion and profession, which naturally infers an accurate knowledge of mankind, and which, if practised without honour and honesty, is the basest and most dangerous fraud which an individual can put upon the public. Perhaps a few lines of Crabbe may describe the general tendency of the justiciary's mind, although marked, as we shall show, by loftier traits of character than those which the English poet has assigned to the worthy attorney of his borough:

"He, roughly honest, has been long a guide
In borough business on the conquering side;
And seen so much of both sides and so long,
He thinks the bias of man's mind goes wrong:
Thus, though he's friendly, he is still severe,
Surdy, though kind, suspiciously sincere:
So much he's seen of baseness in the mind,
That while a friend to man, he scorns mankind;
He knows the human heart, and sees with dread
By slight temptation how the strong are led;
He knows how interest can asunder rend
The bond of parent, master, guardian, friend,
To form a new and a degrading tie
'Twixt needy vice and tempting villany."

The judiciary of Hoffmann, however, is of a higher character than the person distinguished by Crabbe. Having known two generations of the baronial house to which he is attached, he has become possessed of their family secrets, some of which are of a mysterious and terrible nature. This confidential situation, but much more the nobleness and energy of his own character, gives the old man a species of authority even over his patron himself, although the baron is a person of stately manners, and occasionally manifests a fierce and haughty temper. It would detain us too long to communicate a sketch of the story, though it is, in our opinion, the most interesting contained in the reveries of the author. Something, however, we must say to render intelligible the brief extracts which it is our purpose to make, chiefly to illustrate the character of the justiciary.

The principal part of the estate of the baron consisted in the castle of R—sitten, a majorat, or entailed property, which gives name to the story, and which, as being such, the baron was under the necessity of making his place of residence for a certain number of weeks in every year, although it had nothing inviting in its aspect or inhabitants.
It was a huge old pile, overhanging the Baltic sea, silent, dismal, almost uninhabited, and surrounded, instead of gardens, and pleasure-grounds, by forests of black pines and firs, which came up to its very walls. The principal amusement of the baron and his guests was to hunt the wolves and bears which tenanted these woods during the day, and to conclude the evening with a boisterous sort of festivity, in which the efforts made at passionate mirth and hilarity showed that, on the baron's side at least, they did not actually exist. Part of the castle was in ruins; a tower built for the purpose of astrology by one of its old possessors, the founder of the majorat in question, had fallen down, and by its fall made a deep chasm which extended from the highest turret down to the dungeon of the castle. The fall of the tower had proved fatal to the unfortunate astrologer; the abyss which it occasioned was no less so to his eldest son. There was a mystery about the fate of the last, and all the facts known or conjectured respecting the cause of his fatal end were the following.

The baron had been persuaded by some expressions of an old steward, that treasures belonging to the deceased astrologer lay buried in the gulf which the tower had created by its fall. The entrance to this horrible abyss lay from the knightly hall of the castle, and the door, which still remained there, had once given access to the stair of the tower, but since its fall only opened on a yawning gulf full of stones. At the bottom of this gulf the second baron, of whom we speak, was found crushed to death, holding a wax-light fast in his hand. It was imagined he had risen to seek a book from a library which also opened from the hall, and, mistaking the one door for the other, had met his fate by falling into the yawning gulf. Of this, however, there could be no certainty.

This double accident, and the natural melancholy attached to the place, occasioned the present Baron Roderick residing so little there; but the title under which he held the estate laid him under the necessity of making it his residence for a few weeks every year. About the same time when he took up his abode there, the justiciary was accustomed to go thither for the purpose of holding baronial courts, and transacting his other official business. When the tale opens he sets out upon his journey to R——sitten, accompanied
by a nephew, the narrator of the tale, a young man, entirely
new to the world, trained somewhat in the school of
Werter,—romantic, enthusiastic, with some disposition to
vanity,—a musician, a poet, and a coxcomb; upon the
whole, however, a very well-disposed lad, with great respect
for his grand-uncle, the justiciary, by whom he is regarded
with kindness, but also as a subject of raillery. The old
man carries him along with him, partly to assist in his pro-
fessional task, partly that he might get somewhat case
hardened by feeling the cold wind of the north whistling about
his ears, and undergoing the fatigue and dangers of a wolf-
hunt.

They reach the old castle in the midst of a snow storm,
which added to the dismal character of the place, and which
lay piled thick up against the very gate by which they
should enter. All knocking of the postilion was in vain;
and here we shall let Hoffmann tell his own story.

"The old man then raised his powerful voice: 'Francis! Fran-
cis! where are you then? be moving; we freeze here at the door:
the snow is peeling our faces raw; be stirring—-the devil!' A
watch-dog at length began to bark, and a wandering light was
seen in the lower story of the building,—keys rattled, and at
length the heavy folding-doors opened with difficulty. 'A fair
welcome t'ye in this foul weather!' said old Francis, holding
the lantern so high as to throw the whole light upon his shrivelled
countenance, the features of which were twisted into a smile of
welcome; the carriage drove into the court, we left it, and I was
then for the first time aware that the ancient domestic was dressed
in an old-fashioned, Jäger-livery, adorned with various loops and
braids of lace. Only one pair of gray locks now remained upon
his broad white forehead; the lower part of his face retained the
colouring proper to the hardy huntsman; and, in spite of the
crumpled muscles which writhed the countenance into something
resembling a fantastic mask, there was an air of stupid yet honest
kindness and good humour, which glanced from his eyes, played
around his mouth, and reconciled you to his physiognomy.

"'Well, old Frank!' said my great uncle, as, entering the ante-
chamber, he shook the snow from his pelisse, 'well, old man, is
all ready in my apartments? Have the carpets been brushed,—
the beds properly arranged,—and good fires kept in my room yes-
terday and to-day?'—'No!' answered Frank with great composure,
'no, worthy sir! not a bit of all that has been done.'—'Good God!' said my uncle, 'did not I write in good time,—and do I not come
at the exact day? Was ever such a piece of stupidity? And now
I must sleep in rooms as cold as ice!'—'Indeed, worthy Mr. Jus-
ticiary,' said Francis, with great solemnity, while he removed
carefully with the snuffers a glowing waster from the candle,
flung it on the floor, and trod cautiously upon it, 'you must know
that the airing would have been to no purpose, for the wind and
snow have driven in, in such quantities through the broken win-
dow-frames: so——'—'What!' said my uncle, interrupting him,
throwing open his pelisse, and placing both arms on his sides,
'what! the windows are broken, and you, who have charge of the
castle, have not had them repaired?'—'That would have been
done, worthy sir,' answered Francis with the same indifference,
'but people could not get rightly at them on account of the heaps
of rubbish and stone that are lying in the apartment.'— And how,
in a thousand devils' names,' said my great uncle, 'came rubbish
and stones into my chamber?'—'God bless you, my young mas-
ter,' said the old man, episodically to me, who happened at
the moment to sneeze, then proceeded gravely to answer the justiciary,
that the stones and rubbish were those of a partition-wall which
had fallen in the last great tempest. 'What, the devil! have you
had an earthquake?' said my uncle, angrily. 'No, worthy sir,'
replied the old man, 'but three days ago the heavy paved roof of
the justice-hall fell in with a tremendous crash.' 'May the devil——' said my uncle, breaking out in a passion, and about to
fly a heavy oath; but suddenly checking himself, he lifted sub-
missively his right hand towards heaven, while he moved with
his left his fur cap from his forehead, was silent for an instant,
then turned to me and spoke cheerfully: 'In good truth, kinsman,
we had better hold our tongues and ask no further questions, else
we shall only learn greater mishaps, or perhaps the whole castle
may come down upon our heads. But, Frank,' said he, 'how
could you be so stupid as not to get another apartment arranged
and aired for me and this youth? Why did you not put some
large room in the upper story of the castle in order for the court-
day?'—'That is already done,' said the old man, pointing kindly
to the stairs, and beginning to ascend with the light. 'Now, only
think of the old houlet, that could not say this at once,' said my
uncle, while we followed the domestic. We passed through
many long, high, vaulted corridors,—the flickering light carried
by Francis throwing irregular gleams on the thick darkness; pil-
lars, capitals, and arches, of various shapes appeared to totter as
we passed them; our own shadows followed us with giant steps,
and the singular pictures on the wall, across which these shadows
passed, seemed to waver and to tremble, and their voices to whis-
iper amongst the heavy echoes of our footsteps, saying—'Wake us
not, wake us not, the enchanted inhabitants of this ancient fabric!' At length, after we had passed along the range of cold and dark
apartments, Francis opened a saloon in which a large blazing fire
received us with a merry crackling, resembling a hospitable wel-
come. I felt myself cheered on the instant I entered the apart-
ment; but my great uncle remained standing in the middle of the
hall, looked round him, and spoke with a very serious and almost
solemn tone: 'This, then, must be our hall of justice!' Francis
raising the light so that it fell upon an oblong whitish patch of the
large dark wall, which patch had exactly the size and form of a
walled-up or condemned door, said in a low and sorrowful tone,
Justice has been executed here before now.'—How came you to say that, old man?' said my uncle, hastily throwing the pelisse from his shoulders. 'The word escaped me,' said Francis, as he lighted the candles on the table, and opened the door of a neighbouring apartment where two beds were comfortably prepared for the reception of the guests. In a short time a good supper smoked before us in the hall, to which succeeded a bowl of punch, mixed according to the right northern fashion, and it may therefore be presumed none of the weakest. Tired with his journey, my uncle betook himself to bed: but the novelty and strangeness of the situation, and even the excitement of the liquor I had drank, prevented me from thinking of sleep. The old domestic removed the supper table, made up the fire in the chimney, and took leave of me after his manner with many a courteous bow.

And now I was left alone in the wide high hall of chivalry; the hail-storm had ceased to patter, and the wind to howl; the sky was become clear without-doors, and the full moon streamed through the broad transome windows, illumining, as if by magic, all those dark corners of the singular apartment into which the imperfect light of the wax candles and the chimney-fire could not penetrate. As frequently happens in old castles, the walls and roof of the apartment were ornamented—the former with heavy panelling, the latter with fantastic carving, gilded and painted of different colours. The subjects chiefly presented the desperate hunting matches with bears and wolves, and the heads of the animals, being in many cases carved, projected strangely from the painted bodies, and even, betwixt the fluttering and uncertain light of the moon and of the fire, gave a grisly degree of reality. Amidst these pieces were hung portraits, as large as life, of knights striding forth in hunting-dresses, probably the chase-loving ancestors of the present baron. Everything, whether of painting or of carving, showed the dark and decayed colours of times long passed, and rendered more conspicuous the blank and light-coloured part of the wall before noticed. It was in the middle space betwixt two doors which led off through the hall into side-apartments, and I could now see that it must itself have been a door, built up at a later period, but not made to correspond with the rest of the apartment, either by being painted over or covered with carved work. Who knows not that an unwonted and somewhat extraordinary situation possesses a mysterious power over the human spirit? Even the dullest fancy will awake in a secluded valley surrounded with rocks, or within the walls of a gloomy church, and will be taught to expect, in such a situation, things different from those encountered in the ordinary course of human life. Conceive too that I was only a lad of twenty years of age, and that I had drunk several glasses of strong liquor, and it may easily be believed that the knight's hall in which I sat made a singular impression on my spirit. The stillness of the night is also to be remembered—broken, as it was, only by the heavy piping of the billows of the sea, and the solemn piping of the wind, resembling the tones of a mighty organ touched by some passing spirit; the clouds wandering across the
moon, drifted along the arched windows, and seemed giant shapes
gazing through the rattling casements; in short, in the slight shud-
dering which crept over me, I felt as if an unknown world was
about to expand itself visibly before me. This feeling, however
silly, only resembled the slight and not displeasing shudder with
which we read or hear a well-told ghost story. It occurred to
me in consequence that I could find no more favourable oppor-
tunity for reading the work to which, like most young men of a
romantic bias, I was peculiarly partial, and which I happened to
have in my pocket. It was 'the Ghost Seer' of Schiller: I read—
and read, and in doing so excited my fancy more and more, until
I came to that part of the tale which seizes on the imagination
with so much fervour, viz. the wedding feast in the house of the
Count von B——. Just at the very moment when I arrived at the
passage where the bloody spectacle of Gironimo entered the wed-
ding apartment, the door of the knight's hall, which led into an
antechamber, burst open with a violent shock;—I started up with
astonishment, and the book dropped from my hand; but, as in the
same moment all was again still, I became ashamed of my child-
lish terror;—it might be by the impulse of the rushing night-wind,
or by some other natural cause that the door was flung open. 'It
is nothing,' I said aloud, 'my overheated fancy turns the most
natural accidents into the supernatural.' Having thus re-assured
myself, I picked up the book and again sat down in the elbow-
chair, but then I heard something move in the apartment with
measured steps, sighing at the same time, and sobbing in a man-
ner which seemed to express at once the extremity of inconsolable
sorrow, and the most agonizing pain which the human bosom
could feel. I tried to believe that this could only be the moans
of some animal enclosed somewhere near our part of the house, I
reflected upon the mysterious power of the night, which makes
distant sounds appear as if they were close beside us, and I ex-
postulated with myself for suffering the sounds to affect me with
terror. But as I thus debated the point, a sound like that of
scratching mixed with louder and deeper sighs, such as could
only be extracted by the most acute mental agony, or during the
parting pang of life, was indisputably heard upon the very spot
where the door appeared to have been built up: 'Yet it can only
be some poor animal in confinement—I shall call out aloud, or I
shall stamp with my foot upon the ground, and then either every-
thing will be silent, or the animal will make itself be known;' so
I purposed, but the blood stopped in my veins—a cold sweat stood
upon my forehead—I remained fixed in my chair, not daring to
rise, far less to call out. The hateful sounds at last ceased—the
steps were again distinguished—it seemed as if life and the
power of motion returned to me—I started up and walked two
paces forward, but in that moment an ice-cold night breeze
whistled through the hall, and at the same time the moon threw a
bright light upon the picture of a very grave, well-nigh terrible
looking man, and it seemed to me as if I plainly heard a warning
voice amid the deep roar of the sea and the shriller whistle of the
night-wind speaking the warning,—'No farther! No farther!
Lest thou encounter the terrors of the spiritual world! The door now shut with the same violent crash with which it had burst open: I heard the sound of steps retreating along the anteroom and descending the staircase: the principal door of the castle was opened and shut with violence; then it seemed as if a horse was led out of the stable, and, after a short time, as if it was again conducted back to its stall. After this, all was still, at the same time I became aware that my uncle in the neighbouring apartment was struggling in his sleep and groaned like a man afflicted with a heavy dream. I hastened to awake him, and when I had succeeded, I received his thanks for the service. 'Thou hast done well, kinsman, to awake me,' he said; 'I have had a detestable dream, the cause of which is this apartment and the hall, which set me a thinking upon past times and upon many extraordinary events which have here happened. But now we shall sleep sound till morning.'

With morning the business of the justiciary's office began. But, abridging the young lawyer's prolonged account of what took place, the mystic terror of the preceding evening retained so much effect on his imagination, that he was disposed to find out traces of the supernatural in everything which met his eyes; even two respectable old ladies, aunts of Baron Roderick von R———, and the sole old fashioned inhabitants of the old fashioned castle, had in their French caps and turbans a ghostly and phantom-like appearance in his prejudiced eyes. The justiciary becomes disturbed by the strange behaviour of his assistant; he enters into expostulation upon the subject so soon as they were in private.

"What is the matter with you?" he said; 'thou speakest not; thou eatest not; thou drinkest not;—art thou sick; or dost thou lack anything? in short, what a fiend ails thee?" I embraced the opportunity to communicate all the horrible scenes of the preceding night; not even concealing from my granduncle that I had drunk a good deal of punch, and had been reading 'the Ghost Seer' of Schiller. 'This, I must allow,' I added, 'because it is possible, that my toiling and overexcited fancy might have created circumstances which had no other existence.' I now expected that my kinsman would read me a sharp lecture on my folly, or treat me with some bitter jibes; but he did neither; he became very grave, looked long on the ground, then suddenly fixed a bold and glowing look upon me. 'Kinsman,' said he, 'I am unacquainted with your book; but you have neither it nor the liquor to thank for the ghostly exhibition you have described. Know, that I had a dream to the self-same purpose. I thought I sat in the hall as thou didst; but whereas thou only hearest sounds, I beheld, with the eyes of my spirit, the appearances which these voices announced. Yes! I beheld the inhuman monster as he entered,—saw him glide to
the condemned door,—saw him scratch on the wall in comfortless despair until the blood burst from under his wounded nails: then I beheld him lead a horse from the stable, and again conduct it back;—didst thou not hear the cock crow in the distant village? it was then that thou didst awake me, and I soon got the better of the terrors by which this departed sinner is permitted to disturb the peace of human life.' The old man stopped, and I dared not ask further questions, well knowing he would explain the whole to me when it was proper to do so. After a space, during which he appeared wrapt in thought, my uncle proceeded: 'Kinsman, now that thou knowest the nature of this disturbance, hast thou the courage once more to encounter it, having me in thy company?' It was natural that I should answer in the affirmative, the rather as I found myself mentally strengthened to the task: 'Then will we,' proceeded the old man, 'watch together this ensuing night. There is an inward voice which tells me this wicked spirit must give way, not so much to the force of my understanding, as to my courage, which is built upon a firm confidence in God. I feel, too, that it is no rash or criminal undertaking, but a bold and pious duty that I am about to discharge. When I risk body and life to banish the evil spirit who would drive the sons from the ancient inheritance of their fathers, it is in no spirit of presumption or vain curiosity: since, in the firm integrity of mind, and the pious confidence which lives within me, the most ordinary man is and remains a victorious hero. But should it be God's will that the wicked spirit shall have power over me, then shalt thou, kinsman, make it known that I died in honourable Christian combat with the hellish spectre which haunts this place. For thee, thou must keep thyself at a distance, and no ill will befall thee.'

"The evening was spent in various kinds of employment; the supper was sat as before in the knights' hall; the full moon shone clear through the glimmering clouds; the billows of the sea roared; and the night-wind shook the rattling casements. However inwardly excited, we compelled ourselves to maintain an indifferent conversation. The old man had laid his repeating watch on the table; it struck twelve,—then the door flew open with a heavy crash, and, as on the former night, slow and light footsteps traversed the hall, and the sighs and groans were heard as before. My uncle was pale as death; but his eyes streamed with unwonted fire, and as he stood upright, his left arm dropped by his side and his right uplifted toward heaven, he had the air of a hero in the act of devotion. The sighs and groans became louder and more distinguishable, and the hateful sounds of scratching upon the wall were again heard more odiously than on the former night. The old man then strode right forward towards the condemned door, with a step so bold and firm that the hall echoed back his tread. He stopped close before the spot where the ghastly sounds were heard yet more and more wildly, and spoke with a strong and solemn tone such as I never heard him before use: 'Daniel! Daniel!' he said, 'what makes thou here at this hour?' A dismal screech was the reply, and a sullen heavy
sound was heard, as when a weighty burden is cast down upon the floor. 'Seek grace and mercy before the throne of the Highest!' continued my uncle, with a voice even more authoritative than before, there is the only place of appeal! Hence with thee out of the living world in which thou hast no longer a portion! It seemed as if a low wailing was heard to glide through the sky and to die away in the roaring of the storm which began now to awaken. Then the old man stepped to the door of the hall and closed it with such vehemence that the whole place echoed. In his speech, in his gestures, there seemed something almost superhuman which filled me with a species of holy fear. As he placed himself in the arm-chair, the fixed sternness of his rigid brow began to relax; his look appeared more clear; he folded his hands, and prayed internally. Some minutes passed away ere he said, with that mild tone which penetrates so deeply into the heart, the simple words, 'now kinsman?' Overcome by horror, anxiety, holy reverence and love, I threw myself on my knees, and moistened with warm tears the hand which he stretched out to me; the old man folded me in his arms, and, after he had pressed me to his bosom with heartfelt affection, said, with a feeble and exhausted voice, 'now, kinsman, shall we sleep soft and undisturbed.'

The spirit returned no more. It was the ghost—as may have been anticipated—of a false domestic, by whose hand the former baron had been precipitated into the gulf which yawned behind the new wall so often mentioned in the narrative.

The other adventures in the castle of R—sitten are of a different cast, but strongly mark the power of delineating human character which Hoffmann possessed. Baron Roderick and his lady arrive at the castle with a train of guests. The lady is young, beautiful, nervous, and full of sensibility, fond of soft music, pathetic poetry, and walks by moonlight; the rude company of huntsmen by which the baron is surrounded, their boisterous sports in the morning, and their no less boisterous mirth in the evening, is wholly foreign to the disposition of the Baroness Seraphina, who is led to seek relief in the society of the nephew of the justiciary, who can make sonnets, repair harpsichords, sustain a part in an Italian duet, or in a sentimental conversation. In short, the two young persons, without positively designing anything wrong, are in a fair way of rendering themselves guilty and miserable, were they not saved from the snare which their passion was preparing, by the calm observation, strong sense, and satirical hints of our friend the justiciary.

It may therefore be said of this personage, that he pos-
sesses that true and honourable character which we may conceive entitling a mortal as well to overcome the malevolent attacks of evil beings from the other world as to stop and control the course of moral evil in that we inhabit, and the sentiment is of the highest order by which Hoffmann ascribes to unsullied masculine honour and integrity that same indemnity from the power of evil which the poet claims for female purity:

"Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn un laid ghost
That breaks his magic chain at curfew time,
No gooblin, nor swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

What we admire, therefore, in the extracts which we have given, is not the mere wonderful or terrible part of the story, though the circumstances are well narrated; it is the advanta geous light in which it places the human character as capable of being armed with a strong sense of duty, and of opposing itself, without presumption but with confidence, to a power of which it cannot estimate the force, of which it hath every reason to doubt the purpose, and at the idea of confronting which our nature recoils.

Before we leave the story of "The Entail," we must notice the conclusion, which is beautifully told, and will recall to most readers who are past the prime of life, feelings which they themselves must occasionally have experienced. Many, many years after the baronial race of R—— had become extinguished, accident brought the young nephew, now a man in advanced age, to the shores of the Baltic. It was night, and his eye was attracted by a strong light which spread itself along the horizon.

"'What fire is that before us, postilion?' said I. 'It is no fire,' answered he, 'it is the beacon light of R—— sitten.'—'Of R—— sitten' He had scarce uttered the words, when the picture of the remarkable days which I had passed in that place arose in clear light in my memory. I saw the baron,—I saw Seraphina,—I saw the strange-looking old aunts,—I saw myself, with a fair boyish countenance, out of which the mother's milk seemed not yet to have been pressed, my frock of delicate azure blue, my hair curled and powdered with the utmost accuracy, the very image of the lover sighing like a furnace, who tunes his sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows. Amidst a feeling of deep melancholy, fluttered like sparkles of light the recollection of the justiciary's rough jests,
which appeared to me now much more pleasant than when I was the subject of them. Next morning I visited the village, and made some inquiries after the baronial steward: 'With your favour, sir,' said the postilion, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and touching his nightcap, 'there is here no baronial steward; the place belongs to his majesty, and the royal superintendent is still in bed.' On farther questions, I learned that the Baron Roderick von R—— having died without descendants, the entail estate, according to the terms of the grant, had been vested in the crown. I walked up to the castle which lay now in a heap of ruins. An old peasant, who came out of the pine wood, informed me that a great part of the stones had been used to build the beacon-tower; he told me, too, of the spectre which in former times had haunted the spot, and asserted that when the moon was at the full, the voice of lamentation was still heard among the ruins."

If the reader has, in a declining period of his life, revisited the scenes of youthful interest, and received from the mouth of strangers an account of the changes which have taken place, he will not be indifferent to the simplicity of this conclusion.

The passage which we have quoted, while it shows the wildness of Hoffmann’s fancy, evinces also that he possessed power which ought to have mitigated and allayed it. Unfortunately, his taste and temperament directed him too strongly to the grotesque and fantastic,—carried him too far "extra mœnia flammantia mundi," too much beyond the circle not only of probability but even of possibility, to admit of his composing much in the better style which he might easily have attained. The popular romance, no doubt, has many walks, nor are we at all inclined to halloo the dogs of criticism against those whose object is merely to amuse a passing hour. It may be repeated with truth, that in this path of light literature, "tous genre est permis hors les genres ennuyeux," and of course, an error in taste ought not to be followed up and hunted down as if it were a false maxim in morality, a delusive hypothesis in science, or a heresy in religion itself. Genius too, is, we are aware, capricious, and must be allowed to take its own flights, however eccentric, were it but for the sake of experiment. Sometimes, also, it may be eminently pleasing to look at the wildness of an arabesque painting executed by a man of rich fancy. But we do not desire to see genius expand or rather exhaust itself upon themes which cannot be reconciled to taste; and the utmost length in which we can
indulge a turn to the fantastic is, where it tends to excite agreeable and pleasing ideas.

We are not called upon to be equally tolerant of such capriccios as are not only startling by their extravagance, but disgusting by their horrible import. Moments there are, and must have been, in the author's life, of pleasing as well as painful excitation; and the champagne which sparkled in his glass must have lost its benevolent influence if it did not sometimes wake his fancy to emotions which were pleasant as well as whimsical. But as repeatedly the tendency of all overstrained feelings is directed towards the painful, and the fits of lunacy, and the crises of very undue excitement which approaches to it, are much more frequently of a disagreeable than of a pleasant character, it is too certain, that we possess in a much greater degree the power of exciting in our minds what is fearful, melancholy, or horrible, than of commanding thoughts of a lively and pleasing character. The grotesque, also, has a natural alliance with the horrible; for that which is out of nature can be with difficulty reconciled to the beautiful. Nothing, for instance, could be more displeasing to the eye than the palace of that crack-brained Italian prince, which was decorated with every species of monstrous sculptures which a depraved imagination could suggest to the artist. The works of Callot, though evincing a wonderful fertility of mind, are in like manner regarded with surprise rather than pleasure. If we compare his fertility with that of Hogarth, they resemble each other in extent; but in that of the satisfaction afforded by a close examination the English artist has wonderfully the advantage. Every new touch which the observer detects amid the rich superfluities of Hogarth is an article in the history of human manners, if not of the human heart; while, on the contrary, in examining microscopically the diablerie of Callot's pieces, we only discover fresh instances of ingenuity thrown away, and of fancy pushed into the regions of absurdity. The works of the one painter resemble a garden carefully cultivated, each nook of which contains something agreeable or useful; while those of the other are like the garden of the sluggard, where a soil equally fertile produces nothing but wild and fantastic weeds.

Hoffmann has in some measure identified himself with
the ingenious artist upon whom we have just passed a
censure by his title of "Night Pieces after the manner of
Callot," and in order to write such a tale, for example, as
that called "The Sandman," he must have been deep in
the mysteries of that fanciful artist, with whom he might
certainly boast a kindred spirit. We have given an in-
stance of a tale in which the wonderful is, in our opinion,
happily introduced, because it is connected with and ap-
plied to human interest and human feeling, and illustrates
with no ordinary force the elevation to which circumstances
may raise the power and dignity of the human mind. The
following narrative is of a different class:

"half horror and half whim,
Like fiends in glee, ridiculously grim."

Nathaniel, the hero of our story, acquaints us with the
circumstances of his life in a letter addressed to Lothier,
brthe brother of Clara; the one being his friend, the other his
betrothed bride. The writer is a young man of a fanciful
and hypochondriac temperament, poetical and metaphysical
in an excessive degree, with precisely that state of nerves
which is most accessible to the influence of imagination.
He communicates to his friend and his mistress an adven-
ture of his childhood. It was, it seems, the custom of his
father, an honest watchmaker, to send his family to bed
upon certain days earlier in the evening than usual, and the
mother in enforcing this observance used to say, "To-bed,
children, the Sandman is coming!" In fact, on such occa-
sions, Nathaniel observed that after their hour of retiring,
a knock was heard at the door, a heavy step echoed on the
staircase, some person entered his father's apartments, and
occasionally a disagreeable and suffocating vapour was per-
ceivable through the house. This then was the Sandman;
but what was his occupation and what was his purpose?
The nursery-maid being applied to, gave a nursery-maid's
explanation, that the Sandman was a bad man, who flung
sand in the eyes of little children who did not go to bed.
This increased the terror of the boy, but at the same time
raised his curiosity. He determined to conceal himself in
his father's apartment and wait the arrival of the nocturnal
visitor; he did so, and the Sandman proved to be no other
than the lawyer Copelius, whom he had often seen in his
father's company. He was a huge left-handed, splay-
footed sort of personage, with a large nose, great ears, ex-
aggerated features, and a sort of ogre-like aspect, which had
often struck terror into the children before this ungainly
limb of the law was identified with the terrible Sandman.
Hoffmann has given a pencil sketch of this uncouth figure,
in which he has certainly contrived to represent something
as revolting to adults as it might be terrible to children.
He was received by the father with a sort of humble ob-
servance; a secret stove was opened and lighted, and they
instantly commenced chemical operations of a strange and
mysterious description, but which immediately accounted
for that species of vapour which had been perceptible on
other occasions. The gestures of the chemists grew fan-
tastic, their faces, even that of the father, seemed to become
wild and terrific as they prosecuted their labours; the boy
became terrified, screamed, and left his hiding-place;—was
detected by the alchemist, for such Copelius was, who
threatened to pull out his eyes, and was with some difficulty
prevented by the father's interference from putting hot ashes
in the child's face. Nathaniel's imagination was deeply
impressed by the terror he had undergone, and a nervous
fever was the consequence, during which the horrible figure
of the disciple of Paracelsus was the spectre which tor-
mented his imagination.

After a long interval, and when Nathaniel was recovered,
the nightly visits of Copelius to his pupil were renewed,
but the latter promised his wife that it should be for the
last time. It proved so, but not in the manner which the
old watchmaker meant. An explosion took place in the
chemical laboratory which cost Nathaniel's father his life;
his instructor in the fatal art, to which he had fallen a vic-
tim, was nowhere to be seen. It followed from these inci-
dents, calculated to make so strong an impression upon a
lively imagination, that Nathaniel was haunted through life
by the recollections of this horrible personage, and Copelius
became in his mind identified with the evil principle.

When introduced to the reader, the young man is study-
ing at the university, where he is suddenly surprised by the
appearance of his old enemy, who now personates an
Italian or Tyrolese pedlar, dealing in optical glasses and
such trinkets, and, although dressed according to his new
profession, continuing under the Italianized name of Giu-
seppe Coppola to be identified with the ancient adversary. Nathaniel is greatly distressed at finding himself unable to persuade either his friend or his mistress of the justice of the horrible apprehensions which he conceives ought to be entertained from the supposed identity of this terrible juris-consult with his double-ganger the dealer in barometers. He is also displeased with Clara, because her clear and sound good sense rejects not only his metaphysical terrors, but also his inflated and affected strain of poetry. His mind gradually becomes alienated from the frank, sensible, and affectionate companion of his childhood, and he grows in the same proportion attached to the daughter of a professor called Spalanzani, whose house is opposite to the windows of his lodging. He has thus an opportunity of frequently remarking Olympia as she sits in her apartment; and although she remains there for hours without reading, working, or even stirring, he yet becomes enamoured of her extreme beauty in despite of the insipidity of so inactive a person. But much more rapidly does this fatal passion proceed when he is induced to purchase a perspective glass from the pedlar, whose resemblance was so perfect to his old object of detestation. Deceived by the secret influence of the medium of vision, he becomes indifferent to what was visible to all others who approach Olympia,—to a certain stiffness of manner which made her walk as if by the impulse of machinery,—to a paucity of ideas which induced her to express herself only in a few short but reiterated phrases,—in short, to all that indicated Olympia to be what she ultimately proved, a mere literal puppet, or automaton, created by the mechanical skill of Spalanzani, and inspired with an appearance of life by the devilish arts we may suppose of the alchemist, advocate, and weather-glass seller Copelius, alias Coppola. At this extraordinary and melancholy truth the enamoured Nathaniel arrives by witnessing a dreadful quarrel between the two imitators of Prometheus, while disputing their respective interests in the subject of their creative power. They uttered the wildest imprecations, and tearing the beautiful automaton limb from limb, belaboured each other with the fragments of their clock-work figure. Nathaniel, not much distant from lunacy before, became frantic on witnessing this horrible spectacle.

But we should be mad ourselves were we to trace these
ravings any further. The tale concludes with the moon-struck scholar attempting to murder Clara by precipitating her from a tower. The poor girl being rescued by her brother, the lunatic remains alone on the battlements, gesticulating violently, and reciting the gibberish which he had acquired from Copelius and Spalanzani. At this moment, and while the crowd below are devising means to secure the maniac, Copelius suddenly appears among them, assures them that Nathaniel will presently come down of his own accord, and realizes his prophecy by fixing on the latter a look of fascination, the effect of which is instantly to compel the unfortunate young man to cast himself headlong from the battlements.

This wild and absurd story is in some measure redeemed by some traits in the character of Clara, whose firmness, plain good sense and frank affection are placed in agreeable contrast with the wild imagination, fanciful apprehensions, and extravagant affection of her crazy-pated admirer.

It is impossible to subject tales of this nature to criticism. They are not the visions of a poetical mind, they have scarcely even the seeming authenticity which the hallucinations of lunacy convey to the patient; they are the feverish dreams of a light-headed patient, to which, though they may sometimes excite by their peculiarity, or surprise by their oddity, we never feel disposed to yield more than momentary attention. In fact, the inspirations of Hoffmann so often resemble the ideas produced by the immoderate use of opium, that we cannot help considering his case as one requiring the assistance of medicine rather than of criticism; and while we acknowledge that with a steadier command of his imagination he might have been an author of the first distinction, yet situated as he was, and indulging the diseased state of his own system, he appears to have been subject to that undue vividness of thought and perception of which the celebrated Nicolai became at once the victim and the conquerer. Phlebotomy and cathartics, joined to sound philosophy and deliberate observation, might, as in the case of that celebrated philosopher, have brought to a healthy state a mind which we cannot help regarding as diseased, and his imagination soaring with an equal and steady flight might have reached the highest pitch of the poetical profession.
The death of this extraordinary person took place in 1822. He became affected with the disabling complaint called tabes dorsalis, which gradually deprived him of the power of his limbs. Even in this melancholy condition he dictated several compositions, which indicate the force of his fancy, particularly one fragment entitled The Recovery, in which are many affecting allusions to the state of his own mental feelings at this period; and a novel called The Adversary, on which he had employed himself even shortly before his last moments. Neither was the strength of his courage in any respect abated; he could endure bodily agony with firmness, though he could not bear the visionary terrors of his own mind. The medical persons made the severe experiment whether by applying the actual cautery to his back by means of glowing iron, the activity of the nervous system might not be restored. He was so far from being cast down by the torture of this medical martyrdom, that he asked a friend who entered the apartment after he had undergone it, whether he did not smell the roasted meat. The same heroic spirit marked his expressions, that "he would be perfectly contented to lose the use of his limbs, if he could but retain the power of working constantly by the help of an amanuensis." Hoffmann died at Berlin, upon the 25th June, 1822, leaving the reputation of a remarkable man, whose temperament and health alone prevented his arriving at a great height of reputation, and whose works as they now exist ought to be considered less as models for imitation than as affording a warning how the most fertile fancy may be exhausted by the lavish prodigality of its possessor.
THE OMEN.*

[Blackwood's Magazine, July, 1824.]

The Muse of Fiction has of late considerably extended her walk; and it will probably be admitted, that she has lent her counsel to authors of greater powers, and more extended information, than those who detailed the uninteresting Memoirs of Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy, and the like tiresome persons. The grave humour of Fielding—the broad comedy of Smollett—the laboured pathos of Richardson—the sentiment of Mackenzie and Sterne—are of course excluded from this comparison. But even these distinguished authors seem to have limited the subjects of fictitious composition to imaginary incidents in private life, and to displaying the influence of the ordinary passions of mankind—the world in which they and their readers lived, could show parallel instances of the adventures narrated, and characters to match in some degree with the personages introduced. But the modern novelists, compelled by the success of their predecessors, to abandon a field where the harvest was exhausted, have, many of them, chosen elsewhere subjects of a different description. We have now novels, which may take the old dramatic term of Chronicles; bringing real and often exalted persons on the stage; adorning historical events with such ornaments as their imagination can suggest; introducing fictitious characters among such as are real, and assigning to those which are historical, qualities, speeches, and actions, which exist only in the writer's fancy. These historical novels may operate advantageously on the mind of two classes of readers; first, upon those whose attention to history is awakened by the fictitious narrative, and whom curiosity stimulates to study, for the purpose of winnowing the wheat from the chaff,

the true from the fabulous. Secondly, those who are too
too of the purpose of amusement, may in
their works acquire some acquaintance with history, which,
however inaccurate, is better than none. If there is a third
class, whose delight in history is liable to be lessened by
becoming habituated to the fairy-land of fiction, it must be
confessed, that to them the historical romance or novel runs
risk of doing much harm. But the readers liable to suffer
by this perversion, are supposed to be but few in number,
or, indeed to merge almost entirely in the second class,
since the difference is but nominal betwixt those who read
novels, because they dislike history—and those who dislike
history, because they read novels.

It is not, however, of historical novels that we are now
about to speak, but of another species of these productions
which has become popular in the present day, and of which
the interest turns less upon the incidents themselves, than
upon the peculiar turn of mind of the principal personage
who is active or passive under them, and which character
is not, like Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, a picture improved
from nature, but has something in it so exaggerated, as to
approach the verge of the grotesque or unnatural. In such
works, it is the character of the individual, not the events
of the tale, which constitute the charm of the writing.

There is a strong resemblance betwixt the novel of cha-
acter, and what was called, in the seventeenth century,
plays of humour, when the interest consisted in observing
how particular incidents worked upon those of the *drama-
tis personae*, to whom was assigned a natural or acquired
peculiarity of sentiment and taste, which made them
consider matters under a different light from that in which
they appeared to mankind in general. The *Morose* of Ben
Johnson, whose passion it is to have everything silent
around him, the *Volpone*, and almost all the principal cha-
acters of that able and learned dramatist, are influenced by
some over-mastering humour, which, like the supposed
influence of the planet under which he was born, sways
and biases the individual, and makes him unlike to the
rest of his species even in the events most common to hu-
manity.

Mr. Goodwin has been one of the masters in the novel
of character—a title which we rather choose than that of
humour, which has now acquired an almost exclusive comic
meaning. The morbid sensibility of Fleetwood, and the
restless speculating curiosity of Caleb Williams, are in-
stances of his talent in that department. There is, perhaps,
little general sympathy with the overstrained delicacies of
Fleetwood, who, like Falkland in the *School for Scandal*,
is too extravagant in his peculiarities to deserve the reader's
pity. On the other hand, few there are who do not enter
into and understand the workings of the mind of Caleb
Williams, where the demon of curiosity, finding a youth
of an active and speculative disposition, without guide to
advise, or business to occupy him, engages his thoughts
and his time upon the task of prying into a mystery which
no way concerned him, and which from the beginning he
had a well-founded conviction might prove fatal to him,
should he ever penetrate it. The chivalrous frenzy of
Falkland, in the same piece, though perhaps awkwardly
united with the character of an assassin, that love of fame
to which he sacrifices honour and virtue, is another instance
of a *humour*, or turn of mind, which, like stained glass,
colours with its own peculiar tinge every object beheld by
the party.

In the elegant little volume which forms the subject of
this article, we find another example of the novel of cha-
ter, and indisputably a good one. The theme which
he has chosen, as predominating in his hero's mind, a youth
of a gentle, melancholy, abstracted disposition, is a super-
stition as connected with an anxious and feverish apprehen-
sion of futurity—a feeling which, though ridiculed at one
time, reasoned down at another, and stubbornly denied
upon all, has, in one shape or other, greater weight with
most men than any is willing to admit of himself, or ready
to believe in another.

Men of the most different habits and characters in other
respects, resemble each other in the practice of nursing in
secret some pet superstition, the belief of which, though
often painful to them, they cherish the more fondly in secret,
that they dare not for shame avow it in public; so that many
more people than the world in general is aware of, hold
similar opinions with that of a distinguished sea-officer of
our acquaintance, who, having expressed his general dis-
belief of all the legends of Davy Jones, Flying Dutchmen,
and other mystic terrors of the deep, summed up his general infidelity on the subject with these qualifying words,—
"one would not, to be sure, whistle in a gale of wind."

The reader will easily imagine that we do not allude to the superstition of the olden time, which believed in spectres, fairies, and other supernatural apparitions. These airy squadrons have been long routed, and are banished to the cottage and the nursery. But there exists more than one species of superstition entirely distinct from that which sees phantoms, a disease or weakness of the mind—not to be cured by Dr. Alderson, or analyzed by Dr. Hibbert—amongst which is pre-eminent that which supposes our mind receives secret intimations of futurity by accidents which appear mysteriously indicative of coming events, by impulses to which the mind seems involuntarily subjected, and which seem less to arise from its own reflections, than to be stamped and impressed on the thoughts by the agency of some separate being;—this constitutes the peculiar superstition of the hero of the Omen. The events which he meets are all of a natural and ordinary character in themselves; it is the sensations of the augur by whom they are interpreted, which give them an ominous character.

This tendency to gaze beyond the curtain which divides us from futurity, has been the weakness of many distinguished names. Buonaparte secretly believed in the influence of his star—Byron had more than one point of superstitious faith—Sheridan had that horror of doing anything on a Friday, which is yet common among the vulgar; and he took his late son Tom away from Dr. Parr's school, because he had dreamed he had fallen from a tree and broken his neck. Other instances might be produced: some are no doubt affected, because to entertain a strange and peculiar belief on particular subjects, looks like originality of thinking, or, at least, attracts attention, like the wearing a new and whimsical dress in order to engage public notice. But those whom we have named were too proud, and stood too high to have recourse to such arts; they are the genuine disciples, to a certain extent, of the mystic philosophy which the author of the Omen thus describes.

"Why are we so averse to confess to one another, how much we in secret acknowledge to ourselves, that we believe the mind to be endowed with other faculties of perception than those of
the corporeal senses? We deride with worldly laughter the fine enthusiasm of the conscious spirit that gives heed and credence to the metaphorical intimations of prophetic reverie, and we condemn as superstition the faith which consults the omens and oracles of dreams; and yet, who is it that has not in the inscrutable abysses of his own bosom an awful worshipper, bowing the head, and covering the countenance, as the dark harbingers of destiny, like the mute and slow precursors of the hearse, marshal the advent of a coming woe?

"It may be that the soul never sleeps, and what we call dreams, are but the endeavours which it makes during the trance of the senses, to reason by the ideas of things associated with the forms and qualities of those wherein it then thinks. Are not, indeed, the visions of our impressive dreams often but the metaphors with which the eloquence of the poet would invest the cares and anxieties of our waking circumstances and rational fears? But still the spirit sometimes receives marvellous warnings; and have we not experienced an unaccountable persuasion, that something of good or evil follows the visits of certain persons, who, when the thing comes to pass, are found to have had neither affinity with the circumstances, nor influence on the event? The hand of the horologe indexes the movements of the planetary universe; but where is the reciprocal enginery between them?

"These reflections into which I am perhaps too prone to fall, partake somewhat of distemperature and disease, but they are not therefore the less deserving of solemn consideration.—The hectic flush, the palsied hand, and the frenzy of delirium, are as valid, and as efficacious in nature, to the fulfilment of providential intents, as the glow of health, in the masculine arm, and the sober inductions of philosophy.—Nor is it wise, in considering the state and frame of man, to overlook how much the universal element of disease affects the evolutions of fortune. Madness often babbles truths which make wisdom wonder."

The facts by which this theory is illustrated are few and simple. The author is one of those whose "sense of being is derived from the past;" who do not look forward to form splendid pictures of the future, but dote, with the constancy of infatuation, on those which exist in the gallery of memory. He does not form his conjectures of the future by comparing it with that which is present, but by auguries derived from events long passed, and deeply engraved upon the tablets of recollection.

These are of a solemn mystic air and tragic character. His infant years recall a vision of a splendid mansion, disturbed by signs of wo and violence, and the joyous remembrances of his childish play are interrupted by recollection of a wounded gentleman, and a lady distracted by sorrow. Vol. II.—5
There are traces of a journey—the travellers, says the author,

"Arrive at the curious portal of a turreted manorial edifice: I feel myself lifted from beside my companion, and fondly pressed to the bosom of a venerable matron, who is weeping in the dusky twilight of an ancient chamber, adorned with the portraits of warriors. A breach in my remembrance ensues; and then the same sad lady is seen reclining on a bed, feeble, pale, and wasted, while sorrowful damsels are whispering and walking softly around."

The author then finds himself residing by the sea-side, under charge of an old lady. Here he meets a solitary stranger who resides in the neighbourhood, and notices the child with much and mixed emotion; but being apparently recognised by Mrs. Oswald, he disappears from the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Oswald, finding the boy retained deeper impressions concerning his infantine years than she thought desirable, sets out with the purpose of placing him at school. In their journey they met a magnificent but deserted mansion; and the manner in which the author describes the reflections thus awakened, forms a good specimen of the style and tone of the whole work.

"In seeking my way alone back to the vestibule, I happened to enter a large saloon, adorned with pictures and mirrors of a princely magnitude. Finding myself in error, I was on the point of retiring, when my eye caught a marble table, on which stood a French clock between two gilded Cupids. The supporters of the table were curiously carved into such chimerical forms as belong only to heraldry and romance. As I looked around at the splendid furniture with wonder and curiosity, something in the ornaments of that gorgeous table arrested my attention, and made a chilly fear vibrate through my whole frame. I trembled as if a spectre of the past had been before me, claiming the renovation of an intimacy and communion which we had held together in some pre-Adamite state of being. Every object in that chamber I had assuredly seen in another time; but the reminiscence which the sight of them recalled fluttered my innocent imagination with fear.

"A door, opposite to that by which I had entered, led to the foot of a painted marble staircase. I moved tremblingly towards it, filled with an unknown apprehension and awe. I could no longer doubt I was in the same house where, in infancy, I had witnessed such dismay and sorrow; but all was dim and vague; much of the record was faded, and its import could not be read. The talisman of memory was shattered, and but distorted lineaments could be seen of the solemn genius who, in that moment, rose at the summons of the charm, and showed me the distract-
ed lady and the wounded gentleman, whose blood still stained the alabaster purity of the pavement on which I was again standing."

He makes no stay at this mansion, but is placed at a private school, where he forms an acquaintance with Sydenham, the natural son of a person of high rank, and goes down to his father's house with him to spend the holidays. Here occurs one of those touches of scenery and description, well drawn and not overcharged, which we consider as evincing the author's taste as well as his powers.

"The old magnificent of the castle, a rude and vast pile, interested me for the two first days.

"It stands on the verge of a precipice, which overshadows a smooth-flowing river. Masses of venerable trees surround it on the other three sides, from the midst of which huge towers, with their coronals of battlements, and cloaks of ivy, look down upon the green and bowery villagercy of the valley, with the dark aspect of necromancy, and the veteran scowl of obdurate renown. It is indeed a place full of poesy and romance. The mysterious stairs, and the long hazy galleries, are haunted by the ever-whispering spirits of echo and silence; and the portraits and tapestries of the chambers make chivalry come again."

Now, considering how much has been of late said about old castles, we think there is a great merit indeed, in conveying, in a few and appropriate phrases, the poetical ideas connected with the subject.

At B— Castle he meets a Mr. Oakdale, in whom he recognises the stranger of the sea-coast, and considering it as certain that he must be connected with the mysteries of his own fate, he forms, together with his young companion, a scheme to penetrate into the secret. This is disconcerted by the duke, Sydenham's father, who imparts to his son information to be carefully concealed from the party principally concerned. The effect on their boyish intimacy is natural and well described. Upon Sydenham's return from the interview with the duke,

"A spell was invoked upon his frankness; and while he appeared in no measure less attached, yea, even while he showed a deeper feeling of affection for me (for I often caught him looking at me with pity, till his eyes overflowed), it was but too evident that he stood in awe of my unhappy destiny, and beheld the spectre which ever followed me,—the undivulged horror, of which my conscious spirit had only the dim knowledge, that dread and bodements sometimes so wonderfully and so inexplicably give."
The author is removed successively to Eton, and to Oxford; but (which seems rather improbable), although indulged in a large scale of expense, he receives no communication respecting his real fortune or rank in society. An eclairsissement on this point is prematurely forced forward, by one of those chances which govern human life. While he witnesses the play of Hamlet, the incidents of which sympathize with the gloomy forebodings of his own spirit, and with the recollections of his infancy, his eye suddenly falls on Mr. Oakdale; and the emotions which that mysterious person evinces, press upon him the conviction that his own history resembled that of Hamlet.—"Shakspeare," he exclaimed to Sydenham, who, notwithstanding his reserve, was still his companion, "has told me that my father was murdered."

"Sydenham grew pale, and lay back in his chair in astonishment.
"'Nay more,' cried I, 'he has told me that the crime was caused by my mother.'
"Sydenham trembled and rose from his seat, exclaiming, 'Is this possible?'
"'Yes, and you have known it for years; and that Mr. Oakdale is the adulterous assassin!""

This discovery brings forth an explanation, which is undertaken by his maternal uncle, as he proves to be, General Ogletorpe. The author proves to be the heir of two considerable estates, and of those magnificent which had impressed their appearance so strongly on his infantine imagination. His father had been killed or desperately hurt by Mr. Oakdale, who had fled; his guilty mother had gone into farther irregularities. The veteran exacted a promise that he would never inquire after his mother; and, after a visit to his maternal seat, and to the ancient residence of his father, the young man agrees to his uncle's proposal that he should go abroad for some years.

"'Those who look to freits,' says the old Scottish proverb, with the sagacity which we boast as national, "freits (that is omens) will follow them." The morbid sensibility of young Ogletorpe—for such we suppose is his name, though never distinctly mentioned—detects allusions to his own misfortunes in incidents which he meets with on the road, and even in the fantastic rack of clouds which drive along the sky. The reasoning of a person who is disposed
to read references to his own fate in what passes in heaven, or in earth around him, is poetically given in the following passage:

"Surely it is the very error of our nature, a fantasy of human pride, to suppose that man can be wisely ruled by his reason. Are not all our sympathies and antipathies but the instructions of instinct—the guide which we receive direct, original, and uncorrupted from Heaven?

It may be, that we cannot, like coughs and ravens, and the other irrational and babbling oracles of change—being so removed by habit from the pristine condition of natural feeling—predict from our own immediate sensations, the coming of floods and of thunder-storms; nor scent, like the watch-dog, the smell of death, before the purple spot or the glittering eye have given sign of the fatal infection; but have we not an inward sense that is often gladdened and saddened by influences from futurity, as the strings of the harp are prophetic of the mood and aspect of to-morrow?

Shakspeare has exquisitely described his belief in this philosophy:

"The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day."

And I believe myself to be possessed of the faculty whose power consists of this hereafter sort of discernment;—Sydenham used to call it my genius."

The subject of our tale is detained at Hamburgh, by an acquaintance formed with an English officer of rank, General Purcel, and his lady, but chiefly by the charms of their daughter Maria. The beauty and accomplishments of this young lady, and still more the delicacy of her health, and the apparent frail tenure on which she holds these gifts, are calculated to make a deep impression on the heart of the youthful visionary, whose temperament was as melancholy as his feelings were tender. Of course he becomes the lover of Maria, but experiences the strongest and most startling opposition on the part of Mrs. Purcel, who, seeming on the one hand much, and even passionately attached to her daughter's admirer, declares herself, on the other, vehemently opposed to his suit. She is prevented from giving the grounds of her objections by some of those interruptions which are usually employed in romances to prolong the embarrassments of the *dramatis personae*, and which perhaps are not in the present case very artificially interposed. Considering, as it proves to be the case, that Mrs. Purcel
was the guilty mother of the hero of the tale, and thus wit-
nessed the dreadful scene of her son making love to her
daughter, it is impossible that she could have left to chance
an explanation of such tremendous importance. So, how-
ever, it is; and General Purcel conceiving the objections of
his wife to be founded on some frivolous aversion, or yet
more capricious, and perhaps guilty, attachment to the lover
of Maria, gives his consent to their private marriage. Gen-
eral Oglethorpe is written to for his approbation. Instead
of answering the letter, the veteran comes to town, to ex-
plain, doubtless, the fearful mystery, but expires ere he can
discharge the task. The private marriage is then resolved
on, and is in the act of proceeding in the very church where
the body of the deceased General Oglethorpe had been just
interred.

"That such an unnatural mixture of irreconcilable rites should
ever have been consented to by a creature so full of tenderness
and of such unparalleled delicacy as Maria, is not the least wonder
in our dismal story; but she was fastened to the same chain by
which I was drawn on. It was thought by us that the horrible
stratagem of joining the funeral and the wedding together would
never be suspected by Mrs. Purcel."

But Mrs. Purcel had heard the intelligence. She bursts
on the ceremony, and astounds them by the outcry, "Brother
and sister—brother and sister!"—"I heard no more," con-
tinues the ill-fated narrator; "the edifice reeled around me
—and there is a hiatus in my remembrance—a chasm in
my life." The melancholy tale concludes thus.

"Ten years have passed since that dreadful morning, and I
have never opened my lips to inquire the issues of the event: but
one day, about two years ago, in visiting the English cemetery at
Lisbon, I saw on a marble slab, which the weather or accident
had already partly defaced, the epitaph of Maria. The remainder
of my own story is but a tissue of aimless and objectless wander-
ings and moody meditations, under the anguish of the inherited
curse—but all will soon be over—a tedious hectic that has long
been consuming me, reluctantly and slowly, hath at last, within
these few days, so augmented its fires, that I am conscious, from
a sentiment within, I cannot survive another month; I have, in-
deed, had my warning. Twice hath a sound like the voice of
my sister, startled my unrefreshing sleep; when it rouses me for
the third time, then I shall awake to die."

The objection readily occurs to this tale, that the events
are improbable, and slightly tacked together: but in these
respects authors demand, and must receive, some indulgence.
It is not perhaps possible, at the same time, to preserve consistency and probability, and attain the interest of novelty. The reader must make the same allowances for such deficiency, as are granted to the scenist, or decorator of the drama. We see the towers which are described as being so solid in their structure, tremble as they are advanced or withdrawn, and we know the massy and earth-fast rocks of the theatre are of no stronger material than painted pasteboard. But we grant to the dramatist that which must be granted, if we mean to allow ourselves the enjoyment of his art; and a similar convention must be made with the authors of fictitious narratives, and forgiving the want of solidity in the story, the reader must be good-natured enough to look only at the beauty of the painting.

It is perhaps a greater objection, that the nature of the interest and of the catastrophe is changed in the course of the narration. We are first led to expect that the author had subjected the interest of his hero to that gloomy and inexorable deity, or principle, in whom the ancients believed, under the name of destiny, or fate, and that, like Orestes or Hamlet, he was to be the destined avenger of his father's injuries, or of his mother's guilt. Such was the persuasion of the victim himself, as expressed in several passages, some of which we have quoted. But the course of the action, the point upon which our imagination had been fixed, at the expense of some art, is altogether departed from. No more mention is made of Mr. Oakdale, and though a fatal influence continues to impel the destined sufferer into most horrible danger, yet it is of a kind different from that which the omens presaged, and which the hero himself, and the reader, on his account, was induced to expect. For example, he meets on his road to Harwich with the funeral of a man who had been murdered, much in the same circumstances as those which attended the death of his own father, and which, while they indicate a bloody catastrophe to the story, bear no reference to that which really attends it.

But although these objections may be started, they affect, in a slight degree, the real merits of the work, which consist in the beauty of its language, and the truth of the descriptions introduced. Yet, even these are kept in subordination
to the main interest of the piece, which arises from the melancholy picture of an amiable young man, who has received a superstitious bias, imposed by original temperament, as well as by the sorrowful events of his childhood.

In this point of view, it is of little consequence whether the presages on which his mind dwells, concur with the event; for the author is not refuting the correctness of such auguries, but illustrating the character of one who believed in them.

The tendency to such belief is, we believe, common to most men. There are circumstances, and animals, and places, and sounds, which we are naturally led to connect with melancholy ideas, and thus far to consider as being of evil augury. Funerals, churchyards, the howling of dogs, the sounds of the passing bell, which are all of a gloomy character, and, calamitous, or at least unpleasing in themselves, must lead, we are apt to suppose, to consequences equally unpleasing. He would be a stout sceptic who would choose, like the hero of our tale, to tack his wedding to the conclusion of a funeral, or even to place the representation of a death’s-head on a marriage ring; and yet the marriage might be a happy one in either case, were there not the risk that the evil omen might work its own accomplishment by its effect on the minds of the parties.

But beside the omens which arise out of natural associations, there are superstitions of this kind which we have from tradition, and which affect those who believe in them merely because others believed before. We have all the nurse has taught us of presages by sparkles from the fire, and signs from accidental circumstances, which, however they have obtained the character originally, have been at least generally received as matters of ominous presage; and it is wonderful in how many, and how distant countries, the common sense, or rather the common nonsense, of mankind, has attached the same ideas of mishap to circumstances which appear to have little relation to it; and not less extraordinary to discover some ancient Roman superstition existing in some obscure village, and surprising the antiquary as much as when he has the good luck to detect an antique piece of sculpture or inscription on the crumbling walls of a decayed Scottish church.
THE OMEM.

Day-fatalism, which has been so much illustrated by the learned and credulous Aubrey, or that recurring coincidence which makes men connect their good and evil fortunes with particular days, months, and years, is another of the baits by which superstition angles for her vassals. These fatalities, which seem to baffle calculation, resemble, in fact, what is commonly called a run of luck, or an extraordinary succession of good or evil, beyond hope or expectation. Such irregularities in the current of events are necessary to prevent human beings from lifting the veil of futurity. If the ordinary chances of fortune were not occasionally deranged, or set aside by those unexpected caprices of her power, Demoivre and his pupils might approach nearly to the rank of prophets.

In a third species of presage, our own mind, as we have hinted, becomes our oracle, and either from the dreams of the night, or the recollections of the day, we feel impressed with the belief that good or evil is about to befall us. We are far from absolutely scorning this species of divination, since we are convinced that in sleep, or even in profound abstraction, the mind may arrive at conclusions which are just in themselves, without our being able to perceive the process of thought which produced them. The singular stories told about dreams corresponding to the future event, are usually instances and illustrations of our meaning. A gentleman, for instance, is sued for a ruinous debt, with the accumulation of interest since his father's time. He is persuaded the claim had been long settled, but he cannot, after the utmost search, recover the document which should establish the payment. He was about to set out for the capital, in order to place himself at the mercy of his creditor, when, on the eve of his journey, he dreams a dream. His father, he thought, came to him and asked the cause of his melancholy, and of the preparations which he was making for his journey; and as the appearance of the dead excites no surprise in a dream, the visionary told the phantom the cause of his distress, and mentioned his conviction that this ruinous debt had been already settled. "You are right, my son," was the answer of the vision, "the money was paid by me in my lifetime. Go to such a person, former practitioner of the law, now retired from business,
mind him that the papers are in his hands. If he has forgotten the circumstance of his having been employed by me on that occasion, for he was not my ordinary agent, say to him, that he may remember it by the token that there was some trouble about procuring change for a double Portugal piece when I settled my account with him." The vision was correct in all points. The slumbering memory of the ex-attorney was roused by the recollection of the doubloon,—the writings were recovered,—and the dreamer freed from the prosecution brought against him.

This remarkable story we have every reason to believe accurate matter of fact, at least in its general bearings. Now, are we to suppose that the course of nature was interrupted, and that, to save a southland laird from a patrimonial injury, a supernatural warning was deigned, which the fate of empires has not drawn forth? This we find hard to credit. Or are we, on the other hand, to believe, that such coincidences between dreams and the events which they presage, arise from mere accident, and that a vision so distinct, and a result which afforded it so much corroboration, were merely the effect of circumstances, and happened by mere chance, just as two dice happen accidentally to cast up doublets? This is indeed possible, but we do not think it entirely philosophical. But our idea is different from both the alternative solutions which we have mentioned. Every one is sensible, that among the stuff which dreams are made of, we can recognise broken and disjointed remnants of forgotten realities which dwell imperfectly on the memory. We are of opinion, therefore, that in this and similar cases, the sleeping imagination is actually weaving its web out of the broken realities of actual facts. The mind, at some early period, had been, according to the story, impressed with a strong belief that the debt had actually been paid, which belief must have arisen from some early convictions on the subject, of which the ground-work was decayed. But in the course of the watches of the night, fancy, in her own time and manner, dresses up the faded materials of early recollection. The idea of the father once introduced, naturally recalls to memory what the dreamer, at some forgotten period, had actually heard from his parent; and by this clue he arrives at the truth of a fact, as he might have done at
the result of a calculation, though without comprehending the mode by which he arrived at the truth.

The subject, if prosecuted, would lead very far, and farther perhaps than is warranted by the subject of these remarks. It is possible, however, we may one day return to it.
HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND.*

[Quarterly Review, January, 1829.]

An old acquaintance of ours, as remarkable for the grotesque queerness of his physiognomy, as for the kindness and gentleness of his disposition, was asked by a friend, where he had been? He replied he had been seeing the lion, which was at that time an object of curiosity—(we are not sure whether it was Nero or Cato)—"And what," rejoined the querist, "did the lion think of you?" The jest passed as a good one; and yet under it lies something that is serious and true.

When a civilized people have gazed, at their leisure, upon one of those uninstructed productions of rude nature whom they term barbarians, the next object of natural curiosity is, to learn what opinion the barbarian has formed of the new state of society into which he is introduced—what the lion thinks of his visitor. Will the simple, unsophisticated being, we ask ourselves, be more inclined to reverence us, who direct the thunder and lightning by our command of electricity—control the course of the winds by our steam-engines—turn night into day by our gas—erect the most stupendous edifices by our machinery—soar into mid-air like eagles—at pleasure dive into the earth like moles!—or, to take us as individuals, and despise the effeminate child of social policy, whom the community have deprived of half his rights—who dares not avenge a blow without having recourse to a constable—who, like a pampered jade, cannot go but thirty miles a day without a halt—or endure hunger, were it only for twenty-four hours, without suffering and complaint—whose life is undignified by trophies acquired

By J. Morier, Esq. The Kuzzilbash; a Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols.
By James Baillie Fraser, Esq.
in the chase or the battle—and whose death is not graced by a few preliminary tortures, applied to the most sensitive parts, in order to ascertain his decided superiority to ordinary mortals? We are equally desirous to know what the swarthy stranger may think of our social institutions, of our complicated system of justice in comparison with the dictum of the chief, sitting in the gate of the village, or the award of the elders of the tribe, assembled around the council fire; and even, in a lower and lighter point of view, what he thinks of our habits and forms of ordinary life—that artificial and conventional ceremonial, which so broadly distinguishes different ranks from each other, and binds together so closely those who belong to the same grade.

In general, when we have an opportunity of inquiring, we find the rude stranger has arrived at some conclusion totally unexpected by his European host. For instance, when Lee Boo, that most interesting and amiable specimen of the child of nature, was carried to see a man rise in a balloon, his only remark was, he wondered any one should take so much trouble in a country where it was so easy to call a hackney-coach. Lee Boo had supped full with wonders; a coach was to him as great a marvel as a balloon; he had lost all usual marks for comparing difficult and easy, and if Prince Hussein’s flying tapestry, or Astolpho’s hippocryph, had been shown, he would have judged of them by the ordinary rules of convenience, and preferred a snug corner in a well-hung chariot.

From the amusing results arising out of such contrasts, it has occurred to many authors, at different periods, that an agreeable and striking mode of inquiry into the intrinsic value and rationality of social institutions might be conducted by writing critical remarks upon them, in the assumed character of the native of a primitive country. Lucian has placed some such observations in the mouth of his Scythian philosopher, Toxaris. In modern times, the Turkish Spy, though the subject of his letters did not embrace manners or morals, had considerable celebrity. The interest of the famous political romance of Gulliver turns on the same sort of contrivance. But, perhaps, the earliest example of the precise species of composition which we mean, exists in the Memoranda imputed to the Indian Kings, and published in the Spectator. At a later period,
Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*, with Lord Littleton's imitation of that remarkable work, and Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, were designed to represent the view which might be taken of Parisian or London manners and policy, by a Persian sage in the one case, and a Chinese philosopher in the other. Still, however, the notable imperfection occurred in these representations, that neither Montesquieu, nor Littleton, nor Goldsmith was at all qualified to sustain the character he assumed. Usbeck and Lien Chi Altangi are scarcely different, after all, from Europeans in their language, views, and ideas. The Persian caftan and Chinese gown are indeed put on, but the Persian and Chinese habitual modes of thinking are not exhibited, any more than the language of either of these countries; the Frenchman's Persian might be a Chinese, or the Englishman's Chinese a Persian, without the reader being able to appeal to any satisfactory test for re-adjusting the machinery.

It is in this most essential particular that the *Travels of Hajji Baba* may claim a complete superiority over the works of those distinguished authors. The author of *Hajji Baba's Travels* writes, thinks, and speaks much more like an Oriental than an Englishman; and makes good what he himself affirms, that the single "idea of illustrating Eastern manners by contrast with those of England, has been his *Kebleh*, the direction of his Mecca." Hajji Baba, moreover, is not an Orientalist merely, but one of a peculiar class and character—a Persian, and differing as much from a Turk as a Frenchman from a German.

The English reader, however, as he is politely called, who is ignorant of all save what his own language can convey to him, might have been at some loss to trace the merits of such a work, without some previous acquaintance with the Persian manners, particularly as differing from those of other Oriental nations; since, however well acquainted he might be with the habits and manners of his own country, it is necessary, for the enjoyment of this work, that he should know something of the peculiar scale on which they are to be measured. This necessary information has been amply supplied by the *Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*—in which we have a lively and entertaining history of the hero of the present work, his early adventures, mishaps, rogueries, with their consequences.
all tending to prepare us for his experiences in England. There are few of our readers, probably, who have not perused this lively novel, which may be termed the *Oriental Gil Blas*, and enjoyed the easy and humorous introduction which it affords to the Oriental manners and customs, but especially to those which are peculiar to the Persians.

By what peculiar circumstances, in climate, constitution, education, or government, the national character is chiefly formed, has been long disputed; its existence we are all aware of; and proposing to travel, consider it as certain, nearly, that we have peculiar advantages to hope, and dangers to guard against, from the manners of a particular region, as that we shall enjoy peculiar pleasures, or have to face peculiar inconveniences in its climate. The genius of the Persians is lively and volatile, to a degree much exceeding other nations of the East. They are powerfully affected by that which is presented before them at the moment—forgetful of the past, careless of the future—quick in observation, and correct as well as quick, when they give themselves leisure to examine the principles of their decision—but often contented to draw their conclusions too rashly and hastily. It is evident that the acuteness of a spectator of foreign manners is of the first consequence in rendering his lucubrations spirited and interesting; and that the erroneous results at which his precipitate ingenuity may often arrive, cannot fail to afford a proportional share of amusement. The errors of the dull are seldom productive of mirth; and the information which he may sometimes convey is so much alloyed by the natural stupidity with which it is amalgamated, that, to say truth, few persons care to be at the trouble of separating it, just as (since the Dutchmen gave up that task) it has not been thought worth while to extract the small quantity of silver which is contained in every ton of lead. It is he that is witty himself, says Falstaff, who is the cause of wit in others; and the mercurial Persian may be equally expected to afford entertainment in both capacities. But we may safely say, that, not amusement only, but instruction of a very serious kind is to be derived from considering the nature of some of the materials which are here under the management of a master.
Hajji Baba, as the reader probably well knows, is a roguish boy, the son of a barber of Isphahan, who becomes the attendant upon a merchant, is made prisoner by a band of Turcomans, with whom he is forced to become an associate, although, as in the case of Gil Blas, a private feeling of cowardice greatly aids the moral sense in rendering the profession disgusting to him. After having the signal glory of conducting the tribe to a successful enterprise on his native city, he escapes from the Turcomans to be plundered by his own countrymen—is reduced to be a water-carrier—a seller of tobacco, and at length a swindler. He emerges from this condition to become the pupil of the Persian physician-royal. From this situation he rises to the kindred dignity of an immediate attendant on the chief executioner, and, of course, a man of great consequence in a state where various gradations of violence, from a simple drubbing to the exercise of the sabre or bowstring, form the pervading principle of motion. In this last character a scene is introduced (the death of the unhappy Zeenab), tending to show that, though the author has chiefly used the lighter tints of human life, its darker shadows are also at his command. The consequences of this tragedy deprive Hajji of his post, and he is reduced to take sanctuary. He changes his manners, lays aside the military profession, and assumes airs of devotion—becomes a respectable character, somewhat allied to Sir Pandarus of Troy—but is once more involved in ruin by the superstitious and intolerant zeal of a Mollah to whom he had attached himself. After such a series of adventures, he escapes to Constantinople, where he sets up as a seller of tubes for tobacco-pipes. Here, in the assumed character of a wealthy merchant of high Arabian extraction, he marries a wealthy Turkish widow; but, being detected as an impostor, is obliged to resign his prize. Finally, Hajji Baba obtains the protection of the grand vizier, and of the Shah himself in particular, by the great assiduity he displays in acquiring some knowledge of the European character, which the contest between the French and English, for obtaining superior influence at the court of Isphahan, had rendered an interesting subject of consideration in the councils of Persia. At length the celebrated mission of Mirzah Firouz—the same, we presume, with the well-known Abou Taleb, Persian envoy at the court of he late king in the
years 1809 and 1810—determines the fate of Hajji Baba, who receives directions to attend it in the character of secretary. Here the original account of his adventures, published in 1824, closed, with a promise that, if they appeared to wish it, the public should be informed, in due season, of Hajji's adventures while in the train of the Persian ambassador to St. James's.

The author has no reason to complain of that want of attention which will sometimes silence the most pertinacious of story-tellers,—yea, even the regular bore of the club-house, whose numbers he has thinned. Hajji Baba met with a universal good reception. The novelty of the style, which was at once perceived to be genuine Oriental, by such internal evidence as establishes the value of real old China—the gay and glowing descriptions of Eastern state and pageantry, the character of the poetry occasionally introduced—secured a merited welcome for the Persian picaroons. As a picture of Oriental manners, the work had, indeed, a severe trial to sustain by a comparison with the then recent romance of Anastasius. But the public found appetite for both; and indeed they differ as comedy and tragedy, the deep passion and gloomy interest of Mr. Hope's work being of a kind entirely different from the light and lively turn of our friend Hajji's adventures. The latter, with his morals sitting easy about him, a rogue indeed, but not a malicious one, with as much wit and cunning as enable him to dupe others, and as much vanity as to afford them perpetual means of retaliation; a sparrow-hawk, who, while he floats through the air in quest of the smaller game, is himself perpetually exposed to be pounced on by some stronger bird of prey, interests and amuses us, while neither deserving nor expecting serious regard or esteem;—and like Will Vizard of the hill, "the knave is our very good friend."

The rapid and various changes of individual fortune, which, in any other scene and country, might be thought improbable, are proper to, or rather inseparable from, the vicissitudes of a government at once barbaric and despotic, where an individual, especially if possessing talents, may rise and sink as often as a tennis-ball, and be subjected to the extraordinary variety of hazards in one life, which the other undergoes in the course of one game. But, were...
further apology necessary for the eccentricity of some of the events, than the caprice of an arbitrary monarch, and the convulsions of a waning empire, we have only to compare the reverses represented as experienced by this barber of Isphahan, with the mighty changes which we ourselves have been witness to, affecting thrones, dominations, princeoms, virtues, powers. The mighty and overwhelming sway which seemed neither to have limits in elevation nor extent—that power, the existence and terror of which led to the collision of European politics in the court of Isphahan—where is it now, or what vestiges remain of its influence? We might as well ask where are the columns of sand which at night whirl over the broad desert, in number and size sufficient to be the death and grave of armies, and in the morning, sunk with the breath which raised them, are only encumbering the steps of the pilgrim, as hillocks of unregarded dust.

The terrible hurricane of moral passions which had vent in the French Revolution, and the protracted tempest of war which ensued, have, like the storms of nature, led to good effects; and of these not the least remarkable has been the connecting in intercourse of feeling and sentiments, of nations not only remote from each other in point of space, but so divided by opinions as to render it heretofore impossible that the less enlightened, wedded as they were to their own prejudices, should have derived the slightest improvement, either in arts, government, or religion, from the precept or example of their more cultivated allies. The idea of a certain literary influence being exercised by the English press at the court of Isphahan, would, twenty years ago, have sounded as absurd as to have affirmed that Prester John had studied Sir John Mandeville's Travels, or that the report of the guns fired in St. James's Park, was heard on the terrace of Persepolis. And yet such an influence to a certain extent now exists, since it appears, from the following admirable epistle, that the Persian court were interested in and touched by the satirical account of their manners in Mr. Morier's novel, and felt that pettish sort of displeasure which, like the irritation of a blister, precedes sanative effects. We refer to a letter addressed bona fide to the author of Hajji Baba, by a Persian minister of state.
"My Dear Friend—I am offended with you, and not without reason. What for you write Hajji Baba, sir? King very angry, sir. I swear him you never write lies; but he say, yes—write. All people very angry with you, sir. That very bad book, sir. All lies, sir. Who tell you all these lies, sir? What for you not speak to me? Very bad business, sir. Persian people very bad people, perhaps, but very good to you, sir. What for you abuse them so bad? I very angry. Sheikh Abdul Rusool write, oh! very long letter to the king 'bout that book, sir. He say you tell king's wife one bad woman, and king kill her. I very angry, sir. But you are my friend, and I tell king, Sheikh write all lie. You call me Mirza Firooz, I know very well, and say I talk great deal nonsense. When I talk nonsense? Oh, you think yourself very clever man; but this Hajji Baba very foolish business. I think you sorry for it sometime. I do not know, but I think very foolish.

"English gentlemen say, Hajji Baba very clever book, but I think not clever at all—very foolish book. You must not be angry with me, sir. I your old friend, sir. God know, I your very good friend to you, sir. But now you must write other book, and praise Persian people very much. I swear very much to the king you never write Hajji Baba.

"I hope you will forgive me, sir. I not understand flatter peoples, you know very well. I plain man, sir—speak always plain, sir; but I always very good friend to you. But why you write 'bout me? God know, I your old friend.

"P. S.—I got very good house now, and very good garden, sir—much better as you saw here, sir. English gentlemen tell me Mexico all silver and gold. You very rich man now, I hope. I like English flowers in my garden—great many; and king take all my china and glass. As you write so many things 'bout Mirza Firooz, I think you send me some seeds and roots not bad; and because I defend you to the king, and swear so much, little china and glass for me very good."—Vol. i, p. xvii.

That so hopeful a correspondence might not fall to the ground, the author of *Hajji Baba* returned an answer of a kind most likely to have weight with a Persian, and which we can all observe is like Don Pedro's answer to Dogberry, "rightly reasoned; and in his own division." Like the letter to which it is an answer, it is a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way; but we have not room to quote it.

The author contends that irritation will lead to reflection, reflection to amendment. The Persians, he observes, are, in talent and natural capacity, equal to any nation in the world, and would be no less on a level with them in feeling, honesty, and the higher moral qualities, were their education favourable. To fix, therefore, the attention of the
leading men of the nation on the leading faults of the national character, may have on them so powerful an effect, that the name of Morier may be remembered as the first who led the way to the illumination of Persia by the introduction of English literature into the pavilions of Tahraun. We proceed to give some account of the present work.

Haji, a man of consequence as being supposed to understand the manners of the Franks, and secretary to Mirza Firous, the Persian Elchee or Ambassador to England, commences by collecting, in the most arbitrary manner, and by the most summary means, whatever he judges would be most acceptable at the court of Saint James's as articles to be presented to the king of England. Being invested with plenary powers, he fails not to make a sweep of all he can find which is rich and rare, not failing to obtain a ransom from those whom he spares, and to detain, for his own private purse, a handsome per centage of the pillage which he accumulates. His collection of rarely-gifted slaves is edifying. Among them there is a guardian of the harem designed for the service of king George III, who is termed Mārvari, or the pearl, as being the most vindictive, spiteful, and inexorable wretch of his species,—watchful as a lynx, wary as a jackal. To this treasure is added a negro prize-fighter, who can carry a jackass, devour a sheep whole, eat fire, and make a fountain of his inside. But the British ambassador at the court of Persia, being taken into their counsel, explains why neither the pearl nor the spoutman, nor even the property of an Ethiopian woman, whose constitution could dispense with sleep, and who was therefore destined to watch the royal couch of Britain, would be acceptable to the venerable sovereign for whom they were intended,—the discussions on which topics are stated with much liveliness. Upon the same occasion was prepared and placed in the hands of the ambassador, that celebrated letter to her Majesty Queen Charlotte from the king of Persia's chief wife,—assuredly one of the most extravagant morsels of Oriental bombast that ever astonished European ears. Here is a modest sample.

"It is necessary that the sweet-singing nightingales of the pen of correspondence should warble some notes in the garden of affection, and open the buds of our design in performing the pleasing duty of acknowledging, with thanks, the receipt of
ceptable present of our beloved sister, which we have hung upon the neck of accomplishment. May your house, the dwelling of kindness and friendship, ever flourish. The duties of friendship point out the necessity of occasionally sprinkling drops from the cloud of the pen, to increase the verdure of the meadow of affection.”—Vol. i, p. 43.

Before the Persians can profit a great deal from British literature, the extirpating hoes of criticism, to use their own figurative language, must root out a great variety of many-coloured flowers from the garden of eloquence, and they must learn to call the spade of the aforesaid, or any other, garden, by its proper name of spade. Their present eloquence is a debauched style of exaggeration, which communicates its character to thought and action, and is no more consistent with an improvement in taste, than cotton in the ears, or musk crammed into the nose, is compatible with the accurate exercise of these organs. On the other hand, there is some fancy and even wit in some verses of the Persian poet-laureate, for the inscription of a small casket, which, on being opened, was found to contain on one side a miniature picture of the Shah, and on the other a mirror, in which the king of England, for whom it was designed, might see the reflection of his own face.

"Go, envied glass, to where thy destiny calls thee;
Go, thou leavest the presence of one Caesar, to receive that of another.
Still thou bearest within thee thy sovereign’s form;
And when thou’rt opened again by Britain’s king,
Thou’lt reflect not one Caesar, but two Caesars;
Not one brother, but two brothers;
Not one Jemsheed, but two Jemsheeds;
Not one Darab, but two Darabs."—Vol. i, p. 55.

We have no doubt that the mouth of Aster Khan, "the prince of poets," was crammed, upon this occasion, with sugarcandy, which is his usual and appropriate reward. We have few sweetmeats, as our readers are well aware, to spare for the use of any author, and the prince of poets must be pretty well satiated with them. We shall therefore only say that ingenuity and wit often find a ready alliance with affectation and absurdity elsewhere than in eastern poetry.

The train of the ambassador to the court of Saint James’s has its divided interests and its intrigues. Mirza Firouz, though compelled to receive his high charge as a distin-
guished favour, is at the bottom convinced that it is de-
signed as an honourable exile, conferred upon him at the
instance of the grand vizier, who had become jealous of his
influence with the sovereign; and with the same strain of
feeling he regards Hajji Baba, even while he finds himself
obliged to treat him with some respect, as a spy over his
conduct placed there by the prime minister. Hajji en-
deavours, by flattering attention and assentation of every
description, to blunt the suspicion, and disarm the ill-will of
his chief; but, though he occasionally seems to succeed, he
is, au fond, only tolerated.

At Erzeroum, one of the ambassador’s retinue commits a
theft, and deserts. He is seized and brought back, and his
master orders his ears to be cropped. This comes to the
ear of a personage who considers the proceeding as derogatory
to his own authority, the embassy being now in the
Ottoman territories. The pasha, in short, sends his principal
chaoush, an old grave Turk with a white beard, to re-
monstrate with the ambassador in all civility; and the scene
which followed is admirably descriptive of the composure
of the formal, solemn, taciturn Osmani, contrasted with the
petulant fury of the vivacious Persian.

"The ambassador was surrounded by all his servants when
the chaoush entered, and was still in the height of his fury at
the delinquency of his running footman. He was pouring out
a torrent of words, cursing first the day he had set out on this
expedition, then the vizier who sent him, then the Turks and
their country, when the solemn son of Osman interposed his
selam ailecum, peace be with you! and took his seat with all due
reverence.—'What has happened?' exclaimed the ambassador
to his visitor. 'Nothing,' answered the chaoush.—'Have you
seen what abomination that rascally countryman of ours has
been committing?' said the ambassador. 'Please heaven, his
father shall burn ere long. We are not such asses to let him
escape gratis. Until I have have got his ears into my pocket, not a
drop of water passes my lips; of that make your mind easy, O
esseendi'—'The pasha, my master,' said the Turk, 'makes prayers
for your happiness, and has desired me to inform you that such
things cannot be.'—'What things cannot be?' exclaimed the
ambassador with the greatest vivacity. 'What cannot be? Shall
I not, then, cut off his ears? Ah! you know but little of Mirza
Firouz, if you think not. By the sacred beard of the Prophet, by
the salt of the shah, by the pasha’s soul, and by your death, I would
as soon cut off his ears (ears did I say? by Ali, and head into the
bargain!) as I would drink a cup of water. We are rare madmen,
we Persians; we do not stand upon trifles.'—'But,' said the Turk,
totally unmoved by the volubility and matter of this speech, 'my master orders me to say that he is one of three tails, and that, therefore, no ears can be cut off in Arz Roum except by himself.'—'Three tails!' exclaimed the Mirza, 'three, do you say? If the pasha has three, I have fifteen; and if that won't do, I have a hundred; and if that be not enough, tell him that I have one thousand and one tails. Go, for the love of Allah, go; and tell him moreover, since he brings his three tails into the account, that the ears are off, off, off.' Then calling aloud to his ferash, and to two or three other servants, he said, in a most peremptory tone, 'Go, rascals, quick, fly, bring Sadek's ears to me this instant, I'll three tail him! If he had fifty ears I would cut them off.' Then turning to the chaoush, who had already got on his feet in readiness to depart, he said, 'May your shadow never be less. May God protect you. Make my prayers acceptable to the pasha, and tell him again, if he has three tails, I, by the blessing of the Prophet, have fifteen.'

"Upon this the Turk, exclaiming from the bottom of his gullet, 'La ilâhâ illâllâh! there is but one God,' walked slowly away, and had not proceeded many steps before he met the Persians coming up, bearing the ears of their countryman, or something very like them, on the cap of a saucepan, and who did not fail to exhibit them to the phlegmatic Osmanli with appropriate expressions of superciliousness."—Vol. i, pp. 74-77

After all, the ambassador was himself cheated; for his retinue suffered the rogue to escape uncropped, and exposed, to satisfy their master's indignation, two slices of a young kid, in lieu of the parings of his ears.

After this adventure, these travellers proceed to Constantinople, where the kindness of a Turk adds to their retinue a Circassian slave, whose company, and the manner in which she was to be treated, added somewhat to the niceties of the envoy's situation. They next reached Smyrna, where they were to be received on board of a British frigate. But when summoned to embark, and avail themselves of a favourable wind, a most violent opposition arose on the part of the envoy and his astrologer Mohammed Beg, who declared that the stars had not announced a propitious moment; and that, to weigh anchor at the command of an infidel, merely because the wind blew fair, would be downright madness. Fortunately, both the envoy and his astrologer sneezed twice in the course of the debate, which, being admitted as a happy omen, sufficient to counter-balance a dark horoscope, they embarked with the mehmendar, a young English officer, appointed to serve as their interpreter. Their surprise at what they saw on board,
and at the wonders of Malta, together with their indignation at the unexpected restraints of the quarantine, we shall pass over, but cannot omit the following passage concerning the ceremonial of the table,—a matter conventional in itself, but yet so knitted up in the opinion of every country with the whole system of civility and good-breeding, that nothing affords more ground for ridicule or offence than the slightest breach of its etiquette.

"When it is remembered how simple are the manners of our board, where nothing is seen upon the cloth, save the food placed in various sized bowls and dishes, and spoons of different denominations for taking up the liquids, no one will be astonished when I say that we were quite puzzled at what we saw upon an English table. It absolutely bristled with instruments of offence. We saw knives, with long glittering blades of all sizes and descriptions, sufficient in number to have ornamented the girdles of the shah’s household, as well as a variety of iron claws, looking like instruments of torture for putting out eyes, or running into criminals’ bodies. To these were added pincers, trowels, scoops, spoons of all shapes, and contrivances so numerous that it would take up a whole life to learn their use; and for what purpose? merely to transfer the food from the dish to one’s mouth. It is to be imagined that we were very awkward when we first adopted this new mode of eating, we who had been accustomed from our childhood simply to take everything up in our fingers, and carry it with comfort and security to our mouths, without the dangerous intervention of sharp instruments. The ambassador, however, determined from the beginning to persevere; and so did I, in order not to have the daily mortification of being laughed at by the infidels, which they always seemed very ready to do whenever they discerned anything in our habits of life that differed from theirs. Our first essays were rather disastrous, for my chief in wielding his knife, had nearly cut off one of his fingers; and I, forgetting the claw which I held in my hand, eating for a moment as usual with my fingers, almost put out my eye by running the horrid instrument into my face. Then there were ceremonies without end, of which we could not comprehend the necessity. It is proper etiquette that the food in the large dishes should first make a deviation from the straight line to one’s mouth, by resting on certain smaller plates before each guest. Then it is not lawful to drink from the jug or bottle at once, but the liquor must first be poured into subsidiary glasses, whilst each sort of mess has its appropriate spoon. It is improper to eat butter with the spoon for soup, or to swallow the soup with a butter ladle. To take up a fowl whole in one’s hand would be a mortal sin; much more to offer a bit to one’s neighbour, which with us is reckoned so high an honour. In short, to describe the novelties which came under our consideration at every moment, would require more patience than so unworthy a servant of the prophet as I possess."—Vol. I, pp. 133-136.
The arrival of the envoy at Plymouth, and the transference of the suite to London by the rapid and novel vehicle called a mail coach, are described with corresponding spirit. Their doubts and difficulties increased as they reached London, the envoy conceived himself disgraced because no deputation met him before he entered the capital; the suite were puzzled how to arrange themselves in the splendid lodgings with which they were provided. They were accommodated with the excess and variety of the accommodation.

"For instance, we found chairs of all fashions; some to keep one's legs up; some to let them down; some to loll with the right arm; some with the left; others to support the head. Now, this to us, who have only one mode of sitting, namely, upon our heels, appeared an excess of madness. Then there was one set of tables to dine upon, another set for writing, others again for washing and shaving. But where should I end were I to attempt description? The same difficulties existed about the rooms. The room in which the servants had established themselves, was one appropriated for eating. To eat anywhere else is improper—to sleep there would be sacrilege—to make a bath of it would create a rebellion. Then above this were several large apartments, with couches placed in various corners, where the whole of us might have slept most conveniently; but these we were informed were the Franks' devan khaneh, where the masters received their visitors."
—Vol. i, p. 204.

But if the simplicity of the Persians' mode of living rendered them subject to embarrassment, from the complexity of European accommodation, the elchee was still more thrown off his balance by the unexpected ease of British diplomacy. Mirza Firouz was disposed to make fight, as the expression goes, and to contest with vigour every preliminary form in the negotiation. The mode, when, how, and with what degree of ceremony, he should meet the minister, and what honours should be rendered on either side, oppressed him as considerations of the deepest import. But he was spared the trouble of fatiguing his brains on these valuable punctilios, for the king of England's vizier for foreign affairs, as well as his first vizier or prime minister, came at once to pay him the usual compliments, without making the least scruple on the subject. The Persian embassy were petrified at gaining a point, so important in their eyes, without a moment's debate. They were still more astonished at learning that one of the personages,
thus neglectful of ceremony, was no other than the far-renowned conqueror of Tippoo Sultaun.

A visit even more interesting than that of Lord Cornwallis, was that of the visible representatives of that metaphysical and abstract idea of a sovereign—personified in India, sometimes as Mother Company, whose sons conquer kingdoms with the one hand, and gather rupees with the other, and sometimes as John Company, whose salt is eaten by about a hundred thousand of sepoys. The avatar, or earthly descent of this (to an Oriental) incomprehensible personage, appeared before the astonished elchee in the form of two common infidels, whom the ambassador and his suite (having hurried to the window upon their being announced) beheld standing by an old hackney coach, and wrangling with the driver for his fare. These, Hajji Baba learned, were the king and deputy king of Ind—the breathing successors to the throne of Aurengzeb, Jehangir, and Shah Allum—in a word, the chair and deputy chair (as their interpreter explained himself, pointing first to a chair, and then to a stool, in illustration of his meaning). On further explanation, the strangers learn that, though the personages who visited them,

"possessed kingdoms, they were not in fact kings; that the revenues of these kingdoms did not belong to them, but to others who enjoyed the fruits of them; that they were partly concerned in occasionally sending out a king, or firman firnai, to Calcutta; but that they, their Indian king, their fleets, their armies, were subject to another greater personage still, who was one of the king of England's viziers, who lived in a distant corner of the city, and that he again was the immediate servant of the real shah of England and of Hindostan.

"Bewildered with this complication of real kings, and little kings, viziers, sitters upon chairs, and sitsers upon stools, we held (says Hajji Baba) the finger of suspense upon the tip of astonishment, and pondered upon all we had heard, like men puzzling over a paradox. At length our visitors took their leave, and the ambassador promised that he would shortly fix a day for getting better acquainted with 'Coompani,' of whom he and his countrymen had heard so much, and about whose existence it became quite necessary that Persia should, for the future, have clear and positive information. Instead of reascending their crazy coach, the kings (for so we ever after called them) walked away upon their own legs, and mixed unknown and unheeded in the common crowd of the street.

"When they were well off we all sat mute, only occasionally saying, 'Allah, Allah! there is but one Allah!' so wonderfully
HAJI BABA IN ENGLAND.

astonished were we. What! India! that great, that magnificent empire!—that scene of Persian conquest and Persian glory!—the land of elephants and precious stones, the seat of shawls and kinscobls!—that paradise sung by poets, celebrated by historians more ancient than Iran itself!—at whose boundaries the sun is permitted to rise, and around whose majestic mountains, some clad in eternal snows, others in eternal verdure, the stars and the moon are allowed to gambol and carouse! What! is it so fallen, so degraded, as to be swayed by two obscure mortals, living in regions that know not the warmth of the sun? two swine-eating infidels, shaven, impure, walkers on foot, and who, by way of state, travel in dirty coaches filled with straw! This seemed to us a greater miracle in government than even that of Beg Jan, the platter of whips, who governed the Tucomans and the countries of Samarcand and Bokhara, leading a life more like a beggar than a potentate."
—Vol. i, pp. 265-266.

The Persian envoy was not doomed to be gratified by everything which occurred in his intercourse with the British court. He is described by Hajji Baba as being astonished and displeased at finding that his first audience of the sovereign is likely, from some circumstance of the English monarch’s convenience, to be deferred beyond the period he had contemplated. This was a great subject of grief and anger, the more so, as all the Persian vehemence could not move the phlegm of the English ministry, and hardly that of the mehmander, or interpreter.

The hour of audience being at length fixed, the envoy is informed that he is to proceed to the palace, there to be presented to the Shah of England, by his vizier for foreign affairs, and to deliver his credentials. The elchée exclaims bitterly against the commonplace character of such a reception, as altogether unworthy of his own character and the dignity of the sovereign who occupies the most ancient throne in the world.

"‘When your ambassador,’ said Mirza Fizouz, ‘reached the imperial gate of Tehran, was he received in the manner that I have been here? No. The king’s amow was sent to welcome his arrival before he even entered the city. And when he proceeded to his audience, the streets were lined with troops, salutes were fired, sugar was thrown under his horses’ feet; drums, trumpets, and cymbals resounded throughout the city; the bazars were dressed; the populace were ordered to pay him every respect. He was clothed with robes of honour, and he was allowed to stand in the same room in which the king of kings himself resided. And, by the beard of the prophet, I swear, that if I am not treated in the same manner, I will proceed as a private individual to the palace, I will ask to see the king, I will place my
shah's letters into his hands, and having said my khoda bakhsh shah-mak, May God take you into his holy protection, I will straightforward leave the country, and return whence I came.

"That may be very well to say, as far as you are concerned," said the mehmendar, "but my sovereign is somebody also, and is likely to be consulted on this question. Suppose he were not to agree to your visit?" We saw the storm was impending, and that the mehmendar's words might as well have remained at the bottom of his throat. The ambassador's face was thrown upside down; the hairs of his beard became distended; and he ooze at every pore. 'In short, then,' said the ambassador, his eyes flashing fire, 'am I an ambassador, or am I not?'—'Is my king a king, or is he not?' said the mehmendar, to which, angry as he was, in his own language, he mumbled something to himself about 'dam, or dammy,' which word caught the Mirza's ear, and he, recollecting it to have been frequently used on board ship, mistook it as an epithet applied to himself, and his wrath then broke out something in the following words: 'Dam, do you say? Am I dam? If I am dam, then you are the father of dam. Why should I remain here to be called dam? After all I am somebody in my own country. I will defile the grave of dam's father. I will do whatever an ass can do to his mother, sister, wife, and all his ancestry. I am not come all this way to eat dam, and to eat it from such hands.' Upon which he flung out of the room, leaving the mehmendar to open the eyes of astonishment, and to eat the stripes of mortification.—Vol. 1, p. 238.

The mehmendar, with perfect composure, buttoned his coat, took his hat, and wished them all a good-morning. The envoy, however, now becomes alarmed that, in his zeal for maintaining his dignity, he might have overacted his part, and thrown some serious impediment in the way of the proposed audience. At length, real impatience and anxiety getting the better of all airs of dignity, he sends Hajji to the mehmendar, with an orange in his hand, and a courteous invitation to dinner. At the appointed hour, accordingly, the interpreter appears, calm and undisturbed as usual, and is most kindly received by the Persian, and caressed, as a man who had acquired wisdom in the East, and knew the folly of being really angry on such occasions.

"To this the mehmendar answered, 'May your friendship never diminish. I have made known your wishes to the vizier for foreign affairs.'—'Well,' said the ambassador, all of a sudden excited, 'and what did he say?'—'He said,' returned the infidel, 'that there would be no difficulty in giving you a public audience. We have plenty of troops, and plenty of coaches, abundance of fine clothes, and fine things, and you shall go before the king, accompanied in any manner you choose.'—'Wonderfull!' exclaimed the ambassador, 'wonderfull! I do not understand you
English at all! You make no difficulties. You leave no room for negotiation.'—'Not upon trifles,' returned the mehmandar. 'Trifles? do you call an ambassador's reception a trifle?' said Mirza Firouz. 'There is not a step made on such an occasion as this in Persia which is not duly measured. And do you call the dignity of sovereigns nothing?—' The nations of Europe were fools enough in times past,' said the mehmandar, 'to make matters of etiquette affairs of state, and they used to lose intrinsic advantages in pursuing these ideal ones; but they are become wiser; we look upon etiquette now as child's play. However, in consideration of your being Persians, and knowing no better, we do not hesitate in giving you as much of it as you please.'

"Upon this the ambassador stroked his beard, pulled up his whiskers, and sat for some time in deep thought. He felt himself lowered in the estimation of the Franks, whilst, at the same time, he was aware that he could not act otherwise than he had done. At length he exclaimed, 'And so the English think that we are men from the woods, asses, beasts of burden, and know nothing of what the world is about? Be it so, be it so. But this know, that a nation who can trace its ancestry to Jemshedd; who counts a Jenghiz Khan, a Tamerlane, a Nadir Shah, an Aga Mohamed Khan, ay, and a Fatteh Ali, amongst its kings, is not accustomed to child's play, and, moreover, is not at all inclined to take example from the kings of Frangistain for any part of its conduct in matters relating to its own dignity.'"—P. 245.

The audience finally proceeds as originally proposed, the acute tact of the Persian having discovered, that, to insist upon vanities willingly and indifferently conceded, would be placing himself in the rank of a froward child, or a barbarian, ignorant of the points on which Europeans rest real consequence.

This entertaining passage touches a point in the chapter of human society which leads to some reflections. The time is not so very distant when the English court would have reasoned on such a subject, in a manner not unworthy of that of Isphahan. When Sir John Finnott, the author of Finetti Philoxenes, acted as master of ceremonies to Charles I, Mirza would have encountered in him, beard to beard, or whiskers to beard at least, a zealous defender of those points of ceremony which modern ministers conceded with such easy contempt, and an antagonist, therefore, after his own soul. But one question remains, and it is an important one. We have turned over to oblivion and scorn the ancient superstitions of masters of ceremonies, and gentlemen ushers, about first and last in the order of reception, right and left in point of place, chairs and joint stools in
respect of accommodation; nor would the Spaniards and French, in the suites of their respective ambassadors, be (without the interference of Townshend) permitted, as of yore, to fight a bloody and fatal battle in the streets of London, on the important point whose carriage was entitled to precedence. The sense that ambassadors are sent for other purposes has got rid of all this foppery. But, we would ask, might not the reformation be carried further—is it not worthy to be extended from the antechamber, where it has been achieved, into the cabinets themselves, where much, and of a most important character, remains to be done to simplify diplomacy? James I's witty character of an ambassador, that he was a man of quality sent to lie abroad for the good of his country, has, perhaps, been too deeply imprinted on the European system of conducting foreign relations. It is particularly unfavourable for the English nation, and advantageous for the political agents of other countries, who, by a dexterous employment of what is familiar to their habits, and alien to ours, have, for ages, been as remarkable for gaining as we for losing in diplomacy. An Englishman argues much as he handles his national weapon in a private quarrel. He can make a shift to apply one sound argument as substantial and as solid as a lead bullet, to the comprehension of his adversary, by whom it must often be admitted as sufficing. But, in the smallsword logic, the fierce and quarte of diplomatic finesse, he is almost sure to be foiled. The progress of time has thrown general light on all manufactures, trades, and even professions, and has dispelled the mist in which interested persons had involved them; the more that the mysteries, as they were termed, attached to peculiar employments, have been removed, the more powerful has been the assistance they have received from true science. The same rule would doubtless apply to diplomatic arrangement, if conducted on a more frank, explicit, and open principle, than that of the tortuous détours, fineses, &c.—(we are glad the vocabulary is not English)—hitherto held almost inseparable from the science. The diplomacy of Napoleon was conducted with all states inferior in power, on the principle of sic volo sic jubeo, and his decisive argument was the circle which the Roman consul drew around the monarch. This put finesse and subterfuge r
question, and these were only resumed in his negotiations with Great Britain. On these occasions, the protracted contest, though maintained by the most able combatants, somewhat resembled that of men fighting in the armour of great grandfathers. The old tricks of the diplomatic science, ever since this palpable exposure, have been falling into as much disrepute as *Barbara Celarent*. Its disguises are now too threadbare to serve the purpose of concealment. Above all, the selfish, narrow-minded, and most impolitic principle that each state ought to act, and had a right to act, for its own separate advantage, in seizing whatever advantage, craft, or superior force could secure for it, has been severely expiated by universal suffering, and though it cannot perhaps be altogether expelled from the bosoms of sovereigns and statesmen, will be no longer unblushingly avowed. The time was when Joseph II, thinking he had a fair opportunity to subdue Turkey in Europe, gave the king of Prussia to understand very frankly, that the only rule of peace or war which sovereigns could be bound by, was the probability of their being defeated, or successful—in other words, the same principle on which gamblers draw near the hazard table, and highwaymen take the road.* This wretched system of senseless egotism, after having engaged Europe in such a succession of mutual injuries, aggressions, and wrongs, until, like skirmishes of the frogs and mice, the feuds were ended in the general subjugation of the continent, has been fortunately counteracted, and for the present exploded; and, we believe, most civilized states have arrived at the wholesome conclusion, that true policy does not consist in the struggles of a nation for its own aggrandizement, but in the union of the whole European republic towards promoting the peace and happiness of the civilized world. If this be now in a great measure recognised as the object of public treaties, it seems to follow that an object so fair, and manly, and meritorious, will be best furthered by being stated and followed up by plans and

* See this unblushing avowal in a very interesting work, entitled, *Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat*, which contains much authentic information concerning the state of Europe at the commencement, and during the progress of the French Revolution. We believe it is justly attributed to the pen of Prince Hardenberg, one of the few truly great statesmen of our own times.
arguments of the same candid character. Persons proposing each some sinister advantage to himself, naturally conceal their real objects under the jargon of contending attorneys, to whom peace is war. But men united in the honest purpose of seeking that which is best for the whole, get rid as soon as possible of the grimgribbler of negotiation, and resort to the language of common reason and common sense, because that which is unquestionably just always gains by being made completely intelligible. A fair experiment of this nature was made long since, when the plain and downright integrity of Sir Andrew Mitchell was found too many for the refined policy of the wily Frederick, the most subtle of negotiators, and when the English ambassador, merely by dint of speaking truth, raised at once his own character and that of his country into weight and authority. The present time, too, is highly favourable for simplifying the subtleties of public diplomacy, since no minister ever could know better than our present premier the superiority of Corporal Trim's single thrust of the bayonet, the determined aim and irresistible vigour of which bears down all fine fencing in action, and all metaphysical subtleties in logic. Let us speak a frank word, for it is a true one. Subtlety is not our national characteristic, and when we engage in the recondite mazes of diplomacy, we attempt a game which we do not understand, and from which, therefore, we are not likely to rise winners. Since the time of Philip de Commines, who first made the remark, "the English have commonly lost in negotiation what they have gained in war." This could not, surely, be the case, were our diplomacy conducted on the principles of plain reason and common sense.

We ask pardon of our readers for a digression to which, in truth, the work before us affords no apology, since, differing in that particular from Montesquieu and Lord Littleton, the author of Hajji never suffers the lucubrations of his Persian to touch upon politics, whether of a general or a national character, confining his subjects almost entirely to criticisms on manners and customs.

The ambassador— whose liberal mode of thinking, and shrewdness of perception of character, though mingled of course with national prejudice and a good share of roguery, are not be disguised—is, we
Mirza whose wit and talents excited a strong sensation in the fashionable world about eighteen or twenty years ago, and whose person, character, and manners made the subject of a small and agreeable pamphlet by Lord Radstock, which, though not published, was, we believe, pretty generally circulated. There was in the manner of Mirza all the address and dexterity of a courtier, with some points which seemed to indicate a deeper degree of reflection than we are accustomed to connect with the idea of a Mus- 

sulan. His repartées were often repeated at the time, and lost none of their effect in coming forth by the medium of bearded lips, from a head swathed round with a turban. His jests were regulated with much delicacy. He could, on occasions, be severe enough, but it was always when time and place served. A profound blue-stocking once teased him with inquiries whether they did not worship the sun in Persia. "O yes, madam," said Mirza, with perfect coolness, "and so would you in England too—if you ever saw him." Mirza, while residing in Britain, made a progress, on which occasion he showed that he completely understood the duty of tourists who would act in character, to ask a certain number of questions, with a becoming degree of indifference as to the manner in which they may be answered. For example, when he visited a large public library at one of the universities, he looked round the room, "Fine room—great many pillar—are they stone pillar?—wood pillar?" His cicerone, who had a slight impediment in his speech, not answering immediately, Mirza went on, "You do not know?—very well—very many book here—are they printed book or written book?" There was a similar hesitation; "You do not know? very well." In Edinburgh he visited the old palace of Holyrood, whose gallery is garnished with a most fearful and wonderful collection of pictures, said to be portraits of the hundred and six ancestors of gentle King Jamie, which we believe were originally painted to grace the entrance of his unhappy son Charles into his Scottish metropolis in 1633. Mirza no sooner beheld this collection of scarecrows than, being a critic as well as a wag, he turned to the old lady who showed the apartments:—"You paint all these yourself?" "Me, sir—no, no—I canna paint anything, please your honour." To which Mirza answered, "You not
know, ma’am—you try, ma’am—you do a great deal better, ma’am.” Such was, in his actual reality, Mirza Abou Taleb, the prototype of Hajji’s - patron, whose character, therefore, is not overcoloured by our tell-tale secretary.

Additional interest is given to the narrative by the contrasted light in which the same incidents are seen by the envoy and Hajji (both of whom are somewhat indifferent, or, at least, very liberal in matters of religious belief), and the master of ceremonies, Mahomed Khan,—a rigid Musulman, and others of the suite, who are zealous followers of the Arabian prophet. The Circassian, too, though a late convert to Islamism, became, as is the nature of her sex,—to say nothing of the nature of renegades—a violent assertor of the creed which she had so recently adopted. There was a dinner accepted by the envoy at the house of some wealthy Jew merchant, or banker, which liberality on Mirza’s part drew on him reproaches from his mistress, his master of the ceremonies, and even from Hajji Baba himself. The Mirza is provoked beyond patience.

“‘Oh, you dog without a saint!’ said he to Mohamed Beg; ‘are you a Mussulman to lie after this manner? Why am I to bear all this want of respect? I am the shah’s representative, and if the shah himself were here he would cut your head off; but as I am a good man I will only punish you with a few blows. Give him the shoe,’ he cried out to several of us; and having named me as the principal agent, I was obliged to take off my slipper and inflict on the mouth of my friend as many blows as I could. I went to work as quietly as possible; but with all my ingenuity I could not avoid knocking out a certain old and solitary tooth, which had stood century at the door of his mouth ever since the last reign.

“The poor sufferer left the ambassador in pain and anger. I heard him vow eternal vengeance; and to me he said, ‘Oh you of little fortune! why would you hit my tooth! You did better things when you were a serash, and beat men’s toes.’

“I swore upon the sacred book that I was without help, that I was ordered to strike; and I only begged that if he were ever obliged to do the same to me that he would not spare me.”—Vol. ii, p. 271.

But it is an amourette of our adventurous friend Hajji Baba which chiefly interested us. The gallant secretary had made an acquaintance at Astley’s (which place of amusement he calls the horse-opera) with a father, mother, and three daughters, the first of whom was a devotee, who converted Jews, and made stockings for the poor; the second, beautiful and fashionable; the third was not come out
yet, but had a tendency to blue, 'in the garter at least. All this was made known to our Hajji by the loquacity of the mother, who expatiated upon the wealth and generosity of her husband.

"'Mashallah! praises to Allah!' said I, 'he is also very fat;' and I added, 'what may his fortunate name be?'—'Hogg, at your excellency's service,' said she. 'It is an old Scotch family, and we flatter ourselves that we come from some of the oldest of the stock.'—'Penah be khodai refuge in Allah!' exclaimed I to myself; 'a family of the unclean beast! and old hogs into the bargain! My luck is on the rise to have fallen into such a set. And pray what may yours and the young ladies' names be?' said I. 'We're all Hoggs too,' said the mother."

This leads to a visiting acquaintance, which the secretary keeps private from the ambassador, the ambitious Ispahani having in secret nourished hopes of securing the affections and property of the beautiful Miss Bessy Hogg. The ladies, on their part, had adopted some idea that their Eastern friend was a mirza, or prince, which Hajji Baba failed not to confirm, gaining thus an amazing step in their favour.

"This being established, it was quite amusing to observe the rate at which they started with the word 'Prince,' as if it had never crossed their lips before. Whatever they addressed to me was prefaced with that monosyllable, until at length, in my own defence, I was obliged myself to ask a few questions. 'Where is your papa?' said I, to the beautiful Bessy. The mamma answered, 'He is gone into the city, he attends to his business every day, and returns in the evening.'—'Aha! then,' said I, 'he is merchant—same in my country:—merchant sit in bazar all day, at night shut up shop, and come home—What he sell, ma'am?'—'Mr. Hogg,' said the lady, with some dignity, 'does not keep a shop, he is an East India merchant.'—'Then perhaps he sell ham,' said I, thinking that his name might be a designation of his trade, as it frequently is in Persia. 'Selts hams!' exclaimed the lady, whilst her daughters tittered. 'Why should he sell hams, prince?'—'Because he one Hogg, ma'am. In our country, merchant sometime called after the thing he sells.'—'La, prince!' exclaimed the lady, 'what an odd custom. Hogg is an old family name, and has nothing to do with the animal. There are Hoggs both in England and Scotland.'—'You might as well say, prince,' remarked the young Jessy, 'that Sir Francis Bacon, the famous Lord Verulam, was a pork butcher.'—'And that all our Smiths,* Taylors, Coopers, Bakers, Cooks, and a thousand others, were representa-

* The prince did not know Verstegan's couplet, or he might have found an answer—

"Whence cometh Smith, be he lord, knight, or squire, But from the clown that forged in the fire!"
tives of their professions,' added Bessy. 'Well, I never heard anything like it,' summed up the mamma. 'Mr. Hogg a hamseller indeed! La, prince! what could you be thinking of?'”—Vol. ii, p. 93.

This false step is soon repaired; and, by dint of his supposed quality, our friend Hajji, whom no scruple or fear of consequences ever deters from prosecuting an immediate advantage, is invited to a splendid dinner by the family of Hoggs, and treated with such distinction, that he conceives himself to be on the point of making a conquest of the moon-faced object of his affections, whilst, on the other hand, he has no small reason to be apprehensive of the envoy's displeasure, should he be detected in the act of taking upon himself the character of a prince. The fact transpires, like most others, through the medium of the newspapers, which announce the grand entertainment given by those distinguished fashionables, Mr. and Mrs. Hogg, of No. —, Portland Place, to his Highness the Persian Prince Mirza Hajji Baba. Great is the displeasure of the ambassador; and great above measure is the embarrassment of his worthy secretary, justly suspected of being the illustrious prince who has shared the banquet of the unclean beasts, as the cousins of the Ettrick Shepherd are unceremoniously denominated; and as he endeavours to vindicate himself, with some warmth, against the charge of having eaten a good dinner, he draws on himself the discipline of the shoe-heel, applied repeatedly to his teeth by the envoy himself, while his hands are held by two of the assistants.

This mis-adventure does not prevent the enterprising secretary from persevering in his scheme on the heart and fortune of the lively Bessy. He is even able to extract some countenance from the ambassador, who, understanding that the damsel has a fortune of fifty thousand tomauns, proposes that the profits of the adventure shall be fairly divided betwixt himself and his dependent, he getting the portion, and Hajji Baba the person of the lady. But, though this obstacle is removed, it is in vain that Hajji makes love in the Persian manner, by rubbing his own shawl against the back of the young lady's pelisse; it is in vain too that he learns from an Englishman—(who had, probably, in his mind, the lively story of "Altham and his Wife,")—that there have been instances of love-tales being favourably re-
ceived in England when told under an umbrella, and in the middle of a shower. Chance, assisted by his own dexterity, gave him the desired opportunity, with its adjuncts of the umbrella and the rain, which he considered as essential to a propitious explanation. But while, in the most correct style, we presume, of Persian adoration, he styles the young lady his tooti sheker khur, or sugar-loving parrot, and invites her to “wife with him and live with him”—the lovely Bessy slips her arm from under that of her lover, and hints something of speaking to mamma. The prosecution of the story is, we think, a little caricatured. The father of the Hogge, as Hajji calls him, is represented as applying to the ambassador, and to the mehmandar, or interpreter, for the purpose of learning our friend’s real character, birth, fortune, and expectations. Now, as the said Hogg is described as a wealthy India merchant, we think that he must certainly have known what wool a Persian’s red cap is composed of, and that it is impossible he could have thought for a moment of matching his daughter with a foreigner, of a false religion, and a barbarous country, while there were so many bachelors, good men on Change, and very good Christains, doubtless, to boot. It is wonderful, however, that in a work which afforded such tempting opportunities to push humorous incidents into extravagance, the author should have resisted the license, except only in the present instance. The appeal to the too veracious mehmandar is utterly destructive of Hajji Baba’s tender hopes; and the moonfaced Bessy Hogge, instead of being made a princess after the desire of our Persian secretary, or the “lady” of a young long-spurred hussar officer, after her own inclinations, becomes the wife of a wealthy grocer, and her Oriental admirer is a resigned witness of the ceremony which, we doubt not, to her great ultimate comfort and satisfaction, makes her Mrs. Figby.

The departure of the embassy, with all the preparatory bustle, and above all, the settlement of long bills which it involves, is described with the truth and spirit which characterize this lively work, and of which we have given so many instances. Hajji Baba returns safely to Persia. The wonders which he saw at the court of Britain he narrated before the throne of the Shah; was invested with a dress of honour; and dismissed from the royal presence with his
head, like that of Horace, knocking against every star in the zodiac.

Before laying aside these two volumes, we cannot resist the temptation to turn back for a moment to the travels of Abou Taleb (reviewed in our 8th number), which are the production of a bona fide Mussulman. The advantage, of course, remains infinitely on the side of the work written to amuse, over that which was composed for the purpose of instruction. Such ludicrous errors as Hajji cherishes and records, his real prototype, when he fell into any of them, took especial care to conceal; giving us only the result of what he learned from matured consideration and experience. Abou Taleb deals, therefore, in matter of fact, and is most prosaic exactly where the secretary of the Persian embassy is most lively, imaginative, and absurd. It is odd that, though both works bear the marked impress of Oriental composition, they hardly evince an idea in common with each other, excepting that the authors show the same holy scruple at employing a brush composed of hog’s bristles for the purposes of the bath. There is one political plan for the settlement of our national debt, which Abou Taleb does us the favour to suggest, and which in the Hajji’s hands could not have failed to make a grand figure. Nothing could be more easy, he imagines, than to assemble the creditors of government in the presence of parliament, and inform them in plain language that they must instantly enter into a compromise, and agree to be contented with receiving a certain proportion of their debt. We have only to observe, that the remedy seems to us to stop halfway; and that if the “Light of the Universe,” or any other Oriental monarch had a parcel of troublesome creditors assembled in the Ameidan, before the “refuge of the world,” or whatever his palace might be called, he would probably make them glad to compound, not for half only, but for all their claims, merely by drawing up a few nasakchiés around the congregation. How the remedy would work in Europe—under favour of the learned Oriental physician—the wise may make some drachm of a scruple.

Another work of considerable merit, belonging to the same class of composition, has attracted our favourable notice, though we are at present compelled to introduce it only in a very summary way. It is called the Kuzzilbash,
that is, the "Redcap," by which is meant the Persian soldier, so named from the distinguishing part of his attire. This Oriental romance, for such it must be termed, displays an accurate and intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs, as well as the history of Persia. The power of description displayed in it, so far at least as external circumstances are concerned, is of a most rich and picturesque character. The author's pictures of natural scenery in the East, show an eye familiar with its beauties and its terrors; and indicate, we are tempted to think, no ordinary acquaintance with the art of the draughtsman. The following description of what had once been an ornamented garden, but was become a place of rendezvous for a marauding tribe of Turcomans, might be easily transferred to canvass as a counterpart to Goldsmith's Auburn:

"Just upon the edge of the bank, the little stream, after filling a canal, had been trained to fall over an artificial cascade of stone, the sides of which had been adorned with ornaments of the same; but the canal was almost obliterated, and the stone over which the water rushed was broken, and had fallen in such a manner as to confine the stream still more. A rude spout of stone had been placed so as to collect it in the basin below, and to enable the women to fill their water-vessels more easily. A huge old sycamore-tree, once the chief ornament of the garden, grew on one side and overshadowed the basin; and a vine, which had rooted itself among the broken stones, formed a still closer covering, protecting the water from the rays of the sun, so as to render it always cool and refreshing. It was a delicious spot, and had become the favourite rendezvous of the whole soul: the women came morning and evening to fill their water-skins; the elders of the men met to smoke their calleeoons under the shade, and the youths to talk over their exploits performed or anticipated, to play at games of chance, and listen to the tales of a Kissago, or to gossip with the women; the children sported below upon the green bank, or threw themselves into the sparkling waters of the little lake at its foot."—Vol. i, pp. 59, 60.

The following sketch of a Persian cavalier has the richness and freshness of one of Heber's, or Morier's, or Sir John Malcom's pages:

"He was a man of goodly stature, and powerful frame; his countenance, hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good-humour and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tacked and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound around a red cloth cap, that rose in four peaks high above the head. His
oemah, or riding-coat, of crimson cloth, much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, showed the links of a coat-of-mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shul-wars, or riding trousers, of thick fawn-coloured Kerman woollen stuff, fell in folds over the large red leather boots in which his legs were cased. By his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the but-ends of a pair of pistols; weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far."

Scenes of active life are painted by the author of the Kuzzilbash with the same truth, accuracy, and picturesque effect, which he displays in landscapes or single figures. In war, especially, he is at home; and gives the attack, the retreat, the rally, the bloody and desperate close combat, the flight, pursuit, and massacre, with all the current of a heady fight, as one who must have witnessed such terrors. We regret we have not space to give a farther extract; and still more that we cannot add to these just praises any compliment to the art with which the author has conducted the incidents of his story—which are, to say the least, very slightly put together, and frequently place out of perspective the hero and his affairs. The historical events are dwelt on so often, and at such length, that we lose interest for the Kuzzilbash, in tracing the career of Nadir and the revolutions of Persia. This is a sin which, we hope, the author will not cleave to, on further experience. We must also hint, that the moral characters of the agents whom he introduces, are not sufficiently discriminated to maintain much interest with the reader; they too much resemble the fortæm Gyan fortæmque Cloanthum. It may be answered, with plausibility, that people, trammelled by the dogmatic rules of a false religion, and the general pressure of an arbitrary government, are not apt to run into the individual varieties of character to be found in a free and Christian community. But a more close inspection of that great mass which preserves, at the first view, one dull appearance of universal resemblance, gives a great many differences both of a national, a professional, and an individual kind. While, then, we sincerely hope the author of the Kuzzilbash will resume the pen, we would venture to recommend that he commence on a more restricted canvass, and lend consider-
ably more attention to the discrimination of his characters, and the combination of his story. In this case, with his stores of information and powers of language, we cannot help thinking he will secure public favour.

In the mean time, and with our recollection of the remarkable circumstance, that English literature has found an interest even in Persia, we feel disposed to nourish hopes that the taste may increase. Why may not European productions become, in time, as indispensable to the moral habits of a Persian, as a Chinese leaf to an European breakfast? Such expectations may appear extravagant to that sect of dampers who may be termed the Cui-bonists.—What would be the good consequence, they may ask, should Britain be able to introduce into Persia the whole trash which loads her own circulating libraries? We reply that these volumes of inanity, as Johnson would have termed them, are yet not more inane than the romances of the middle ages, which spread wide over Europe the system of chivalry, and thereby wrought a more powerful change on human manners than ever was produced by any one cause, the Christian religion alone excepted. “Let any one who lists,” says a lively French author, “make laws for a people, so I have liberty to compose their songs;” a similarity of books paves the way for a similarity of manners; and the veil of separation once rent, there is no saying how soon it may be altogether removed.

The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by the tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. “Cease your grief,” said the sage, “go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little ghee (or buffalo’s butter), three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, and another of whipsword; finally, a stout coil of rope.” When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband’s commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the ghee, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter,
which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, who drew up the packthread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the packthread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his duress.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.*

(Quarterly Review, January, 1817.)

These Tales belong obviously to a class of novels which we have already had occasion repeatedly to notice, and which have attracted the attention of the public in no common degree—we mean Waverley, Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary, and we have little hesitation to pronounce them either entirely, or in a great measure, the work of the same author. Why he should industriously endeavour to elude observation by taking leave of us in one character, and then suddenly popping out upon us in another, we cannot pretend to guess, without knowing more of his personal reasons for preserving so strict an incognito than has hitherto reached us. We can, however, conceive many reasons for a writer observing this sort of mystery; not to mention that it has certainly had its effect in keeping up the interest which his works have excited.

We do not know if the imagination of our author will sink in the opinion of the public when deprived of that degree of invention which we have been hitherto disposed

* Tales of my Landlord. 4 Vols. 12mo. Third Edition, Edin-

burgh, 1817.

† It is to be inferred, from some expressions in Sir Walter Scott's correspondence and elsewhere, that the materials of this article were in part collected and arranged by his friend William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder; but the MS. of the Essay, now in the possession of Mr. Murray, is entirely in the handwriting of Sir Walter himself. The article was prompted by the appearance of a series of essays in a religious magazine (The Christian Instruc-
tor), from the pen of the learned and venerable Dr. Thomas M'Crie,† author of the Life of Knox, &c. in which the Doctor bitterly impugned the views given of the Scotch Covenanters in the Waverley Novels.]

† [Dr. M'Crie died at Edinburgh on the 5th of August, 1835, in his 64th year.]
to ascribe to him; but we are certain that it ought to increase the value of his portraits, that human beings have actually sate for them. These coincidences between fiction and reality are perhaps the very circumstances to which the success of these novels is in a great measure to be attributed: for, without depreciating the merit of the artist, every spectator at once recognises in those scenes and faces which are copied from nature an air of distinct reality, which is not attached to fancy pieces, however happily conceived and elaborately executed. By what sort of freemasonry, if we may use the term, the mind arrives at this conviction, we do not pretend to guess, but every one must have felt that he instinctively and almost insensibly recognises in painting, poetry, or other works of imagination, that which is copied from existing nature, and that he forthwith clings to it with that kindred interest which thinks nothing which is human indifferent to humanity. Before, therefore, we proceed to analyze the work immediately before us, we beg leave briefly to notice a few circumstances connected with its predecessors.

Our author has told us it was his object to present a succession of scenes and characters connected with Scotland in its past and present state, and we must own that his stories are so slightly constructed as to remind us of the showman’s thread with which he draws up his pictures and presents them successively to the eye of the spectator. He seems seriously to have proceeded on Mr. Bayes’s maxim—“What the deuce is a plot good for, but to bring in fine things?”—Probability and perspicuity of narrative are sacrificed with the utmost indifference to the desire of producing effect; and provided the author can but contrive to “surprise and elevate,” he appears to think that he has done his duty to the public. Against this slovenly indifference we have already remonstrated, and we again enter our protest. It is in justice to the author himself that we do so, because, whatever merit individual scenes and passages may possess (and none have been more ready than ourselves to offer our applause), it is clear that their effect would be greatly enhanced by being disposed in a clear and continued narrative. We are the more earnest in this matter, because it seems that the author errs chiefly from carelessness. There may be something of system in it, however: for we have
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

ramarked, that with an attention which amounts even to affectation, he has avoided the common language of narrative, and thrown his story, as much as possible, into a dramatic shape. In many cases this has added greatly to the effect, by keeping both the actors and action continually before the reader, and placing him, in some measure, in the situation of the audience at a theatre, who are compelled to gather the meaning of the scene from what the dramatis personæ say to each other, and not from any explanation addressed immediately to themselves. But though the author gain this advantage, and thereby compel the reader to think of the personages of the novel and not of the writer, yet the practice, especially pushed to the extent we have noticed, is a principal cause of the flimsiness and incoherent texture of which his greatest admirers are compelled to complain. Few can wish his success more sincerely than we do, and yet without more attention on his own part, we have great doubts of its continuance.

In addition to the loose and incoherent style of the narration, another leading fault in these novels is, the total want of interest which the reader attaches to the character of the hero. Waverley, Brown, or Bertram, in Guy Mannering, and Lovel in the Antiquary, are all brethren of a family; very amiable and very insipid sort of young men. We think we can perceive that this error is also in some degree occasioned by the dramatic principle upon which the author frames his plots. His chief characters are never actors, but always acted upon by the spur of circumstances, and have their fates uniformly determined by the agency of the subordinate persons. This arises from the author having usually represented them as foreigners to whom everything in Scotland is strange,—a circumstance which serves as his apology for entering into many minute details which are reflectively, as it were, addressed to the reader through the medium of the hero. While he is going into explanations and details which, addressed directly to the reader, might appear tiresome and unnecessary, he gives interest to them by exhibiting the effect which they produce upon the principal person of his drama, and at the same time obtains a patient hearing for what might otherwise be passed over without attention. But if he gains this advantage, it is by sacrificing the character of the hero. No one can be interesting to the
reader who is not himself a prime agent in the scene. This is understood even by the worthy citizen and his wife, who are introduced as prolocutors in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. When they are asked what the principal person of the drama shall do?—the answer is prompt and ready—"Marry, let him come forth and kill a giant." There is a good deal of tact in the request. Every hero in poetry, in fictitious narrative, ought to come forth and do or say something or other which no other person could have done or said; make some sacrifice, surmount some difficulty, and become interesting to us otherwise than by his mere appearance on the scene, the passive tool of the other characters.

The insipidity of this author's heroes may be also in part referred to the readiness with which he twists and turns his story to produce some immediate and perhaps temporary effect. This could hardly be done without representing the principal character either as inconsistent or flexible in his principles. The ease with which Waverley adopts, and afterwards forsakes the Jacobite party in 1745, is a good example of what we mean. Had he been painted as a steady character, his conduct would have been improbable. The author was aware of this; and yet, unwilling to relinquish an opportunity of introducing the interior of the chevalier's military court, the circumstances of the battle of Prestonpans, and so forth, he hesitates not to sacrifice poor Waverley, and to represent him as a reed blown about at the pleasure of every breeze. A less careless writer would probably have taken some pains to gain the end proposed in a more artful and ingenious manner. But our author was hasty, and has paid the penalty of his haste.

We have hinted that we are disposed to question the originality of these novels in point of invention, and that in doing so, we do not consider ourselves as derogating from the merit of the author, to whom, on the contrary, we give the praise due to one who has collected and brought out with accuracy and effect, incidents and manners which might otherwise have slept in oblivion. We proceed to our proofs.*

* It will be readily conceived that the curious MSS., and other information of which we have availed ourselves, were not accessible to us in this country; but we have been assiduous in our in-
The mutual protection afforded by Waverley and Talbot to each other, upon which the whole plot depends, is founded upon one of those anecdotes, which soften the features even of civil war, and as it is equally honourable to the memory of both parties, we have no hesitation to give their names at length. When the Highlanders, upon the morning of the battle of Preston, made their memorable attack, a battery of four field-pieces was stormed and carried by the Camerons and the Stuarts of Appine. The late Alexander Stuart of Invernahyle was one of the foremost in the charge, and observed an officer of the king’s forces, who, scorning to join the flight of all around, remained with his sword in his hand, as if determined to the very last to defend the post assigned to him. The Highland gentleman commanded him to surrender, and received for reply a thrust which he caught in his target. The officer was now defenceless, and the battle-axe of a gigantic Highlander (the miller of Invernahyle’s mill) was uplifted to dash his brains out, when Mr. Stuart with difficulty prevailed on him to surrender. He took charge of his enemy’s property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on his parole. The officer proved to be Colonel Allen Whiteford, of Ballochmylle, in Ayrshire, a man of high character and influence, and warmly attached to the House of Hanover; yet such was the confidence existing between these two honourable men, though of different political principles, that while the civil war was raging, and straggling officers from the Highland army were executed without mercy, Invernahyle hesitated not to pay his late captive a visit as he went back to the Highlands to raise fresh recruits, when he spent a few days among Colonel Whiteford’s whig friends as pleasantly and good-humouredly as if all had been at peace around him. After the battle of Culloden it was Colonel Whiteford’s turn to strain every nerve to obtain Mr. Stuart’s pardon. He went to the Lord Justice Clerk, to the Lord Advocate, and to all the officers of state, and each application was answered by the production of a list in which Invernahyle (as the good old gentleman was wont to

quiries, and are happy enough to possess a correspondent whose researches on the spot have been indefatigable, and whose kind and ready communications have anticipated all our wishes.

* As was the case with MacDonald of Kinloch-moidart.
express it) appeared "marked with the sign of the beast!" At length Colonel Whiteford went to the Duke of Cumberland. From him also he received a positive refusal. He then limited his request for the present, to a protection for Stuart's house, wife, children, and property. This was also refused by the duke; on which Colonel Whiteford, taking his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his royal highness, and asked permission to retire from the service of a sovereign who did not know how to spare a vanquished enemy. The duke was struck, and even affected. He bade the colonel take up his commission, and granted the protection he required with so much earnestness. It was issued just in time to save the house, corn and cattle, at Invernahyle, from the troops who were engaged in laying waste what it was the fashion to call "the country of the enemy." A small encampment of soldiers was formed on Invernahyle's property, which they spared while plundering the country around, and searching in every direction for the leaders of the insurrection, and for Stuart in particular. He was much nearer them than they suspected; for, hidden in a cave (like the Baron of Bradwardine), he lay for many days within hearing of the sentinels, as they called their watch-word. His food was brought to him by one of his daughters, a child of eight years old, whom Mrs. Stuart was under the necessity of intrusting with this commission, for her own motions and those of all her inmates were closely watched. With ingenuity beyond her years the child used to stray about among the soldiers, who were rather kind to her, and watch the moment when she was unobserved to steal into the thicket, when she deposited whatever small store of provisions she had in charge, at some marked spot, where her father might find it. Invernahyle supported life for several weeks, by means of these precarious supplies, and as he had been wounded in the battle of Culloden, the hardships which he endured were aggravated by great bodily pain. After the soldiers had removed their quarters he had another remarkable escape. As he now ventured to the house at night and left it in the morning, he was espied during the dawn by a party of the enemy who fired at and pursued him. The fugitive being fortunate enough to escape their search, they returned to the house and charged the family with harbouring one of the
proscribed traitors. An old woman had presence of mind enough to maintain that the man they had seen was the shepherd. "Why did he not stop when we called to him?" said the soldiers. "He is as deaf, poor man, as a peastack," answered the ready-witted domestic. "Let him be sent for directly."—The real shepherd accordingly was brought from the hill, and as there was time to tutor him by the way, he was as deaf when he made his appearance as was necessary to sustain his character. Stuart of Invernahyle was afterwards pardoned under the act of indemnity. "I knew him well," says our correspondent, "and have often had these circumstances from his own mouth. He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, far descended, gallant, courteous and brave even to chivalry. He had been out in 1715 and 1745, was an active partaker in all the stirring scenes which passed in the Highlands, betwixt these memorable eras, and was remarkable, among other exploits, for having fought a duel with the broadsword with the celebrated Rob Roy MacGregor, at the Clachan of Balquidder. He chanced to be in Edinburgh when Paul Jones came into the frith of Forth, and though then an old man, I saw him in arms, and heard him exult (to use his own words) in the prospect of "drawing his claymore once more before he died."

The traditions and manners of the Scotch were so blended with superstitious practices and fears, that the author of these novels seems to have deemed it incumbent on him, to transfer many more such incidents to his novels, than seem either probable or natural to an English reader. It may be some apology that his story would have lost the national cast, which it was chiefly his object to preserve, had this been otherwise. There are few families of antiquity in Scotland, which do not possess some strange legends, told only under promise of secrecy, and with an air of mystery; in developing which, the influence of the powers of darkness is referred to. The truth probably is, that the agency of witches and demons was often made to account for the sudden disappearance of individuals, and similar incidents too apt to arise out of the evil dispositions of humanity, in a land where revenge was long held honourable—where private feuds and civil broils disturbed the inhabitants for ages—and where justice was but weakly and irregularly
executed. Mr. Law, a conscientious but credulous clergyman of the kirk of Scotland, who lived in the seventeenth century, has left behind him a very curious manuscript, in which, with the political events of that distracted period, he has intermingled the various portents and marvellous occurrences which, in common with his age, he ascribed to supernatural agency. The following extract will serve to illustrate the taste of this period for the supernatural. When we read such things recorded by men of sense and education (and Mr. Law was deficient in neither), we cannot help remembering the times of paganism, when every scene, incident, and action, had its appropriate and presiding deity. It is indeed curious to consider what must have been the sensations of a person who lived under this peculiar species of hallucination, believing himself beset on all hands by invisible agents; one who was unable to account for the restiveness of a nobleman's carriage horses otherwise than by the immediate effect of witchcraft; and supposed that the sage femme of the highest reputation was most likely to devote the infants to the infernal spirits, upon their very entrance into life.

"It is remarkable that Michael, Jude 9, durst not bring against Sathan a railing accusation, but said, the Lord rebuke thee, Sathan. But it is fit to tremble and fear and be upon our watch. Women also in child-birth would look well whom they choice for their midwives, that they be of good report, it being very ordinary for them to be witches, such as are malefica, because such as are so, ordinarily dedicate children to Sathan, especially the first-born, and use to baptize them in the name of the devil privately; howbeit that is of no force nor can be imputed to the children or parents, being free of any accession thereto; yet such a claim the devil may lay to such as to prove very troublesome to them by his temptations all their days, more especially to those children whose mothers are witches, there being nothing more ordinary to them than to dedicate their children to Sathan, and certainly it is a sin and an high provoke of God, and gives great ground to the devil to tempt, when parents are more satisfied with midwives of that name than others, as supposing them to have more skill, more helpfull, and better success in sic a case than others; a sin, I fear, too ryle in the land, and indeed upon the matter, a forsaking God. This John Stewart and his sister aforementioned confessed that his mother gave them to the devil from the womb. It were good that our land had midwives fearing God, educate for that end. Sathan is God's ape, studies to imitate God in his covenanting with his people, so he hath his covenant with his, the seals of his covenant, his nip and the renewing of their covenant with the renewing of the nip, as also his other symbols
and tokens, whereby he works, sic as these effigies or images, spells, syllabes and charms; and if he fail in the performance of what he promises, he makes some of them miscarry in their hands, and lays the blame there. I say, he studies to imitate God in his covenant and promises, not for any liking he has to God or his ways, but because he finds God’s method ensure the soul to himself: 6ly, for mocking of God and his holy ways. The Earl of Dundonald with his coach and himself and his lady, going to the marriage of his grandchild to the Lord Montgomery, from Pasley to Eglington, an. 1676, in December, was stopp’d by the way at the said Jonet Mathie her daughter’s house; the witch now a prisoner in Pasley upon that account; the horses of the coach refused to go by that door, and turned their heads homeward. Whereupon the gentlemen that rode with the earl dismounted themselves, and yoked their horses in his coach; but by that door they would not go; on which occasion the earl causes yoke his horses again in the coach, and so drives homeward with his lady and all that was with him to Pasley. A very remarkable passage as has been in our days.”

To the superstitions of the North Britons must be added their peculiar and characteristic amusements; and here we have some atonement to make to the memory of the learned Paulus Pleydell, whose compotatory relaxations, better information now inclines us to think, we mentioned with somewhat too little reverence. Before the new town of Edinburgh (as it is called) was built, its inhabitants lodged, as is the practice of Paris at this day, in large buildings called lands, each family occupying a story, and having access to it by a stair common to all the inhabitants. These buildings, when they did not front the high street of the city, composed the sides of little, narrow, unwholesome closes or lanes. The miserable and confined accommodation which such habitations afforded, drove men of business, as they were called, that is, people belonging to the law, to hold their professional rendezvous in taverns, and many lawyers of eminence spent the principal part of their time in some tavern of note, transacted their business there, received the visits of clients with their writers or attorneys, and suffered no imputation from so doing. This practice naturally led to habits of conviviality, to which the Scottish lawyers, till of very late years, were rather too much addicted. Few men drank so hard as the counsellors of the old school, and there survived till of late some veterans who supported in that respect the character of their predecessors. To vary the humour of a joyous evening many frolics were
resorted to, and the game of high jinks was one of the most common.* In fact, jinks was one of the petits jeux with which certain circles were wont to while away the time; and though it claims no alliance with modern associations, yet, as it required some shrewdness and dexterity to support the characters assumed for the occasion, it is not difficult to conceive that it might have been as interesting and amusing to the parties engaged in it, as counting the spots of a pack of cards, or treasuring in memory the rotation in which they are thrown on the table. The worst of the game was what that age considered as its principal excellence, namely, that the forfeitures being all commuted for wine, it proved an encouragement to hard drinking, the prevailing vice of the age.

On the subject of Davie Gellatley, the fool of the Baron of Bradwardine's family, we are assured there is ample testimony that a custom, referred to Shakspeare's time in England, had, and in remote provinces of Scotland has still its counterpart, to this day. We do not mean to say that the professed jester, with his bauble and party-coloured vestment, can be found in any family north of the Tweed. Yet such a personage held this respectable office in the family of the Earls of Strathmore within the last century, and his costly holiday dress, garnished with bells of silver, is still preserved in the castle of Glamis. But we are assured, that to a much later period, and even to this moment, the habits and manners of Scotland have had some tendency to preserve the existence of this singular order of domestics. There are (comparatively speaking) no poor's rates in the country parishes of Scotland, and, of course, no workhouses to immure either their worn-out poor or the "moping idiot and the madman gay," whom Crabbe characterises as the happiest inhabitants of these mansions, because insensible of their misfortunes. It therefore happens

* We have learned, with some dismay, that one of the ablest lawyers Scotland ever produced, and who lives to witness (although in retirement) the various changes which have taken place in her courts of judicature; a man who has filled with marked distinction the highest offices of his profession, tush'd (pshaw'd) extremely at the delicacy of our former criticism. And certainly he claims some title to do so, having been in his youth not only a witness of such orgies as are described as proceeding under the auspices of Mr. Folydell, but himself a distinguished performer.
almost necessarily in Scotland, that the house of the nearest proprietor of wealth and consequence proves a place of refuge for these outcasts of society; and until the pressure of the times, and the calculating habits which they have necessarily generated, had rendered the maintenance of a human being about such a family an object of some consideration, they usually found an asylum there, and enjoyed the degree of comfort of which their limited intellect rendered them susceptible. Such idiots were usually employed in some simple sort of occasional labour; and if we are not misinformed, the situation of turn-spit was often assigned them, before the modern improvement of the smoke-jack. But, however employed, they usually displayed towards their benefactors a sort of instinctive attachment, which was very affecting. We knew one instance in which such a being refused food for many days, pined away, literally broke his heart, and died within the space of a very few weeks after his benefactor's decease. We cannot now pause to deduce the moral inference which might be derived from such instances. It is, however, evident, that if there was a coarseness of mind in deriving amusement from the follies of these unfortunate beings, a circumstance to the disgrace of which they were totally insensible, their mode of life was, in other respects, calculated to promote such a degree of happiness as their faculties permitted them to enjoy. But besides the amusement which our forefathers received from witnessing their imperfections and extravagances, there was a more legitimate source of pleasure in the wild wit which they often flung around them with the freedom of Shakspeare's licensed clowns. There are few houses in Scotland of any note or antiquity where the witty sayings of some such character are not occasionally quoted at this very day. The pleasure afforded to our forefathers by such repartees was, no doubt, heightened by their wanting the habits of more elegant amusement. But in Scotland the practice long continued, and in the house of one of the very first noblemen of that country (a man whose name is never mentioned without reverence) and that within the last twenty years, a jester such as we have mentioned stood at the side-table during dinner, and occasionally amused the guests by his extemporary sallies.* Imbecility of this

* [Alluding to this elsewhere, Sir Walter Scott adds—"until
kind was even considered as an apology for intrusion upon
the most solemn occasions. All know the peculiar revere-
cence with which the Scottish of every rank attend on funeral
ceremonies. Yet within the memory of most of the present
generation, an idiot [called Jamie Duff], of an appearance
equally hideous and absurd, dressed, as if in mockery, in a
rusty and ragged black coat, decorated with a cravat and
weepers made of white paper in the form of those worn by
the deepest mourners, preceded almost every funeral pro-
cession in Edinburgh, as if to turn into ridicule the last rites
paid to mortality.

It has been generally supposed that in the case of these,
as of other successful novels, the most prominent and pecu-
liar characters were sketched from real life. It was only
after the death of Smollet, that a bookbinder and a barber
contended about the character of Strap, which each asserted
was modelled from his own; but even in the lifetime of the
present author, there is scarcely a dale in the pastoral dis-
tricts of the southern counties but arrogates to itself the
possession of the original Dandie Dinmont. As for Bailie
MacWheebie, a person of the highest eminence in the law
perfectly well remembers having received fees from him.
We ourselves think we recognise the prototype of Meg
Merrilies, on whose wild fidelity so much of the interest of
Guy Mannering hinges, in the Jean Gordon of the follow-
ing extract:—*

“Old Jean Gordon, of Yetholm, who had sway among her tribe,
was well remembered by old persons of the last generation. She
was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of
fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably re-
ceived at the farm-house of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had care-
fully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's
property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the
same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer.
Jean was so much mortified at this irregularity, and so much
he (the jester) carried the joke rather too far, in making proposals
to one of the young ladies of the family, and publishing the bans
betwixt her and himself in the public church.”—*Note to Waverley,
new edit.*

* See a very curious paper, entitled, “Notices on the Scottish
Gipsies,” in a new publication called the Edinburgh Monthly Ma-
gazine. [The bulk of this paper (including the passage here
given) was written by Sir Walter Scott himself. The rest of his
contributions will be found in his own notes on Guy Mannering.]
ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years. At length, in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to get some money to pay his rent. Returning through the mountains of Cheviot he was benighted and lost his way. A light glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter, and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a terrible surprise to the poor man whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin to him) was about his person. Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—

‘Eh sir! the winsome Gude-man of Lochside! Light down, light down, for ye maunna gang farther the night and a friend’s house sae near.’ The farmer was obliged to dismount and accept of the gipsy’s offer of supper and a bed. There was abundance of provisions in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful supper, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description probably with his landlady. Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought up the story of the stolen sow, and noticed how much pain and vexation it had given her; like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grows worse daily; and like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect in their depredations the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would soon return home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean’s custody; she made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether pennyless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of shake-down, as the Scotch call it, upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploit in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering their guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there? ‘E’en the winsome Gude-man of Lochside, poor body,’ replied Jean, ‘he’s been at Newcastle seeking for siller to pay his rent, honest man, but the deil be lick’d he’s been able to gather in, and so he’s gaun e’en hame wi’ a toom purse and a sair heart.’—‘That may be, Jean,’ replied one of the banditti, ‘but we maun rimp* his pouches a bit, and see if it be true or no.’ Jean set up her throat in exclamations against the breach of hospitality, but without producing any change of their determination.

* Rummaging his pockets.
The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the foresight of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no, but the smallness of the booty and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances determined them in the negative. They earoused and went to rest. So soon as day returned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the hallan, and guided him for some miles till he was on the high-road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

"I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that one of their number, a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his casting vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, 'Hang them a.' Jean was present, and only said, 'The Lord help the innocent in a day like this.' Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. Jean had, among other demerits or merits, as you may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water, and while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals, 'Charlie yet, Charlie yet!' When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for the fate of poor Jean Gordon, who, with all the vices and irregularities of her degraded tribe and wandering profession, was always mentioned by those who had known her, with a sort of compassionate regret."

Although these strong resemblances occur so frequently, and with such peculiar force, as almost to impress us with the conviction that the author sketched from nature, and not from fancy alone; yet we hesitate to draw any positive conclusion, sensible that a character dashed off as the representative of a certain class of men will bear, if executed with fidelity to the general outlines, not only that resemblance which he ought to possess as "knight of the shire," but also a special affinity to some particular individual. It is scarcely possible it should be otherwise. When Emery appears on the stage as a Yorkshire peasant, with the habit,
manner, and dialect peculiar to the character, and which he assumes with so much truth and fidelity, those unacquainted with the province or its inhabitants see merely the abstract idea, the beau idéal of a Yorkshireman. But to those who are intimate with both, the action and manner of the comedian almost necessarily recall the idea of some individual native (altogether unknown probably to the performer), to whom his exterior and manners bear a casual resemblance. We are, therefore, on the whole inclined to believe, that the incidents are frequently copied from actual occurrences, but that the characters are either entirely fictitious, or if any traits have been borrowed from real life, as in the anecdote which we have quoted respecting Invermahyle, they have been carefully disguised and blended with such as are purely imaginary. We now proceed to a more particular examination of the volumes before us.

They are entitled, Tales of my Landlord: why so entitled, excepting to introduce a quotation from Don Quixote, it is difficult to conceive; for Tales of my Landlord they are not, nor is it indeed easy to say whose tales they ought to be called. There is a proem, as it is termed, supposed to be written by Jedediah Cleishbotham, the schoolmaster and parish-clerk of the village of Gandercleugh, in which we are given to understand that these Tales were compiled by his deceased usher, Mr. Peter Pattieson, from the narratives or conversations of such travellers as frequented the Wallace Inn, in that village. Of this proem we shall only say that it is written in the quaint style of that prefixed by Gay to his Pastorals, being, as Johnson terms it, "such imitation as he could obtain of obsolete language, and by consequence, in a style that was never written nor spoken in any age or place."

The first of the Tales thus ushered in is entitled the Black Dwarf. It contains some striking scenes, but it is even more than usually deficient in the requisites of a luminous and interesting narrative, as will appear from the following abridgement.

Two deer-stalkers, one the Laird of Earnscliff, a gentleman of family and property, the other Hobbie Elliot, of the Heughfoot, a stout Border yeoman, are returning by night from their sports on the hills of Liddesdale, and in the act of crossing a moor reported to be haunted, when they per-
ceive, to the great terror of the farmer, the being from whom the story takes its name, bewailing himself to the moon and the stones of a Druidical circle, which our author has previously introduced to the reader’s knowledge, as a supposed scene of witchery and on object of superstitious terror. The Black Dwarf is thus described;—

"The height of the object, which seemed even to decrease as they approached it, appeared to be under four feet, and its form, so far as the imperfect light afforded them the means of discerning, was very nearly as broad as long, or rather of a spherical shape, which could only be occasioned by some strange personal deformity. The young sportsman hailed this extraordinary appearance twice, without receiving any answer, or attending to the pinches by which his companion endeavoured to intimate that their best course was to walk on, without giving farther disturbance to a being of such singular and preternatural exterior. To the third repeated demand of ‘Who are you? What do you here at this hour of night’—a voice replied, whose shrill, uncouth, and dissonant tones made Elliot step two paces back, and startled even his companion. ‘Pass on your way, and ask naught at them that ask naught at you.’

‘What do you here so far from shelter? Are you benighted on your journey? Will you follow us home?’ (‘God forbid!’ ejaculated Hbbie Elliot, involuntarily), ‘and I will give you a lodging?’

‘I would sooner lodge by myself in the deepest of the Tarra’s flow,’ again whispered Hbbie.

‘Pass on your way,’ rejoined the figure, the harsh tones of his voice still more exalted by passion. ‘I want not your guidance—I want not your lodging—it is five years since my head was under a human roof, and I trust it was for the last time!’"

After a desperate refusal on the part of the misanthropical dwarf to hold any communication with the hunters, they proceed on their journey to Hbbie’s house, of Heughfoott, where they are courteously received by his grandmother, his sisters, and Grace Armstrong, a fair cousin, with whom the doughty yeoman is described to be enamoured. The domestic scene is painted with the knowledge of the language and manners of that class of society, which give interest to the picture of Dandie Dinmont and his family in Guy Mannering. But we do not think it equal to the more simple sketch contained in the earlier novel. This must frequently be the case, when an author, in repeated efforts, brings before us characters of the same genus. He is, as it were, compelled to dwell upon the specific differences and distinctions, instead of the general characteristics,
or, in other words, rather to show wherein Hobbie Elliot differs from Dandie Dinmont, than to describe the former as he really was.

The mysterious dwarf, with speed almost supernatural, builds himself a house of stones and turf, encloses it with a rude wall, within which he cultivates a patch of garden ground, and all this he accomplishes by the assistance of chance passengers, who occasionally stopped to aid him in a task which seemed so unfitted for a being of his distorted shape. Against this whole tale we were tempted to state the objection of utter improbability. We are given, however, to understand that such an individual, so misused by nature in his birth, did actually, within these twenty years, appear in a lone valley in the moors of Tweeddale, and so build a mansion without any assistance but that of passengers as aforesaid, and said house so constructed did so inhabit. The singular circumstances of his hideous appearance, of the apparent ease with which he constructed his place of abode, of the total ignorance of all the vicinity respecting his birth or history, excited, in the minds of the common people, a superstitious terror not inferior to that which the romance describes the appearance of the Black Dwarf to have spread through Liddesdale. The real recluse possessed intelligence and information beyond his apparent condition, which the neighbours, in their simplicity, were sometimes disposed to think preternatural. He once resided (and perhaps still lives) in the vale formed by the Manor-water which falls into the Tweed near Peebles, a glen long honoured by the residence of the late venerable Professor Ferguson.

The Black Dwarf is consulted (from an opinion of his supernatural skill) by many in his vicinity, which gives opportunity to the author to introduce us to his 

**dramatis personae:**—these are Willie of Westburnflat, a thorough-paced Border robber, who is perhaps placed somewhat too late in the story, and Miss Isabella Vere, daughter of the Laird of Ellieslaw, betwixt whom and Earnscliff a mutual attachment subsists. But, as is usual in such cases, her father, who belonged to the jacobite party in politics, and was deeply concerned in their intrigues, was hostile to the match. This unaccommodating sire had resolved to confer the hand of Miss Vere upon Sir Frederick Langley, an
English baronet, of his own political creed, and whom he wished to bind yet more closely to his interest. These, with a confidante cousin of no importance, and a gay cavalier called Mareschal, who embarks in his kinsman Ellieslaw's plots with as much lively heedlessness as could be desired, and finally, a grave steward called Ratcliffe, who receives and accounts to Mr. Vere for the rents of some extensive English estates, which had belonged, as was supposed, to his deceased wife, fill up the *dramatis personae*. This list of personages is not numerous, yet the tale is far from corresponding in simplicity. On the contrary, it abounds with plots, elopements, ravishments, and rescues, and all the violent events which are so common in romance, and of such rare occurrence in real life.

Willie of Westburnflat, the robber aforesaid, opens the campaign, by burning the house of our honest friend Hobbie Elliot. The gathering of the Borderers for redress and vengeance, their pursuit of the freebooter, and the siege of his tower, are all told with the spirit which shows a mind accustomed to the contemplation of such scenes. The robber, for his ransom, offers to deliver up his fair prisoner, who proves to be, not Grace Armstrong, but Miss Vere, whom her father, finding his plans on her freedom of choice likely to be deranged by the interference of the steward Ratcliffe, who seems to possess a mysterious authority over the conduct of his patron, had procured to be carried off by this freebooter, in order to place her the more absolutely at his paternal disposal. She is restored to the Castle of Ellieslaw by her lover Earnsliff, who (of course) had been foremost in her rescue. This ought not to be slurried over, being one of the few attempts which the poor gentleman makes to *kill a giant*, or otherwise to distinguish himself during the volume. In the mean while, the influence of the Black Dwarf with the robber obtains the freedom of Grace Armstrong, and the Solitary contrives also to throw in the way of her betrothed husband a purse of gold, sufficient to reimburse all his losses.

Ellieslaw, during these proceedings, is arranging everything for a rising of the Jacobites, in order to cover the invasion which the French were at that time meditating in behalf of the Chevalier St. George. He is suddenly menaced by the threatened desertion of his proposed son-in-law,
Sir Frederick Langley, who becomes jealous of Mr. Vere's talents in manoeuvring, and suspicious that he intends to cheat him of his intended bride; Vere takes advantage of this circumstance to persuade his daughter that his life and fortunes are at the mercy of this dubious confederate, and can only be saved by her consenting to an immediate union! She is rescued from the fate to which he had destined her, by the sudden appearance of the Black Dwarf, who proves to be the kinsman of Miss Vere's mother, to whom he had been fondly attached. A series of misfortunes, backed by the artifices of Vere, had driven him in a fit of gloomy misanthropy to renounce the world. Hobbie Elliot appears with an armed body to support his benefactor—the failure of the French expedition is made known—the baffled conspirators disperse—Vere escapes abroad, but leaves his daughter full authority to follow her own inclinations—the Solitary seeks some more distant and unknown cell, and Earnscleugh and Hobbie marry the objects of their affection, and are happily settled for life.

Such is the brief abstract of a tale of which the narrative is unusually artificial. Neither hero nor heroine excites interest of any sort, being just that sort of pattern people whom nobody cares a farthing about. The explanation of the dwarf's real circumstances and character, too long delayed from an obvious wish to protract the mystery, is at length huddled up so hastily, that, for our parts, we cannot say we are able to comprehend more of the motives of this principal personage than that he was a madman, and acted like one—an easy and summary mode of settling all difficulties. As for the hurry and military bustle of the conclusion, it is only worthy of the farce of The Miller and his Men, or any other modern melo-drama, ending with a front crowded with soldiers and scene-shifters, and a back scene in a state of conflagration.

We have dealt with this tale very much according to the clown's argument in favour of Master Froth—"Look upon his face, I will be sworn on a book that his face is the worst part about him, and if his face be the worst part about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm?" Even so we will take our oaths that the narrative is the worst part of the Black Dwarf, and that if the reader can tolerate it upon the sketch we have given him, he will
find the work itself contains passages both of natural pathos and fantastic terror, not unworthy of the author of the scene of Steenie’s burial, in the *Antiquary*, or the wild tone assumed in the character of Meg Merrilies.

The story which occupies the next three volumes is of much deeper interest, both as a tale and from its connection with historical facts and personages. It is entitled *Old Mortality*, but should have been called the *Tale of Old Mortality*, for the personage so named is only quoted as the authority of the incidents. The story is thus given in the introduction:

“According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period, it is said, of nearly thirty years.

“During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the last two monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleansing the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

“In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept pecuniary assistance. It is true his wants were very few, for, wherever he went he found ready
quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of the host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality."—Vol. ii, pp. 15-18.

We believe we can add a local habitation and a name to the accounts given of this remarkable old man. His name was Robert Patterson, and in the earlier part of his life he lived in the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, where he was distinguished for depth of piety and devotional feeling. Whether domestic affliction, or some other cause, induced him to adopt the wandering course of life described in the tale which bears his name, we have not been informed, but he continued it for many years, and about fifteen years since closed his weary pilgrimage in the manner described in the Introduction, "being found on the highway, near Lockerby, in Dumfries-shire, exhausted and just expiring. The old pony, the companion of his wanderings, was found standing by the side of his master." This remarkable personage is mentioned in a note upon Swift's Memoirs of Captain John Creighton, in Mr. Scott's edition of that author.

The tale, as may be supposed from the title thus explained, is laid during the period of the persecution of the Presbyterians in Scotland, in the reign of Charles II. The scene opens with a description of a popular assembly of the period, brought together for the purpose of mustering the military vassals of the crown, and afterwards shooting at the popinjay, a custom, we believe, which is still kept up in Ayreshire, and we may add, in several parts of the continent. The reluctance of the Presbyterians to appear at these musters gave rise to a ludicrous incident. Lady Margaret Bellenden, a personage of great dignity and cavalierism, is, by the recusancy of her ploughman to bear arms, compelled to fill up her feudal ranks by the admission of a half-witted boy entitled Goose Gibbie, who, arrayed in the panoply of a man-at-arms of the day, is led forth
under the banners of her valiant butler John Gudyill. But mark the consequences.

"No sooner had the horses struck a canter than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too-heedless butler, being drowned partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the gallant Graemes, which Mr. Gudyill whistled with all the power of lungs.

"The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all the spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

"On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, insides and outsides, at once, which had the blessed effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently so soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide, of the buff coat, that is, in which he was muffled."—Vol. ii, pp. 61-64.

Upon this ludicrous incident turns the fate, as we shall presently see, of the principal personages of the drama. These are Edith Bellenden, the grand-daughter and heiress of Lady Margaret, and a youth of the Presbyterian persuasion,
named Morton, son of a gallant officer who had served the Scotch parliament, in the former civil wars, but by his death had become the dependent of a sordid and avaricious uncle, the Laird of Milnwood. This young gentleman gains the prize at the shooting match, and proceeds to entertain his friends and competitors at a neighbouring public house. The harmony of the meeting is disturbed by a fray which arises between a sergeant of the king's life guards, a man of high descent, but of brutal and insolent manners, nicknamed Bothwell, from being derived from the last Scottish earls of that name, and a stranger, of a dark and sullen aspect, great strength of body and severity of manners, who proves afterwards to be one of the outlawed Presbyterians, named John Balfour, of Burley, at this time in circumstances of peculiar danger, being in the act of flight, in consequence of his share in the assassination of James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews. Bothwell is foiled, and thrown upon the floor of the tavern by the strong-limbed Covenanter.

"His comrade, Halliday, immediately drew his sword:—'You have killed my sergeant,' he exclaimed, to the victorious wrestler, 'and by all that's sacred you shall answer it!''

"'Stand back!' cried Morton and his companions, 'it was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall and he has got it.'

"'That is true enough,' said Bothwell, as he slowly rose; 'put up your bilbo, Tom. I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the king's life guards on the floor of a rascally change-house.—Hark ye, friend, give me your hand.' The stranger held out his hand. 'I promise you,' said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, 'that the time shall come, when we will meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner.'

"'And I'll promise you,' said the stranger, returning the grasp with equal firmness, 'that, when we next meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again.'

"'Well, beloved,' answered Bothwell, 'if thou be'st a Whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good even to thee—Had'st best take thy nag before the cornet makes his round; for, I promise thee, he has stayed less suspicious-looking persons.'

"The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and going into the stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, observed, 'I ride towards Milnwood, which I hear is your home; will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?''

"'Certainly,' said Morton, although there was something of

VOL. II.—9
gloomy and relentless severity in the man's manner from which his mind recoiled. His companions, after a courteous good-night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keeping them company for about a mile, until they dropped off one by one, and the travellers were left alone."—Vol. ii, pp. 83-85.

We may here briefly notice that Francis Stewart, the grandson and representative of the last Earl of Bothwell, who was himself a grandson of James V of Scotland, was so much reduced in circumstances, as actually to ride a private in the life guards at this period, as we learn from the Memoirs of Creighton, who was his comrade. Nothing else is known of him, and the character assigned to him in the novel is purely imaginary.

Balfour and Morton having left the village together, the former in the course of their journey discovers himself to Morton as an ancient comrade of his father, and on hearing the kettle-drums and trumpets of a body of horse approaching, prevails upon him to give him refuge in his uncle's house of Milnwood. And here, like Don Quixote, when he censured the anachronisms of Mr. Peter's Puppet-show, we beg to inform our novelist that cavalry never march to the sound of music by night, any more than the Moors of Jansuena used bells.

It must be remarked that by the cruel and arbitrary laws of the time, Morton, in affording to the comrade of his father a protection which he could not in humanity refuse him, incurred the heavy penalty attached to receiving or sheltering inter-communed persons. There was, by the severity of government, a ban put upon the refractory Calvinists, equal to the aqve et ignis interdictio of the civil law, and whoever transgressed it by relieving the unhappy fugitive, involved himself in his crime and punishment. Another circumstance added to the hazard which Morton thus incurred. The ploughman of Lady Margaret Bellenden, Cuddie Headrigg by name, had been, with his mother, expelled from the castle of Tillietudlem, on account of his refusing to bear arms at the weapon-showing, and thereby occasioning the substitution of Goose-Gibbie, to the disgrace, as we have already seen, of Lady Margaret's troop. The old woman is described as a zealous extra-Presbyterian; the son as an old-fashioned Scotch boor, sly and shrewd in his own concerns, dull and indifferent to all other matters;
reverencing his mother, and loving his mistress, a pert serving damsel in the castle, better than was uniformly expressed by his language. The submission of this honest countryman, upon a martial summons, to petticoat influence, was not peculiar to his rank of life. We learn from Fountainhall, that when thirty-five heritors of the kingdom of Fife were summoned to appear before the council for neglecting to join the king's host, in 1680, with their horses and arms, some of their apologies were similar to those which Cuddie might have preferred for himself.

"Balcanquhal of that ilk alleged that his horses were robbed, but shunned to take the declaration for fear of disquiet from his wife."—"And Young of Kirkton stated his lady's dangerous sickness, and bitter curses if he should leave her; and the appearance of abortion on his offering to go from her." Now as there was a private understanding between Morton and the fair Edith Bellenden, the former is induced, at the request of the young lady, to use his interest with his uncle and his uncle's favourite housekeeper to receive the two exiles as menials into the house of Milnwood. The family there are seated at dinner when they are disturbed by one of those tyrannical domiciliary visits which the soldiers were authorized and encouraged to commit. The scene may very well be abstracted as a specimen of the author's colouring and outline.

"While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, 'Now ye daft auld carline, mak yoursell deaf—ye hae made us a deaf ere now—and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed, for an auld wife's clashes, though ye be our mither.'

"'O, hinny, ay: I'se be silent or thou sall come to ill,' was the corresponding whisper of Mause; 'but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny.'—

"Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the life-guard's-men, a party of four troopers commanded by Bothwell.

"In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots, and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled, from well-grounded apprehension of the system of exaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Burley. The widow Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son's life, and an overstrained and
enthusiastic zeal, which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scotch peasant can at times assume as a masque for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth, to command which, he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself amid the confusion to a sevenfold portion.

"What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?" said Milnwood, humble himself before the satellites of power.

"We come in behalf of the king," answered Bothwell. 'Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?'

"We were at dinner," answered Milnwood, 'and the door was locked, as is usual in landward towns in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kenn'd ony servants of our gude king had stood at the door—But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret wine? making a pause between each offer as long as a stingy bidder at an auction, who is loth to advance his offer for a favourite lot.

"Claret for me," said one fellow.

'I like ale better,' said another, 'provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn.'

"Better never was malted," said Milnwood; 'I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret. It's thin and cauld, gentlemen.

"Brandy will cure that," said a third fellow; 'a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmuring in the stomach.'

"Brandy, ale, wine, sack, and claret,—we'll try them all," said Bothwell, 'and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the damn' dest Whig in Scotland had said it.'" —pp. 176, 177.

The military intruder proceeds with much insolence to enforce the king's health, which was one of the various indirect modes they had of ascertaining the political principles of those they had conversed with.

"Well," said Bothwell, 'have ye all drunk the toast? What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy, she shall drink the king's health, by ——.'

"If your honour pleases," said Cuddie, with great stolidity of aspect, 'this is my mither, sir; and she's as deaf as Corralinn; we canna make her hear day nor door; but if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the king's health for her in as mony glasses of brandy as ye think neshassary.'

"I dare swear you are," answered Bothwell, 'you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy—help thyself, man; all's free where'er I come.—Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more—Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse!—What the devil is the old woman groaning for? She
looks as very a Whig as ever sate on a hill-side—Do you renounce the covenant, good woman?

" 'Whilk covenant is your honour meaning? Is it the covenant of works, or the covenant of grace?' said Cuddie, interposing.

" 'Any covenant; all covenants that ever were hatched,' answered the trooper.

" 'Mither,' cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, 'the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renounce the covenant of works?'

" 'With all my heart, Cuddie,' said Mause, 'and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof;'

" 'Come,' said Bothwell, 'the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business.—You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?'"—Vol. ii, pp. 180, 181.

This question enforced and persisted in, at length produces the discovery, that Morton had privately received Balfour, one of the assassins, into the house of his uncle on the preceding evening. Still, although Bothwell prepares to take him into custody, it appears that the high-born sergeant is not unwilling to overlook this deceit, if the inhabitants of the family will take the test-oath, and if his uncle will pay a fine of twenty pounds, for the use of the party.

"Old Milnwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off, like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile, Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his majesty's custom-house.

" 'You—what's your name, woman?'

" 'Alison Wilson, sir,'

" 'You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare, that you judge it unlawful for subjects under pretext of reformation, or any other pretext whatsoever, to enter into leagues and covenants—'

"Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

" 'O, whisht, mither, whisht! they're upon a communing—Oh! whisht, and they'll agree weel e'enow. '

" 'I will not whisht, Cuddie,' replied his mother, 'I will uplift my voice and spare not—I will confound the man of sin, even the scarlet man, and through my voice shall Mr. Henry be freed from the net of the fowler.'

" 'She has her leg over the harrows now,' said Cuddie, 'stop
her wha can—I see her cocked up behind a dragoon on her way
to the Tolbooth—I find my ain legs tied below a horse's belly—
Ay—she has just mustered up her sermon, and there—wi' that
grane—out it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot!'

"'And div ye think to come here,' said Mause, her withered
hand shaking in concert with her keen, though wrinkled visage,
animated by zealous wrath, and emancipated by the very men-
tion of the test, from the restraints of her own prudence and Cuddie's
admonition,—'div ye think to come here, wi' your soul-
killer, saint-seducing, conscience-confounding oaths, and tests,
and bands—your snares and your traps, and your gins?—Surely
it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird.'

"'Eh! what, good dame?' said the soldier. 'Here's a whig
miracle, egad! the old wife has got both her ears and tongue, and
we are like to be driven deaf in our turn. Go to, hold your peace,
and remember whom you talk to, you old idiot.'

"'What do I talk to? Eh, sirs, ower weel may the sorrowing
land ken what ye are. Malignant adherents ye are to the pre-
lates, foul props to a feeble and filthy cause, bloody beasts of prey,
and burdens to the earth.'

"'Upon my soul,' said Bothwell, astonished as a mastiff-dog
might be should a hen partridge fly at him in defence of her young,
'this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some
more of it?'

"'Gie ye some mair o't? said Mause, clearing her voice with
a preliminary cough, 'I will take up my testimony against you
ance again.—Philistines ye are, and Edomites—leopards are ye,
and foxes—evening-wolves, that gnaw not the bones till the mor-
row—wicked dogs, that compass about the chosen—thrusting kine,
and pushing-bulls of Bashan—piercing serpents ye are, and allied
bait in name and nature with the great red dragon. Revelations,
twelfth chapter, third and fourth verses.'

"Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more from lack
of breath than of matter.

"'Curse the old hag,' said one of the dragoons, 'gag her, and
take her to head-quarters.'

"'For shame, Andrews,' said Bothwell, 'remember the good
lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privileges of her
tongue.—But, bark ye, good woman, every bull of Bashan and red
dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you
to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the mean
time, I must necessarily carry off this young man to head-
quarters. I cannot answer to my commanding-officer to leave
him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fanati-
cism.'

"'See now, mither, what ye hae dune,' whispered Cuddie;
'there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are guan to whirry awa'
Mr. Harry, and a' wi' your nash-gab, de'il be on't'

"'Haud ye're tongue, ye cowardly loon,' said the mother,
'and layna the wyte on me; if you and thae thowless gluttons
that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover, wad testify
wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious young lad awa' to captivity.'—Vol. ii, pp. 190-195.

This testimony of Mause having fairly broken up the secret treaty between the sergeant and old Milnwood, the former, nevertheless, without regard to good faith, does not hesitate to appropriate the subsidy of twenty pounds, on which he had already laid his clutches; and sets off with his party and his prisoner to the castle of Tillietudlem, where he is detained all night by the hospitality of Lady Margaret Bellenden, who conceives she cannot pay too much attention to the soldiers of his most sacred majesty, commanded by a man of such distinguished birth as Bothwell. The scene which we have transcribed seems to have been sketched with considerable attention to the manners. But it is not quite original, and probably the reader will discover the germ of it in the following dialogue, which Daniel Defoe has introduced into his History of the Church of Scotland. It will be remembered that Defoe visited Scotland on a political mission about the time of the Union, and it is evident that the anecdotes concerning this unhappy period, then fresh in the memory of many, must have been peculiarly interesting to a man of his liveliness of imagination, who excelled all others in dramatizing a story, and presenting it as if in actual speech and action before the reader.

"They tell us another story of a soldier, not so divested of humanity as most of them were, and who meeting a man upon the road, who he suspected was one of the poor outlawed proscribed people, as indeed he was; the man was surprised, and would have got from him, but he saw it was in vain, and yet the soldier soon let him know that he was not very much inclined to hurt him, much less to kill him: whereupon the following dialogue, as it is said, happened between them.

"The soldier seeing the countryman willing to shun, and get from him, begins thus:

"Soldier. Hold, sir, ye mon no gang frae me, I have muckle business at you.

"C. Man. Well, what's your will then?

"Soldier. I fear ye are one of the Bothwell-Brigg-men: what say ye to that?

"C. Man. Indeed no, sir, I am not.

"Soldier. Well, but I mon spier some questions at you; and ye answer me right, ye and I'll be good friends again.

"C. Man. What questions will you ask at me?

"Soldier. First, sir, will ye pray for the king?
"C. Man. Indeed, sir, I will pray for all good men. I hope ye think the king a good man, or ye would not serve him.

"Soldier. Indeed do I, sir, I think him a good man, and ye are all wicked that wo' no' pray for him. But what say you then to the business of Bothwell-Brigg.—Was not Bothwell-Brigg a rebellion?

"C. Man. I wot not weel what to say of Bothwell-Brigg, but an they took up arms there against a good king, without a good cause, it mun be rebellion, I'll own that.

"Soldier. Nay, then, I hope thou and I'se be friends presently, I think thou'll be an honest man. But they have killed the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, honest man. O that was a sore work, what say you to that, was not that murder?

"C. Man. Alas, poor man, and ha'e they killed him, truly and he were an honest man, and they have killed him without any cause, weel I wot it mun be murther; what else can I call it?

"Soldier. Weel hast thou said, man: now I have e'en but ane question more, and ye and I'se tak a drink together. Will ye renounce the covenant?

"C. Man. Nay, but now I mun speir at you too, and ye like. There are twa covenants, man, which of them do ye mean?

"Soldier. Twa covenants, say you, where are they?

"C. Man. There's the covenant of works, man, and the covenant of grace.

"Soldier. Fou fa me and I ken, man; but e'en renounce ane of them, and I am satisfied.

"C. Man. With a' my heart, sir, indeed I renounce the covenant of works with a' my heart.

"Upon this dialogue, if the story be true, the soldier let the poor man pass. But be the story true or not true, it serves to give the reader a true idea of the dreadful circumstances every honest man was in at this time, when their life was in the hand of every soldier, nor were the consequences other than might be expected on such occasions."—Defoe's History of the Church of Scotland.

This story seems to intimate, that the inhumanity of the soldiers did not in all instances keep pace with the severity of their instructions. Indeed even the curates sometimes were said to connive at the recusancy of their parishioners, and held it as a sufficient compliance with the orders of the council, that their parishioners should keep the church, if they occasionally walked in at one door, and out at the other, though without remaining during divine service. To return to our tale.

Morton is visited in the cell to which he is confined, by Miss Bellenden, and her handmaiden Jenny Dennison, the

* By this time the poor man began to see the soldier was not designing to hurt him, and he took the hint, and was encouraged to answer as he did.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

beloved of the exiled Cuddie. The result of their conference, is an attempt on the part of the young lady to assure her lover's safety, through the mediation of her uncle, Major Bellenden, an old cavalier by whom he was known and well esteemed. She has an opportunity of trying her influence the next morning, when the celebrated Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee, arrives at the castle with the regiment of horse, which he commanded, in search of the refractory Coveners, who were making head on the moors in the vicinity. We will extract the portrait of this celebrated commander, whom one party exalted into a hero, while the other degraded him into a demon, as a favourable specimen of the author's powers of description.

"Graham of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light-brown joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon.

"The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour, which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features, seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre."—Vol. ii, pp. 286-289.

Major Bellenden's intercession in favour of Morton proves in vain. Claverhouse, with all the politeness of a soldier,
exhibited the remorseless rigour which characterized one who had so much distinguished himself in the persecution. A file of dragoons is drawn out for summary execution, when Edith, in the distracting emergency, applies to a young nobleman, holding a subordinate commission in Claverhouse’s regiment, but possessing, from his rank and political importance, great influence with that officer. Lord Evandale, himself an admirer of Edith, and more than suspecting her partiality for the rival who is now on the point of destruction, yet generously complies with her request, and makes it a point of personal favour with Claverhouse, that the execution of Morton shall not proceed. The following speech expresses the hard and determined character of the superior officer, and his obduracy in the execution of his supposed duty:—

"'Be it so then,' replied Graham;—'but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of graybeards, or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity, which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember that if I now yield this point in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature.'

"He then stepped forwards to the table, and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, should produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind which had nothing left on earth to love, or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"'You see him,' said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale, 'he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblanched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale—If that man heads an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning’s work.'"—Vol. ii, 335–337.

Morton is therefore carried off in the rear of the forces, which now are moving towards a place called Loudoun-hill. He finds himself united with three companions in affliction, namely, Kettledrummie, a presbyterian preacher, taken in the act of exhorting a conventicle, and Mause with her
forlorn son Cuddie, who had been apprehended among the audience.

Claverhouse finds the insurgents strongly drawn up. They are summoned to surrender, but fire upon the officer (a nephew of Claverhouse, according to the story) and kill him on the spot. The soldiers then rush to the assault, and the various incidents and fluctuations of the battle are described with clearness and accuracy. The most striking part is the personal encounter between Bothwell and Balfour, or Burley, in which the former falls.

"'You are the murdering villain Burley,' said Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—'you escaped me once, but' (he swore an oath too tremendous to be written) thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me.'

"'Yes,' replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, 'I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou should'st never lift it again; and God do so to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word.'

"'Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!' said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

"'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' answered Balfour as he parried and returned the blow.

"There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

"Several horses passed over them in the mêlée without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by a kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right-hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left gripped to the place where his dagger hung, it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He
attempted no further defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed,—'Base peasant churl, thou hast split the blood of a line of kings!'" "'Die, wretch!—die,' said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword.—'Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing—!' "'And fearing nothing!'—said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken."—Vol. iii. pp. 61-64.

At length Claverhouse and his party are totally routed and driven from the field.

This is a lively, but exaggerated account of a remarkable skirmish, the only one in which Claverhouse was ever worsted. The relation betwixt him and the Cornet Graham who was slain, is quite imaginary. The accounts given by Creighton, and by Guild (author of a Latin poem called Bellum Bothuellianum,) state that the body of this officer was brutally mangled after death, by the conquerors, from a belief that it was that of his commander Claverhouse. A curious detail of the action, which we should be tempted to transcribe had we space, from the manuscript of James Russell, one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe, and who was himself present, ascribes the mangling of the corpse of Cornet Graham, to some indiscreet language which he was reported to have held on the morning of the fight. Both parties, no doubt, made a point of believing their own side of the story, which is always a matter of conscience in such cases.

Morton, set at liberty by the victorious Covenanters, is induced to join their cause and accept of a command in their levy; as well by the arguments of Burley, and a deep sense of the injustice with which the insurgents have been treated by government, as by natural indignation at the unworthy and cruel treatment which he had himself experienced. But, although he adopts this decisive step, yet it is without participating in the narrow-minded fanaticism and bitter rancour with which most of the persecuted party regarded the prelatists, and not without an express stipulation, that, as he joined a cause supported by men in open war, so he expected it was to be carried on according to the laws of civilized nations. If we look to the history of these times, we shall find reason to believe that the Cőve-
naters had not learned mercy in the school of persecution. It was perhaps not to be expected from a people proscribed and persecuted, having their spirits embittered by the most severe personal sufferings. But that the temper of the victors of Drumclog was cruel and sanguinary, is too evident from the report of their historian, Mr. Howie, of Lochgoil; a character scarcely less interesting or peculiar than Old Mortality, and who, not many years since, collected, with great assiduity, both from manuscripts and traditions, all that could be recovered concerning the champions of the Covenant. In his History of the Rising at Bothwell-bridge, and the preceding skirmish of Drumclog, he records the opinions of Mr. Robert Hamilton, who commanded the Whigs upon the latter occasion, concerning the propriety and legality of giving quarter to a vanquished enemy.

"Mr. Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with and pursuit of the enemy; but when he and some others were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily upon the spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the victory; and some without Mr. Hamilton's knowledge, and directly contrary to his express command, gave five of these bloody enemies quarters, and then let them go; this greatly grieved Mr. Hamilton, when he saw some of Babel's brats spared, after the Lord had delivered them to their hands, that they might dash them against the stones.—Psal. cxxxvii, 9. In his own account of this, he reckons the sparing of these enemies, and the letting them go, to be among their first stepping aside; for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for him; and he says, that he was neither for taking favours from, nor giving favours to, the Lord's enemies."—Battle of Bothwell Bridge, p. 9. *

* The same honest but bigoted and prejudiced historian of the Scottish worthies has, in the Life of John Nesbit, of Hardhill, another champion of the covenanted cause, canvassed this delicate point still more closely. It would appear that James Nesbit, at the time of his execution, had testified, among other steps of defection and causes of wrath, against the lenity shown to the five captive dragoons.

"He was by some thought too severe in his design of killing the prisoners at Drumclog. But in this he was not altogether to blame; for the enemy's word was—No quarters—and the sufferers were the same; and we find it grieved Mr. Hamilton very much, when he beheld some of them spared, after the Lord had delivered them into their hand. Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.—Psal. cxxxvii, 8. Yea, Hardhill himself seems to have had clear grounds and motives for this, in one of
The author therefore has acted in strict conformity with historical truth (whether with propriety we shall hereafter inquire) in representing the Covenanters, or rather the ultra-Covenanters, for those who gained the skirmish fell chiefly under this description, as a fierce and sanguinary set of men, whose zeal and impatience under persecution had destroyed the moral feeling and principle which ought to attend and qualify all acts of retaliation. The large body of Presbyterians, both clergy and people, were far from joining in these extravagances, and when they took up arms to unite themselves to the insurgents, were received with great jealousy and suspicion by the high-flyers of whom we have spoken. The clergy who had been contented to exercise their ministry by the favour of the government, under what was called the Indulgence, were stigmatized by their opponents as Erastians and will-worshippers, while they, with more appearance of reason, reprimanded the above-mentioned steps of defection, with which we shall conclude this narrative."

"15thly. As there has been rash, envious, and carnal executing of justice on his and the church's enemies, so he has also been provoked to reject, cast off, and take the power out of his people's hand, for being so sparing of them, when he brought forth and gave a commission to execute on them that vengeance due unto them, as it is Psal. cxlix, 9. For as justice ought to be executed in such and such a way and manner as aforesaid, so it ought to be fully executed without sparing, as is clear from Joshua, vii, 24, &c. For sparing the life of the enemy, and fleeing upon the spoil, 1 Sam. xv. 18, Saul is sharply rebuked, and though he excused himself, yet for that very thing he is rejected from being king. Let the practice of Drumclog be remembered and mourned for. If there was not a deep ignorance, reason might teach this; for what master having servants and putting them to do his work, would take such a slight at his servants' hands as to do a part of his work, and come and say to the master, that it is not necessary to do the rest, when the not doing of it would be dishonourable to the master, and hurtful to the whole family? Therefore was the wrath of the Lord against his people, insomuch that he abhorred his inheritance, and hiding his face from his people, making them afraid at the shaking of a leaf, and to flee when none pursued, being a scorn and hissing to enemies, and fear to some who desire to befriend his cause. And O! lay to heart and mourn for what has been done to provoke him to anger, in not seeking the truth to execute judgment, and therefore he has not pardoned. Behold! for your iniquities have you sold yourselves, and for your transgressions is your mother put away. Isa. 1, 1, &c."—Scottish Worthies, p. 439.
upon their adversaries that they meant, under pretence of establishing the liberty and independence of the kirk, altogether to disown allegiance to the government. The author of *Old Mortality* has drawn a lively sketch of their distracted councils and growing divisions, and has introduced several characters of their clergy, on each of whom religious enthusiasm is represented as producing an effect in proportion to its quality, and the capacity upon which it is wrought. It is sincere but formal in the indulged Presbyterian clergyman, Poundtext, who is honest, well-meaning, and faithful, but somewhat timorous and attached to his own ease and comfort. The zeal of Kettledrummie is more boisterous, and he is bold, clamorous, and intractable. In a youth called MacBriar, of a more elevated and warm imagination, enthusiasm is wild, exalted, eloquent, and impressive; and in Habbakuk Mucklewrath it soars into absolute madness.

We have been at some pains to ascertain that there were such dissensions as are alluded to in the novels, and we think it is but fair to quote the words of those who lived at the period. James Russell has left distinct testimony on this subject.

"On the Sabbath the army convened at Rutherglen with all the ministers, where they controverted about preaching; for these officers that the Lord had honoured to bring the work that length, opposed any that would not be faithful and declare against all the defections of the time, but ministers taking on them to agree there, they preached at three several places; the one party preached against all the defections and encroachments upon the prerogatives of Jesus Christ; Mr. Welch and his party preached up the subjects’ allegiance to the magistrate. These things gave great offence on all hands, for such as adhered to the former testimonies found that a step of defection if they should join with it; and those which favoured the king’s interest and indulgence were likewise displeased; and that day Mr. Hall, Rathillet, Carmichael, Mr. Smith, was commanded out to Campsie, the militia being rendezvousing there, to scatter them whether designedly or not we cannot tell; for they were all honest and strangers; however, there began strife and debate through all the army, the one party pleading the Lord’s interest, and the other the king’s and their own, and cried out against the honest party as factious and seditious."

Howie of Lochgoin, with whom we have already made the reader acquainted, informs us that there was great harmony and unity among the victors of Drumellog, until their
spirits were overclouded by the ill news that Mr. Welch, a favourer of the Indulgence, was approaching to join them with a powerful reinforcement. This would have been joyful tidings to any others in a similar situation. But this most extraordinary body of warriors, to whom a trifling polemical difference was of more consequence than the swords of some hundred assistants, were filled with consternation at the news.

"Hitherto they were of one accord, and of one mind, in what concerned the cause and testimony of Jesus Christ, that they were appearing for, in this there was great harmony amongst them; but now, alas! their sweet and pleasing union, concord, and harmony was near an end: for this day in the evening, a sad company of Achans came into the camp, which grievously troubled the Lord's host, viz. Mr. John Welch, who brought with him about 140 horsemen from Carrick, and young Blachan upon their head, about 300 footmen, some corrupt ministers of his own stamp, and Thomas Weir of Greenridge, and a troop of horsemen under him; though justly rejected by the council of war the Tuesday before this. All these were enemies to the true state of the cause that that army was appearing for; and, as faithful Rathillet observes, that now they had one among them, viz. Greenridge, that was guilty of shedding the blood of the saints, and some who were possessing the estates of the godly sufferers, who had not come that length of repentance that Judas came, when he brought back the price of blood and gave it again. Now came on the honest men's sorrow and vexation; for, from the time that Mr. Welch came among them, till they were broken by the enemy, they were vexed with debates, strifes, contentions, prejudices, divisions, confusions, and disorders, and at last the utter overthrow of that once pleasant army; for ever after that there were two parties in that army struggling with each other; the one for truth, the other for defection; like Jacob and Esau struggling in Rebekah's womb. Gen. xxv, 22. There was Mr. Hamilton and the honest party with him, and Mr. Welch with the new incomers, with others who came in afterward, and such as were drawn from the right state of the testimony to their corrupt ways, which made up a new and very corrupt party."—Howe's Account of the Battle of Bothwell Bridge.

To return to the novelist, of whom we had well-nigh lost sight, in examining the authenticity of his historical representations—we have to notice, that he engages the insurgent presbyterians in the siege of his imaginary castle of Tillietudlem, defended against them by old Major Bellenden, to whom Lady Margaret Bellenden commits that charge by the solemn symbol of delivering into his hands her father's gold-headed staff, "with full power," as she
expresses it, "to kill, slay, and damage all those who should assail the same, as freely as she could have done herself." The garrison is strengthened by the arrival of Lord Evandale, and by a party of dragoons left there by Claverhouse in his retreat from Drumclog. Thus prepared, they resolved to stand a siege; the incidents of which are told with great minuteness, according to the custom of this author, who gives much of his attention (perhaps too much) to military description. At length, after some changes of fortune, Lord Evandale is made prisoner in a sally, and on the point of being executed by the more violent party of the insurgents. The more moderate leaders unite with Morton in opposing this cruel resolution, and liberate Evandale upon conditions, one of which is the surrender of the castle, the other, his promise to forward their remonstrance and petition to the Council, for a redress of those grievances which had occasioned the insurrection.

This incident is not in any respect strained. From the principles expressed in former quotations, it seems that the Cameronian part of the insurgents had resolved to refuse quarter to their prisoners. It appears, from the joint testimony of Creighton and Guild, countenanced by a passage in Blacader's Manuscript Memoirs, that they set up in the centre of their camp at Hamilton, a gallows of unusual size and extraordinary construction, furnished with hooks and halters for executing many criminals at once; and it was avowed that this machine was constructed for the service of the malignants; nor was this an empty threat, for they actually did put to death, in cold blood, one Watson, a butcher in Glasgow, whose crime was that of bearing arms for the government. This execution gave great displeasure to that portion of their own friends whom they were pleased to call Erastians, as appears from Russell's Memoirs, already quoted.

The deliverance of Lord Evandale occasions an open breach betwixt Morton, the hero of the novel, and his father's friend Burley, who considered himself as specially injured in the transaction. While these dissensions are rending asunder the insurgent army, the Duke of Monmouth, at the head of that of Charles II, advances towards them, like the kite in the fable, hovering over the pugnacious frog and mouse, and ready to pounce on both. Mor-
ton goes as an envoy to the duke, who seems inclined to hear
him with indulgence, but is prevented by the stern influence
of Claverhouse and General Dalzell. In this last point,
the author has cruelly falsified history, for he has repre-
sented Dalzell as present at the battle of Bothwell bridge;
whereas that "old and bloody man," as Wodrow calls him,
was not at the said battle, but at Edinburgh, and only joined
the army a day or two afterwards. He also exhibits the
said Dalzell as wearing boots, which it appears from the
authority of Creighton the old general never wore. We
know little the author can say for himself to excuse these
sophistications, and, therefore, may charitably suggest that
he was writing a romance, and not a history. But he has
done strict justice to the facts of history in representing
Monmouth as anxious to prevent bloodshed, both before
and after the engagement, and as overpowered by the
fiercer spirits around him when willing to offer favourable
terms to the insurgents.

Morton, after having, as is incumbent on him as the
hero of the tale, done prodigious things to turn the scale
of fortune, is at last compelled to betake himself to flight,
accompanied by the faithful Cuddie, the companion of his
distress. They arrive at a lone farm-house occupied by a
party of the retreating Whigs, with their preachers. As un-
fortunately these happened to be of the wilder cast of Ca-
meronians, who regarded Morton as an apostate at least, if
not a traitor, they prepared, after consulting among them-
selves, to put him to death; his unexpected arrival among
them being considered as a sufficient proof that such was
the will of Providence. These unfortunate men were, in-
deed, too apt to consider such coincidences, joined to the
earnest conviction impressed upon their own minds by long
dwelling upon ideas of vengeance, to be an immediate
warrant from Heaven to shed the blood of others. In Rus-
sell's narrative we find John Balfour (the Burley of the
romance) assuring the party which were assembled on the
morning of Bishop Sharpe's murder, that the Lord had
some great service for him, since, when he was on the
point of flying to the Highlands, he felt it was borne upon
him that he ought to remain. He twice consulted Heaven
by earnest prayer, and to the first petition for direction
obtained the response, and on the second the decisive com-
mand, "Go! Have I not sent thee?" James Russell himself conceived that he had received a special mandate upon this memorable occasion.

Morton is rescued from his impending fate by the arrival of his old acquaintance Claverhouse, who was following the pursuit with a body of horsemen, and, surrounding the house, put to death, without mercy, all who had taken refuge within it. This commander is represented as sitting quietly down to his supper, while his soldiers led out and shot two or three prisoners who had survived the fray. He treats the horror which Morton expresses at his cruelty with military nonchalance, and expresses, in bold and ardent language, his attachment to his sovereign, and the obligation he felt himself under to execute his laws, to the uttermost, against the rebels. Claverhouse takes Morton under his immediate protection, in consideration of the favour he had conferred on Lord Evandale, and, carrying him to Edinburgh, procures the doom of death, which he had incurred for being found in arms against the government, to be exchanged for a sentence of banishment. But he witnesses the dreadful examination by torture imposed upon one of his late companions. The scene is described in language which seems almost borrowed from the records of those horrible proceedings, and, with many other incidents, true in fact, though mingled with a fictitious narrative, ought to make every Scotchman thank God that he has been born a century and a half later than such atrocities were perpetrated under the sanction of law. The accused person sustains the torture with that firmness which most of the sufferers manifested, few of whom, excepting Donald Cargil the preacher, who is said by Fountainhall to have behaved very timorously, lost their fortitude even under these dreadful inflictions. Cuddie Headrigg, whose zeal was by no means torture-proof, after as many evasions as were likely from his rank and country, for Scotch country-people are celebrated for giving indirect answers to plain questions, is at length brought to confess his error, drink the king's health, recant his whiggish principles, and accept a free pardon. The scene of his examination is characteristic, but we have not room for its insertion.

Morton receives a second communication from his old friend Burley, stating that he possessed unbounded influence
over the fortune of Edith Bellenden, to whom he knew Morton’s attachment, and would exercise it in his favour in case of his perseverance in the Presbyterian cause. The reason given for this unexpected change of conduct is Burley’s having witnessed Morton’s gallant behaviour at Bothwell bridge. But we consider the motive as inadequate, and the incident as improbable. Morton being on shipboard when he receives the letter, has no opportunity to take any step in consequence of it.

Of the remaining events we must give a brief and very general summary. After an absence of some years, Morton returns to his native country, and finds that the house of Tillietudlem has been saved from that disgrace which Cato was anxious to avoid; it had not stood secure nor flourished in a civil war; by the loss of a deed of importance, which Burley for his own ends had secreted, the possession of the inheritance had passed to Basil Oliphant, the heir male of the family; and Lady Margaret Bellenden, with her granddaughter, had found a retreat in a small cottage of Lord Evandale, whose steady friendship had long delayed their ruin. Morton arrives in this humble abode; and the projected marriage of Lord Evandale with Miss Bellenden, to which she reluctantly assents, in consequence of her persuasion that her first lover has long been dead, and which he generously presses, for the purpose of placing the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her niece beyond that risk to which he was just about to expose himself,—for his old commander, Dundee, was to strike another stroke for his exiled king,—is prevented, by Edith’s discovery that Morton still existed.

Such of the events as may be necessary to the mere development of the story may be told in a single sentence. In a recess far in the mountains, whose wild and savage features are portrayed by a master’s hand, to which he had been driven by his abhorrence of the government of King William, Morton finds his early associate John Balfour of Burley; his mind tottering on the verge of insanity, produced by the united working of his political and religious enthusiasm, and compunctious visitings for a base and cowardly deed of murder, which the fervour of his zeal could not altogether allay. After effecting his escape from this moody maniac, who attempts to involve him in his favourite scheme of
radical reformation, and who destroys the deed under which Lady Margaret Bellenden claimed the inheritance of her fathers, Morton, with highminded generosity, endeavours to save the life of his rival, which is in peril from the machinations of Basil Oliphant and Balfour. His exertions, however, are unsuccessful. Just as he is setting out to join the insurgent jacobites, Lord Evandale is surrounded by the assassins, and mortally wounded. Balfour is slain after a most desperate resistance, well and strikingly described. The intrusive heir male is killed in the fray—which opens to Lady Margaret an easy access to her rightful inheritance; and Miss Edith, who must now have obtained the ripe age of thirty years, bestows her hand on Morton.

We have given these details partly in compliance with the established rules which our office prescribes, and partly in the hope that the authorities we have been enabled to bring together might give additional light and interest to the story. From the unprecedented popularity of the work, we cannot flatter ourselves that our summary has made any one of our readers acquainted with events with which he was not previously familiar. The causes of that popularity we may be permitted shortly to allude to; we cannot even hope to exhaust them, and it is the less necessary that we should attempt it, since we cannot suggest a consideration which a perusal of the work has not anticipated in the minds of all our readers.

One great source of the universal admiration which this family of novels has attracted, is their peculiar plan, and the distinguished excellence with which it has been executed. The objections that have frequently been stated against what are called historical romances, have been suggested, we think, rather from observing the universal failure of that species of composition, than from any inherent and constitutional defect in the species of composition itself. If the manners of different ages are injudiciously blended together—if unpowdered crops and slim and fairy shapes are com mingled in the dance with volumed wigs and far-extending hoops—if in the portraiture of real character the truth of history be violated, the eyes of the spectator are necessarily averted from a picture which excites in every well-regulated and intelligent mind the hatred of incredulity. We have neither time nor inclination to enforce our remark by giving
illustrations of it. But if those unpardonable sins against good taste can be avoided, and the features of an age gone by can be recalled in a spirit of delineation at once faithful and striking, the very opposite is the legitimate conclusion: the composition itself is in every point of view dignified and improved; and the author, leaving the light and frivolous associates with whom a careless observer would be disposed to ally him, takes his seat on the bench of the historians of his time and country. In this proud assembly, and in no mean place of it, we are disposed to rank the author of these works; for we again express our conviction—and we desire to be understood to use the term as distinguished from knowledge—that they are all the offspring of the same parent. At once a master of the great events and minuter incidents of history, and of the manners of the times he celebrates, as distinguished from those which now prevail—the intimate thus of the living and of the dead, his judgment enables him to separate those traits which are characteristic from those that are generic; and his imagination, not less accurate and discriminating than vigorous and vivid, presents to the mind of the reader the manners of the times, and introduces to his familiar acquaintance the individuals of his drama as they thought and spoke and acted. We are not quite sure that anything is to be found in the manner and character of the Black Dwarf which would enable us, without the aid of the author’s information, and the facts he relates, to give it to the beginning of the last century; and, as we have already remarked, his free-booting robber lives, perhaps, too late in time. But his delineation is perfect. With palpable and inexcusable defects in the dénouement, there are no scenes of deep and overwhelming interest; and every one, we think, must be delighted with the portrait of the grandmother of Hobbie Elliott, a representation soothing and consoling in itself, and heightened in its effect by the contrast produced from the lighter manners of the younger members of the family, and the honest but somewhat blunt and boisterous bearing of the shepherd himself.

The second tale, however, as we have remarked, is more adapted to the talents of the author, and his success has been proportionably triumphant. We have trespassed too unmercifully on the time of our gentle readers to indulge our inclination in endeavouring to form an estimate of that
melancholy but, nevertheless, most attractive period in our history, when by the united efforts of a corrupt and unprincipled government, of extravagant fanaticism, want of education, perversion of religion, and the influence of ill-instructed teachers, whose hearts and understandings were estranged and debased by the illapses of the wildest enthusiasm, the liberty of the people was all but extinguished, and the bonds of society nearly dissolved. Revolting as all this is to the patriot, it affords fertile materials to the poet. As to the beauty of the delineation presented to the reader in this tale, there is, we believe, but one opinion: and we are persuaded that the more carefully and dispassionately it is contemplated, the more perfect will it appear in the still more valuable qualities of fidelity and truth. We have given part of the evidence on which we say this, and we will again recur to the subject. The opinions and language of the honest party are detailed with the accuracy of a witness; and he who could open to our view the state of the Scottish peasantry, perishing in the field or on the scaffold, and driven to utter and just desperation, in attempting to defend their first and most sacred rights; who could place before our eyes the leaders of these enormities, from the notorious Duke of Lauderdale downwards to the fellow mind that executed his behest, precisely as they lived and looked—such a chronicler cannot justly be charged with attempting to extenuate or throw into the shade the corruptions of a government that soon afterwards fell a victim to its own follies and crimes.

Independently of the delineation of the manners and characters of the times to which the story refers, it is impossible to avoid noticing, as a separate excellence, the faithful representation of general nature. Looking not merely to the litter of novels that peep out for a single day from the mud where they were spawned, but to many of more ambitious pretensions—it is quite evident that in framing them, the authors have first addressed themselves to the involutions and development of the story, as the principal object of their attention; and that in entangling and unravelling the plot, in combining the incidents which compose it, and even in depicting the characters, they sought for assistance chiefly in the writings of their predecessors. Baldness, and uniformity, and inanity are the inevitable results of this slovenly
and unintellectual proceeding. The volume which this author has studied is the great book of nature. He has gone abroad into the world in quest of what the world will certainly and abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a man of the very highest genius will alone depict after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakspere are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author. It is from this circumstance that, as we have already observed, many of his personages are supposed to be sketched from real life. He must have mixed much and variously in the society of his native country; his studies must have familiarized him to systems of manners now forgotten; and thus the persons of his drama, though in truth the creatures of his own imagination, convey the impression of individuals who, we are persuaded, must exist, or are evoked from their graves in all their original freshness, entire in their lineaments, and perfect in all the minute peculiarities of dress and demeanour. The work now more immediately under our consideration is accordingly equally remarkable for the truth and the endless variety of its characters. The stately and pompous dignity of Lady Margaret Bellenden, absorbed in the consciousness of her rank;—the bustling importance and unaffected kindliness of Mrs. Alison Wilson, varying in their form, but preserving their substance, with her variations of fortune;—the true Caledonian prudence of Neil Blane;—we cannot stay to examine, nor point out with what exquisite skill their characteristic features are brought to the reader's eye, not by description or enumeration, but by compelling him, as in real life, to observe their effect when forced into contact with the peculiarities of others. The more prominent personages it would be superfluous to notice. We must be pardoned, however, for offering one slight tribute of respect to the interesting old woman by whom Morton is directed to Burley's last retreat: she is portrayed as a patient, kind, gentle, and generous being, even in the lowest state of oppression, poverty and blindness; her religious enthusiasm, unlike that of her sect, is impressed with the pure stamp of the gospel, combining meekness with piety, and love to her neighbour, with obedience and love of the Deity. And the author's knowledge of human nature is
well illustrated in the last glimpse he gives us of our early 
aquaintance, Jenny Dennison. When Morton returns from 
the continent, the giddy **fille de chambre** of Tillietudlem has 
become the wife of Cuddie Headrigg, and the mother of a 
large family. Every one must have observed that coquetry, 
whether in high or low life, is always founded on intense 
selfishness, which, as age advances, gradually displays itself 
in its true colours, and vanity gives way to avarice; and 
with perfect truth of representation, the lively, thoughtless 
girl has settled into a prudent housewife, whose whole cares 
are centred in herself, and in her husband and children, be-
cause they are her husband and children. Nor in this rapid 
and imperfect sketch can we altogether pass over the pecu-
liar excellence of the **dialogue**. We do not allude merely 
to its dramatic merit, nor to the lively and easy tone of 
natural conversation by which it is uniformly distinguished: 
we would notice the singular skill and felicity with which, 
in conveying the genuine sentiments of the Scottish peasant 
in the genuine language of his native land, the author has 
avoided that appearance of grossness and vulgarity by 
which the success of every similar attempt has hitherto been 
defeated. The full value of this praise, we, on this part of 
the island, cannot, perhaps, be expected to feel, though we 
are not wholly insensible to it. The Scottish peasant speaks 
the language of his native country, his **national** language, 
not the **patois** of an individual district; and in listening to 
it we not only do not experience even the slightest feeling 
of disgust or aversion, but our bosoms are responsive to 
every sentiment of sublimity, or awe, or terror, which the 
author may be disposed to excite. Of the truth of all this, 
Meg Merrilies is a sufficiently decisive instance. The ter-
rible graces of this mysterious personage, an outcast and 
profligate of the lowest class, are complete in their effect, 
though conveyed by the **medium** of language that has 
hitherto been connected with associations that must have 
altogether neutralized them. We could, with much satis-
faction to ourselves, and much, we fear, to the annoyance 
of our patient readers, dilate on this part of the subject, and 
illustrate our views by quotations from some of the scenes 
that peculiarly struck ourselves; but we have trespassed 
much on their indulgence, and there is one not unimportant 
view we have still to open to them. This chiefly relates
to the historical portraits with which the author has presented us. We propose to examine these somewhat in detail, and we trust the information we have collected from sources not often resorted to, may be an apology for the length of the article.

Most of the group are drawn in harsh colours, and yet the truth of the resemblances, when illustrated by historical documents, will scarcely be disputed, except by those staunch partisans whose religious or political creed is the sole gauge for estimating the good or bad qualities of the characters of past ages. To such men an extensive knowledge of history is only the means of further perversion of its truth. The portraits of their favourites (as Queen Elizabeth is said to have required of her own) must be drawn without shadow, and the objects of their political antipathy be blackened, horned, hoofed, and clawed, ere they will acknowledge the likeness of either. But if we are to idolize the memory of deceased men of worth and piety of our own persuasion, as if they had not been fallible mortals, it is in vain that we are converted from paganism, which transformed deceased heroes into deities; and if we damn utterly the characters and motives of those who stood in opposition to their opinions, we have gained little by leaving the church of Rome, in whose creed heresy includes every other possible guilt.

The most prominent portrait, historically considered, is that of John Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee; and its accurate resemblance can hardly be disputed, though those who only look at his cruelty towards the Presbyterians will consider his courage, talents, high spirit, and loyal devotion to an unfortunate master, is ill associated with such evil attributes. They who study his life will have some reason to think that a mistaken opinion of the absolute obedience due by an officer to his superiors, joined to unscrupulous ambition, was the ruling principle of many of his worst actions. Yet he was not uniformly so ruthless as he is painted in the Tales. In some cases he interceded for the life of those whom he was ordered to put to death; and particularly, he pleaded hard with Sir James Johnstone, of Westerhull, for the life of one Hislop, shot on Eskdale moor. It appears also, from his correspondence with Lord Lithgow, that he was attentive to his prisoners,
as he apologizes for not bringing one of them, who laboured under a disease rendering it painful for him to be on horseback. From the following anecdote it would seem that his activity against the Whigs did not always correspond with the wishes of those in power.

"The Thes. Queenseberry having taken some disgust at Claverhouse, for not being so active against the Whigs as he ought (they having killed two men, and made one Mr. Shaw, a minister, swear never to preach under bishops), orders his brother, Colonel Douglas, to take two hundred men of his regiment and attack the rebels. But having one day with a party of his men met with as many of the rebels in a house, they killed two of his men and Captain Urquhart Meldrum's brother, and was near being shot himself, had not a Whig's carbine misgiven (the more pity, considering what a vile traitor the colonel after proved to King James VII), that Douglas therefore shot the said Whig, January, 1685."—Fountainhall's MS. Diary.

Something is also to be given to the exaggeration of political and polemical hatred. For example, John Brown of Muirkirk, is, in Wodrow's history, said to have been shot by Claverhouse with his own hand. But in the Life of Peden, which gives a minute and interesting account of this execution, the particulars whereof the author had from the unfortunate widow, we are expressly told that Brown was shot by a file of soldiers, Claverhouse looking on and commanding. Enough will, however, remain, after every possible deduction, to stigmatize Claverhouse, during this earlier part of his military career, as a fierce and savage officer; the ready executioner of the worst commands of his superiors, forgetting that no officer is morally justifiable in the execution of cruelty and oppression, however the commands of his superiors may be his warrant in an earthly court of justice; for the alternative of surrendering his commission being at all times in his power, he who voluntarily continues in a service where such things are exacted at his hand, cannot be judged otherwise than as one who prefers professional advancement and private interest to good faith, justice, and honour. But there are circumstances in Graham's subsequent conduct which have gilded over cruelties that, we shall presently show, belonged as much to the age as to the man, and they have been glossed over, if not extenuated, by the closing scenes of his life.

During the general desertion of James II, Claverhouse, then Viscount of Dundee, remained unalienably firm to his
benefactor. In his personal expenses he had been a rigid economist, but he was profuse of his fortune when it could aid the cause of his misguided prince. When James had disbanded his army, and was about to take the last and desperate step of leaving Britain, Claverhouse withstood it. He maintained, that the army, though disembodied, was not so dispersed but that they could be again assembled; and he offered to collect them under the king's standard, and to give battle to the Dutch.* Disappointed in this enterprise by the pusillanimity of the king, he did not desert his sinking cause. He fought his cause in the convention of estates in Scotland; and finally retreating to the Highlands, raised the clans in his defence. No name is yet so loved and venerated among the Highlanders as that of Dundee, and the influence which he had been able to acquire over the minds of this keen-spirited and aboriginal race is of itself sufficient to prove his talents. Sir John Dalrymple has idly represented him as studying their ancient poetry, and heating his enthusiasm with their ancient traditions. The truth is, that Dundee did not even understand their language, and never learned above a few words of it. His ascendency over them was acquired by his superior talents and the art which he possessed of managing minds inferior to his own. He fell in the moment of a most decided victory, gained over troops superior to his own in number, in equipment, in military skill, in everything but the valour and activity of the soldiers and the military talents of the general. Few men have left to posterity a character so strikingly varied. It is not shaded—it is not even checkered—it is on the one side purely heroic, on the other, cruel, savage and sanguinary. The old story of the gold and silver shield is but a type of the character of Claverhouse; and partisans on either side may assail or defend his character with as good faith as the knights in the fable. The minstrels have not been silent on the occasion, and the censure of the amiable Graham may be well contrasted with the classical epitaph of Pitcairn.

Claverhouse is the only cavalier of importance upon whom our author has dwelt, though he has touched lightly on Sir John Dalzell and the Duke of Lauderdale. Among

* See MacPherson’s State Papers.
the Covenanters, the character of Balfour is most prominent. This man (for he actually existed) was a gentleman by birth, and brother-in-law to Hackstone of Rathillet, an enthusiastic of another and more unmixed mould. In point of religious observances he did not act up to the strictness of his sect, but he atoned for such negligence by his military enterprise and unsparing cruelty. This we learn from Howie, whose work we have already quoted; and at the same time we become acquainted with what the honest man considered as the criterion of a soldier of the Covenant.

"He joined with the more faithful part of our late sufferers, and although he was by some reckoned none of the most religious, yet he was always zealous and honest-hearted, courageous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, seldom any escaping that came in his hands."—Scottish Worthies, p. 563.

From another passage we gain something of his personal appearance, which seems to have been as unattractive as his proceedings were ruthless.

"At that meeting at Loudon Hill, dispersed May 5th, 1681, it is said that he disarmed one of Duke Hamilton's men with his own hand, taking a pair of fine pistols belonging to the duke from his saddle, telling him to tell his master he would keep them till meeting. Afterwards, when the duke asked his man, What he was like? he told him he was a little man, squint-eyed, and of a very fierce aspect; the duke said, he knew who it was, and withal prayed that he might never see his face, for if he should, he was sure he would not live long."—Ibid.

Burley appears to have been wounded in the battle of Bothwell bridge, for he was heard to execrate the hand which had fired the shot. He fled to Holland, where his company was shunned by such of the Scottish fugitives as had their religious zeal qualified by moral considerations, and he was refused the communion by the Scottish congregation. He is said to have accompanied Argyle in his unfortunate attempt, along with one Fleming, also an assassin of the archbishop. And finally, he joined the expedition of the Prince of Orange, but died before the disembarkation; an event to which Mr. Howie fondly ascribes the limitation of the revenge which would otherwise have been taken on the persecutors of the Lord's people and cause in Scotland.

"It is said he (Balfour) obtained liberty from the prince for the purpose, but died at sea before their arrival in Scotland. Whereby that design was never accomplished, and so the land was never purged by the blood of them who had shed innocent blood, accord-
ing to the law of the Lord,—Gen. ix, 6. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'—Scottish Worthies, p. 563.

It will hardly be alleged that our author has greatly misrepresented this singular character. On the contrary, he appears to have imputed to Burley, as the prime motive of his actions, a deep though regulated spirit of enthusiasm, which, from Howie's account, he seems not to have in reality possessed, and so far has rendered him more interesting and terrible, than if he had been painted as the thorough-going bloody-minded ruffian, with little religion and less mercy, in which character he figures among the Scottish Worthies.

Admitting, however, that these portraits are sketched with spirit and effect, two questions arise of much more importance than anything affecting the merits of the novels,—namely, whether it is safe or prudent to imitate, in a fictitious narrative, and often with a view to a ludicrous effect, the scriptural style of the zealots of the seventeenth century; and secondly, whether the recusant Presbyterians, collectively considered, do not carry too reverential and sacred a character to be treated by an unknown author with such insolent familiarity.

On the first subject, we frankly own we have great hesitation. It is scarcely possible to ascribe scriptural expressions to hypocritical or extravagant characters without some risk of mischief, because it will be apt to create an habitual association between the expression and the ludicrous manner in which it is used, unfavourable to the reverence due to the sacred text. And it is no defence to state that this is an error inherent in the plan of the novel. Bourdaloue, a great authority, extends this restriction still farther, and denounces all attempts to unmask hypocrisy by raillery, because in doing so, the satirist is necessarily compelled to expose to ridicule the religious wizard of which he has divested him. Yet even against such authority it may be stated, that ridicule is the friend both of religion and virtue, when directed against those who assume their garb, whether from hypocrisy or fanaticism. The satire of Butler, not always decorous in these particulars, was yet eminently useful in stripping off their borrowed gravity, and exposing to public ridicule the affected fanaticism of the times in which he lived. It may also be remembered, that in the
days of Queen Anne a number of the Camisars, or Huguenots of Dauphiné, arrived as refugees in England, and became distinguished by the name of the French prophets. The fate of these enthusiasts in their own country had been somewhat similar to that of the Covenanters. Like them, they used to assemble in the mountains and desolate places, to the amount of many hundreds, in arms, and like them they were hunted and persecuted by the military. Like them, they were enthusiasts, though their enthusiasm assumed a character more decidedly absurd. The fugitive Camisars who came to London had convulsion fits, prophesied, made converts, and attracted the public attention by an offer to raise the dead. The English minister, instead of fine and imprisonment, and other inflictions which might have placed them in the rank and estimation of martyrs, and confirmed in their faith their numerous disciples, encouraged a dramatic author to bring out a farce on the subject, which, though neither very witty nor very delicate, had the good effect of laughing the French prophets out of their audience, and putting a stop to an inundation of nonsense which could not have failed to disgrace the age in which it appeared. The Camisars subsided into their ordinary vocation of psalmotic whiners, and no more was heard of their sect or their miracles. It would be well if all folly of the kind could be so easily quelled; for enthusiastic nonsense, whether of this day or of those which have passed away, has no more title to shelter itself under the veil of religion than a common pirate to be protected by the reverence due to an honoured and friendly flag.

Still, however, we must allow that there is great delicacy and hesitation to be used in employing the weapon of ridicule on any point connected with religion. Some passages occur in the work before us for which the writer’s sole apology must be the uncontrollable disposition to indulge the peculiarity of his vein of humour—a temptation which even the saturnine John Knox was unable to resist either in narrating the martyrdom of his friend Wishart, or the assassination of his enemy, Beaton, and on the impossibility of resisting which his learned and accurate biographer has rested his apology for this mixture of jest and earnest.

"There are writers," he says (rebutting the charge of Hume against Knox), "who can treat the most sacred subjects with a
levity bordering on profanity. Must we at once pronounce them profane, and is nothing to be set down to the score of natural temper inclining them to wit and humour? The pleasantness which Knox has mingled with his narrative of his (Cardinal Beaton's) death and burial is unseasonable and unbecoming. But it is to be imputed not to any pleasure which he took in describing a bloody scene, but to the strong propensity which he had to indulge his vein of humour. Those who have read his history with attention must have perceived that he is not able to check this even on very serious occasions.”—M'Crie's Life of Knox, p. 147.

Indeed Dr. M'Crie himself has given us a striking instance of the indulgence which the Presbyterian clergy, even of the strictest persuasion, permit to the *vis comica*. After describing a polemical work as “ingeniously constructed and occasionally enlivened with strokes of humour,” he transfers, to embellish his own pages (for we can discover no purpose of edification which the tale serves), a ludicrous parody made by an ignorant parish-priest on certain words of a psalm, too sacred to be here quoted. Our own innocent pleasantry cannot, in this instance, be quite reconciled with that of the learned biographer of John Knox, but we can easily conceive that his authority may be regarded in Scotland as decisive of the extent to which a humorist may venture in exercising his wit upon scriptural expressions without incurring censure even from her most rigid divines.

It may, however, be a very different point how far the author is entitled to be acquitted upon the second point of indictment. To use too much freedom with things sacred is a course much more easily glossed over than that of exposing to ridicule the persons of any particular sect. Every one knows the reply of the great Prince of Condé to Louis XIV, when this monarch expressed his surprise at the clamour excited by Molière's *Tartuffe*, while a blasphemous farce called *Scaramouche Hermite* was performed without giving any scandal:—“C'est parce que *Scaramouche* ne jouoit que le ciel et la religion, dont les dévots se souciaient beaucoup moins que d'eux-mêmes.” We believe, therefore, the best service we can do our author, in the present case, is to show that the odious part of his satire applies only to that fierce and unreasonable set of extra-Presbyterians, whose zeal, equally absurd and cruel, afforded pretexts for the severities inflicted on nonconformists, with-
out exception, and gave the greatest scandal and offence to the wise, sober, enlightened, and truly pious among the Presbyterians.

The principal difference betwixt the Cameronians and the rational Presbyterians has been already touched upon. It may be summed up in a very few words.

After the restoration of Charles II, episcopacy was restored in Scotland, upon the unanimous petition of the Scottish Parliament. Had this been accompanied with a free toleration of the Presbyterians, whose consciences preferred a different mode of church-government, we do not conceive there would have been any wrong done to that ancient kingdom. But instead of this, the most violent means of enforcing conformity were resorted to without scruple, and the ejected Presbyterian clergy were persecuted by penal statutes, and prohibited from the exercise of their ministry. These rigours only made the people more anxiously seek out and adhere to the silenced preachers. Driven from the churches, they held conventicles in houses. Expelled from cities and the mansions of men, they met on the hills and deserts like the French Huguenots. Assailed with arms, they repelled force with force. The severity of the rulers, instigated by the episcopal clergy, increased with the obstinacy of the recusants, until the latter, in 1666; assumed arms for the purpose of asserting their right to worship God in their own way. They were defeated at Pentland; and in 1669 a gleam of common sense and justice seems to have beamed upon the Scottish councils of Charles. They granted what was called an indulgence (afterwards repeatedly renewed) to the Presbyterian clergy, assigned them small stipends, and permitted them to preach in such deserted churches as should be assigned to them by the Scottish Privy Council. This “indulgence,” though clogged with harsh conditions and frequently renewed or capriciously recalled, was still an acceptable boon to the wiser and better part of the Presbyterian clergy, who considered it as an opening to the exercise of their ministry under the lawful authority, which they continued to acknowledge. But fiercer and more intractable principles were evinced by the younger ministers of that persuasion. They considered the submitting to exercise their ministry under the control of any visible authority as abso-
Inte Erastianism, a desertion of the great invisible and divine church, and a line of conduct which could only be defended, says one of their tracts, by nullifidians, time-servers, infidels, or the Archbishop of Canterbury. They held up to ridicule and abhorrence such of their brethren as considered mere toleration as a boon worth accepting. Everything, according to these fervent divines, which fell short of re-establishing Presbytery as the sole and predominating religion, all that did not imply a full restoration of the Solemn League and Covenant, was an imperfect and unsound composition between God and mammon, episcopacy and prelacy. The following extracts from a printed sermon by one of them, on the subject of "soul-confirmation," will at once exemplify the contempt and scorn with which these high-flyers regarded their more sober-minded brethren, and serve as a specimen of the homely eloquence with which they excited their followers. The reader will probably be of opinion that it is worthy of Kettle-drummle himself, and will serve to clear Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham of the charge of exaggeration.

"There is many folk that has a face to the religion that is in fashion, and there is many folk, they have aye a face to the old company, they have a face for godly folk, and they have a face for persecutors of godly folk, and they will be daddies' bairns and minnies' bairns both; they will be prelates' bairns and they will be malignants' bairns, and they will be the people of God's bairns. And what think ye of that bastard temper? Poor Peter had a trial of this soullessness, but God made Paul an instrument to take him by the neck and shake it from him: and O that God would take us by the neck and shake our soullessness from us.

"Therefore you that keeps only your old job-trot, and does not mend your pace, you will not wone at soul confirmation, there is a whine (i.e. a few) old job-trot, and does not mend your pace, you will not wone at soul confirmation, there is a whine old job-trot ministers among us, a whine old job-trot professors, they have their own pace, and faster they will not go; O therefore they could never wine to soul confirmation in the matter of God. And our old job-trot ministers is turned curates, and our old job-trot professors is joined with them, and now this way God has turned them inside out, and has made it manifest, and when their heart is hanging upon this braw, I will not give a gray groat for them and their profession both.

"The devil has the ministers and professors of Scotland, now in a sive, and O as he sifts, and O as he riddles, and O as he rattles, and O the chaff he gets; and I fear there be more chaff nor there be good corn, and that will be found among us or all be done; but the soul confirmed man leaves ever the devil at two
more, and he has ay the matter gadget, and leaves ay the devil in the lee side,—sirs, O work in the day of the cross."

The more moderate Presbyterian ministers saw with pain and resentment the lower part of their congregation, who had least to lose by taking desperate courses, withdrawn from their flocks, by their more zealous pretenders to purity of doctrine, while they themselves were held up to ridicule, old jog-trot professors and chaff winnowed out and flung away by Satan. They charged the Cameronian preachers with leading the deluded multitude to slaughter at Bothwell, by prophesying a certainty of victory, and dissuading them from accepting the amnesty offered by Monmouth. "All could not avail," says Mr. Law, himself a Presbyterian minister, "with M'Cargill, Kidd, Douglas, and other witless men amongst them, to hearken to any proposals of peace. Among others that Douglas, sitting on his horse, and preaching to the confused multitude, told them that they would come to terms with them, and like a drone was always droning on these terms with them: 'they would give us a half Christ, but we will have a whole Christ,' and such like impertinent speeches as these, good enough to feed those that are served with wind, and not with the sincere milk of the word of God." Law also censures these irritated and extravagant enthusiasts, not only for intending to overthrow the government, but as binding themselves to kill all that would not accede to their opinion, and he gives several instances of such cruelty being exercised by them, not only upon straggling soldiers whom they shot by the way or surprised in their quarters, but upon those who, having once joined them, had fallen away from their principles. Being asked why they committed these cruelties in cold blood, they answered, "they were obliged to do it by their sacred bond." Upon these occasions they practised great cruelties, mangling the bodies of their victims that each man might have his share of the guilt. In these cases the Cameronians imagined themselves the direct and inspired executioners of the vengeance of Heaven. Nor did they lack the usual incentives of enthusiasm. Peden and others among them set up a claim to the gift of prophecy, though they seldom foretold anything to the purpose. They detected witches, had bodily encounters with the enemy of mankind in his own shape, or could discover
him as, lurking in the disguise of a raven, he inspired the rhetoric of a Quaker's meeting. In some cases, celestial guardians kept guard over their field-meetings. At a conventicle held on the Lomond hills, the Reverend Mr. Blaeder was credibly assured, under the hands of four honest men, that at the time the meeting was disturbed by the soldiers, some women who had remained at home, "clearly perceived as the form of a tall man, majestic-like, stand in the air in stately posture with the one leg, as it were, advanced before the other, standing above the people all the time of the soldiers shooting." Unluckily this great vision of the Guarded Mount did not conclude as might have been expected. The divine sentinel left his post too soon, and the troopers fell upon the rear of the audience, plundered and stripped many, and made eighteen prisoners.

But we have no delight to dwell either upon the atrocities or absurdities of a people whose ignorance and fanaticism were rendered frantic by persecution. It is enough for our present purpose to observe that the present Church of Scotland, which comprises so much sound doctrine and learning, and has produced so many distinguished characters, is the legitimate representative of the indulged clergy of the days of Charles II, settled, however, upon a comprehensive basis. That after the revolution, it should have succeeded episcopacy as the national religion, was natural and regular, because it possessed all the sense, learning, and moderation fit for such a change, and because among its followers were to be found the only men of property and influence who acknowledged presbytery. But the Cameronians continued long as a separate sect, though their preachers were bigoted and ignorant, and their hearers were gleaned out of the lower ranks of the peasantry. Their principle, so far as it was intelligible, asserted that paramount species of presbyterian church-government which was established in the year 1648, and they continued to regard the established church as erastian and time-serving, because they prudently remained silent upon certain abstract and delicate topics, where there might be some collision between the absolute liberty asserted by the church and the civil government of the state. The Cameronians, on the contrary, disowned all kings and government whatever, which should not take the Solemn League and Covenant;
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

and long retained hopes of re-establishing that great national engagement, a bait which was held out to them by all those who wished to disturb the government during the reign of William and Anne, as is evident from the Memoirs of Ker of Kersland, and the Negotiations of Colonel Hooke with the Jacobites and dissatisfied of the year.

A party so wild in their principles, so vague and inconsistent in their views, could not subsist long under a free and unlimited toleration. They continued to hold their preachings on the hills, but they lost much of their zeal when they were no longer liable to be disturbed by dragoons, sheriffs, and lieutenants of militia. The old fable of the Traveller's Cloak was in time verified, and the fierce sanguinary zealots of the days of Claverhouse sunk into such quiet and peaceable enthusiasts as Howie of Lochgoin, or Old Mortality himself. It is, therefore, upon a race of sectaries who have long ceased to exist, that Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham has charged all that is odious, and almost all that is ridiculous, in his fictitious narrative; and we can no more suppose any modern Presbyterian involved in the satire, than we should imagine that the character of Hampden stood committed by a little raillery on the person of Ludovic Claxton, the Muggletonian. If, however, there remain any of these sectaries who, confining the beams of the gospel to the Goshen of their obscure synagogue, and with James Mitchell, the intended assassin, giving their sweeping testimony against prelacy and popery, The Whole Duty of Man and bordels, promiscuous dancing and the Common Prayer Book, and all the other enormities and backslidings of the time, may perhaps be offended at this idle tale, we are afraid they will receive their answer in the tone of the revellers to Malvolio, who, it will be remembered, was something a kind of Puritan: "Doest thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?—Ay, by Saint Anne, and ginger will be hot in the mouth too."

We intended here to conclude this long article, when a strong report reached us of certain transatlantic confessions, which, if genuine (though of this we know nothing), assign a different author to these volumes, than the party suspected by our Scottish correspondents. Yet a critic may be excused seizing upon the nearest suspicious person, on the
principle happily expressed by Claverhouse, in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow. He had been, it seems, in search of a gifted weaver, who used to hold forth at Conventicles: "I sent to seek the webster (weaver), they brought in his brother for him: though he maybe cannot preach like his brother, I doubt not but he is as well principled as he, wherefore I thought it would be no great fault to give him the trouble to go to jail with the rest."*

* [About this time there had appeared a silly story in the American newspapers of Sir Walter's brother, Thomas Scott, then with his regiment in Canada, having acknowledged himself to be the author of Waverley. There is much jesting on the subject in Sir Walter's correspondence with his brother.—See Introduction to Waverley, p. xxxiii.]
MISCELLANEOUS CRITICISM.

ON THORNTON'S SPORTING TOUR.*

[Edinburgh Review, January, 1805.]

It is well known that the patriarch of Uz exclaimed, in the midst of his afflictions, “Oh that mine adversary had written a book!” This ardent exclamation of the man of patience has led the learned Rabbin Menachem-el-Rekenet, in the treatise entitled Bâvra Bâthra, to suggest that the


† [Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton (formerly of the West-York Militia) was the first sportsman of his day, in point of science, and one of the most convivial companions of the festive board. He revived falconry on a very extensive scale. After the peace of Amiens he went to France for the purpose of examining the state of sporting in that country. He was said to have been materially assisted in his publication by the Reverend Mr. Martyn, and subsequently to his Sporting Tour in Scotland, there appeared, under the colonel’s name, A Sporting Tour through various parts of France in 1802, 2 vols. 4to. 1806. And A Vindication of Colonel Thornton’s conduct in his Transactions with Mr. Burton. Having been obliged to relinquish residence on his magnificent estate in Yorkshire, he spent the latter years of his life entirely at Paris, where he established a weekly dinner party, under the name of the Falconer’s Club. For some months his health was visibly on the decline, yet he would lie in bed till the hour of five, then rise and go to the club, sing a better song, and tell a better story than any of the other members. He died at Paris in 1823.]
Arabian sage may have been a writer in the *Ammudeha Scibha* (the Critical Journal of Tadmor), or at least in the *Maarcoheth haelahuth* (or Mokha Monthly Review). Without deciding on this difficult point, we can only say that we have frequently sympathized with the Eastern sufferer, and now rejoice that our enemy has written a book. Why we impute this hostile character to the author of the *Sporting Tour* before us, requires some explanation.

The Reviewers of North Britain, in common with the other inhabitants of the Scottish metropolis, enjoy some advantages unknown, it is believed, to their southern brethren. We do not allude merely to the purer air which we breathe in our attics, and the more active exercise which we enjoy in ascending to them, although our superiority in these respects is well known to be in the proportion of fourteen stories to three. But we pride ourselves chiefly in this circumstance, that though "in populous city pent" for eight months in the year, the happy return of August turns the reviewers, with the schoolboys, and even the Burghers of Edinburgh, adrift through the country, to seek among moors and lakes, not indeed *whom* but *what* they may devour: For some of us do (under Colonel Thornton's correction) know where to find a bit of game. On such occasions, even the most saturnine of our number has descended from his den garnished with the limbs of mangled authors, wiped his spectacles, adjusted his knapsack, and exchanged the critical scalping knife for the fishing-rod or fowling-piece. But we are doomed to travel in a *style* (to use the appropriate expression) far different from that of our worthy author. Having in our retinue nothing either to bribe kindness, or to impose respect—having neither two boats nor a sloop to travel by sea, nor a gig, two baggage-waggons, and God knows how many horses, for the land service—having neither draughtsman nor falconer, Jonas nor Lawson, groom nor boy—having in our suite neither *Conqueror*, nor *Plato*, nor *Dragon*, nor *Sampson*, nor *Death*, nor the *Devil*—above all, having neither crowns and half crowns to grease the fists of gamekeepers and foresters, nor lime punch, incomparable Calvert's porter, flasks of champagne, and magnums of claret,* to propitiate

*All which Colonel Thornton says he had. In our mind, he should have given God thanks, and made no boast of them.*
Thornton’s Sporting Tour.

161

courtyards;—in fine, being accoutred in a rusty black coat, and attended by a pointer which might have belonged to the pack of the frugal Mr. Osbaldeston,* being moreover “Lord of our presence but no land beside,” we have in our sporting tours met with interruptions of a nature more disagreeable than we choose to mention. Hence the various oppressions exercised upon us by the Lairds† whose moors we have perambulated, has taught us to rail, with Jaques, against all the first-born of Egypt. And deeply have we often sworn, that if any of those gentlemen should be tempted to hunt across Parnassus, or to the demesnes adjacent, or should be detected abandoning their only proper and natural vocation of pursuing, killing and eating the fowls of the air, the beasts of the earth, and the fishes in the waters under the earth, for the unnatural and unsquire-like employment of writing, printing, and publishing, we would then, in return for their lectures on the game laws, introduce them to an acquaintance with the canons of criticism. Such an opportunity of vengeance was rather, however, to be wished than hoped; and therefore Colonel Thornton was not more joyfully surprised when at Dalnacardoch he killed a char with bait, than we were to detect a hunting, hawking, English squire, poaching in the fields of literature. We therefore apprise Colonel Thornton that he must produce his license, and establish his qualification, or submit to the statutory penalty, in terrorem of all such offenders.

The colonel’s book is a journal of a tour though Scotland, which, like Agricola, he invaded by sea and land at once, and with a retinue almost as formidable. When twenty horses had conveyed the colonel and his trusty followers from Yorkshire by Kelso to Edinburgh, and thence by Glasgow, Dumbarton and Loch-Lomond to Loch-Tay, and thence by Dunkeld to Raits in the forests of Strathspey, they there received news of the embarkation, consisting of a cutter deeply laden with stores and domestics, which had sailed from Hull to Forres, and had been twice saved by the presence of mind of an active housekeeper, who “in spirit outvied the men,” p. 3. On the first occasion, she discovered a leak “by the trickling of water in her cot.”

* Who kept a pack of hounds and two hunters, not to mention a wife and six children, on sixty pounds a-year.
† A variety of the squire-genus found in Scotland.
Imputing it indeed to some other cause, she prudently gave no alarm till the same phenomenon occurred in another hammock; and on a second eventful occasion, it was she who made the signal of distress, by hoisting her white linen on the oar of the jolly boat, p. 72. After a long encampment in the moors, and after visiting Elgin and Gordon-Castle, the train went by Inverness and the forts to Inverary, thence to Dumbarton and to Edinburgh, and so home by the western road.

The performance is termed a Sporting Tour, not because it conveys to the reader any information, new or old, upon the habits of the animals unfortunate enough to be distinguished as game, nor even upon the modes to be adopted in destroying them secundum artem; but because it contains a long, minute and prolix account of every grouse or blackcock which had the honour to fall by the gun of our literary sportsman—of every pike which gorged his bait—of every bird which was pounced by his hawks—of every blunder which was made by his servants—and of every bottle which was drunk by himself and his friends. Now this, we apprehend, exceeds the license given to sportsmen. We allow them all the pleasure which they can procure in an active and exhilarating amusement; nay, we permit them to rehearse the exploits of the field, lake and moor, as long as the audience are engaged in devouring and digesting the spoils of the campaign—but not one minute longer. Will Wimble himself, if we recollect rightly, began and finished his account of striking, playing, and landing the huge jack he presented to Sir Roger de Coverley, within the time the company were engaged in eating it. And if a sportsman wishes to protect his narrative through close time, we apprise him that he must provide for the auditors a reasonable quantity of potted char, pickled salmon, juggled hare, and deer ham, or be satisfied with the attention of the Led Captain. For our own part, we may be believed when we protest we would have given a patient hearing to all the colonel’s exploits, if we had been admitted to partake of the dinner in his Dunnoon camp, of which the following bill of fare, with many others, is given us with laudable accuracy:

“A hodge-podge.

REMOVE.

Boiled trout and salmon,
Reindeer's tongue,
Cold fowl,
Brandered moor-game.

Sauces.
- Garlic, and Capsicum vinegars.

Remove.
Cheshire cheese,
Moor-game gizzards,
Biscuits.

Liquors—port, imperial, Jamaica rum, punch, with fresh limes, porter, ale, &c.”—P. 129.

Had we been fortunate enough to be regaled at this table in the wilderness, we would willingly and most conscientiously have listened to every story in the colonel's quarto—we would have caressed Pero, Ponto, Dargo, Shandy, Carlo, and Romp (p. 151),—we would have wondered at the old cock and five polts which the colonel killed out of one covey; and wondered still more at the monstrous great pike, which was five feet four inches in length (p. 86), although the story be a good half-hour's reading. Nor would we have refused to sympathize in the moving reverses of fortune experienced by this emperor of sportsmen. We would have been sorry when he fired away his ramrod, or bruised the pipe so, that he could not return it (p. 151),—sorry when his tent tumbled down about his ears (p. 154),—very sorry when a drunken ferryman jumped upon and broke the fourth-piece of his fishing-rod (p. 52),—and very sorry indeed, when he rubbed the skin off his heel by the hard seam of his fen-boot. Nay, if the repast could possibly have lasted so long, we should have submitted thankfully to gape and mourn over a gig stuck on a gate-post (p. 33), over a broken trace or spring (p. 30), or over Sampson, the marvel of the Highlands, abîmé (as the colonel calls it) in a bog, though upwards of seventeen hands and a half high (p. 73). In short, we aver, that, while our mouths were employed, our ears should always have been open, and that, reviewers though we be, no hawk he ever reclaimed should have been more manny.* But at present we are under no obligation either to be good listeners or courteous readers; for the colonel, by the mode in which he has been pleased to communicate the above important inci-

* A term in falconry (Colonel Thornton informs us), for being gentle and well broken.
dents, has outraged every privilege of those to whom such valuable information is conveyed. To stuff a quarto with his personal exploits of shooting and fishing, all detailed with the most unmerciful prolixity, is a tyranny surpassing that of William Rufus, who, though he turned his liege subjects out of their houses to make a park, did not propose they should pay one pound fifteen shillings for the history of his huntings—a proceeding which, in our opinion, would have justified an insurrection against Nimrod himself.

We have already said we do not find anything in Colonel Thornton’s book which is very new, even in his own department. The following improvement upon fishing a lake, by hooks attached to a float, may amuse the sportsman:

“"In order to describe this mode of fishing, it may be necessary to say, that I make use of pieces of cork, of a conical form, and having several of these all differently painted, and named after favourite hounds, trifling wagers are made on their success, which rather adds to the spirit of the sport.

"The mode of baiting them is by placing a live bait, which hangs at the end of a line, of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike’s striking, two or three yards more may run off, to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used, it will prevent the sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound; which being thus pursued in a boat, down wind, which they always take, affords very excellent amusement. And where pike, or large perch, or even trout, are in plenty, before the hunters—if I may so term these fishers—have run down the first pike, others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them.

"In a fine summer’s evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion; and it is, in fact, the most adapted, of any, for ladies, whose company gives a gusto to all parties.—Note, p. 27.

This amusement may appear a little childish. Nor will some scrupulous sportsmen greatly approve of the recipe for making birds lye, by flying a hawk over them—a mode of shooting most murderously bloody. Other Highland hunters will observe, with indignation, that the colonel expresses a dislike of the manly amusement of deer-stalking. But these are trivial objections. What shall we say of the tone in which the colonel speaks of his guns, his rods, his dogs, his hawks, his servants, his draughtsman, his friends, his fresh eggs, marmalade and currant jelly; what of the importance he annexes to the breaking of a buckle, or wetting of a powder-flask; what of the General Orders, regu-
larly issued with military precision, and as regularly inserted in the journal! In sooth, we will content ourselves with copying the colonel’s own account of a Highland dancing-master presiding at a ball at Dalmally.

—“But I shall never forget the arrogance of the master: his mode of marshalling his troops; his directions, and other manœuvres, were truly ridiculous: he felt himself greater than any adjutant disciplining his men, and managed them much in the same manner.”

We mean no invidious comparison; but Colonel Thornton, who piques himself on the pomp and circumstance annexed to a capital sportsman, admits the poor dancing-master’s merit in his proper department, and that he danced the Highland fling with the true “Glen Orgue (he means Glenorchy) kick,” and we question whether the annals of his school might not afford as important and amusing information as the following specimen, taken at random from the colonel’s journal:

“We ordered dinner, as we had done the preceding day, early. Tired of sitting in doors, I took my gun, and killed, hobbling about, two brace of snipes, and was returning home, when one of the pointers made a very steady point. I perceived by his manner that it was not a snipe: came up to him, was backed by the other dog, and they footed their game. I apprehended it would prove black game, not that I had seen any near here, but could not conceive what it could be, till coming into some thinly dispersed, but stinted alders, they both made their point complete; a wild-duck flushed, which I fired at, and saw drop. The dogs still maintained their point as usual; and, walking on to pick up the duck, lest he should get into the drains and give me some trouble to recover him, another rose, with which I was equally successful with my other barrel.”—P. 100.

We were much amused with the colonel’s recommendation to sportsmen, to keep one set of dogs for themselves, another to lend to their friends, p. 163. It reminded us of a gentleman who kept a case of razors for the use of those who unexpectedly spent the night in his house:—it was astonishing how deeply his friends deprecated the hospitality of the stranger’s razor. We must not omit to mention, that the colonel takes due care decently to intimate his success in a sport to which all sportsmen are partial, from Abyssinian Bruce, who hunted elephants mounted on a brown horse, to the most sorry poacher that ever shot a hare at a gate by moonlight. Yet a more fastidious gallant
would have disclaimed to form designs upon "a voizen'd and smoke-dried Highland woman, upwards of forty-five years old," p. 128; nor do we agree in his compliments to the unparalleled silver-hair of a young lady, elsewhere and more respectfully mentioned; either the colonel's veneration for age must be extreme, or he valued the tresses of this Highland damsel for the same reason that he admired the fur of the white hare.

We do not intend to trace the colonel through his tour, in which we must remark that there is scarcely a Gaelic name properly spelled. Nay, even on the plain ground of the Lowlands, he makes strange blunders. He talks of fishing in the Teviot at Mindrum-Mill, p. 13, when, in fact, he was at least ten miles distant from that river, which he seems to have confounded with the Bowmont, a stream that is not even tributary to the Teviot, but falls into the Till. In like manner, he talks of those "uncommonly beautiful hills the Teviot," meaning, we think, the Cheviot mountains, p. 14. Surely this accomplished sportsman has heard of Chevy chase. In point of style, we think a bold British fox-hunter might have dispensed with many unnecessary French terms, as palate for pallet, metier for art, jessois for jesses; and, instead of "reckoning, as the French express it, sans son hôte," might not the colonel have "reckoned without his host, as we say in England?"

The descriptions of the Highland landscapes which the colonel met with on his route, are very similar to what are usually found in books of the kind, abounding in all the slang by which tourists delight to describe what can never be understood from description. The accounts of abbeys, castles, antiquities, &c., are bolstered out by quotations from Pennant and Gray. Indeed, whole pages are borrowed from the former, without either shame or acknowledgement. The poetical scraps introduced are in general from well-known authors, though the following, for aught we know, may be original:—

"See the bold falconers strain up the lingy steep,
Dash through the junipers, down the valley deep.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce falcon cleaves the liquid sky."—p. 130.

We would like to know from a hawkew of Colonel Thornton's high fame, whether falconers do actually run faster
than pigeons fly; and, if they do, whether it be absolutely necessary that the verse should halt for it. We have only to add, that the engravings from Mr. Garrard's designs are pretty; and we hope this tribute of praise will console that gentleman for the fatigues of a journey, performed like those of Mad Tom "on high trotting horses," which, according to Colonel Thornton, is the appropriate conveyance of an artist. By the way, we do not recognise Colonel Thornton's humanity (elsewhere displayed in saving a servant's life, and in attention to diminish the torture of his wounded game) in his treatment of Mr. Garrard, whom, after "gently reproaching him for his timidity, he persuaded to follow to a stone overhanging a precipice, where, had his foot slipped, it would have been his last sketch."

We bid adieu to Colonel Thornton in nearly the words of Shakespeare—

"Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;  
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;  
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;  
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;  
Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye;  
He hath, perhaps, no shallow spirit of judgment."

But whether those accomplishments will qualify him to delight or instruct the public as a writer, is a point which we willingly leave to his reader’s determination.
ON TWO COOKERY BOOKS.*

[Edinburgh Review, July, 1805.]

It seems to have been a complaint familiar in the mouths of our ancestors, and which we have too often seen cause to re-echo in the present day, "That God sends good meat, but the devil sends cooks." The irritability, the obstinacy, and the petfly of the present culinary race, indeed, obviously demonstrate their ascent from regions even hotter than those which they occupy upon earth; and, while the direct attacks of the arch-enemy are opposed and counteracted by the clergy, who may be considered as the regular forces to whom our defence is intrusted, it is with pleasure we see a disposition, in the learned and experienced among the laity, to volunteer against the hordes of greasy Cossacks whom he detaches to those quarters, as marauders upon our daily patience and our annual income.

In first entering the field upon this occasion, we had some difficulty to settle the rank of these auxiliaries amongst themselves, or, to drop the metaphor, we were at a loss, after considering the high claims to attention preferred by both publications, to which we ought to give the precedence in our critique. It is true, Mesdames Hudson and Donat prefer a bold claim to the grateful recollection of those who have regaled on their dainties. "It becomes them not," as they are modestly pleased to express it, "to judge of their own merit; but with honest confidence they appeal to a numerous list of subscribers, who have eat and judged of their works." In this passage there is some ambiguity.

* 1. The New Practice of Cookery, &c. By Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Donat, present and late Housekeepers and Cooks to Mrs. Buchan Hepburn, of Smeaton. 2. Culinia Fanumlatrix Medicina; or, Receipts in Modern Cookery, with a Medical Commentary, written by Ignorus, and revised by A. Hunter, M.D.
If, by this intimation, it is meant that the subscribers actually eat the volume to which they subscribed, we, the reviewers, will frankly tell Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Donat, that, notwithstanding the evangelical authority which may be quoted for this literary diet, we cannot bring our stomachs to submit to it, especially as, in one sense, we are already obliged to devour many more works than we are well able to digest. On the other hand, if the judgment referred to was formed from actually partaking of the dishes analyzed in this volume, we only want the opportunity happily enjoyed by these subscribers, conscientiously to join in their verdict. Upon the slightest intimation, the long coach shall convey our critical fraternity to the hospitable mansion where these fair dames have presided, and do preside, over the good things of the earth; and then—* fiat experimentum!*

By the same rule, although Ignatus resides at rather too great a distance for an inroad of this nature, yet an actual experiment might be usefully made on a Yorkshire pye, transmitted by the mail or wagon. And upon this fair system of practical knowledge did we propose to have decided the merits of these candidates for culinary renown, till we recollected the unlucky termination of a course of lectures on the art of cookery in this city, which was abruptly broken off by the indignant professor, in consequence of a hungry student having eat up a principal specimen, as it circulated through the class for the admiration, but not the consumption of the audience. Deprived, therefore, of this most agreeable mode of exercising our critical sagacity, we choose to arrange the precedence of these rival works upon the gallant principle of place aux dames; and we are convinced, that Ignatius and his editor, although the latter be M. D. F. R. S. L. & E., will, with their usual good-humour, give the front rank to the "present and late housekeepers and cooks to Mrs. Buchan Hepburn of Smeaton."

The prefatory advertisement to this book is too interesting to be suppressed. It shows at once the deep learning of

* [Mr., afterwards Sir George Buchan Hepburn, a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, was much tickled with this passage; and he accordingly insisted on entertaining Mr. Jeffrey and a number of his critical associates in great splendor, at Dumbreck's Hotel; but Sir Walter Scott was unluckily prevented from being present at the feast which he had thus founded.]
the ladies by whom it was written, their honest sense of the dignity of their vocation, and their laudable zeal for its being conducted on the true principles of the British constitution, as well as upon those of sound experimental philosophy.

"The late Dr. Black, professor of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, has instructed and enlightened the world by his philosophical, ingenious, and patient researches in that science, which somewhere in his works he has defined to be 'the effect of heat and mixture upon bodies.'

"This definition applies as directly to the cook as to the chemist. His kitchen is his school; his boilers, his digesters; his stoves, and not forgetting his cradle-spit, correspond to the crucible, the alembic, the retort, and the other apparatus of the chemist; and both are equally applied to prove the effect of heat and mixture upon bodies. It must be admitted, at the same time, that the range or kingdom of the bodies they severally operate upon, are wonderfully different. The chemist gropes below ground, and in the dark, through the mineral kingdom; while the cook operates in the light, and above board, upon the animal and the vegetable world.

"The judges also who are to decide upon the result of their several experiments, are not less different and opposite, than the subjects they have operated upon. The chemist lays his experiment, stuffed generally with mathematical demonstrations, or the more abstruse calculations of the minus and plus of algebra, before some royal society, composed of a few meagre philosophers, 'with spectacles on's nose;' while the judges the cook appeals to are the jolly bons vivants in the imperial kingdom; and his compounds are drawn from everything that is delicate and high-flavoured in the animal and in the vegetable world; and, without any other demonstration than what his larding and his sauces give, he appeals directly to the sound and nice palate of his numerous judges.

"The editors of the following culinary experiments do not pretend to rank with the ingenious and the philosophic Dr. Black, Lavoisier, or other eminent chemists of the modern school. As, however, they are professèd cooks, the natural attachment and vanity of métier may perhaps allow them to say, without offence, that they do hold the art of cookery to be not the least useful branch of the great and comprehensive science of chemistry; and, having already avowed themselves professèd cooks, they will not trouble their readers with a minute detail of the interesting incidents of their lives, as too generally is the practice of modern authors; such as, where they were severally born, where educated and initiated in the mysteries of cookery; suffice it to say, that they have each, successively, and for years, officiated as cook and housekeeper in the kitchen of Mrs. Buchan Hepburn of Smeaton, who has kindly allowed them, for their own benefit, to publish the following receipts, which they have practised and performed there. It becomes not them to boast of their own merit; but with honest confidence they appeal to a numerous list of subscribers who have eat and judged of their works.
COOKERY BOOKS.

"They have subjoined many valuable receipts in housekeeping, for curing beef, for making of hams and bacon, for the dairy and pastry, baking, and the best receipt for artificial yeast, which can be made and used the same day, and does not make the bread sour; all of which they have practised at Smeaton with wonderful success: In short, they now offer to the world, not a cobwebbed theory of cookery, such as the flimsy constitution-mongers of France have spun for these twelve or fifteen years past out of their distempered brains to deceive and ruin that miserable people: No! here facts only are narrated; and by a correct attention to the directions given, the cook, whether male or female, may rest assured of meeting the approbation of the nicest and most delicate palate; and will prove particularly useful for those who reside in the country. The different receipts for making the India currie powder and pellow, are taken from the best practice of their native country."

From this advertisement, much extraordinary information may be derived. We have already noticed, that there is great room to believe that the subscribers, to testify their approbation of the contents, actually eat the book, like the man who, in his zealous applause of roast beef, devoured the spit from which it had been taken: but this is not all. We are informed, in point of historical fact, that the various legislators of France have, for these twelve or fifteen years past, been busily engaged in digesting systems of cookery. And, truly, though this is mentioned in rather derogating terms, on account, apparently, of their bad success, we consider the fact to be, on the whole, a discovery in their favour, since for our own parts, we never suspected them to be so usefully or innocently employed. It is a fact of subordinate importance, but nevertheless somewhat curious, that the whole royal society make use of one pair of spectacles, placed on the nose doubtless of the president. We have long observed an unvaried coincidence in the views and pursuits of this learned body, and are happy to be able to trace it to a cause equally unsuspected and satisfactory.

As to the receipts which follow this curious and instructive preface, they are distinctly expressed; and from the well-known hospitality and elegance of the family in which they were composed, we have no doubt they will be found admirable. We must observe, however, that they are arranged in rather a miscellaneous order; for after a receipt to make "a half-peck bun," we pass abruptly to another which begins, "The slaked lime must be well sifted and steeped in a pit," &c. &c.; and again, "Take two shovels
full of coarse water sand, one ditto of hammer slag well sifted, one ditto powdered brick dust," &c. Now, although we are specially directed that the former mixture shall be wrought into "thin porridge," and the latter made neither "too fat nor too poor," yet we are somewhat inclined to doubt, whether any management or attention in the prepa-
ration, could render them digestible by human stomachs, or, indeed, whether they can be strictly said to belong to the arts of cookery, pastry, baking, or preserving, unless the ladies are of opinion with the Copper Captain, that "a piece of buttered wall is excellent." Other receipts occur, in which "an ounce of white arsenic," and the "expressed juice of the deadly nightshade," are the chief ingredients. These we were at first glance inclined to suppose borrowed from the French systems already mentioned, perhaps the original recipe for a restorative cordial à l'hôpital, or a fri-
candeau à Toussaint—if, indeed, the patriotic composers did not design them for the regale of the emperor himself on his long announced visit.

The very errata of this work evince the care and deep science of the compilers. Some corrections refer to the ingredients; and it will be prudent to attend to them specially, as the error, according to the phrase of the Civilians, is sometimes in substantialibus. Thus we have "for linen, read lemon;" "for chicken, read onion;" "for pepper, read paper." Others regard accessories; as, "after raspberries (in a receipt for making jam), add, together with two pounds and a half raw sugar;" or, "for mix it all with the fore-
going ingredients, read, and mix them with a metchkin and a half of brandy." Others refer to proportion; as, "for pint and a half, read bit;" and, "for half a, read three thirds." This last correction appeared to us to con-
ceal some new and abstract doctrine in fractions, adopted perhaps from the facetious Costard, for ladies acquainted with philosophy cannot be ignorant of Shakspere.

"Biron. Three times three is nine.
"Costard. Not so, sir; under correction, I hope it is not so.
"Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
"Costard. O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir."

'Upon the whole, besides the receipts for dressed dishes, which it is not in the power of every housewife to place on
ber board, this little work contains many useful instructions concerning the poultry-yard and dairy, which afford the cheapest and most wholesome regale to a country family.

The work of Ignotus, being more systematic and classical, claims a graver and more elaborate discussion. And, in the first place, we have to remark, that whereas all other books of cookery contain domestic receipts for medicine, promiscuously inserted amongst those for food, Ignotus, with the assistance, we presume, of his learned editor, has accompanied the description of each savoury mess with a medical commentary on its use and abuse; an invitation to partake, or a caution to shun it. A suspicious person, considering the profession of the editor, might here be tempted to exclaim

_Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes:

thinking perhaps, that such a connection may subsist betwixt a doctor and a disease, as betwixt a sportsman and his game; since, although the business of each is the destruction of individuals, both must be presumed to take great care to encourage the breed. But we will cheerfully acquit Ignotus of any premeditated design against our health; for, although his plentiful table, stocked with the dainties described in his work, may occasionally have converted a guest into a patient, we are sure it could not be with the felonious purpose of indemnifying himself for the expense of the entertainment. For this we appeal to the following liberal sentiment, appended to an excellent receipt for peas-soup.

"This is a good set-off against high-seasoned dishes. An occasional abstinence that does not allow the stomach to be quite empty at any one time, is a measure highly salutary, and, for religious purposes, is perhaps preferable to long fasting; a practice, medically to be condemned. An honest physician, who, regardless of his fees, can view with pleasure the healthy state of a family where he has been received with kindness, will be happy in the recommendation of a practice that is calculated to preserve the general health of his friends. But, to the disgrace of a profession, otherwise useful and honourable, there are some men who, like the savages upon a rocky coast, view an epidemical disease as a 'God-send.'"—P. 113-14.

At the same time, while we do justice to the liberality of the views of Ignotus, we can by no means acquit him of leading his readers into temptation. It is hardly enough to
say to an epicure in the words of Cato, "Your death and life, your bane and antidote are both before you." Describing a rich dish, and then stigmatizing it as unwholesome, is only calling for the water-engine after you have set the house on fire. Our first parents eat, when death was denounced as the inevitable consequence; and their descendants, with undegenerated courage, and a full consciousness of their danger, are ready to eat themselves into gout, and drink themselves into palsy. To add to the weight of his remonstrances, Ignotus has called in the assistance of Archaes, the genius of the stomach, a personification by which Van Helmont and others expressed the digestive power. Lest the unlearned reader should suppose Archaes, whose authority is so often referred to, to be the name of a French bon vivant, or a Hungarian professor, Ignotus gives us the following account of his person and office.

"Van Helmont gave the name of Archaes to a spirit that he supposed existed in the body, for the purpose of regulating and keeping in order the innumerable glands, ducts, and vessels; and though this spirit visits every part, his chief post is at the upper orifice of the stomach, where he acts the part of a customs-house officer, allowing nothing to pass unexamined that, by the law of nature, has the appearance of being contraband. This part of his duty being only required during meal-times, the remaining part of the twenty-four hours (for he never sleeps) is employed in rubbing, scrubbing, and repairing the waste of the body, occasioned by the continual friction of the fluids against the sides of the containing vessels. For this last purpose, and an important one it is, he is supposed to select from the chyle such particles as he may stand in need of; but, as he may sometimes be in want of one kind more than of another, he very judiciously obtains it by bringing on a longing for a particular kind of food. For example, when the internal coat of the intestines is abraded by a diarrhoea or dysentery, a longing is brought on for fried tripe with melted butter, as containing the greatest quantity of the materials proper for the repair of bowels so disordered. To this circumstance modern physicians do not sufficiently attend, neither are they sufficiently awake to the necessity of prescribing a diet for persons in health, whose chyle should be of a nature for supplying Archaes with general materials, without compelling him to call for them. The folly, therefore, of keeping to one kind of diet, whether high or low, is abundantly evident, as, in that case, Archaes must sometimes be overstocked with materials that he may have no occasion for, and be in want of such as his office may stand in need of. And here it will be necessary to remark, for the information of medical men, that a microscopical examination of the chyle of different men, made after sudden deaths, has proved to a demonstration, that the chyle of the human body
COOKERY BOOKS.

contains different shaped particles, round, oval, long, square, angular, kidney-shaped, heart-shaped, &c. varying according to the food taken in. In consequence of this important discovery, the practitioner has only to direct such food as may contain the particles that Archæus may stand in need of. For example: Are the kidneys diseased? Then prescribe stews and broths, made of ox, deer, and sheep's kidneys. Asthmas require dishes prepared from the lungs of sheep, deer, calves, hares, and lambs. Are the intestines diseased? Then prescribe tripe, boiled, fried, or fricassee. When this practice has become general, Archæus will be enabled to remove every disease incident to the human body, by the assistance of the cook only. And as all persons, from the palace to the cottage, will receive the benefit of my discovery, I shall expect a Parliamentary reward, at least equal to what was given to Mrs. Stevens, Dr. Jenner, and Dr. Smyth. On the last revision of the college dispensatory, among other things of less moment, such as ordering fomentations to be made with distilled water, the name of Archæus was changed into Anima Medica, as more expressive of a Maid Servant of all Work. With men of deep researches, I will not dispute the propriety of the alteration, as I conceive that such a violence could not be done but after serious investigation."—Pp. 119-122.

This extract may give the reader some idea of the lively manner in which Ignotus has handled his subject. In fact, the whole book is very entertaining, and excites no small degree of interest, especially if read about an hour before dinner. The medical remarks are excellent, although apparently too indulgent towards the gourmand. The author stands completely exculpated from the charge of Dr. Last against the regular physicians, who "drenched the bowels of Christians with pulse and water, as if they were the tripes of a brute beast." Thus it is remarked, "as a singular circumstance, that persons of a gouty habit should be most fond of high-seasoned dishes;" but the singularity would have vanished, had the proposition borne, that the persons most fond of high-seasoned dishes usually have a gouty habit. It was not, however, to be expected, that with a stoical severity, Ignotus should bluntly attack the very critics on whose fame must depend. He is not sparing of gentle hints for their welfare; and compounds on the part of Archæus for three days' high living, with a fourth day's temperance, and occasionally some gentle physic.

"Where truth commands, there's no man can offend,
That with a modest love corrects his friend;
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease,
Though 'tis in toasting bread, or but't'ring peas."
In fine, as long as a man thinks more frequently and more seriously about his dinner than about anything else, as was the unvaried opinion and practice of Dr. Johnson, so long will the parsley wreath won by Ignatus remain unblighted. The work is with great propriety dedicated "To those gentlemen who freely give two guineas for a turtle-dinner at the tavern, when they might have a more wholesome one at home for ten shillings." A fatted hog, the emblem, perhaps, of one of these worthy patrons, decorates the frontispiece. And so we take leave of Ignatus, in the words of Beaumont and Fletcher, as of "a gentleman extraordinarily seen in deep mysteries; well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sauces, ballads, and pot-herbs whatsoever."
JOHNES'S FROISSART.∗

[Edinburgh Review, January, 1805.]

It has long been, and we fear will long remain, a reproach to the literary character of Britain, that so very little has been done for the preservation of her early historians. A uniform edition of our chronicles, corrected from the best manuscripts, and elucidated by suitable notes and references, might surely be expected from our colleges; and a wealthy and patriotic public would encourage and reward the undertaking. Since, however, it is the fate of so many of our historians to slumber in manuscript and black letter, we ought to view, with indulgent gratitude, the exertions of an individual who has drawn from obscurity the most fascinating of this venerable band. Whoever has taken up the chronicle of Froissart, must have been dull indeed if he did

∗ Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of England, France, and the adjoining Countries, from the latter part of the Reign of Edward II to the Coronation of Henry IV. Newly Translated from the best French editions, with Variations and Additions from many celebrated Manuscripts. By Thomas Johnes.∗ 4 vols. 4to. 1803-5 At the Hafod Press.

∗ [Thomas Johnes, Esq., justly celebrated for his liberal and extensive patronage of literature and the arts, and the manifold local improvements introduced into Wales, first sat in Parliament for the county of Radnor, and was afterwards returned five times for the county of Cardigan, of which he was also the lord-lieutenant. In 1801 he translated and published The Life of Froissart, By St. Palaye. He afterwards established a private printing press in his superb residence at Hafod, where he executed his edition of Froissart. This was followed by an equally well-illustrated edition, in 5 vols. 4to, of The Chronicles of Monstrelet, Froissart's continuator, to which he prefixed a Biographical preface. Mr. Johnes also translated and published Brocquiere's Travels to Palestine, 4to and 8vo, and the Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville, 2 vols. 4to. He died 23d April, 1816, in his 67th year.]
not find himself transported back to the days of Cressy and Poictiers. In truth, his history has less the air of a narrative than of a dramatic representation. The figures live and move before us; we not only know what they did, but learn the mode and process of the action, and the very words with which it was accompanied. This sort of colloquial history is of all others the most interesting. The simple fact, that a great battle was won or lost, makes little impression on our mind, as it occurs in the dry pages of an annalist, while our imagination and attention are alike excited by the detailed description of a much more trifling event. In Froissart, we hear the gallant knights of whom he wrote, arrange the terms of combat and the manner of the onset; we hear their soldiers cry their war-cries; we see them strike their horses with the spur; and the liveliness of the narration hurries us along with them into the whirlwind of battle. We have no hesitation to say, that a skirmish before a petty fortress, thus told, interests us more than the general information that twenty thousand Frenchmen bled on the field of Cressy. This must ever be the case, while we prefer a knowledge of mankind to a mere acquaintance with their actions; and so long also must we account Froissart the most entertaining, and perhaps the most valuable historian of the middle ages. Till now, his chronicles have only existed in three black letter editions printed at Paris, all, we believe, very rare; in that which was published by Denys Sauvage about 1560, and reprinted in 1574; and finally, in an English translation by Bourchier Lord Berners, which, we believe, sells for about twenty guineas, and is hardly ever to be met with.* Under these circumstances, we are bound to receive with gratitude every attempt to give more general access to the treasures of Froissart, especially as the size of his chronicles prohibits the idea of an edition undertaken with the usual views of profit. Mr. Johnes, the present translator, we understand to be a gentleman of fortune, whose hours of leisure and retirement are dedicated

* [Richard Pynson, 2 vols. fol. London, 1525.—A reprint of Lord Berners's Froissart, with a Memoir of the Translator, was published by the London trade in 1812, 2 vols. 4to. The copy of this edition, in the Abbotsford library, has this autograph, "Guilleri Scott, liber charissimus," on the blank leaf fronting the titlepage.]
to literary research, and who sends the present volume forth
from his private press at Hafod. Like his predecessor
Lord Berners, he is probably pricked on to his under-
taking "by the love and honour which he bears to our most
puissant sovereign, and to do pleasure to his subjects both
nobles and commons," and like that good baron, he "prays
them that shall default find, to consyder the greatness of the
historie and his good will that asks nothing else of them for
his great labour, but of their curtesye to amende where nede
shall be, and yet for their so doing prays to God finally to
send them the blies of Heaven." If, therefore, in the course
of our present investigation, we find it neccessary to de-
scend into the lists with so gentle a knight, he may rest
assured that the arms we employ shall only be those of
courtesy.

The present translation of Froissart will consist, when
finished, of four large quarto volumes. The best authorities
have been resorted to for various readings, and large ad-
ditions are in many places made from manuscripts in the
translator's library.

It appears to us an omission of some consequence, that
nothing is told the English reader of the history of Froissart
himself, the mode which he took to acquire the knowledge
of the events he narrates, the distribution of his history into
books, and the arrangement of his chronology. We are the
more disappointed in this respect, because the translator
could be no stranger to three Mémoires on these subjects
published in the Transactions of the Academie Royale,
vol. 10, 13, 14, by Mons. de la Curne de Ste Palaye.
We are tempted in some degree to supply this defect, by
giving, chiefly from these authorities, a short sketch of the
life and character of this venerable historian.

Jean Froissart, priest canon and treasurer of the col-
egiate church of Chimay, was born at Valenciennes about
1337. He was the son, as is conjectured from a passage in
his poems, of Thomas Froissart, a herald painter, no incon-
siderable profession in those days, and which required a
good deal of such knowledge as was then in fashion. The
youth of Froissart, from twelve years upwards, as in his
poems he has frequently informed us, was spent in every
species of elegant indulgence. "Well I loved," says he,
"to see danses and carolling, well to hear minstrelsy and
tales of glee, well to attach myself to those who loved hounds and hawks, well to toy with my fair companions at school, and methought I had the art well to win their grace." In a similar allusion to this joyous period, he gives the following account of the luxuries in which he delighted to revel. "My ears quickened at the sound of uncorking the wine flask, for I took great pleasure in drinking, and in fair array, and in delicate and fresh eates. I love to see (as is reason) the early violets and the white and red roses, and also chambers fairly lighted; justs, danses and late vigils, and fair beds for refreshment; and, for my better repose, a night draught of claret or Rochelle wine mingled with spice." This merry mode of life promised but a slender progress in divinity. Accordingly, Froissart in his history (meaning, we believe, Judas Maccabæus), calls Nebuchadnezzar"* "the prince and leader of God's chivalry;" and tells us, without comment on their ignorance, that the western chivalry who attended the Duke of Bourbon upon his African expedition, justified their invasion of the Moors, because these paynim Saracens had put to death the Saviour of the world. But the Mahometans, better instructed, only laughed at the charge, which they transferred to the Jews. In the midst of his dissipation, however, Froissart early discovered the ardent and inquisitive spirit to which we owe so much; and even at the age of twenty, at the command of his "dear Lord and Master Sir Robert of Namur, Lord of Beaufort," he began to write the history of the French wars. The period from 1326 to 1356, was chiefly filled up from the chronicles of Jean le Bel, canon of Liege, a confidant of John of Hainault, and celebrated by Froissart for his diligence and accuracy. It is reasonable to believe, that this work was interrupted during a journey to England, in the train of Philippa of Hainault, the heroic wife of Edward III, and mother of the Black Prince. Froissart was three or four years secretary or clerk of her chamber, a situation which he would probably have retained, but for an ill-fated and deep-rooted passion for a lady of Flanders, which induced him to return to that country; a circumstance equally favourable to the history of the continent.

* This, however, may be a mistake, for anything we know, of the worshipful Lord Berners. We are uncertain if it occurs in Everard's edition of Froissart.
and unfortunate for that of Britain. During his residence in England, he visited our Scottish mountains, which he traversed on a palfrey carrying his own portmanteau, and attended only by a greyhound. Notwithstanding the simplicity of his equipment and retinue, his character of a poet and historian introduced him to the court of David II, and to the hardly less honourable distinction of fifteen days abode at the castle of Dalkeith with William Earl of Douglas, where he learned personally to know that race of heroes whose deeds he had repeatedly celebrated.* After this he attended the Black Prince, then bound on his Spanish expedition against Henry the Bastard; in which he would not, however, permit Froissart to accompany him, but sent him back to attend his mother Queen Philippa.

In the year 1368, Froissart was present at the splendid nuptials of Lionel Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III, with Jolande of Milan. In his return he attended Lionel at the court of the Duke of Savoy, who gave our historian a splendid garment worth twenty florins. He boasts in his poems of similar favours from the king of Cyprus, and of having seen an emperor at the papal court.† While thus travelling from court to court, and from castle to castle, his train was gradually augmented by an attendant and hackney. The death of Philippa removed Froissart’s desire to return to England; but he still kept up a friendly intercourse with that court, and had prepared to send to King Edward a splendid copy of his Chronicle, when it was arrested by the Duke of Anjou as destined to the enemy of France. At this time he had become curate of Lestines in the diocese of Liege, where he says that the vintners had 500 francs of his money during a very short time. It may

* [After an animated description of that fight which sent to his ——“low and lonely urn
Thou gallant chief of Otterburne,”

Froissart adds, “when I returned fro Auignon I founde also there a Knyght and a Squire of Scotlande; I knew them, and they kneue me by suche tokens as I shewed them of their coun-
trey, for I, author of this boke, in my youte had rydden ouer all the realme of Scotlande, and I was than a fifteen days in the house of erle William Douglass, father to the same erle James, of whom I spake of nowe.”—Berenrs, vol. ii, (1812) p. 396.]
† Perhaps the Grecian Emperor Paleologus, who visited Rome in 1596 to crave assistance against Mahomet.
be conjectured from this circumstance, that they were more obliged to his attention than any of his other parishioners. He was probably soon convinced that it was better to drink at free cost, for previous to 1384, he became an attendant on the court of the Duke of Brabant, whom he assisted in composing a sort of poetical romance, called Meliadore, or the Knight of the Golden Sun; and after the death of that prince, he attaches himself to the Earl of Blois, who engaged him to resume his historical labours. Accordingly, he seems now to have commenced the second volume of his Chronicle, which was finished about 1388, three years after the peace betwixt the duke of Burgundy and the citizens of Ghent, which is one of the last events recorded in that performance. About the same year, this active and inquisitive historian made his celebrated visit to Gaston Earl of Foix, travelling in company with a gallant knight of that court called Espaing de Lyon. He has narrated the history of this journey with great naïveté and liveliness. The intestine wars of France had raged in every corner of the territories they were to traverse: scarce a stream, a hill, or a pass, but had been the distinguished scene of obstinate and bloody conflict. Froissart's curiosity was every moment awakened by some memorial of deeds of chivalry; and his courteous and communicative companion readily detailed events with which he was well acquainted, and many of which he had witnessed. In consideration of these lively narratives, the good-natured reader will easily pardon the minute information, that the two travellers lodged and took their ease at the sign of the Star, and that they were visited by the Chastellan of Malvoisin, who brought with him four flagons of the best wine our historian ever drank in his life. At length they arrived at the Earl of Foix's court of Ortez, where Froissart was courteously received and admitted as a member of his household: "I know you well," said the earl, "although we have never seen each other." This courteous prince not only deigned to accept a copy of the Romance of Meliadore, containing the songs, ballads, rondeaux and virelays compiled and made by the gentle duke of Brabant in his time, but he indulged Froissart in reading his compositions aloud: "and every night after supper I read thereon to him, and while I read there was none durst speak any word, because he would that I should be well
understood, wherein he took great solace." The great virtue and nobleness of the Earl of Foix, the concourse of valiant chivalry from every scene of glory who crowded his court, the long discourses of arms and amours amongst the noble dames, knights, pages and damsels, the tidings which daily arrived from every seat of war, and perhaps the patient audience afforded by the earl to our historian's recitations, induced him to prefer Ortez to every court he had seen, whether of king, duke, earl, or great ladye. In truth the daily orisons and almsgivings of that worthy prince, his bounty in gifts to heralds and minstrels, his love of hounds, hawks and hunting, his easy and amorous conversation, his delight in arms, chivalry, and lady's love, were far more than enough, in Froissart's estimation, to counterbalance the count's treacherous murder of his cousin, and his cutting with his own hands the throat of his only son, who had most unreasonably refused to eat his dinner.*

After a long sojourn at the court of Ortez he returned to Flanders by the route of Avignon. We learn from a poem referred to by Mons. de Ste Palaye, that on this occasion the historian, always in quest of adventures, met a personal one with which he could have dispensed, being robbed of all the ready money which his travels had left him. We may hope this was no great sum; for besides the expense of transcribing his history, for which he anticipates his claim on the gratitude of posterity, he had spent above 2000 francs among the tavern-keepers of Lestines, as well as in his frequent journeys, in which he takes care to tell us he was always handsomely dressed and well mounted, and above all made admirable cheer. After this sad event, we find Froissart following the annunciation of every feast, bridal or tournament from Avignon to Paris, from Paris to Hainault, to Holland, to Picardie, to Languedoc, to Valenciennes,

* Froissart expresses this last incident very delicately: "and so in great displeasure he thrust his hand to his son's throat; and the point of the knife a little entered into his throat, into a certain vein; and the earl said, 'Ah, traitor, why dost not thou eat thy meat?' and therewith the earl departed, without any more doing or saying, and went into his own chamber. The child was abashed, and afraid of the coming of his father, and also was feeble for fasting; and the point of the knife a little entered into a vein of his throat; so he fell down suddenly and died."—Vol. ii, Bannier's Froissart, cap. xxvi.
&c. &c. &c. About the year 1390, having collected what appeared to him sufficient materials, he settled in Flanders, and recommenced his history. Here, however, an interruption occurred highly evincing his zealous and impartial search after truth. He bethought him, that in narrating the wars of Spain upon the sole authority of the Spanish and Gascon warriors whom he had seen at Ortez, he could only give the statement of the one party, contrary to his constant practice and indispensable duty. It happened that a Portuguese nobleman had just arrived in Zeeland. Froissart instantly took shipping, joined him at Middleburg, insinuated himself into the acquaintance of the stranger with an art that never failed him, and obtained from him a full account of the affairs of Portugal. After this interview, he is believed to have again visited Rome, perhaps in search of preferment; for we find him shortly afterwards designing himself canon and treasurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, and expectant canon of Lisle. This last dignity he never attained.

In 1395, Froissart revisited England; and at the shrine of Canterbury he saw Richard II, grandson of his early patroness, Philippa of Hainault. Edmund of York, brother to the Black Prince, received our historian graciously; and, patronised by that prince, and by Thomas Percy, he was introduced to the royal presence, which he thus describes: "I have delight to write this matter at length, to inform you of the truth; for I that am author of this history was present in all these matters; and the valiant knight, Sir Richard Surrey, showed me everything. And so it was, that, on the Sunday following, all such as had been there were departed, and all their counsellors except the Duke of York, who abode still about the king; and the Lord Thomas Percy and Sir Richard Surrey showed my business to the king. Then the king desired to see my book that I had brought for him. So he saw it in his chamber, for I had laid it there ready upon his bed. When the king opened it, it pleased him well; for it was fairly illuminated, and written and covered with crimson velvet, with ten buttons of silver gilt, and roses of gold in the midst, with two great clasps gilt, richly wrought. Then the king demanded of me whereof it treated; and I showed him how it treated of matters of love; whereof the king was glad, and looked in
it, and read it in many places, for he could speak and read French very well. And he took it to a knight of his chamber, named Sir Richard Credon, to bear it to his secret chamber." Besides the honourable reception of Froissart in England, he was much delighted with the society of a certain squire who had been long prisoner in Ireland, through whom he became acquainted with the manners of the natives of that country, and with the history of Richard's expedition against them, all which information he has inserted in the 4th volume of his Chronicle.

After a residence of three months, Froissart left England for ever, and, at his departure, received from the king a silver goblet containing a hundred nobles. He finally settled at his benefice of Chimay, and employed as usual the hours of his leisure in arranging and detailing the information collected in his travels. Four years brought him to 1399, when the melancholy fate of his benefactor Richard II became the subject of his latest labours. With the credulity of his age, he tells us of a prophecy in the book of Brut presaging this event, and of a favourite and cherished greyhound who left the dethroned monarch to fawn on his successor Bolingbroke. But he feelingly enumerates the different benefits he had received from Richard, and from his family; "wherefore," says the grateful historian, "I am bound to write of his death with much sorrow, and to pray to God for his soul." It is uncertain how long Froissart survived the death of Richard, and the conclusion of his chronicle; he was then about sixty years old, and died shortly after at Chimay, according to an entry in the obituary of the chapter.

From this short sketch, by which we have endeavoured, in some measure, to supply a great omission in Mr. Johnes's translation, our readers may gather some idea of the character of Froissart and his writings. He was no sequestered monk, who from the depth of his cloister casts a timid and inexperienced eye upon the transactions of mankind; still less could he contract that spirit of prejudice and interested superstition which too often defaces the writings of an ascetic. Froissart, though a churchman, was, in every sense, a man of the world, but actuated by a spirit of ardent investigation, and breathing in every page the high spirit of chivalry imbibed in the courts and castles where
he loved to dwell. He is superstitious according to the manner of his age, but it is the superstition of an ignorant soldier, who tells a wonderful story merely because he believes it true, or of a poet who loves the marvellous that excites his imagination, and not that of a monk whose interest either warps his own judgment or induces him to practise on the credulity of others. When he degenerates, therefore, into the marvellous, it is usually in some such romantic tale as that of the spirit who so long served the Lord of Corasce, and brought him news of all that passed in foreign kingdoms, or of the wonderful bear which was hunted and slain by Sir Peter of Berne, after which he became a noctambulist, and by his midnight wanderings and gambols terrified his wife into a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, from which she declined to return to so unruly a bed-fellow. But while we are sometimes amused with these popular tales of terror, we are delivered from the dull and deliberate legends of saints and miracles with which the pages of the monkish historians are so unmercifully garnished. The curate of Lestines, though a good Catholic, by no means piqued himself upon zeal for the church, that *ignus fatuus* which leads astray his contemporaries. Indeed, from the tenor of his life we think he may be safely trusted, when he asserts that he was prompted to his laborious task by the wish to record the deeds of chivalry which he loved, and to stigmatize with eternal shame the actions of the recreant or dishonourable. He also had this very great advantage over contemporary historians, that, excepting the assistance derived from the Chronicle of Jean le Bel in compiling his first volume, his materials were drawn from original sources. Not only the inferior knights and squires, but even the petty potentates at whose courts he resided, communicated freely to him their actions and motives, and, by hearing both sides, and comparing them together, he was usually able to discover the truth, or at least to state to his readers in what the best authorities differed. As his chronicles were regularly written out, and presented to his patrons during the intervals of his travels, he afforded to his contemporaries a sure pledge of his veracity. For surely he would have been but ill advised, who, during the fourteenth century, would have forged a false tale upon the pretended averment of a feudal prince or baron
who was yet alive to avenge the insult while he corrected the error. Neither was our historian remiss in examining the written documents of the time. He has preserved several leagues, letters, &c., and refers to many others; and the heralds, to whom the transactions of diplomacy were then usually committed, underwent many a close examination from our indefatigable traveller. Above all, we must allow Froissart the praise of the most unblemished impartiality, in spite of the peevish impeachment of Bodin, Brantome, and most of the French writers. It is true, it would have been difficult to narrate the victories of Creasy and Poitiers, without wounding the national vanity of France; but if Froissart was patronized by Queen Philippa, he was also admitted a member of the household of King John of France; if he was the familiar friend of Percy, he had been the guest of Douglas; if he admired the Black Prince, he admired equally Bertrand du Guesclin; and if a distinction can be made, his natural generosity seems rather to have inclined towards the side of the French chivalry, who, by individual valour, and the most generous self-devotion, struggled to support, in an overwhelming tempest, the throne of their monarchs and the independence of their country. The transactions in his own country were comparatively too insignificant to bias his integrity, though he always speaks with warmth and pride of the race and arms of Hainaut. Lastly, let it be remembered, that if a part of his chronicl e was composed at the request of the Count of Namur, the ally of England, he was induced to continue it by the Earl of Blois, the steady friend of France. In the latter case, he thus anticipates and repels the accusation of being swayed by the prejudices of his patron. "Let it not be said that I have been corrupted by the favours of Guy Count of Blois, who caused me to write this work, and has paid me for it liberally.—Nay, truly! I will not speak save the downright truth, without colour or favour; and it is the will also of the gentle prince and earl that I should record only the very fact."

It remains to notice the defective points in this celebrated work. Formed upon a variety of detached conversations, the Chronicle contains a mass of information, more or less accurate, concerning almost every country in Europe, and upon every species of transaction civil and military,
from the attack and defence of a fortress to the ordering of a festive banquet. But it must be owned that this information is strangely and confusedly piled together, and it often happens to the man who has recourse to Froissart's authority, that he lights unexpectedly upon something curious and valuable, which he was not looking for, than that he is able to find the information which he wished to obtain. Froissart wrote with the haste of a traveller, and with the ardent impetuosity of a mind too much engrossed with the immediate narrative, to think of what had gone before, or of what was to follow after. We have, says Monsieur de Ste Palaye, lively descriptions of tumultuous meetings of warriors, of all ages, kindreds and languages; the riotous banquet is protracted late into the night; while each, in emulation of his companions, details what he has seen, heard, or acted; and the fatigued traveller throws the lively but confused dialogue upon paper ere he retires to rest. It is also necessary to observe, that the events are often inserted not in the order in which they took place, but in that in which they came to Froissart's knowledge, to the utter confusion of all chronology. Nay, sometimes when an event has been already told in its regular order, as the battle of Aljubarotta in Spain, the historian having afterwards acquired new lights on the subject from a different quarter, is not at the pains to new-model the whole narration, but thrusts his second edition into the middle of whatever he was writing when he heard it, and leaves the gentle reader to compare and reconcile the accounts as he best may. In this respect, his splendid work may be likened to a piece of ancient tapestry full of knights, ladies, castles, tilts, tournaments, battles, and pageants, but presenting to the eye no regular or uniform picture. It must be also admitted, that if Froissart was unfettered by the prejudices and superstition of the cloister, he was strongly imbued with the romantic spirit peculiar to his age. Hence, his credulity must have frequently been imposed on by those who were willing to satisfy with a marvellous tale the wandering priest's eager thirst after information; and hence too, himself a poet, we may be permitted to suppose him partial to that edition of a story which produced the highest effect, and rather unwilling too narrowly to question the precise truth of the chivalrous narrations which he esteemed so delicious.
There is much room to suspect that the story of the self-devoted burghers of Calais received its higher and more romantic colouring from Froissart (see p. 257, note); and our accurate countryman, Lord Hailes, has proved that Froissart erred in placing Queen Philippa at the head of the English army at the battle of Neville’s cross, in which David II of Scotland was routed and made prisoner (p. 347, note). We may add to his lordship’s argument, that Laurence Minot, a court poet of the day, would not have omitted so favourable a subject of panegyric in his poem on that engagement.

It remains to examine the merits of the present translation, which will perhaps be best accomplished by pointing out in what it excels or falls short of that which was executed by Lord Berners. In one respect, the translators are in a similar situation, being both, we believe, soldiers, and both above that rank of fortune which is usually the station of literary adventurers. John Borchier, Lord of Berners, was chancellor of the exchequer, and governor of Calais during the reign of Henry VIII., and had the singular good fortune to retain the precarious favour of his jealous master, although he was at once a man of talents, and descended from the Plantagenets. He died at Calais about 1532. His translation of Froissart was executed at the command of Henry himself, and may be supposed to mark a dawning taste for the English language at the court of that monarch. In the reign of Henry VII the translation of French romances had just commenced. Lord Berners’s version of Froissart was published by Pynson in 1525. It is written in the pure and nervous English of that early period, and deserves to be carefully consulted by the philologist. In one respect, the old baron must be allowed to possess an infinite advantage over Mr. Johnes. He lived when the ideas of chivalry yet existed, and when its appropriate language was yet spoken among his readers; so that he was enabled to translate the conversation of Froissart’s knights and nobles by the corresponding expressions in English which he, himself a knight and noble, daily used and heard at the court of Henry. Mr. Johnes, on the other hand, has undertaken the very difficult and hazardous task of translating the French expressions of chivalry into what is, with respect to the ordinary communications of life, a dialect abso-
lately extinct; for it must be obvious, that Froissart can no more be rendered with truth and effect into modern English, than Lord Berners could be introduced in the present drawing-room in his buff-coat, slashed sleeves, and trunk hose. In describing the war-cry of "A Douglas, a Douglas!" the translator renders it "Douglas for ever!" by which the _ensenzie_ of a feudal chieftain is degraded into the shout of a mob. We fear also that Mr. Johnes is deficient in a very important part of Froissart's language, that which relates to heraldry. The arms of Douglas are described (p. 32) as "argent on a chef argent," which it is impossible to blazon. In p. 201, they are rightly given, "argent a chef azure;" but he has omitted "three stars gules on the chef," as mentioned by Froissart, edit. 1559, p. 95.

We proceed to compare the translations in the following interesting passage, reducing the orthography of Lord Berners, which is extremely vague, to nearly the modern standard. The subject is the battle of Cressy; and the historian has already described, in the most lively colours, the disorder in which the French multitude came pouring on the small, but compact and well-ordered host of England.

"When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and (he) said to his marshals, 'make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis.' There were of the Genoese crossbows about fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going a-foot that day, a six leagues, armed with their crossbows, that they said to their constables, 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Earl of A.lençon, who said, 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fall now at most need.' Also, the same season, there fell a great rain and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there came flying over the battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eye, and on the Englishmen's back. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leape and cry to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leape and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little; and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly again, they leaped and cried; and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their crossbows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and lette fly their arrows so wholly
and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, 'Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen the men-at-arms dash in among them, and killed a great number of them, and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and into their horses; and many fell horse and men among the Genoese; and when they were down, they could not relieve again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also, among the Englishmen, there were certain rascals that went on foot with great knives, and they went in among the men-at-arms, and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights and squires, whereas the king of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners."

This remarkable passage is thus rendered by Mr. Johnes.

"You must know, that these kings, dukes, earls, barons and lords of France, did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the king of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, 'Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis.'

"There were about fifteen thousand Genoese crossbowmen; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their crossbows.

"They told the constable, they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, 'This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them.'

"During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun, and before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English in their backs.

"When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them, but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed.

"When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armour, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about, and retreated, quite discomfited. The French
had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese.

"The king of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, 'Kill me those scoundrels; for they stop up our road, without any reason.' You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

"The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these, advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and falling upon earls, barons, knights and squires, slew many, at which the king of England was afterwards much exasperated."

—Pp. 324, 325.

Upon the mere point of style in this passage, we are of opinion that the ancient translator has considerably the advantage. In describing the shouts with which the Genoese endeavoured to sustain their own dubious courage, and appal their enemies, contrasted with the obstinate and ominous silence of the English, the words of Lord Berners are not only better chosen, but the sentences are better arranged, and convey a more lively picture to the eye. On the other hand, the modern translation is more accurate, mentioning the original purpose of the body of men-at-arms* by whom the Genoese were to have been supported, but who in the end trampled them down, and the country of the light infantry who were mingled among the English archers and cavalry.†

We give another example of the language of the two translations, in the celebrated answer of Edward.

"They with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill-hill; than the knight said to the king, 'Sir,

* Denis Sauvage's edition bears that this body of cavalry was English; but we presume Mr. Johnes followed a better authority. The Black Prince's men-at-arms were in the rear of the archers.
† Berners calls them 'rascals,' Mr. Johnes 'Cornish and Welshmen.' Froissart seems to give them both characters, "pillars et bidoux Gallois et Cornuailleis." The slaughter must have been greatly increased by these irregular troops; for the dismounted knights were usually unable to rise, from the weight of their armour.
the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Camfort, Sir Reynold Cobham, and other such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withall: wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they will have much ado. Then the king said, 'Is my son dead or hurt, or on the earth felled?'—'No, sir,' quoth the knight, 'but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid.'—'Well,' said the king, 'return to him, and to those who sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth so long as my son is alive; and also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journee be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.'"

Mr. Johnes's version runs thus—

"The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon an eminence near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, 'Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son are vigorously attacked by the French; and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if their numbers should increase, they fear he will have too much to do.'

"The king replied, 'Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded, that he cannot support himself?'—'Nothing of the sort, thank God,' rejoined the knight; 'but he is in so hot an engagement, that he has great need of your help.' The king answered, 'Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me, not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honour of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him.'"—P. 327.

In this passage also, we may remark a sort of flatness in the modern version. For example, "so hot an engagement" does not convey quite the idea of "so hardly matched," nor does it well express "il est en dur parti d'armes," which implies personal conflict as well as presence in a battle. Upon the whole, there is a sort of amplification, perhaps unavoidable in modern language, which sounds tamer and less like the tone of chivalry than that employed by Lord Berners. In short, the Chronicle is as it were neatly bound in calf extra: nay the leaves, back and edges are gil; but it wants the massy garniture of antique clasps, gilt knops, and silver roses, which add to the dignity of Lord Berners's version.

* Sir Thomas Norwich.—MSS.
Although the style of Mr. Johnes is unquestionably inferior to Lord Berners, and although it is occasionally degraded by such quaint expressions as sheering off, making off, showing their heels, and the like, we cannot but bestow high commendation on the fidelity and attention with which the task of translation has been executed. In a historical point of view, there can be no comparison betwixt the usefulness of Mr. Johnes's version and Lord Berners's, as the latter has not only failed to correct the errors of Froissart as to proper names of persons and places, but has deplorably aggravated them. The Earl of Stamford, to recur to the passage last quoted, is in Froissart called le Compte D'Estanfort, and in Berners's hands he becomes Comfort. Mr. Johnes, on the contrary, though his notes are not numerous, has bestowed laudable diligence in correcting the text of his author; has left few blunders, and we trust has made none. The opportunity of comparing so many various manuscripts has doubtless tended much to reform the text, and we do not venture to offer criticism where we have not an opportunity of seeing the original authorities. It might be worth Mr. Johnes's while to consult the splendid manuscript of Froissart, formerly belonging to the Conventual Library of Newbattle, and now to the Earl of Ancram.

Engravings from many rare and curious illuminations are given in this volume. They present to us the dresses, costume, and manners of Froissart's heroes, and add greatly to the interest of the publication.

After all, it may occur to our readers, that an edition of Lord Berners's translation, reduced to a systematic orthography, and corrected and enlarged where correction and enlargement was necessary, might have superseded the labours of Mr. Johnes, and, at the same time, have preserved an ancient English classic. But we are more disposed to be grateful for what may be considered as a free gift made to the public, than strictly to examine how far it might have been made more acceptable. If the Hafod press performs what is incumbent on that of Clarendon, the founder is surely entitled to choose betwixt the character of a translator and editor; and while, as a private individual, he discharges at his own expense a public duty, we willingly say, God speed his labours.
ON "THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE."*

[Edinburgh Review, October, 1806.]

This terrific title, with the subjoined catalogue of pitiable ex- clamations, would lead a native of any country but England to expect a heart-rending tale of accumulated wo. A Frenchman would prepare to shake his head, and shrug up his shoulders at the unobserved calamities of some love-sick heroine; a German would instantly feel his heart expand with all the sensitiveness of philanthropy, and the tear would stand ready to start from his eye, at the thought of beholding all the hopeless errors and unalloyed misery of man, feelingly depicted by the nervous hand of sentimental philosophy. But to a thorough indigenous independent Briton, the word "misery" does by no means convey an idea of such extreme discomfort. He feels the satisfaction of grumbling over his misfortunes, to be, on many occasions, so much greater than the pain of enduring them, that he will beg, borrow, steal, or even manufacture calamities, sooner than suffer under any unusual scarcity of discontent. He knows, indeed, that miseries are indeed necessary to his happiness, and though perhaps not quite so pleasant at the moment as his other indispensable enjoyments, roast beef and beer, would, if taken away, leave just as great a craving in his appetites as would be occasioned by the privation of these national dainties.

The Englishman alone, we think, occupies himself seri-

* The Miseries of Human Life; or, the Groans of Timothy Testy, and Samuel Sensitive; with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs. Testy. In Two've Dialogues.—Had extraordinary success—passing through nine editions within a year. This admirable jeu d'esprit was written by a respectable clergyman, the Rev. James Beresford, A. M. of Merton College, Oxford, and its success, as is usual in such cases, called forth abundance of imitations.
ously in this manufacture of unhappiness; and seems to possess, almost as exclusively, the power of afterwards laughing at his own misfortunes; which, however, during their immediate existence, gave him as much torment as ever the crushing an earwig, or beating a jackass, inflicted on the sensibility of a lachrymose German. It is the English only who submit to the same tyranny, from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life. In Ben Jonson's time, it was an unmeaning humour "to be gentleman-like and melancholy." We believe it is since those days that a cause for that melancholy has been invented. It is only by the present race that the drawing on tight boots, or the extinguishing a candle under your nose, has been found entirely to embitter life. These trifling uneasinesses, are now dwelt and commented upon, in conversation, as of the highest importance; are considered an excuse for spleen or ill nature, and, sometimes, almost a reason for doubting the beneficence of Nature altogether. These restless concomitants of life are only valued and cultivated in our gloomy atmosphere. The lively Frenchman either passes them unnoticed, or, if he does perceive them, only moulds them into a pleasantry to amuse his next companion. The haughty Spaniard will not suffer his gravity and grandeur to be broken in upon by such paltry considerations. The quiet Scotchman patiently endures them without knowing them to be evils; or if he by chance receives annoyance, hereafter goes round about to avoid them. The violent Irishman either passionately throws them off in an instant, or persuade himself it is comfort and amusement to him to let them continue. The phlegmatic Dutchman hides them from his view by the smoke of his pipe; while the philosophizing German, who only feels for all mankind, thinks everything a trifle that affects himself. The sombre Englishman alone contents himself with grumbling at the evils, which he takes no steps to avoid; and perhaps the proneness to suicide, that is objected to John Bull by foreigners, might more reasonably be attributed to this indulgence in unhappiness, and domestication of misery, than to the influence of fogs, or the physical effects of sea-coal fires.

These are the miseries of which the author before us treats; and it is a subject which, in some point or other,
must come home to every Englishman. He enters upon this rich field, in an address, inviting the miserable (but, we must remark, inviting nobody else), the "children of misfortune, wherever found, and whatever enduring,—ye who, arrogating to yourselves a kind of sovereignty in suffering, maintain, that all the throbs of torture, all the pungency of sorrow, all the bitterness of desperation, are your own. Take courage to behold a pageant of calamities, which calls you to renounce your sad monopoly!" We are then presented with Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy. Any formality of introduction is dispensed with; for the author knew that he could meet with no reader, who was not before acquainted with one or other of these gentlemen. For though Mr. Sensitive be of a family comparatively modern (not being naturalized in this country, apparently in the days of the Duchess of Bedford, who declared that "she was born before nerves were invented"), yet there can be nobody, of any age, who has not often met with a branch of the stock of Testy; which we believe, indeed, flourished in this island even before the Conqueror. Indeed, the gentleman himself is so often to be met with, equally in the worst as in the best company, that it is no wonder the author, in his subsequent delineation of the character of Mr. Sensitive, should forget "all those finer disquietudes, those quivering susceptibilities, that feverish fastidiousness, and those qualmish recoiling disgusts which constitute at once the pride and the plague of his gossamer frame." We are not surprised that Testy's gross form and active dislikes were continually present to the author, and entirely obliterated the meek agitations of Sensitive. For this has certainly been the case; and, however strongly the distinction may strike us at setting out, in a little time we perceive Sensitive to be a complete fac-simile of Testy, and can sometimes hardly persuade ourselves that they are not both one and the same man. We entirely lose the distinction between the mentally miserable man, whose whole frame is jarred and thrown into a state of tremulous incapability by the falling of a dish, and him who, gross and violent under calamity, instantly knocks down the servant who dropped it.

This distinction is perhaps better exemplified by the conduct of the parties under vexation, than by any positive dif-
ference in the nature of the accidents that disorder each of
them. Thus, Mr. Sensitive declares to Testy, "I, indeed,
by the painful privilege of my nature, am as it were ambi-
dexter in misery, being no less exquisitely sensitive to those
grosser annoyances, or tangible tribulations, of which you
are the victim, than to those subtler and elegant agonies
which are my own peculiar inheritance." Testy, we think,
might have made a declaration of the same sort; for as we
go on, we find the vexations of both to be precisely the
same, only the agonies when they fix upon Testy, neces-
ssarily lose the elegance which graces his friend's tribulations.
For this reason, we wish that these two gentlemen had hit
upon some more lively shape in which to convey their
miseries to the world, than the wearisome sameness of di-
avancast. Had they permitted Tom Testy, who appears in the
second dialogue, and some third person, to form their mis-
fortunes into a narrative, we have no doubt that his feeling
description of all the torments they endured—of all the tears,
contortions, and violent gesture by which they expressed
their sense of them, would have attracted the notice of the
world much more than their own complacent vaunting of
pre-eminence in misery. Particularly, too, as we see all
the while, that their tortures, however pungent, still left
them calmness enough to enter their calamities regularly in
memorandum books, though, certainly, not sufficient cool-
ness of thought to correct the language and style in which
they are related. We think that even Mrs. Testy, though
she is guilty of some vulgar expressions, might, if consulted,
have remarked and amended several colloquial barbarisms,
manufactured words, and incorrect phrases, which have been
suffered to remain, and which, though perhaps in conversa-
tion no vexation to the most nervous hearer, are a consider-
able misery to the grossest and most sensual reader.
These two gentlemen having agreed to meet frequently,
and contend for the crown of calamity, by reciting their un-
happinesses in a sort of Amabean prose, we are, in the second
dialogue, introduced to young Tom Testy, who comes in
for the purpose of enlivening the conversation every now
and then with a whimsically-applied, or more frequently, a
punning quotation. The reader now perceives his own
"misery," in the prospect of pursuing the rest of his
journey with these unvarying and discontented comrades.
Now and then, indeed, a slight relief is afforded, when Mrs. Testy puts in a word; but, upon the whole, she is a very quiet, well-behaved woman, and seldom speaks but when spoken to. However, there is no hope for it; the door of the conveyance is shut, the reader is boxed up with these companions; the coachman is inexorable; and, unless he has powers of self-denial to give up the journey altogether, he must, thus accompanied, and thus only, immediately enter upon the "Miseries of the Country." Here he indeed wants companions of a more cheerful and patient disposition; for the miseries he meets with at his outset are really no laughing matter. Here, as in many other places, Messrs. Sensitive and Testy quite lose their captiousness and causeless irritability, and only complain of misfortunes that would vex, and that very effectually, any man of the greatest reason and equanimity.

"10. (T.) While you are out with a walking-party, after heavy rains—one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch (which fails), with the hope of recovering it, leaving the other shoe in the same predicament—the second stage of ruin is that of standing, or rather tottering, in blank despair, with both feet planted, ankle-deep, in the quagmire. The last (I had almost said the dying) scene of the tragedy—that of deliberately cramming first one, and then the other clogged polluted foot into its choaked-up shoe, after having 'scavengered' your hands and gloves in slaving to drag up each, separately, out of its deep bed, and in this state proceeding on your walk—is too dreadful for representation. The crown of the catastrophe is, that each of the party floundering in his, or her, own gulf, is utterly disabled from assisting, or being assisted by, the rest."

"17. (T.) On paying a visit to your garden in the morning for the purpose of regaling your eye and nose with the choice ripe fruit with which it had abounded the day before, finding that the whole produce of every tree and bush has been carefully gathered—in the night!

"18. (B.) The delights of hay-time! as follows:—After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear—after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitch-fork, into the hands of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion—after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and re-turned under a smiling sun, till every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haycock after another, and drawn to the spot every seizable horse and cart, all now standing in readi-
ness to carry home the vegetable treasure, as fast as it can be piled—at such a golden moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds, suddenly rising and advancing, in frowning columns, from the south-west; as if the sun had taken half the Zodiac—from Leo to Aquarius—at a leap—behold the ruthless vapours!—they halt—they muster directly over head—at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and the assault is continued, without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, when he has completely swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panic-flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and retires in open order, leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by looking at his colours, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow, which he displays in his rear."

"20. (S.) Losing your way on foot, at night in a storm of wind and rain—and this, immediately after leaving a merry fireside."

Now, we do not conceive that it is necessary to possess the unreasonable irritability of these gentlemen, to be very much discomposed at losing both your shoes in a bog; or all your fruit being stolen; or all your hay being spoilt; or losing yourself in a stormy night. These are all circumstances productive of such positive loss or ill effects, that we believe any one of them (to use a vulgar idea) might make the most meek and pious clergyman utter an oath of considerable magnitude. In the same strain, as we go on; lying awake a whole night, which is generally symptomatic of illness; sleeping in damp sheets, which is almost certainly productive of illness; being sea-sick, which is illness; finding a hornet in your boot while putting it on, whose sting would probably lay you up; losing the memoranda of your dividends, by which you are disabled from receiving your money at the bank, and, perhaps, arrested in consequence—are all serious misfortunes that we think any gentleman would complain of, and be very ill treated, if his lamentations were laughed at. Indeed, we often think Messrs. Testy and Sensitive not at all ridiculous and peevish, but very sensible and reasonable men, who if they really have undergone all the grievances here related, may justly claim a pre-eminence of misery, not only over the fancifully unhappy, but over the really wretched, and truly afflicted part of mankind. This is defeating and destroying the prime design and groundwork of the book.
MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Tom Testy, who is introduced in the second dialogue, is a very agreeable addition to the company; and by no means merits the character given him by his schoolmaster, who, his father says, "thought proper to tell me that my boy is half mad; though for all I can see, the whole offence is, that he is a little wild or so in his way of reading; and by running from one book to another, and dashing from this part of the volume to that, has stuffed his head with more words than he knows well how to manage; and so by dint of a good memory, without brains quite enough to ballast it, he flirts out his crude scraps of authors upon all occasions, without stopping to think where he is, or who are his hearers." This incautious young man is, however, very entertaining, and his school miseries among the best in the book.

"8. (Tom. T.) Seeing the boy who is next above you flogged for a repetition, which you know you cannot say even half so well as he did."

"14. (Tom. T.) At dinner—the joint lasting only as low down as to the boy immediately above you—you are too stout to eat bread, and so go starved, and broken-hearted into school."

His chief fault is, too frequent an exhibition of his talent; for, though he often produces remarkable and unexpected quotations, he seldom misses an opportunity of uttering the most trite or remotely connected. 'Thus, in the following.

"35. (S.) After having dealt carelessly with honey at breakfast, being hurried away, without a moment allowed for washing your hands; or—(since that cannot possibly be granted you)—for chopping them off.

"Ned Tes. 'Plus aloës quam mellis habet.' Juv."

The plain translation of the single word "mellis" hardly compensates for the total want of application of "aloës," and the inaptness of the metaphorical signification of the passage affords no excuse. And in,

"35. (S.) In walking though a vile alley—passing under a window at so 'seasonable' a moment as to intercept the liquid refuse which a foul witch is emptying from the third or fourth story.

"Ned Tes. 'Insequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons.' VING.

"Tes. I fancy the words which follow soon after are not quite so applicable.

VOL. II.—14"
There is nothing at all appropriate in this passage, except the plain application of the comprehensive word "aqua;" and Old Testy, in his attempt to give it a point, must have been much puzzled, since he is forced to join to it four words, which, in Virgil, are twenty lines distant, belong to another passage, and which, after all, he only quotes because they are not applicable. But Mr. Thomas Testy is perpetually obliged to cram a quotation into the situation he wants, by such means as, "Virgil never knew that when he wrote such a line;" or, "Horace could not have said here that," &c.; or oftener, boldly, "We cannot apply to this the passage, which says," &c. Nor is this young gentleman content with watching for, and torturing every occasion to his use; but will very often engross the whole conversation, to make himself an opportunity for wit, and bring us round to a jest by degrees. Thus, a joke is very often scented a page beforehand; and often, in his observation subsequent to a groan, he prefaces a quotation of four or five words, with an introductory harangue of his own, at least long enough for a maiden-speech in the House of Commons. He copies too freely the style of Joe Miller, and other jest-book composers, who prepare us for any most improbable mistake, by introducing "an Irishman noted for blunders;" or for a practical joke, which any one must have foreseen or discomfited, by "a gentleman, proverbial for long fits of absence." The plots for his jokes are sometimes almost as intricate, as the introduction to those composite jests of the worthies above mentioned, which depend upon the choice, assortment, or contrast of characters, as much as any regular drama. Such are those enacted by a man with a hump-back, and another without an eye; or by an Irishman, a barber, and a bald-headed man; or that most extraordinary witticism, the joint production of a sexton, a surgeon, a maid-servant, and a man recovered after being hanged.

"57. (T.) The handle of the tea-urn coming off in the servant's hand, as he is passing by you! and this in such a manner, that though you break its fall with your leg, you at the same time, break your leg with its fall—to say nothing of the contents, which, in my own case I did not find of a very healing nature!

"Ned Tes. Why, sir, as to the simple fact of oversetting the 'urn,' that misfortune, if you will take Horace's word for it, is destined to befall every man in some part of his life or other.
Here he is obliged to lay a train for his joke, and almost to explain it beforehand, in order to make it fit at all to the place. We are afraid he is used to make jokes, and keep them ready cut and dry by him, and then his eagerness easily overcoming his caution, he is reduced to beg an opportunity for them, such as, “What do you think of such a thing, for I say that,” &c.; or, “If you had said thus, I should have said that,” &c. Thus—

“108. (T.) The two-fold torment inflicted by a flea—viz. first, the persecution to which he subjects you through the night; secondly, the loss of your meditated revenge in the morning, by his hocus-pocus escapes—his unthought-of and incredible capers, leaps, and flings, from under your eager fingers, at the very instant when you seem in the act of—nay, to have actually annihilated him.

Mille fugit refugitque vias; at vividus alter
Haret hiems; jam, jamque tenet, similisque tenenti
Incapit—morsu elusus!—Visa.

“Ned Tes.” I am quite at home in this misery;—‘intus et in
cute novi.’ (Pers.) This little harlequin of the insect race, seems, like his brother the biped, to consider his pursuers as foes, ‘quos
defallere et effugere est triumphus.’ (Hor.)—But have you nothing to say against a bug, father?—In London, at least, ‘these bugs do fear us all!’ (Shak.)”

In this hodge-podge of quotation, he is first obliged to introduce his inept sentence from Persius, by the inappropriate phrase of being at home in this misery; then metamorphoses the flea into a harlequin, which, after some trouble, lets in his half line from Horace, only applicable to the new-comer, harlequin, and by no means to the flea, from whom the joke began; and at last is so cruelly bent upon giving vent to the new thought that suddenly pops into his head about bugs, that he cannot wait for a proper time, but abruptly asks his father what he has to say about them; and then, without stopping for an answer, lets fly his own bald quotation, if indeed, that deserves the name of quotation, which only depends upon the usage of the same word, without any similitude of sense to the passage, to illustrate which it is mentioned.

We find many more instances of these faults, but are afraid of exceeding our limits; and are altogether so much obliged to any body who makes us laugh, that we wish not
to be severe upon anything that gives rise to that vulgar
colusion; even though it be involuntarily accompanied
with the muttered "pish" or "pshe," that seems to chide
ourselves, and express shame for being amused at such non-
sense. In this publication, however, we often find ourselves
at liberty to laugh in perfect good taste.

After having enumerated the miseries of the country, these
gentlemen go on to those of every place and occupation.—
Of games and recreations—of London—of public places—
of travelling—of social life—of reading and writing—of the
table—miseries domestic, personal, and miscellaneous. In
addition to these, Mrs. Testy furnishes a "few supplemen-
tary sighs," which were certainly imperiously called for.
As, otherwise, the "miseries" of the fair sex (and we be-
lieve they enjoy at least as many, and as fanciful and
fantastic as those which torment the lords of the creation)
would have been entirely untrencched upon. As it is, we
suspect Mrs. Testy has made a very small draught from the
army of vexations and megrims in which "angel woman"
delights. This arose, necessarily, from the author's slender
stock of information upon that point; for we are convinced
they were furnished by no female friend. No lady, we
think, would undertake a task, which, if fairly performed,
must discover all the hidden springs and recesses of the
female mind; all the arcana of the bona dea, which have
hitherto been preserved as sacred as the secrets of freem-
asonry. Nor would any true woman ever give up so much
of the assumed dignity of the sex, as to allow that their
gross vassal, man, is held in such estimation, or capable of
producing such uneasiness, by his most trivial actions, in
their refined minds, as is confessed in the following sighs.

"10. At a ball—being asked by two or three puppies 'why you
don't dance?'—and asked no more questions, by these, or any other
gentleman on the subject—on your return home, being pestered
with examinations and cross-examinations, whether you danced—
with whom you danced—why you did not dance—&c. &c.; the
friend with whom you went, complaining, all the time, of being
worried to death with solicitations to dance, the whole evening."

"14. After dinner, when the ladies retire with you from a party
of very pleasant men, having to entertain, as you can, half a score
of empty, or formal females; then, after a decent time has elapsed,
and your patience and topics are equally exhausted, ringing for
the tea, &c. which you sit making in despair, for above two hours;
having three or four times sent word to the gentlemen that it is
ready, and overheard your husband, at the last message, answer, 'Very well—another bottle of wine.' By the time that the tea and coffee are quite cold, they arrive, continuing as they enter, and for an hour afterwards, their political disputes, occasionally suspended, on the part of the master of the house, by a reasonable complaint, to his lady, at the coldness of the coffee;—soon after, the carriages are announced, and the visitors disperse."

"16. At a ball—when you have set your heart on dancing with a particular favourite,—at the moment when you delightedly see him advancing towards you, being briskly accosted by a conceited simpleton at your elbow, whom you cannot endure, but who obtains (because you know not in what manner to refuse) 'the honour of your hand' for the evening."

We here finish our analysis of the work. The author seems to entertain an idea, that written dialogue is entitled to the liberties used in real conversation. We meet, accordingly, with some incorrect grammar, and much crudeness of style, encumbered with many unwieldy parentheses. Above all, he seems to have adopted, from colloquy, the use of several words, newly and extraordinary applied, which, in company, are easily explained, and enforced by some gesture or emphasis of the speaker; but, when written down, convey no immediate idea to the reader, or, at least, a very feeble one. We meet with a "washy remark," "a man of iron," "a sepulchral party," &c. all perhaps good colloquialisms, but which, in writing, lose all their force, from the explanations necessarily affixed; or, in default of them, the thought which the reader must bestow to discover their humour, or even meaning. Printing in italics is a disgraceful method of marking the point of a witticism. But the chief faults of the work are, great sameness and length, which mutually and severely aggravate each other; and we could readily have dispensed with much of the conversations introductory to the groans, and, still more willingly, with the dull homilies preached at the end by Mr. Sensitive, senior. This is a remarkable instance either of an author's distrust in his readers, whom he would not leave to pick out his moral, or of diffidence in his own powers of rendering it plain and easy. The reader, at the end of the groans, thinks he has finished the book, and is leaving it merry and pleased, when Mr. Sensitive, senior, steps in, and, like the butler in the drama of Lovers' Vows, detains him, insults his understanding, and deadens his spirits, by the heavy recitation of his musty moral.
On the whole, we strenuously recommend this work to all who love to laugh; and, at the same time, feel no pleasure in disappointing an author, who aims at humour, by captious objections or dignified sullenness: for (as Tom Testy would put in)

"By two-headed Janus!
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time,
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."—Shak.

To the first class described here, we promise much meriment from the perusal of this work; and to support our opinion, we will select a few of the best groans; or at least those which most affected our risible faculties. A selection, we avow, much easier made, than that of the faults that have been mentioned in this review.

Of Travelling.

"4. (S.) Just as you are going off, with only one other person on your side of the coach, who, you flatter yourself, is the last,—seeing the door suddenly opened, and the guard, coachman, hostler, &c. &c. craning, shoving, and buttressing up an overgrown, puffing, greasy, human hog, of the butcher or grazier breed—the whole machine straining and groaning under its cargo, from the box to the basket.—By dint of incredible efforts and contrivances, the carcase is, at length, weighed up to the door, where it has next to struggle with various and heavy obstructions in the passage. When, at length, the entire beast is fairly slung in, and (after about a quarter of an hour consumed in the operation) plunged down and bedded, with the squelch of a falling ox, and the grunt of a rhinoceros,—you find yourself suddenly viced in, from the shoulder to the hip; upon which the monster—when, in another quarter of an hour, he has finally pumped and panted, and snorted himself into tranquillity,—begins to make himself merry with your misery, and keeps braying away,—totally callous to the dumb frowns, or muttered execrations ("curses not loud but deep") of the whole coach."

"25. (S.) At a formal dinner—the awful resiting-time which occasionally intervenes between the courses:
"Ned Tes. 'Inde alias ineunt cursus, aliosque recursus, Adversis spatius.'"

"10. (T.) After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession—thinking, at your leisure, of a repartee which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms."

"29. (S) Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold, in the hearing of certain elderly ladies 'of the faculty,' who instantly
form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate, by 'taking you off' before morning!

"Ned Tes. 'Ægrecsitque medendo.' Virg."

FROM MRS. TESTY'S SIGHS.

"11. At a long table, after dinner, having the eyes of the whole company drawn upon you by a loud observation, that you are strikingly like Mrs. or Miss ———, particularly when you smile."

We are sorry the author inserted such an affected and nonsensical groan as the following.

"21. (T.) Hearing the threats of invasion which have long been bawled out by the little bloated fiend on the other side of the channel, honoured with serious attention by men actually born and bred in England. There are not, indeed, above half a dozen of our countrymen of this white-livered description; 'but who can think, with common patience, even of that handful?"

In powerful contradiction, too, to the sense and truth of the following.

"11. (S.) At the play—the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them, in such after-pieces as are called 'England's Glory,'—'The British Tars,' &c.—with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded."

In the second edition, the author has informed us of a new calamity, which he entitles My own Groan. It contains his complaint of the work being attributed to other noblemen and gentlemen, whose initials only, and those perhaps fictitious, he publishes. We suppose, from this caution, that they are gentlemen who have never yet dared the public eye in a printed shape; but, since the world has attributed to them a work which has met so favourable a reception, we suppose they are held in estimation as some of the prime wits and 'merriest men' of the age. This favourable opinion thus expressed, should not be disregarded by them; they are called upon to enter boldly upon the fields of literature, and exhibit to the world proof of those talents for which it has thus universally given them credit.

We now unwillingly leave this work; and, as a farewell to the author, we intreat him (without meaning to measure weapons with so formidable a rival) to cast an eye of compassion and sympathy upon a few
Reviewer's Groans.

1. A complacent author's inquiries, whether his book is about to be reviewed, and what is the character to be given of it—said book having only been thought worthy to be dismissed with a general censure for stupidity, ignorance, and self-sufficiency.

2. A plaintive author's reproachful question how he ever injured you, so that you chose to be his executioner; and the candour with which he argues upon your opinion of his work; only denying that it wants genius, wit, or taste; while he ingenuously confesses there are some few grammatical inaccuracies and carelessnesses in the style.

3. Finding yourself seated at dinner next a gentleman whom you have before pilloried in a review of extreme severity; then being somewhat relieved by finding that your are unknown to him; till a blundering pretender to literature, on his other side, calls you by your name; and asks across him, Who is to be cut up in the next Number?

4. The harsh and opprobrious review done by your brethren upon a book that you have generously published anonymously; then, upon your owning it, in hopes of softening them, and perhaps procuring a revival of the second edition of the review; their comments upon your unkindness and folly in not telling them before; and, above all, the subsequent grins and rejoiced faces of the whole literary world, to whom your friends immediately publish your avowal.

5. The copy just set up, and more wanted—the printer's imp, or the great Beezlebub himself in waiting, and grinding his fangs with impatience—the postman delivers a treble letter, which you eagerly open, expecting a communication from a first rate correspondent, and which proves to contain a long expostulatory and ignominious refutation of your last quarter's critique on an incensed author—postage unpaid.

6. The doleful alternative of perusing a huge quarto, at the risk of dislocating your jaws, in order to review it—or of reviewing the said quarto, without so perusing it, at the risk of making blunders, and furnishing pegs on which charges of misrepresentation will not fail to be suspended.

7. ——— Last scene of all,
To close this sad eventful history—
Long labour bestowed in endeavouring to extract subject for any article from a book too dull to be commended, and too accurate to be condemned, where ordinary subjects are treated in an ordinary style, and with ordinary ability; so that, at last, you relinquish the hope of drawing forth, from the mass of mediocrity, food either for reason or for ridicule, and shut the book, with the fruitless apostrophe,

"Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
I wish from my soul thou wert better or worse."

* [Lord Jeffrey is inclined to think that he himself added some of these "Reviewer's Groans," but his recollection is not precise.]
CARR'S CALEDONIAN SKETCHES.*

[Quarterly Review, February, 1809.]

The advice of the Giant Moulineau to a reciter, Je vous prie, Belier mon ami, commencez par le commencement, is too often neglected. We, however, admonished by a recent event, new in our high office, and anxious to discharge its duties with unexampled fidelity, actually read the explanatory address prefixed to this volume, before we proceeded on the Caledonian Sketches. It is, in sooth, a piece of very tragical mirth, in which we hardly knew whether to sympathize with the wounded feelings of a good-natured, well-meaning man, or to laugh at the ambiguous expressions in which he couches his sorrow and indignation upon a very foolish subject. The trial, in which Sir John Carr sued the editor of a satirical work, called My Pocket Book, for damages, as a libel on his literary fame, must be fresh in the memory of every reader. The Address displays great anxiety to ascertain the precise grounds upon which the action was commenced; but there is no little embarrassment

* Caledonian Sketches, or a Tour through Scotland, in 1807. To which is prefixed an Explanatory Address to the Public upon a recent Trial. By Sir John Carr. London, Matthews and Leigh, 1809."—The work entitled "My Pocket Book, or Hints for a Righte Merrie and Conceited Tour, to be called the Stranger in Ireland," in ridicule of Sir John Carr's quarto volume of that title, was written by Edward Dubois, Esq., author of various translations, &c. The trial to which it gave rise occurred before the Court of King's Bench, on the 25th July, 1808. The jury found for the defendants, Messrs Vernor and Hood. The other works of the Knight were, The Stranger in France, or a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. 4to. 1803. A Northern Summer, or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, &c. 4to. 1805. A Tour through Holland. 4to. 1806; and Descriptive Travels in Spain and the Balearic Isles. 4to. 1811.
and confusion in bottoming the case, as will appear from
the opening of the subject.

"Had this attack been announced as a travesty, the public
would have regarded it as a burlesque, and I should have been as
much disposed as any one to have smiled at what humour it
might have possessed. Indeed I should have deemed it, in some
measure, an honour; for, as the nature of travesty is laughable
deformity, the original must at least possess some symmetry, be-
fore it could be twisted into deformity. Nay, I should have felt
myself flattered to have been placed in the same line of attack
in which many illustrious literary characters have been assailed,
although immeasurably removed from them in literary reputation.
I should also have reflected that the public would not be interested
in the travesty of an unknown author. But many, who have
never read the *Tour in Ireland*, have considered the quotations
as authentic, and the comment as fair and candid. I am placed
before a mirror that distorts, and the mirror is thought to repre-
sent me faithfully."—P. 4.

We suspect that the author of this passage remained a
little too long in the "southern and western parts of Ireland,"
to be an absolute stranger to the national mode of ratiocina-
tion. If a work be announced as a *burlesque* it must un-
doubtedly be regarded as a *travesty*, which is pretty much
the same thing. But although it be not announced as a
*burlesque*, it by no means follows that an action lies against
the author, because the public insist upon mistaking for
grave matter of fact what was intended for raillery. The
readers are then to be blamed more than the satirist; and
indeed, so dull was our apprehension in this very case, that
having dipped into "*My Pocket Book,*" and afterwards
heard of a suit at law, we could not but conclude that Sir
John had commenced it not on the score of libel, but on
that of piracy; for whatever the author may have intended,
the imitation had all the merit of being as prosing as the
original, with the sole advantage (certainly no inconsidera-
tele) of being much shorter.

But Sir John does not rest his case here. He proceeds
to state that the "frontispiece of this publication attempted
personally to degrade him in a point of view which had no
reference to his travels." And again,

"In my work I have mentioned, that the cruel custom of yoking
the plough to the tail of the drawing horse, which once existed
in the uncivilized parts of Ireland, has for some time past been
discontinued; yet, in this print, I am represented in the attitude
of making a drawing of this barbarous usage; and, if such print
be admitted to be fair criticism, I am made by the artist's pencil to assert that the custom still endures. In fact I am assured that I have already incurred the displeasure of some of the Irish, who have not perused my work, and who have been misled by this print for having, as they thought, in this instance thrown an odium upon the character of their peasantry. To return to the action, the frontispiece caricature, and the explanation, constituted the sole ground of my legal complaint."—P. 6.

This ground of complaint appears to us still more fantastical than that which he stated for the purpose of abandoning it. For an author has certainly some right in equity, if not at common law, to complain of the maladrosse of a satirical satellite, who shaped his irony so awkwardly that all men took it for sober truth. But that any human being upon either side of St. George's Channel could seriously draw a conclusion, as matter of fact, from a caricature print, is one of the most whimsical innuendos which a declaration ever attached to a libel. There are twenty prints in the windows of St. James's Street, representing the highest characters in the most absurd attitudes and employments; by each of which, no doubt, a certain inference is intended, but we suppose something very different from the emblem offered to the eye. If a group of forlorn statesmen were to be presented in the shape of pigs possessed with an evil spirit, and precipitating themselves into the sea; would an action lie at their instance against the caricaturist, not because they were ridiculed for a noble abandonment of their places, but because he might mean to infer that the "nine-farrow" had literally jumped from Dover Cliffs, in order to take the shortest road to Calais.

While Sir John Carr is thus puzzled to shape a legal ground for his action, we cannot but feel some sympathy in his distress; for although he may have done very ill to go to law, it is possible he may do very well to be angry; and it is some suspicion that his resentment is neither unprovoked nor unjustifiable, that restrains our inclination to smile at the legal distinctions which he makes concerning it. As "My Pocket Book" is a burlesque, it pleaseth him well, but in respect it is a satire, it is naughty, in regard it is criticism, it may be the "palladium of literature," but in respect it was actively dispersed, it is a very vile work; as it is a book, look you, it fits his humour well,
but in regard it hath an engraved frontispiece, it goeth much against his stomach!

But Sir John hath a fellow sufferer in this matter, whom it is not meet to pass without notice.

"I have only one observation more to make, which I owe in justice to myself, and my late publisher, Sir Richard Phillips, who has been accused of having, from objects of personal feeling, prompted me to bring the action to which I have adverted. I can most solemnly declare that he never excited me to such a measure."

This is a subject not to be proceeded upon rashly—let us look for a precedent. When a gentlemanlike person, swinging his switch, and pointing his toes, happens, in bestriding a kennel in snowy weather, to slip down upon his central part, he is greeted by the shouts of all the children in the street. But if the alderman of the ward vir pietate ac meritis gravis, hath lent his arm in the perilous pass, and shared the disgraceful tumble, the elder prentice boys (who probably formed the slippery trap) rush to console with his worship, and fall to rubbing his coat; while the younger fry suppress their grinning, and emulously join in upraising and comforting his companion. Even so, we novices in criticism, are taught compassion by our elder brethren of Edinburgh, whom we lately beheld with edification, consoling the senior knight, moved by the reverence due to the shrivial furs, or to a misfortune deep enough to affect even the soldiers of the dire Ulysses.

It becomes our duty, therefore, to comfort the neglected sufferer—to tell him that Pope, like himself, had to complain of

"The libelled person, and the pictured shape."

That Dryden affirms more libels had been written on him than on any man alive in that libellous age; that in our own time, the wittiest and worthiest of the nation have had the same fate. Had Sir John eaten his posset with the composure which Page recommends to his namesake, he might have laughed at those who now laugh at him. A wise man, who in ambling his hobby along the highway, has the dirt thrown in his face by some mischievous varlet splashing past him; will wipe off the mark of dishonour, and escape at the expense of a stifled titter among grooms and hackney-coachmen. But if he gives the reins to his
resentment, and pursue the offender with whip uplifted, he excites a general interest in the cause; it becomes an eventful matter, a skirmish or race: and at a skirmish, were it only between two dunghill cocks; at a race, were it only between a pair of donkies, the dogs will bark, the children scream, and the blackguards shout. And now, knight,

"Unbuckle wide your mail,
And to the full requite us tale for tale."

What news from the land of cakes and whiskey, from the region of mist and snow? "Stands Scotland where it did?" Do her critics still brandish their scalping knives, her bards still tune their bagpipes, their sackbuts, their dulcimers, and their psalteries? Do her lawyers still wrangle about politics, her clergy about patronage, her professors about heat and cold, her philosophers about the cosmogony of the world (which has puzzled the Royal Society of Edinburgh, as much as ever it did Sanconiathon and Berosus), and last, and fiercest of all, her physicians, about—the Lord knows what? Alas! these questions have offence in them, and our knight, the gentlest that ever prick'd upon a plain, refusest the information which "an if he would" he could doubtless communicate. His details are entirely confined to a short description of the exterior of the country, a few trite anecdotes of ancient history and manners, and an account of local customs and laws neither remarkable for value nor accuracy.

It would, perhaps, be somewhat difficult to bring us news from Scotland. Formerly indeed, we knew Scots, and, as we thought, to our cost; but we knew little of Scotland; and most plain London citizens would have made their wills before they ventured into a country where the fair sex dispensed with the use of shoes and stockings, and the males with that of a still more necessary integument. But that time is gone by. We no longer wonder at the hardihood of those who, to give us information (and take two guineas for the book which contains it), plunge into these hyperborean regions, are absent from home about six weeks, and return after having seen Johnnie Groat's house. Since the continent has been shut against us, Edinburgh is as much visited by every dashing citizen who pretends to fashion, as Margate or Tunbridge. Then for "tender youth and weary age," the information which they cannot seek in
person, may be found in a hundred volumes. There is Johnson's Philosophe Tour, Pennant's Descriptive Tour, Gilpin's Picturesque Tour, Stoddart's Sketching Tour, Garnet's Medical Tour, Mrs. Murray's Familiar Tour, Newte's Nautical Tour, Mawman's Bookselling Tour, Campbell's Crazy Tour, Lettice's Insipid Tour, and Boswell's Fantastic Tour, with the Humours of the Bear and the Monkey. From collating these, the curious may learn, without stirring from the sound of Bow bell, the depth of the supposed unfathomable Loch Ness, the four wonders of Loch Lomond, the height of Fingal's cave, and all those Caledonian memorabilia which the more desperate visit in person, at the expense of being obliged to drink whiskey, and eat *Scattan agus braddain agus spuntat.* Now it will presently be seen that Sir John Carr, although himself of the more adventurous class who demand ocular evidence of the existence of these wonders, has not disregarded the labours of his predecessors so far as to disdain to incorporate them with his own. On the contrary, so much of this quarto may be traced to Pennant and his numerous successors, that we are really of opinion it might have been compiled without the author taking the trouble to stir from No. 2, Garden-court, Temple; and that the mountains being thus brought to Mahomet, in the shape of quartos and octavos, Mahomet might have dispensed with his personal attendance on the mountains. Sir John may no doubt reply that, in describing the same scenes, it is impossible to avoid recalling the descriptions of those forerunners, whom perhaps, in his heart, he accuses, as the Frenchman did the ancients, of having stolen all his fine things. But this unavoidable consequence arises, first from his choice of a hackneyed subject, and secondly, from his treating it in a most hackneyed manner. For although it is true, that Scotland in her outward features presents nothing to the traveller which she did not offer to former tourists, the inhabitants are at present in the act of undergoing some important changes, which call for attention both from the philosopher and the politician. A gentleman educated to the English bar, might be expected to have offered some remarks upon the alterations which

* Dried salmon, oat cakes, and potatoes; these words (which we spell from the too well-remembered sound) form the usual list of refreshments at an Highland alehouse.
the wisdom of the legislature has deemed necessary in Scottish jurisprudence, and upon the policy and possibility of assimilating the laws of the united kingdoms. The subject, however, though it has agitated Scotland to the very centre, and divided the soundest of her lawyers and statesmen, is scarcely hinted at in the following passage:

"In the Court of Session the judges are also the jury. Most of the proceedings are carried on in printed pleadings, in which refined logic and noble specimens of composition are frequently displayed. Sometimes a hearing in presence is ordered, when barristers argue viva voce, the pleas of their clients. As the judges have a double duty to perform, for want of a separate jury, they take peculiar pains with their decisions, which renders procrastination inevitable; but justice is in general fairly and satisfactorily administered, and their decisions are not very often reversed upon an appeal to the British Parliament. The number of the judges has been much objected to, on account of their being likely to be unduly swayed in favour of their patrons, in matters coming judicially before them, where their interests may clash with those of other individuals before the court; of the difficulty of procuring so many persons adequately learned in the laws; and, finally, of the occasional warmth and irritability with which they, in open court, defend their respective opinions when they differ from each other, in a manner sometimes derogatory to the dignity of the judicial character."—P. 136.

We know not where nor with whom Sir John found any apprehension of the judges being unduly swayed in favour of their patrons; and no plan, that ever we heard of, proposed to diminish their number, but only to divide them into two separate courts or chambers of the same court, as has been lately done by act of parliament; a remedy which could not apply to the imaginary subject of complaint. We understand that by this subdivision, each of the two chambers of the Court of Session has singly been enabled to discharge more business than would have overwhelmed the old court, and that the long arrear of causes which hung in dependence, are now nearly decided. It remains to prove how far, by the introduction of jury trial in cases proper for that mode of decision, it may be possible to compel parties to come to a more special issue upon disputed facts, than has of late been the custom in the Court of Session.—But we crave Sir John Carr's pardon for going out of the record. Although the storm raged around the traveller, and every lawyer's tongue in Edinburgh was unloosed to censure, or
vindicate, the ancient course of justice, we may address Sir John in the words of the poet:

"Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures."

A yet more important subject of discussion was open to our traveller, on the state of the Highlanders.

The emigrations are slightly touched, and without any pretence of giving a decided opinion upon them; but we read the best and only possible cure for this unfortunate drain of a population invaluable for hardihood and military spirit, in the improvements of Ranald Macdonald of Staffa, a young gentleman possessed of a large estate in the Western Isles, which he improves with the prudence and wisdom of a Scottish farmer, combined with that love of his people, and desire to render them happy, which was the finest feature in the character of an ancient Celtic chief. We are happy to find an opportunity to give Sir John Carr our sincere thanks for such valuable information as is contained in chapter 6.

The process of making kelp, in which the lower classes of Hebridean population are now every season engaged, is described with accuracy, and the following remarks on the cultivation of the isles, are well worthy of preservation.

"The soil and climate of most parts of the islands and west coast of Scotland, and the shelter which they afford, are better adapted to grazing than cropping. There is no calculating the extent of cultivation into which these islands may be brought, from the almost primeval state in which they still continue. The average price of land in Mull and Ulva is still very low, compared with the price which is given for land in the neighbouring districts of Lorn, Knapdale, the Duke of Gordon's, and Mr. Cameron of Lochiel's, property, &c. &c. Although there are several fields in Ulva, consisting of twelve to fifteen acres each, which are annually enclosed and laid carefully down in grass seeds, and in good heart, for which 12. 10s. and 2l. per acre have been frequently offered for the grass alone, still it was found by the proprietor to be more beneficial and productive to keep it in his own hands, for pasturing black cattle.

"I was informed, by a gentleman who had long resided in the Hebrides, and knew their local advantages well, that the population of the islands would be by no means too great if some of the large estates were put in a proper train of management, and the land distributed amongst the lower classes upon a different plan and principle from those now followed. Not that the number of tacks- men of capital and enterprise should be diminished, for the purpose of giving their farms exclusively to small tenants, for that
indeed would be ruinous to a large estate, but that the extent of the moor and hill pastures of the larger tenements, which are possessed by the gentlemen tacksmen, should be increased, and part of the better, or arable, soil, divided among the small tenants, but in smaller quantities than formerly, and on such terms and for such a duration of lease as to induce them to improve their respective lots, and toll the land off by enclosures, for hay, corn, and green crops and pasture. Upon this mode, he assured me, the economy and sound policy of Highland management principally turn.

"The right of primogeniture exists all over Scotland amongst the higher classes, and most generally amongst the lower orders also. Staffa thinks it good policy to encourage it amongst his tenantry, being of opinion that it is a valuable remnant of the feudal system. As an instance, he has upon his property at present some tenants who are the fifth and sixth generations, in regular descent, upon the same piece of ground, and who would refuse exchanging it for twice its size upon English ground."—Pp. 493, 494, 495.

The following account of the tenantry of Staffa (so Mr. Macdonald is properly distinguished) is highly honourable to their worthy and patriarchal landlord; whose achievements, we doubt not, will be sung to the oars of the men of Ulva, not only when those of Fingal, but even of Sir John Carr, shall have faded from the memory.

"Notwithstanding the occasional vexations which those who chiefly live by the fisheries endure in consequence of the salt-laws, the natives of Ulva, and, it is believed, of the other islands, have an opportunity of living in great comfort and happiness. Their food consists of fish, of which they have upwards of twenty different species, within a few hundred yards of the shore, all around the island and along the coast; of mutton, lamb, and beef, of which they, of late years, consume a good deal; of geese, ducks, hens, chickens, &c. &c. Indeed, at certain seasons of the year, they consume a considerable quantity of poultry; eggs and milk they have in great abundance all the year round.

"The worthy laird of Ulva arranges all the lots of land upon his property in such a manner, that the holder of the smallest lot of land has his two cows, and from that number up to six, ten, and twelve cows. In consequence of this, many of them not only provide their families with butter and cheese, but have a surplus to dispose of. The bread generally made of is from barley and oatmeal, of which they also make porridge, which forms their breakfast or supper, along with milk; and when there is any scarcity of that in the winter months, they take molasses with their porridge.

"As every small tenant, or lotman, has a garden attached to his house, he in general plants a quantity of cabbages, and of late turnips, which, with potatoes, are the principal vegetables; the latter are so much cultivated, and in such abundance, that they

Vol. II.—15
eat a great quantity of them with their fish, of which, as I have mentioned, they have great variety, close to the shore of most of their respective lots; and in general every tenant has a row-boat for himself and family, with which they fish, make kelp, &c. &c."

We cannot always congratulate Sir John on the accuracy of his information. Kelp, he says, is on an average 3l. 10s. per ton: we believe it greatly exceeds that sum doubled. He tells us, p. 271, that in the Carse of Gowrie, "the English traveller will see English agricultural instruments, and English farming, everywhere adopted." We dare not accept this compliment. A Scotchman, with more accuracy, would tell him, that the said traveller will see "Scotch agricultural instruments, and Scotch farming;" which, with reference to arable ground, are as much better as Scotch rents are higher than those of England. The Highland dress, p. 450, is described as including the belted plaid, philabeg, or kilt. If Sir John means that these two garments are both worn at once, he might as well describe an English gentleman wearing his breeches over his pantaloons. The belted plaid was the original dress. It is precisely that of a savage, who finding a web of cloth which he had not skill to frame into a garment, wrapt one end round his middle, and threw the rest about his shoulders. This dress was abundantly inconvenient, for the upper part of the plaid was only useful in rain, or for a cover at night, while the lower extremity was essential to decency. It was, in short, as if a man’s great coat were fastened to his breeches, and in exertions of war or the chase, all was necessarily thrown away. And it is little to the honour of Highland ingenuity, that although the chiefs, to avoid this dilemma, wore long pantaloons called *trews*, the common Gael never fell upon any substitute for the belted plaid, till an English officer, for the benefit of the labourers who worked under his direction on the military roads, invented the *fleah bag*, philabeg, or little petticoat, detached from the plaid, and fastened by a buckle round the waist.

Having adverted to the agricultural information, the reader may expect that we should afford him a specimen of Sir John’s descriptive style. And here we must observe, Heaven knows, without either censure or regret, that in this volume the traveller has given us but few examples of superfine writing. Sir John’s eye, indeed, sometimes "hunts
CARR'S CALEDONIAN SKETCHES.

for trees as a sportsman would for game," p. 311, and sometimes "banquets" on the splendour of a landscape: but these graces of language are sprinkled with a sparing hand. The following is no unfavourable specimen of his descriptive powers:

"Afterwards we followed the line of the river Awe, which is very long, black, deep, narrow, and rapid, flowing into Loch Etive. Our course lay through copses of weeping birch and hazel, along the foot of the stupendous and rugged Cruachan Ben, a mountain measuring three thousand two hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea, and twenty miles in circumference at its base. This Alpine scenery, particularly as the evening advanced, was at once awful and tremendous; frequently the road extended along a frightful precipice, overhanging Loch Awe, which lay in many places a prodigious depth below us, and which we occasionally saw, through the opening of trees impeding over it, reflecting star for star of the cloudless sky in its clear, but sable, mirror of waters; whilst huge shattered fragments of rock, arrested in their descent by projecting crags, impended awfuly and frightfully, far above us, on the sides of this mighty mountain, deriving increased magnitude and horror from the shadows of the night, the solemn silence of which was only interrupted by the melancholy murmur of remote waterfalls."—P. 505.

In general, Sir John is not tempted to follow the vagrant muse of Mrs. Radcliffe over rock, precipice, waterfall, fen, lake, and torrent. He is contented to give a short sober-minded statement of the reality, and leave the reader to fill up the sketch, according to the dictates of his own imagination; or the vacancy is sometimes supplied with a quotation from Ossian, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Yet he now and then plays us a provoking trick, peculiar to a practised traveller, in describing some place in Scotland to which we must be supposed strangers, by reference to another on the continent, of which, in all probability, we know still less. Thus, we are little edified by being informed that Jedburgh is like Upsal, that Edinburgh may be compared to Athens; and that to form a conception of Perth, we have only to recollect Bonn. This is something worse than obscurum per obscurius, unless, perhaps, to those who may be possessed of all his previous tours.

In point of extent, Sir John's travels through Caledonia are not on a large scale. He entered Scotland by Jedburgh, and went straight to Edinburgh, where he spent, we conjecture, about four days, but found materials for ten chapters, being nearly one half of the work in question:
"For what the niggard time of lore denied,
From other stores the fearless knight supplied."

Arnott's _History of Edinburgh_, and Creech's _Contrast between the state of that city in 1760 and 1780_, have been laid under liberal contribution. We have also the usual remarks of strangers, a hope that the new college will be one day finished, and that the old jail will be one day pulled down. The following observation on the Register House is probably original:

"The decorations of the interior do not correspond with the external beauty of the building. The rotunda under the dome is disfigured by a vast collection of old and modern record and other books, plainly bound, which, instead of being concealed by green silk, and brass lattice-work, obtrude themselves upon the eye, and accord with the noble appearance of the room just as well as the hat of a mendicant would become a knight of the Bath in his full robes."—P. 77.

We dare not dispute with our traveller upon the attire of knighthood; but we may just hint that these same unseemly volumes are the denizens of the place, for whose reception and preservation it was built; that, on the same principle, he might object to the splendid halls of Greenwich being disgraced by a rabble of maimed weather-beaten seamen; and demand that such slovenly and unhandsome objects should not come between the wind and his gentility.

From Edinburgh our traveller proceeds by Sterling and Alloa to Perth, and thence by the coast-road to Inverness; then along what is called the Chain to Fort Augustus and Fort William. In this, the most common of Scottish tours, Sir John never diverges from the beaten track, and being, as he somewhere allows, "a little near-sighted," does not very distinctly observe even those objects of curiosity which lay within his ken. The vast ruins of Dunnottar Castle are briefly noticed as "very ancient;" and that strange and puzzling work of old times, the parallel roads of Glenroy, is coolly stated to have been constructed "for the accommodation of the ancient Scottish kings." Now although accommodation comes from _accomodo_, and is——"When a man is being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing;" yet we own that it conveys to us no very particular information as to the parallel roads of Glenroy. Perhaps these roads, which are six in number, lying in parallel lines one above the other on oppo-
site sides of a glen, may have accommodated the Scottish kings better than they would our traveller's one-horse chaise; at any rate, he went not near them. However, as Shallow says, "Good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable."

Two or three chapters are dedicated to the manners of the Highlanders, in which Sir John has most unmercifully pillaged a curious work, entitled Letters from Scotland, published in 1754, but written about 1730, by an English officer of engineers, quartered at Inverness.* We do not blame him for drawing both jest and earnest from this authentic source. But he ought to have mentioned his authority. From Home's History of the Rebellion, and Boswell's Tour, the traveller gives an abridged narrative of the escape of Charles Edward, in which he is pleased to introduce a flourishing account of his entering the house of a chief, hostile to his family, and throwing himself on his mercy; which was, we believe, invented by Voltaire for the sake of effect. The story of his being harboured by six robbers, one of whom was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow, is true, but very inaccurately told. One of these men was alive in Edinburgh about twenty years ago. His name was Chisholm. Sir John here gives a curious instance of mistaking the drift and real merit of a story. He had been told (and it is a fact) that one of these faithful Highlanders ventured to Fort George to procure intelligence of the motions of the troops, and unwilling to return without something that might improve the prince's fare, in the simplicity of his heart, purchased and brought home a pennyworth of gingerbread. Sir John blunts the story cruelly by saying, he brought him "abundance of gingerbread, of which the unhappy prince was very fond!" Among the remarks of our author, which seem to be most original, we discover a peculiar abhorrence of the Scottish bagpipe. Even the hospitality of Staffa hardly induces him to stifle his sarcasms on this obstreperous musical retainer; and he exults, in an unseemly manner, over the fate of one of the profession, who in an ambitious attempt to pipe, sans intermission, during a march of thirty miles, actually blew the breath out of his body!—P. 479.

* [See a note to a subsequent article on "the Culloden Papers."]
From Fort Augustus Sir John proceeds to Oban, and thence to Mull and Ulva. He sees Staffa (the island as well as the laird), but not Iona, which was rather unlucky, as all the monuments had been just white-washed to receive his Grace of Argyle! He returns by Lismore to Loch Lomond, and thence crosses to the Highlands of Perthshire, as far as Dunkeld; and turns westward again to Glasgow. Here he arrived in time to give his advice to the magistrates concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, an obelisk then just completed. Sir John recommended, that the base should bear this brief record, "Glasgow to Nelson." We are surprised at the rejection of this laconic posy, because "there is a dignity in brevity;" and also because we have heard that a sagacious citizen, recollecting that there was a village in the vicinage bearing the name of the gallant admiral, proposed this useful addition, "Glasgow to Nelson, ix miles;" so that the column might serve the double purpose of a milestone and a monument. From Glasgow, Sir John, tired with wandering, escapes in two pages into England.

An eager desire to rush, with the poet, in medias res, prevented us from noticing, in the proper place, that Sir John begins his eventful journey from London, and describes, at some length, the cities, towns, and hamlets, which he surveyed in his progress to the border land. Cambridge, Stamford, York, Durham, Newcastle, &c. pass successively under his review; and as he travels, like Uncle Toby, "in the kindest disposition in the world," he finds something civil to say of them all.

Those who are aware of the knight's perspicacity, will hear without emotion, that even in places so well known, he meets with wonders of which the existence was never suspected; but they will yet be somewhat startled at the singular concatenation of ideas and language on which his discoveries appear to depend. Thus, at Cambridge, while contemplating the writings of Milton, he finds out that the lovers of the sublime and beautiful may be gratified by seeing a lock of his hair in Yorkshire! And at Stamford, that the city of Cologne, as well as most of the houses, are built of a fine hard stone in Lincolnshire.

At Durham, he tells us, that "the houses are in general mean, and far from corresponding with the features; he has
just mentioned." Here we are tempted to exclaim with poor Audrey, features! Lord bless us, what's features? for we hear of none "but walks of elm and mountain ash, and bridges over the river Wear!" But thus the knight proceeds, bewildering himself and his readers, "and venting his folly" from town to town.

At Newcastle, we are favoured with "a copy of verses made by Ben Jonson on a steeple." This notable piece of humour concludes thus:

"I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not;
Tell me now what I am, and see that ye miss not."

We can venture to assure the knight, that he has been imposed upon, and that Ben Jonson (however incredible it may appear to him) was incapable of writing vile doggerel in viler English. We are almost inclined to suspect that the couplet in question was composed by some Newcastle wag upon Sir John himself; as, in this view, and in no other, it forms a tolerable riddle. We can follow him no farther.

Although Sir John quotes Horace, he has yet to learn that a wise man should not admire too easily; for he frequently falls into a state of wonderment at what appears to us neither very new nor very extraordinary. Thus we hear of a portrait of Lady Caroline Montague by Sir Joshua; "and what is singular, the background is a winter scene, and a little robin is whimsically approaching her."—P. 87.

In Northumberland, nothing astonishes him so much as the language of the common people. "Some of their words are pronounced precisely the same as some words of German, and have the same meaning; for instance, a shepherd one day said to a friend of mine" (all the knight's stories, even those purloined from Joe Millar, happen to himself or his friends), "the maiden is no blait. In German it is" —(No, not in German, Sir John, we can venture to assure you.)—"das madehen is no blöde."—P. 26.

But the Northumbrians not only use German, but French words; "thus they have pese from peseer." All this utterly confounds the knight; he never heard, apparently, that the Saxons and the Normans had once a footing in this country; and, like the bourgeois of Molière, will scarcely trust the evidence of his own senses, when we inform him that he has been talking German and French from his cradle with-
out knowing it. Upon the whole, we do not much admire Sir John as a philologist.

Just as he enters Scotland, he gives a singular proof of that disposition, already noticed, to say something civil of everything; and truly, when we take into consideration the awkward pains which it must have cost him, we cannot sufficiently praise his good nature. "At Wallington, there is a portrait of Mrs. Trevelyan, by Hoppner, of which it may be most justly remarked, that had the beauty portrayed in the picture been less, it had been in that degree less like its amiable original."—P. 32.

Ere we dismiss our traveller, we cannot but remark his want of precision in the names of persons and places. We have Branton for Brampton, Corniston for Comiston, Willcox for Willox, Lockiel for Lochiel, Stath Lachlaw for Strath Lachlan, &c. &c. Besides this, Sir John has an unlucky vacillation and uncertainty of phrase, which sometimes leaves us utterly at a loss to comprehend him. We propound the following doubts for solution to any Ædipus wiser than ourselves. Of Dunolly Castle, Sir John says,

"The remains of this castle stand on a bold rocky promontory, jutting into Loch Etive. This castle was founded by Ewin, a Pictish monarch, contemporary with Julius Cæsar. It is said, that when visitors unexpectedly arrive at this castle, and there are not sufficient provisions within for their entertainment, an hospitable telegraph, namely, a table-cloth, is hoisted upon a pole on the battlements, which is a signal for certain tenants of the proprietor to bring supplies of fresh salmon, or any other fish which may be in season."

In this confusion of tenses are we to conclude that the displaying of the genial banner belonged to the times of the Pictish monarch, Ewin? or that the remains of the castle are still inhabited, and that the ceremony is of modern date? Again, p. 484, it is recorded that the generous bishop of Derry bestowed on a western isleman three razors, several pounds of soap, and a purse of ten guineas, "which made the poor fellow pity and despise the rest of the world, till his presents were worn out and expended." The guineas might be expended, the soap worn out, but what became of the razors? Yet again, p. 127, it is said of the Court of Justiciary, "The causes which come before this court are tried by a jury of fifteen; a majority of whom most wisely decide." Here arises a high and doubtful question for
future scholiasts: are we to understand that it is most wise that the verdict should be decided by the majority, or that the majority of a Scottish jury always decide most wisely? The last supposition may account for the partiality of the Caledonians to majorities elsewhere, from their observing that they were always in the right in their own national courts. But the sentence is deeply oracular, and will bear either construction.

We take our leave of Sir John with a sincere advice to him to extend his next travels to some more distant bourne. He has long been the Stranger Abroad, we will not permit him to be the Stranger at Home. We must guard him against giving us a Hampstead Summer, Memoranda of Margate, or, the Traveller at Brighton: A top—Sir John must not be offended at the simile, Virgil compares a queen to the same thing—a top, when it narrows its gyrations, is apt to become stationary; in which case all schoolboys know it will either fall asleep or tumble down: the remedy to restore its activity, and enlarge its circuit, is a tight flagellation. We have taken the hint; but we hope that Sir John will not go to law with us for so doing: we would rather whip our top anywhere than in Westminster Hall; and our review is not, at least in the engraver’s sense of the word, adorned with cuts.
LADY SUFFOLK'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

[Quarterly Review, January, 1824.]

The French have been long allowed to

"Shine unrivalled in the gay Memoir."

But they are not more rich than we are in that other sort of autobiography which an individual gradually and insensibly composes in the course of his epistolary correspondence, and which possesses an advantage over professed memoirs as exhibiting the sentiments and feelings of the writer, contrasted with, and of course corrected by, those of his correspondents. The Augustan age of Queen Anne and the reigns which succeeded, gave occasion to several collections of this nature. Pope, who felt his own powers in this particular department, and was unwilling that the public should remain in ignorance of them, contrived, it is said, by a manœuvre not perhaps entirely worthy of a man of genius, to give to the public what was professedly designed for the cabinet. His example, and perhaps his assistance, produced the letters of Swift, Gay, and Bolingbroke, and since his time we have had the admirable correspondence of his fair friend and foe Lady Mary Wortley Montague; the playful, ingenious and amiable letters of Gray and Cowper, and the mingled history and gossip of the satirical, keen, and polished Horace Walpole. It is no wonder that the public should receive with unabated favour the various epistolary collections which have from time to time been laid before them, for they are peculiarly qualified to gratify that undefined yet eager curiosity, which, without

---

*Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her second husband the Honourable George Berkeley, from 1712 to 1761. With Historical, Biographical, and Explanatory Notes. 2 vols. 8vo." The Work was edited by the Right Honourable J. W. Croker].
having any determined object, pursues the great to the inmost recesses of their privacy, and eagerly seeks after the personal details of the lives of those whose names are eminent either in history or in literature. The possession of their letters gives us the same command over them which Gulliver exercised over the ghosts of the departed great by favour of the Governor of Glubbdubdrib; they—the long insensible and silent—seem thus to revive to human feeling, to mingle again in the world, and to add their passions, wishes and complaints to those which swell the living tide of humanity.

Sharing this general feeling, we opened with no little interest the present work, containing the correspondence of those distinguished persons, who, deeply engaged in the politics or literature of the earlier part of the eighteenth century, were led from peculiar circumstances to make the celebrated Countess of Suffolk,—still more celebrated perhaps as Mrs. Howard,—the common centre of their interest.

"Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Young;—the Duchesses of Buckingham, Marlborough, and Queensberry;—Ladies Orkney, Mohun, Hervey, Vere, and Temple;—Misses Bellenden, Blount, Howe, and Pitt;—Lords Perterborough, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Lansdowne, Mansfield, and Bathurst;—Messrs. Fortescue, Pulteney, Pelham, Pitt, Grenville, and Horace Walpole."
—Intro.d. p. xxix.

Such is the illustrious list of Lady Suffolk's correspondents; but the editor has shown an honest desire rather to moderate than enhance the expectations which such names might excite. He observes (with a candour not usual with editors, whose labours, in general, impress them with perhaps an undue partiality in favour of their subjects), that—"the letters themselves can hardly be said to fulfil the expectations which the reputation of the writers must create;" which he proceeds to account for, by saying that Lady Suffolk was of a character too prudent to preserve much that related to political intrigue; and he intimates that perhaps the real abilities of some of the writers were not quite equal to their reputations. But after these deductions, he expresses an opinion, in which we cordially concur, that there remains a great deal which is both interesting and curious; and we will add, that the correspondence is rendered still more acceptable to the general reader by the
judgment, precision, and critical taste with which the editor has supplied the necessary illustrations, filled up chasms in the correspondence, and pointed out the light which the present publication throws upon facts and characters which had been previously misconceived or misrepresented.

The situation of Mrs. Howard is well known, in respect to its general relations at least. Henrietta Hobart was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, Bart., and through her influence her paternal house was ennobled in the person of her brother the first Earl of Buckinghamshire. She made an early, and, as it proved, an unhappy marriage with the Honourable Charles Howard, who afterwards became ninth earl of Suffolk. In the last years of Queen Anne, they visited together the court of Hanover, and there Mrs. Howard seems to have laid the foundation of that intimacy with the electoral prince and his consort, afterwards George II, and Queen Caroline, which subsequently distinguished her. Upon the accession of the house of Hanover, she became bed-chamber woman to the princess, and enjoyed so great a share in the confidence of the royal couple, that the world presumed an attachment towards her on the part of the prince prudently connived at by his politic consort—a presumption which was increased to something like certainty by Mrs. Howard refusing to quit her situation in the household, even in obedience to the commands of her husband. These evil reports (which, true or false, arose so naturally out of the circumstances of the case, that we never have before happened to hear them doubted) are, in some particulars, questioned by the editor of the correspondence before us. He does not indeed express any disbelief on his own part of the truth of the general impression on this subject; but he finds, and finding, we think he was bound to state, that several of the facts on which that impression has hitherto rested are unfounded, and he clearly proves that some details which Horace Walpole gives in support of a very scandalous version of the case are erroneous. The editor alleges that, although Mr. Howard undoubtedly took some violent steps to remove his lady from the prince’s household, his motive was not mere jealousy, but a desire to gratify George I, who was willing in this as in other matters to annoy and mortify his daughter-in-law; and, strange as it may appear, it certainly does
seem that the supposed mistress was almost as great a favourite with the wife as with the husband. The editor avers besides, and we have no hesitation to believe him, that in no line of the mass of papers which he has carefully examined, does there occur the least proof of the imputation so broadly thrown out by Walpole. We regret that his researches have not enabled him to state whether it is true that the restive husband sold his own noisy honour and the possession of his lady for a pension of £1200. Horace Walpole was too wicked a wit to adopt the most favourable view of a court-intrigue; he admits, indeed, that the lady's friends always affected to consider the attentions of the royal friends as quite platonic, and that she maintained great decency and received uncommon respect to the end of her life.

For our own parts, without believing all Walpole's details, and in fact disbelieving many of them, we substantially agree in his opinion (which indeed seems to be that of the editor) that the king's friendship was by no means platonic or refined; but that the queen and Mrs. Howard, by mutual forbearance, good sense and decency, contrived to diminish the scandal: after all, the question has no great interest for the present generation, since scandal is only valued when fresh, and the public have generally enough of that poignant fare without ripping up the frailties of their grandmothers.

Whether founded on love or friendship, Mrs. Howard's favour in the family of the prince stood so high, that all who were discontented with George the First's government and Walpole's administration, and hoped to see a change of affairs under his successor, sought her patronage as the most secure road to that of her royal protectors.

Among these, an illustrious band of British authors, whose names are indissolubly united with the literary fame of their country, appear for a time to have paid successful court to Mrs. Howard, and through her to the Princess Caroline, who was unquestionably a woman of talent, and though more attached to the study of metaphysics than of letters, was capable of admiring, if she did not entirely appreciate, the powers of such men as Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. From a tract written by the witty physician himself, entitled Gulliver Deciphered, we learn (by a story
not very delicately told) that it was his professional abilities which established him at the prince's little court, where he easily paved the way for the reception of the rest of the Scriblerus club. They approached royalty and future sovereignty not quite so circuitously as their own creature P. P., but certainly their proceedings were not without some slight share of that vanity which they laughed at in Bishop Burnet. Pope had not as yet embraced any very marked line in politics, although his bias to Toryism, arising both from his religion and his friendships, had already rendered him suspicious to the court and ministry. But it is probable that he was drawn to the princess's court by the natural desire of being distinguished in such a circle, and by the hope of rendering himself useful to Gay, a person in whom all his friends took an interest, which had its source in the good-natured simplicity and helplessness of the indiscreet and indolent bard.

Gay's first motives were probably those of personal interest; but his intimacy with Mrs. Howard seems to have ripened into a real and mutual kindness. On the one hand she appears to have exerted herself in his behalf, and on the other she did not scruple to employ him on many little occasions, when she would have feared to employ, or perhaps dared not even to ask the assistance of Pope, or the yet more formidable Swift.

The last of these three friends, while we may suppose him pleased at regaining a share of that importance which he had held during Oxford's administration, had of late turned his active mind to the politics of Ireland in particular; and as the "true patriot—the first, almost the last"—of that ill-fated country, he desired to make her grievances known, and if possible to obtain redress. As for Arbuthnot, we may presume that his Jacobite principles induced him to hope that the breach betwixt George I and his son might be attended with consequences favourable to the depressed party to which he continued to adhere. Such seem to have been the separate motives which produced the attendance of these distinguished persons at the court of the Prince of Wales, where they received the countenance to which their talents entitled them, and endeavoured, each in his own manner, to secure the continuance of their common favour. Mrs. Howard listened to the poetical flattery of the Bard of
Twickenham, and to the yet more poignant compliments which the Dean of St. Patrick’s could pay under cover of that fine irony which, as he justly boasted,

"He was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and show’d its use."

But of Gay’s talents she made a more everyday use, for she not only employed him in divers little domestic affairs, but it appears that she engaged his pen in conducting the literary correspondence which she entertained with some wit of the day, and which she was too diffident, or perhaps too indolent, to support upon her own mental resources. The editor believes that the other party was the celebrated Earl of Peterborough. Mrs. Howard makes the following apology for devolving her own share of this intercourse upon her substitute Gay.

"Perhaps you think I treat you very oddly, that, while I own myself afraid of a man of wit, and make that a pretence to ask your assistance, I can write to you myself without any concern; but do me justice, and believe it is, that I think it requires something more than wit to deserve esteem. So it is less uneasy for me to write to you than to the other; for I should fancy I purchased the letters I received (though very witty) at too great an expense, if at the least hazard of having my real answers exposed."—Vol. i, p. 129.

The reader will naturally be desirous to know the character of the correspondence thus maintained by the poet on behalf and in the name of Mrs. Howard with the celebrated Earl of Peterborough—versed in courts and camps, ardent, impetuous, and ambitious, who moved in war with the speed of a thunderbolt, and in peace with the celerity of a carrier-pigeon—and not small will be his surprise when he discovers its object and its tenor. Unquestionably, the ultimate design of the earl was, by this correspondence, to maintain an interest with the favourite of the prince and princess, but the means are sufficiently singular. Addressing her in the character of a platonic lover, he plies her with all the overstrained jargon of metaphysical conceit and affected wit, leaving us at a loss to conceive how a man of common sense could have written or even read them. Perhaps fashion, which recommended Euphuism to the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth’s time, might render the following explosion of la belle passion interesting to those of George I.
"Change of air, the common remedy, has no effect; and flight, the refuge of all who fear, gives me no manner of security or ease: a fair devil haunts me wherever I go, though, perhaps, not so malicious as the black ones, yet more tormenting.

"How much more tormenting is the beauteous devil than the ugly one! The first I am always thinking of; the other comes seldom in my thoughts: the terrors of the ugly devil very often diminish upon consideration; but the oppressions of the fair one become more intolerable every time she comes into my mind.

"The chief attribute of the devil is tormenting. Who could look upon you, and give you that title? who can feel what I do, and give you any other?

"But most certainly, I have more to lay to the charge of the fair one than can be objected to Satan or Beezlebub. We may believe they only have a mind to torment because they are tormented; if they endeavour to procure us misery, it is because they are in pain: they must be our companions in suffering, but my white devil partakes none of my torments.

"in a word, give me heaven, for it is in your power; or may you have an equal hell! Judge of the disease by the extravagant symptoms: one moment I curse you, the next I pray for you. Oh! hear my prayers, or I am miserable."—Vol. i, p. 152.

Some passages of the answers, which are written by Mrs. Howard herself, are easy, and ridicule the highflown style of her admirer; but all that Gay seems to have supplied are also "in King Cambyse's vein," and when we consider that in "this keen encounter of wits" Johnny Gay was the Earl of Peterborough's real correspondent, it is impossible not to think of the similar case of Slender, who, though he cried "Mum," and his partner "Budget," had the mortification after all, to find that instead of Mrs. Anne Page, he had carried off "a great lubberly boy."

Mrs. Howard's patronage of Gay proved, as is well known, if not totally ineffectual, still so far short of what he himself and his friends had expected, that the post offered him, in the formation of the royal household, was regarded as only fit to be rejected with contempt. Lady Betty Germaine, in a very spirited and sensible letter addressed to Dean Swift (vol. ii, p. 54), repels the doubts which he, with some of Gay's other friends, had entertained (or, as the editor supposes, affected to entertain) of Mrs. Howard's sincerity upon this occasion. "Thus far I know," says her ladyship, "and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern that nothing better could be got for him, and the friendship upon all other occasions which she showed him did not look like a double
dealer." The editor takes a somewhat higher line of defence for her and her royal mistress, and seems (vol. i, p. 31) to think the situation of gentleman usher to a royal babe no bad preferment for a bard whose chief reputation at that time was founded on fables written for another royal infant. Otium there might be in the place, for it must have been a sinecure; but the dignatus was wanting, and as the character of such situations is fixed by public opinion, we must suppose that the proposed preferment ranked very low, since Gay, who was during all his short life looking for court-patronage, refused it without hesitation. The editor, however, thinks (and indeed shows, vol. i, p. 118), that Gay had indiscriminately attacked Sir Robert Walpole, and he expresses an approbation, almost amounting to surprise, that Walpole should have been so generous as to leave the author of the Beggar's Opera in possession of a small situation as a commissioner of the lottery; but we hope that he remembers and approves the noble answer of Harley, when some interest was used with him to protect Congreve from the consequences of the fall of Godolphin's administration.

"Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectoris Poeni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe."

We suspect the truth to be, that the fate of the poor poet was mixed up with matters of far greater importance, and his disappointment is to be regarded chiefly as a sign of the ascending splendour of Sir Robert Walpole in the horizon of the new court. All expected the fall of this mighty favourite; and all who had speculated upon that event were confounded to see him re-established in his power, with even additional authority, by the very prince to whom, as his father's favourite minister, he had been supposed most obnoxious. It was incumbent on him in policy to show his complete predominance, and to evince to the world that his will was the chief consideration in the distribution of favours at the new court. Sir Robert Walpole, with many great qualities, was neither a judge nor a friend of literature, and he had been already the subject of satire to Swift and other wits of the time. An attempt to reconcile Flimnap and Gulliver to each other had been defeated by the prejudices of both, and it was at last a measure of precaution on the part of the minister to shut the court against a politician of Swift's bold, dexterous, and enterprising character, who
had avowedly great changes to propose in Irish politics, and whose popularity rendered him formidable to those by whom the affairs of that country were administered. He was no idle and inconsiderable walker of antechambers; no tame lion, to use a modern phrase, to be wondered at by the ladies, and bantered by the wits of the court. Swift had already successfully encountered and defeated, by the *Drapier's Letters*, a favourite scheme of the arbitrary administration of Ireland, and his only interview with Walpole was employed in the very unpalatable subject of that nation's grievances; and it was prudent, at least, in the minister, to elude the chance of that collision which the dean's transference to an English preferment, perhaps an English mitre, might have occasioned. This jealousy of Swift may probably have increased his dislike of Gay, of whom Pope had already said, as an objection to his preferment, that "because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly he was thought to have dealt with the devil." After all, however, it must not be forgotten, that Gay had written the *Beggars' Opera*, and that the quarrel between Peachum and Lockit was universally believed to be an allusion to a personal collision which had taken place between Walpole and his brother-in-law and colleague Lord Townsend.

Swift seems to have been quite sensible that he was under the ban of the minister, for he declined to stay in England, though urged by Mrs. Howard, who again and again assured him of the queen's continued regard. Taking his leave in a dutiful manner, but by letter, as his ill health (brought on by the illness of Stella) prevented his personal appearance at court, he retired to Ireland for the rest of his life. It was some time after this, and not until his nerves were rendered irritable by Gay's death, and his domestic calamities, that his complaints of Mrs. Howard's insincerity were made. Perhaps some unknown circumstances happened to exasperate his feelings against her; perhaps, however, and this we think the most probable conjecture, he was only disappointed, and therefore displeased, with or without

* See a letter from Dean Swift to Lord Peterborough, dated 28th April, 1728.
CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY SUFFOLK.

reason, with all who had been concerned with his and their failure. Assuredly Queen Caroline became afterwards often the butt of the dean’s satire, as well as Sir Robert Walpole. The present work preserves one of those lampoons against the latter, which the author of Gulliver alone could have written, and which, written and corrected in Swift’s own hand, was found among Lady Suffolk’s papers. The editor observes, that in this bitter and exaggerated catalogue of the minister’s feelings there are still some traits of his real manner and character.

“With favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
He’s loud in his laugh, and he’s coarse in his jest;
Of favour and fortune unmerited, vain,
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience, improving in blunders;
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his country to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks by retailing false news;
A prater at court in the style of the stews;
Of virtue and worth by profession a giber;
Of juries and senates the bully and briber.
Though I name not the wretch, you all know who I mean—
’Tis the cur-dog of Britain, and spaniel of Spain.”—
Vol. ii, p. 32.

But although Swift retained a keen sense of the disappointment of the hopes which he had entertained of being, through the influence of Mrs. Howard, settled in England, he is completely vindicated in this work from the imputation of having, as is alleged by Horace Walpole, left a written character of that lady, published after his death, differing materially and much to her disadvantage, from one which he had sent her during her life.

“The Character, carefully written in the dean’s own hand, and as carefully preserved by Lady Suffolk, here follows; and a comparison of it with the character printed in Swift’s posthumous works will show there was but one character, and that Walpole’s statement, and all the charges he builds on it, are absolutely without foundation.”—Introduction, p. xxxviii.

It, however, is right to add that Walpole’s mistake in this instance was clearly unintentional, and arose out of a mere misapprehension; we are glad to find a case of such black duplicity as this would have been, so indisputably and triumphantly disproved.
Another very pointed statement by Horace Walpole is also satisfactorily refuted. He has stated in his *Reminiscences*, that, in order to discover whether Mrs. Howard's influence could really be effectual, she was put upon asking a coronet for Lord Bathurst, which having failed through the interference of the queen, Swift retired to Ireland in despair, "To curse Queen Caroline." The editor confutes this anecdote as follows:—

"On this it is to be observed, in the first place, that George the Second was proclaimed on the 14th of June, 1727—that Swift returned to Ireland in the September of the same year—and that the first creation of peers in that reign did not take place till the 28th of May, 1728. Is it credible that Mrs. Howard should have made such a request of the new king, and suffered so decided a refusal ten or eleven months before any peers were made? But, again, in this first creation of peers, Mrs. Howard's brother is the second name. Is it probable, that with so great an object for her own family in view, she risked a solicitation for Lord Bathurst? But there is yet stronger evidence—we shall see (vol. i. p. 275) that Lord Bathurst writes, on the 24th of October, 1727 (a month after Swift had gone to Ireland), to beg Mrs. Howard to explain to the king his proceedings relative to the Gloucester election. The whole tone of that letter, and the very selection of Mrs. Howard as his mediator, are almost decisive against the fact of her having been so lately and so signaly defeated in another request in his behalf. But that which seems most convincing is Swift's own correspondence. He left London, suddenly indeed, alleging his ill health as the cause of his return home; but it is now known that his disorder, his departure, and his despair, were all occasioned—not by Lord Bathurst or Queen Caroline—but by the commencement of the fatal illness of poor Stella. And what may conclude the argument on this point, is Swift's letter to Mrs. Howard, of the 9th of July, 1727, in which, rallying her on the solicitations to which the followers of the new king would be exposed, he says, 'for my own part, you may be secure that I will never venture to recommend even a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic!"—*Introduct. pp. xxv, xxvii.*

One or two other inaccuracies are noticed as occurring in the *Reminiscences* of the noble owner of Strawberry Hill. When it is considered, however, that he was speaking of very remote events, which he reported on hearsay, and that hearsay of old standing, such errors are scarcely to be wondered at, particularly when they are found to correspond with the partialities and prejudices of the narrator. These, strengthening as we grow older, gradually pervert,
or at least alter, the accuracy of our recollections, until they 
asimilate them to our feelings, while,

"As beams of warm imagination play
The memory's faint traces melt away."

There is much interest in the light correspondence of the 
merry maidens of the Princess Caroline's court, the wit of 
Mary Lepel, the vivacity of the beautiful Mary Bellenden, 
the gaiety of Miss Howe, Lady Vere, and Mrs. Bradshaw, 
which, however, is often pushed by these free dames and 
damsels far beyond "the limits of becoming mirth." We 
used to feel indignant at the frolics of the maids of honour 
at the court of Brobdingnag, to which Gulliver has given 
circulation, and at the report of other wags of the period, 
who alleged that the attendants of Princess Caroline were 
great adepts in the noble art of "selling bargains." But 
we must now apologize to the traveller and the wit for 
having suspected them of outstepping the limits of truth 
and probability, and admit that our grandmothers, however 
portentous the length of their stays, did not, after all, lace 
them so tightly as we have always hitherto supposed. 
There is great amusement in comparing the style of the 
same individual at different periods of life, or acting under 
different circumstances. The correspondence of Lady 
Hervey, published some years since, is grave, moral, and 
literary, and shows little of the wit and gaiety for which 
she was famous. But then her correspondent was the Re-
verend Mr. Morris, her son's tutor; whereas many of her 
letters in the present collection are written in the original 
character of the light and laughter-loving Molly Lepel, and 
are full of an amiable vivacity; yet it is but justice to re-
mark that even her gaiety never leaps the pale, like that of 
Miss Howe, Miss Bellenden, or Mrs. Bradshaw.

We subjoin an extract from the correspondence of Miss 
Howe, in illustration of our remarks.

"Miss Howe to Mrs. Howard.

[[The Holt, 1719.]]

"You will think, I suppose, that I have had no flirtation since 
I am here; but you will be mistaken; for the moment I entered 
Farnham, a man, in his own hair, cropped, and a brown coat, 
stopped the coach to bid me welcome, in a very gallant way: and 
we had a visit, yesterday, from a country clown of this place, who 
did all he could to persuade me to be tired of the noise and fatigue 
of a court life, and intimated, that a quiet country one would be
very agreeable after it, and he would answer that in seven years I should have a little court of my own.

"I think this is very well advanced for the short time I have been here; and, truly, since what this gentleman has said, I am half resolved not to return to you, but follow his advice in taking up with a harmless, innocent, and honest livelihood, in a warm cottage; but for fear I should be tempted too far, put my Lord Lumley in mind to send the coach for me on Tuesday se'ennight; for though it will be a sort of mortification for me to leave this place, I will not be so ill-natured as to let you all die for want of me.

"I am just come from Farnham church, where I burst out in laughing the moment I went in, and it was taken to be because I was just pulling out one of my Scotch cloth handkerchiefs, which made me think of Jenny Smith. The pastor made a very fine sermon upon what the wickedness of this world was come to;" * * * —Vol. i, pp. 36-38.

Another year, and what was this gay, fluttering, thoughtless creature!—the victim of seduction, abandoned by the world for which alone she lived, and dying, in solitude and shame, of a broken heart. One friend, indeed, she found; and there is reason to hope that when she "entered His courts," she did it with other feelings and other thoughts than those suggested by cloth handkerchiefs or the recollection of Jenny Smith.

There is a good deal of this romping and hoydening with the pen in Mrs. Bradshaw's letters, but thanks to the editor, it usually stops on this side of offence, and upon the whole we consider this lady as a very pleasant correspondent.

"MRS. BRADSHAW to MRS. HOWARD."

"[Gosworth Hall.] May 28th, [1792.]"

"Our bells have rung ever since four this morning, which is more a proof of Lady Mohun's power than the people's inclinations.

"I am told you expect from me an account of the manners and customs of this place; it is impossible for me to obey your commands at present, for the weather has been so wet that none of the neighbouring nymphs or swains have been able to make their appearance: but if you can be contented with a description of the hall, and the manner of life we lead this Christmas time (for so it is here, I do assure you), take it as follows.

"We meet in the work-room before nine; eat, and break a joke or two, till twelve; then we repair to our own chambers and make ourselves ready, for it cannot be called dressing: at noon the great bell fetches us into a parlour, adorned with all sorts of firearms, poisoned darts, several pair of old shoes and boots won from the Tartars by men of might belonging to this
castle, with the stirrups of King Charles I, taken from him at Edge-Hill.

"Here leave we the historical part of the furniture, and cast your eye (in imagination) upon a table covered with good fish and flesh, the product of our own estate: and such ale!—it would make you stare again, Howard. After your health has gone round (which is always the second glass), we begin to grow witty, and really say things that would make your ears tingle: your court wits are nothing to us for invention (plots only excepted); but, being all of a side, we lay no scheme but of getting you amongst us, where, though I say it that should not (because I would have my share in it), you would pass your time very agreeably in our dike, for you must know we have hardly seen dry land since we came.

"Mr. Mordaunt has once or twice made an effort to sally out into the gardens, but finding no rest for the sole of his foot, returns presently to us again; and, I must give him his due, always in good-humour. Miss had a small ray of hope last night, for Colonel Lawrence, and a gentleman with him, swam to us; the last was clothed in blue, turned up with red, and adorned with plate buttons, upon which she puts me on her lutestring suit, not omitting all the little flirtation she is mistress of: if she brings it to anything you shall be sure to have notice time enough to provide another maid.

"Nay, I will assure you, old as I am, I have my little gallantries too. A gentleman, of three hundred per annum, fancies me extremely, and if he had not been under an engagement before I came, I have some reason to believe I might have kept a chaise of my own; however I live in hope that a loose man may come, though it will be some time first, for all the best families in the parish are laid up with what they call the yoke—which in England is the itch. We have had a noble captain, who dined in a brave pair of white gloves, to my very great surprise; but it was when I was in my London ignorance.

"I am now called upon to see a pond drawn, which will produce carp as big as some of your lords of the bedchamber. Madam Howard, I live in expectation of an epistle from you, which is the only wish I have out of my company, who are all your humble servants; but nobody is more entirely so than your slave

"Peggy."—Vol. i, pp. 91-94.

There is an admirable letter from Lady Betty Germaine to Swift, in defence of Mrs. Howard from the charges which he was too much in the habit of bringing against her, but it is too long for our purpose, and we must therefore content ourselves with a sprightly échantillon of her correspondence which occurs, vol. i, p. 72. In general, the strains of this lady "are of a higher mood" than those of her female friends. Her whole life, the editor says, seems
to have been an exercise of good-humour, generosity and affection; of all which qualities, he justly adds, the following letter to her brother appears very characteristic.

"Why thou fool, puppy, blockhead, George Berkeley, dost thou think that I will be troubled with securities? or can it enter into your no-head that if you were put to distress for four thousand pounds, that I should not think myself happy to be able to serve you? But please yourself, sir—I have desired the speaker to let you have what you want. He tells me he fears another such call from the bank; but even though you should take the four, still I shall have enough without—they are much higher discount than 13, which most of my last were sold at. I hope to have the honour to see you in town next Sunday—so adieu. Worse and worse here every day—no soul left here that we know but Lady Kit and Mrs. Coke, who sit and sigh for S. Sea."—Vol. i, 72, 73.

It would be hardly fair to close our extracts without offering the reader a specimen of the epistolary talents of Mrs. Howard—the pivot on which all this correspondence turns:—the shortest we can find is a letter to poor Gay, who in pure simplicity seems to have entertained a design of falling in love, and making his fortune by matrimony. He does not quite speak out; his simpering, however, is fully understood by his more practised correspondent—but we had better give his letter.

"Mr. Gay to Mrs. Howard.

_Tunbridge, July 12, 1723._

"The next pleasure to seeing you is hearing from you; and when I hear you succeed in your wishes, I succeed in mine—so I will not say a word more of the house.

"We have a young lady here that is very particular in her desires. I have known some ladies, who, if ever they prayed, and were sure their prayers would prevail, would ask an equipage, a title, a husband, or matadores; but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has but thirty thousand pounds, places all her wishes in a pot of good ale. When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she can only lose a husband, but that ale is her passion. I have not as yet drunk with her, though I must own I cannot help being fond of a lady who has so little disguise of her practice, either in her words or her appearance. If to show you love her, you must drink with her, she has chosen an ill place for followers, for she is forbid with the waters. Her shape is not very unlike a barrel; and I would describe her eyes, if I could look over the agreeable swellings of her cheeks, in which the rose predominates; nor can I perceive the least of the lily in her whole countenance. You see what thirty thousand pounds can do, for without that I could never have discovered all these agreeable particularities: in short, she is
the ortolans, or rather wheat-ear, of the place, for she is entirely a lump of fat; and the form of the universe itself is scarce more beautiful, for her figure is almost circular. After I have said all this, I believe it will be in vain for me to declare I am not in love; and I am afraid that I have showed some imprudence in talking upon this subject, since you have declared that you like a friend that has a heart in his disposal. I assure you I am not mercenary, and that thirty thousand pounds have not half so much power with me as the woman I love.”—Vol. i, p. 108.

“Mrs. Howard to Mr. Gay.

"Richmond Lodge, July 22, [1723.]

“I have taken some days to consider of your wheat-ear, but I find I can no more approve of your having a passion for that, than I did of your turning parson. But if ever you will take the one, I insist upon your taking the other: they ought not to be parted; they were made from the beginning for each other. But I do not forbid you to get the best intelligence of the ways, manners, and customs of this wonderful phénomène: how it supports the disappointment of bad ale, and what are the consequences to the full enjoyment of her luxury? I have some thoughts of taking a hint from the ladies of your acquaintance, who pray for maladores, and turn devotees for luck at ombre; for I have already lost above a hundred pounds since I came to Richmond.

“I do not like to have you too passionately fond of everything that has no disguise. I (that am grown old in courts) can assure you, sincerity is so very unthriving, that I can never give consent that you should practise it, excepting to three or four people that I think may deserve it, of which number I am. I am resolved that you shall open a new scene of behaviour next winter, and begin to pay in coin your debts of fair promises. I have some thoughts of giving you a few loose hints for a satire; and if you manage it right, and not indulge that foolish good nature of yours, I do not question but I shall see you in good employment before Christmas.”—Vol. i, p. 110.

In noticing the familiar appellation of Schatz, by which Lady Hervey, and, it seems, Lord Hervey were known in the princess’s court, the editor seems not to have been aware that schatz (treasure) is a German term of endearment; it is, however, possible, as we do not see how the word, in its original meaning, could be applied both to my lord and my lady, that it may have been employed, as the editor thinks, from the similarity of the sound, and by a plaianserie de société, to mark the elsewhere-recorded volubility of the discourses of Lord and Lady Hervey.

There occurs in these volumes a long correspondence between Lady Suffolk and Lord Chesterfield. This distinguished nobleman seems to have had something foreign in his original concoction, nor does he ever appear to have
been aware that in Britain the estimate of public men is formed less in a court than in the opinion of the people at large, who are always more interested by the broad and striking lights and shades of character, than by all those fine nuances, the study of which he recommends so earnestly. His letters, however, are extremely amusing, and those written near the conclusion of his life are distinguished by the same ease and pleasantry which marked his juvenile productions. Walpole has informed us, that by his assiduous court to Lady Suffolk, Chesterfield gave umbrage to Queen Caroline, and in reality impeded instead of advancing his own political views. This statement the editor combats, and seems to us, by the assistance of several admitted facts and dates, materially to weaken, if not to overthrow it. His lordship's constant friendship with Lady Suffolk for thirty years after she retired from court, proves at least that it was more disinterested than Walpole's suspicions allow.

The letters of the eccentric but clever and entertaining Duchess of Queensberry are also an agreeable addition to the stock of English letters. She never, as all the world knows, changed the fashion of her dress, insomuch that we recollect having seen her picture in what she was pleased to call the character of a milkmaid. A milking pail she bore sure enough; but her dress in other respects was the same in which she went to court. Her generous though somewhat excessive patronage of Gay, and especially the sincerity with which she cherished his memory, do honour to her taste and feelings. In some of her places of residence, there are traditions however of the poet's escaping from her grace's vigilance to enjoy himself in some favourite alehouse, free at once from state and patronage. But in all such cases, the duchess, who acted as his physician as well as his mentor, had him sought out and reclaimed as soon as possible. Too proud and too independent to fear the shafts of wit any more than she feared the frown of royalty, the duchess was perhaps the only person who, in corresponding with Swift, sent, without regard to his talents and the use he often made of them, precisely that which arose in her own mind. Sometimes capricious, sometimes sensible, but always entertaining, because never affected, her grace's letters are among the most amusing in the volume.

There are also several letters of William Pulteney, who,
having enjoyed the name and reputation of a patriot during his whole public life, concluded his career by accepting the Earldom of Bath, a step which would have been overlooked in a man of less talent, but which appeared an unpardonable inconsistency and meanness in one who had taught the world to believe that he held his principles with a sincerity and a pride equal to the talents with which he enforced them. The editor, with a good-nature which we cannot wholly participate, seems inclined to extenuate if not to vindicate Mr. Pulteney's conduct in this particular. His letters, though they contain little information concerning politics, are easy, witty and diverting.

The second volume of the collection contains chiefly correspondence which took place after Lady Suffolk's retirement from court. This happened in the year 1784, shortly after the death of her husband the Earl of Suffolk. Independent and generous in her disposition, Lady Suffolk had been all her life ignorant of those arts by which court favour can be turned to pecuniary advantage. Her fortune was narrow, but economy and good order rendered it easy; and the beautiful villa of Marble Hall, near Twickenham, had been in part acquired by the bounty of her royal master and mistresses, and here she enjoyed during the rest of her life the liberty she had gained by retiring from court. In 1785, she married the Honourable George Berkeley, youngest son of the second Earl of Berkeley, with whom she appears to have lived in a state of conjugal harmony, which compensated the unpleasant circumstances attending her first marriage. The correspondence after this period is rather of a more private nature than that which was carried on while Lady Suffolk was in the midst of court bustle and political intrigue; but as she continued to be loved, valued, and occasionally consulted by her former friends, and as these were chiefly distinguished by situation and talent, there is, we think, no decay of interest. There are several letters from Horace Walpole, lively and entertaining, as may be supposed. We had closed our extracts, but there is one of his epistles, which presents so amusing and at the same time so just and characteristic a picture of the grotesque splendour of the receiver-general and court-banker of the last century, that we must trespass upon our limits for a few lines.
"Mr. Horace Walpole to Lady Suffolk.

"Paris, December 5, 1765; but does not set out till the 11th.

"Since Paris has begun to fill in spite of Fontainbleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night, though I have still resisted whist, and am more constant to my old flame loo during its absence than I doubt I have been to my other passions. There is a young Comtesse d'Egmont, daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that if I thought it would break any body's heart in England, I would be in love with her. Nay, madam, I might be so within all rules here. I am twenty years on the right side of red-heels, which her father wears still, and he has still a wrinkle to come before he leaves them off.

"The dauphin is still alive, but kept so only by cordials. Yet the queen and dauphiness have no doubt of his recovery, having the bishop of Glandeve's word for it, who got a promise from a vision under its own hand and seal. The dauphin has certainly behaved with great courage and tranquillity, but is so touched with the tenderness and attention of his family that he now expresses a wish to live.

"Yesterday I dined at La Borde's, the great banker of the court. Lord! madam, how little and poor all your houses in London will look after his! In the first place you must have a garden half as long as the Mall, and then you must have fourteen windows, each as long as the other half, looking into it, and each window must consist of only eight panes of looking-glass. You must have a first and second ante-chamber, and they must have nothing in them but dirty servants. Next must be the grand cabinet, hung with red damask, in gold frames, and covered with eight large and very bad pictures, that cost four thousand pounds—I cannot afford them you a farthing cheaper. Under these, to give an air of lightness, must be hung bas-reliefs in marble. Then there must be immense armories of tortoise-shell and or-molu, inlaid with medals. And then you may go into the petit-cabinet, and then into the great salle, and the gallery, and the billiard room, and the eating-room; and all these must be hung with crystal lustres and looking-glasses from top to bottom; and then you must stuff them fuller than they will hold with granite tables, and porphyr urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases, and the Lord or the devil knows what. But, for fear you should ruin yourself or the nation, the Duchess de Grammont must give you this, and Madam de Marsan that; and if you have anybody that has any taste to advise you, your eating room must be hung with huge hunting-pieces in frames of all-coloured golds, and at top of one of them you may have a setting-dog, who, having sprung a wooden patridge, it may be flying a yard off against the wainscot. To warm and light this palace, it must cost you eight-and-twenty thousand livres a-year in wood and candles. It you cannot afford that, you must stay till my Lord Olive returns with the rest of the Indies."—Vol. ii, p. 311.
We take our leave of the work with thanks to the editor for the labour and attention which he has bestowed upon the illustrations, and biographical notices which he has inserted wherever they are necessary or even desirable. Without prolixity or dulness, the information which they afford us is pointed and correct, and the opinions which they express are acute, liberal, and intelligent. Such notes, easy as they appear, are not to be collected without considerable difficulty, and the most intelligent reader will cheerfully confess that if the information had not been thus supplied, the correspondence would have wanted much of its poignancy and interest.
KIRKTON'S CHURCH HISTORY.*

[Quarterly Review, January, 1818.]

This work may be rather considered as containing valuable materials for the history of a dark and turbulent period, than as its being itself such. It has been repeatedly quoted by Wodrow, Laing, and other historians of the period, and carries with it a degree of authenticity scarcely pretended to by other authors of the time. After remaining for more than a century in manuscript, it has been edited, as has happened in some cases, by a gentleman who, although a curious inquirer into the history of that calamitous period, and therefore interested in the facts recorded in the text, seems neither to feel nor to profess much value for the tenets, nor respect for the person, of his author. Various motives have been suggested for Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe undertaking a task which at first sight seems inconsistent with his opinions. Some have supposed that it was meant as a requital of the ruse de guerre of the artful Whig who constituted himself editor of the Jacobite Memoirs of Scotland, written by the well-known Lockhart of Carnwath, and gave them to light in order to have an opportunity to stigmatize the author and his party. This was the more readily credited in Scotland, as Mr. Sharpe is allied to that family. Others, discovering another concatenation, have supposed that the editor sought some opportunity, if not to vindicate the memory of his celebrated namesake the Archbishop of St. Andrews, at least to throw out a few sarcasms against the enthusiasts by whom

he was assassinated. On our side of the Tweed these things would be deemed fanciful and whimsical motives for undertaking the very laborious and troublesome task of such a publication; but in Scotland, it would seem the ancient bond of "kith, kin, and ally," still possesses, or is supposed to possess, considerable influence.

Upon inquiry, however, we cannot learn that our ingenuous editor claims any relationship to the slaughtered prelate; and we are reluctantly compelled to assign the labour which he has undertaken on the present occasion to the ordinary motives of an active and inquiring mind, which, after finding amusement in extensive and curious researches into the minute particulars relating to an obscure period of history, seeks a new source of pleasure in arranging and communicating the information it has acquired. Unlike the miser, the antiquary finds the solitary enjoyment of gazing upon and counting over his treasures deficient in interest, and willingly displays them to the eyes of congenial admirers. Perhaps we might add to this motive the malicious pleasure of a wag, who delights to present the ludicrous side of a subject, which, like Bottom's drama, forms a lamentable tragedy full of very pleasant mirth. Accordingly, when his author grows so serious as to be tedious, the notes of the editor seldom fail to be particularly diverting, and rich in all those anecdotes which illustrate character and manners, anecdotes thinly scattered through a wearisome mass of dull and dusty books and manuscripts which only the taste of an accomplished man, united with the industry of a patient antiquary, could have selected and brought together. We purpose, before concluding this article, to say something more of the tone and spirit in which these commentaries are framed, but it is first necessary to give some account of the work itself and of the author.

The pains bestowed by Mr. Sharpe have thrown some light on the obscure events of Mr. James Kirkton's life, of which the following is an outline. He was a presbyterian clergyman, and as he seems to have subscribed the solemn league and covenant in 1648, he is conjectured to have been one of "the antediluvian ministers" of his persuasion, that is, such who "had seen the glory of the former temple, and were ordained before the Restoration."
In this capacity he was settled as minister in the parish of Mertoun, in Berwickshire, from which he was expelled as a recusant after the Restoration. In the year 1671, we find him engaged in a controversy with the Quakers, who then had some proselytes of rank in the south of Scotland. Kirkland did not avail himself of the earlier indulgence which permitted some of the Presbyterian clergy to exercise their ministerial functions, and accordingly fell under the lash of power for keeping conventicles. He was trepanned into a house by one Captain Carstairs, whose view seems to have been to extort money from him, or otherwise to deliver him up to the government as a recusant preacher. In this emergency, Kirkton was delivered by the forcible interference of his brother-in-law, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood, who was afterwards subjected both to fine and imprisonment for having drawn his sword upon the occasion, and who finally suffered death for his supposed share in what is called from his name Jerviswood’s conspiracy; being the Scottish branch of the Ryehouse plot. Kirkton, after his rencontre with Carstairs, was outlawed and obliged to fly to Holland. In 1687, he again returned to Scotland, and condescended to avail himself of the benefit of King James’s toleration; a circumstance which probably, for a time, sullied the purity and corrupted the savour of his doctrine in the opinion of the ultra-presbyterians. After the year 1688, Kirkton, with the other ousted ministers, was restored to his church at Mertoun, which he speedily exchanged to exercise his functions in the Tolbooth church of Edinburgh. Here he continued till his death in September, 1699. A son survived him, who fell off from his path—and a daughter, of whom her father is reported, in a ludicrous and scandalous work, to have said from the pulpit, “I have been this whole year of God preaching against the vanity of women, yet I see my own daughter in the kirk even now with as high a cockup as any of you all.” These cockups were a sort of hat or cap turned up before, and, whatever truth there may be in the anecdote, so far as Kirkton is concerned, were certainly subjects of great scandal to the godly of that period, as the following passage witnesseth.

* Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence.
"I remember about thirty years ago, when cockups were in fashion, some of them half-yard high, set with wires, a solid serious Christian gentlewoman told me she was going to a friend's wedding; her comrades constrained her to put herself in dress; she was uneasy in her mind, and thought she was not herself through the day; when she came home, before she changed herself, she went to her closet to bethink herself how she had spent the loose time, as weddings and fairs are for the most part, and few that keep a bridle-hand to their spirits at such time, after some thoughts, she went to prayer; her conscience challenged her so sharply, that she rose hastily, plucked it off, and threw it from her, saying—'Thou, nor no such thing, shall ever come on my head or body that I dare not pray with.' O that all gracious praying souls, who have a mind for Heaven, would take good heed what their Bible says, and notice this and such like instances, and lothe, hate, and abhor the sinful, vain, fool fashions of the day, that the perishing world are ambitious of!"—*Life and Death of Alexander Peden, published by Patrick Walker*, 1727.—P. 145.

The same author informs us, in a passage that shows to what extent the vice of profane swearing had attained in Scotland, that Mr. Kirkton used to preach against it with a zeal certainly more laudable than that which he displayed against cockups. The note of his sermon appears to have escaped Mr. Sharpe. The whole passage illustrates the truth of the French proverb, *Jurer comme un Écossais*.

"4thly.—Their dreadful unheard of ways of swearing,—the devil's free volunteers,—crying to damn their souls for Christ's sake, and others for his glory's sake, which are to be heard in our streets; others wagering their bottles of wine, who to outstrip in greatest oaths; others, when their comrades are going for England, request them, as their best service and news, that if there be any new-coined oaths, to write and send them down, for the old ones in Scotland are become stale. Many have changed the holy and blessed name of God to Gad, one of his sinful mortal creatures; yea, some called Presbyterian ministers, who affect the English cant, follow their hellish example even in the pulpits, which struck me with consternation, and filled me with indignation, to hear the holy name of God so irreverently mentioned, or rather blasphemed, and many tender souls complaining of it to me, declared that it made their hearts to quake. The reverend, sententious old Mr. James Kirkton said in his pulpit in Edinburgh, that swearing was not a saint's sin, for it was not possible that a saint of God could be guilty of it habitually."—*Ibidem*, p. 140.

The same biographer (the zealous Patrick Walker), who puts so severe a construction upon the affectation of correct English pronunciation, gives us another specimen of Mr. *Vol. II.—17*
Kirkton's preaching, which, if correct, will confirm the charge his editor has brought against him of prejudice and credulity:

"It was one of the sententious sayings of the Rev. Mr. James Kirkton, in his pulpit at Edinburgh, insisting upon Scotland's singular privileges above all other churches for a long time, 'that there had been ministers in Scotland that had the gift of working miracles and prophesying, which he could instruct; and that he had heard French, Dutch, English, Irish, and other ministers preach, and yet there have been, and are ministers in Scotland that preach much more from the heart and to the heart than any he had ever heard.'—Life of Daniel Cargill, p. 34.

From all we know of the author, he seems to have been a serious and well-meaning man, not superior certainly to the prejudices of his time and sect, and credulous therefore in what flattered them, but incapable of perverting the truth so far as it was known to him, and having opportunities as a clergyman of eminence in his party, and from his connection with a man of talents and fortune like Jerviswood, to collect much accurate information.

The "Secret History of the Church of Scotland" unfortunately only embraces the period betwixt the Restoration and the year 1678, when, as we have seen, the reverend author was compelled to fly to Holland. Mr. Sharpe has added something to the narrative by printing the account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, by James Russell, one of the actors.

In reviewing the history of the church of Scotland, it will not be expected that we should draw a parallel between its discipline and that of England. We believe that the doctrines of both in spiritual matters, unless perhaps upon some very dark and abstruse points of divinity, coincide with much exactness. However great therefore the external difference in respect to government, it will be now readily granted by Christians of both persuasions, that each church contains and teaches that which is essential to salvation. And touching the points of external discipline in which they differ, we shall not perhaps greatly err in supposing that different kinds of church government may suit a wealthy and a poor country, one where the reformed doctrines were introduced peaceably and under the authority of the civil ruler, and another in which those by whom the Reformation was received were necessarily obliged to plead
their cause in arms and assert their liberty of conscience in opposition to Roman Catholic rulers. The great Shepherd of our souls, who, through all his works, has led us to seek our spiritual good by the means best adapted to our relative situations, has been pleased, from the very commencement of the Restoration, in both kingdoms, to make so wide a distinction betwixt England and Scotland, that as the attempt to introduce the Presbyterian form of church government into the former would have been like insanity; so in Scotland, such was the aversion, and so absolute the overthrow, not only of the Roman Catholic doctrines, but of all rights, privileges, and property belonging to the national church, that it became a matter of absolute necessity to establish a more popular and less expensive form of church government.

In England, the rule adopted by Queen Elizabeth was to preserve all that could be saved of the old fabric, transferring the supremacy of the church from a foreign priest to the domestic and natural sovereign, and renouncing those vain superstitions and human devices with which a long tract of usurpation and priestcraft had darkened the lustre of the true religion. Not only the graduated ranks of the clergy and their former means of support were carefully assured to them, but many circumstances of dress and ceremonial were retained, some as laudable and decorous, some as indifferent, yet proper to be kept up, lest an alteration, in itself very extensive, should be rendered violent by being urged farther than was absolutely necessary. Even in assuming the supremacy of the church, Elizabeth was anxious to guard against the misconstruction of such perverse persons as contended that she challenged the authority and power of ministry of divine service, protesting that she challenged nothing more than the sovereignty and rule, under God, of all her native subjects, ecclesiastical or temporal, of whatever class or religious belief.

Nothing could be a stronger contrast to these cautions and deliberate measures than the progress of the Reformation in Scotland, which was literally brought in with a strong hand and an outstretched arm. All was there prepared, not for a partial but for a total change, and the hierarchy, long previously undermined, subsisted only by the countenance of the sovereign. The Scottish prelacy, long before their
final downfall, had become objects of envy and jealousy to
the powerful and proud nobles. They saw with deep senti-
ments of hatred Beaton and other churchmen of mean birth
raise themselves by talents and learning to places of honour
and dignity which they considered as their own birthright,
and held those by whom such offices were, as they con-
ceived, usurped, in high contempt and hatred. On the
other hand, the dissolute lives and profound ignorance of the
lower orders of the Roman clergy rendered them the scorn
of the middling and lower classes in Scotland. The exac-
tions of the church were resented by the inferior ranks;
their lands were coveted by the nobles and gentry. Add to
all this, the natural turn of the Scottish nation for metaphys-
cical discussion, induced them to receive the doctrines of the
Reformation with general interest and favour. And when
it is recollected, that doctrines excellent in themselves, and
recommended by so many various passions and second
causes, were withstood by a feeble regency, with the ob-
noxious assistance of a foreign power, it will not seem sur-
prising that the work of reformation in Scotland was carried
through with an overbearing force, which left but few
vestiges of the ancient church against whom it was directed.
Yet the form of church policy adopted by the reformer
John Knox, in 1560, in a mixed plan taken from the foreign
churches of Geneva and Germany, not only admitted and
enjoined a form of common prayer, but also a body of ten
superintendents, whose office did not greatly differ from
that of bishops, saving that they were to be themselves
preachers, and, to use the words of the Form itself, "were
not to be suffered to remain idle as the bishops had done
heretofore." Thus it was apparently the purpose of Knox
to retain something resembling, in appearance, at least, the
ancient form of church discipline. He is said to have re-
ceived a message on this subject by a monk called John
Brend, afterwards a preacher, from the Catholic archbishop
of St. Andrew's, warning him either to retain the old form
of church government, or put a better in place thereof, be-
fore he shook the other. And it was, perhaps, in conformity
to such advice, though coming from an enemy, that Knox,
in his first Book of Discipline, endeavoured, too late, to
save from dilapidation such of the church revenues as had
not yet been swallowed up by the secular nobles. He pro-
posed that the church rents should be collected by officers
called deacons, and employed in support of schools and
colleges. But this was rending the prey from the lion.
The Earl of Morton treated the proposal as a "devout im-
agination;" and this cold reception from one of the most
zealous lords of the congregation was followed by the mis-
carriage of that part of the scheme. In fact, the regent,
and the nobles whose interest it was necessary for him to
consult, were in the act of using an indirect mode to possess
themselves of the church-lands by soliciting and obtaining
grants of them both in lease and in property from those
who held them under title of bishops, deans, and chapters,
and other dignitaries of the Scottish church. How this
game was played, and what arguments were used to induce
the churchmen to this system of alienating the rights of their
order, we learn from the following singular incident, quoted
by a contemporary annalist, Richard Bannatyne, the zealouls
secretary of John Knox.

The Earl of Cassillis, who from his great power in Ayr-
shire was usually called the King of Carrick, was desirous
to obtain certain leases and grants of feu affecting the lands
of the abbacy of Crosstaggel, in his neighbourhood. For
this purpose he entrapped the abbot, Mr. Allan Stewart, in
the month of October, 1570, to a small tower overhanging
the sea, commonly called the Black Vault of Dunure. Here,
when the abbot expected to be treated with a collation, he
was carried into a private chamber, where, instead of wine
and venison, and other good cheer, he saw only a great
barred chimney with a fire beneath it. In this cell the
deeds were laid before him, and he was required to execute
them. So soon as he attempted to excuse himself the
tragedy commenced. He was stripped naked and stretched
out on the bars of iron, to which he was secured while the
fire beneath was adjusted, so as now to burn his legs, now
his shoulders, and so forth, while the earl and his brother
kept basting him with oil. This procedure soon removed
the abbot's scruples about the alienation of the property of
the church; and when, having intimated his willingness to
subscribe the deeds required, he was released from his bed
of torture, his inhospitable landlord addressed him with a
hypocritical impudence which is almost ludicrous. "Bene-
dicite Jesu Maria! you are the most obstinate man that I
ever saw. If I had known you would have been so stubborn, I would not for a thousand crowns have handled you in that sort. I never did so to man before you.” These apologies the half-roasted abbot was compelled to receive as sufficient. The story, besides being a curious picture of the age, may serve to show that by force used or menaced the nobles of Scotland extorted from the Catholic beneficiaries, those surrenders and alienations of the church patrimony which took place at the Reformation. But it was plain that this course of proceeding must terminate, unless there were means retained of keeping up nominally, at least, those ranks of churchmen in whom the law vested church patrimony, and from whose grants the nobles might expect to secure it to themselves. Accordingly, it seems to have been chiefly with the purpose of continuing and legalizing this spoliation, that in the year 1572, by a convention held at Leith, the Book of Discipline was reviewed, and it was resolved that the names and titles of bishops and archbishops should remain in the church, being subject to the general assemblies of the church in spiritualibus, and to the king in temporalibus. Even the resolute spirit of John Knox (though urged to resistance by Theodore Beza) seems to have acquiesced in this as a necessary measure; but we agree with the learned author of his life, that his doing so could only arise from the despair of being able effectually to oppose the introduction of this species of episcopacy. The bishops thus established as the means of transferring the church rents and tithes by lease or sale to the nobility, were long known by the name of tulchan bishops, from a stuffed skin of a calf called a tulchan, placed before a cow to induce her to suffer herself to be milked. This species of church government was a mixture of episcopacy and presbytery, both of which might be said to exist in the same time and in the same country, the latter for actually exercising the duties of the ministry, the former for managing or mismanaging what remained of the property of the church.

There ceased not to be a warm and violent opposition to the name and order of bishops in the general assemblies of the kirk, which displayed itself at various times, and with more or less success, until 1580, when an act of the General Assembly declared the office of bishop, as then used in
Scotland, to be an unwarrantable usurpation on the freedom of God's church. Soon after this period, however, King James, who had experienced much inconvenience, and sometimes gross insults, from the Presbyterian clergy, and who was moreover desirous of obtaining and exercising a certain influence in church affairs, obtained, in 1585, from the General Assembly, a very limited acquiescence permitting the name and office of a bishop still to remain in the church. A statute, in 1598, ratified the sitting of such ministers in parliament as should be admitted by the king to the office of prelates—a provision so alarming to the more rigid Presbyterians that one of them likened it to the Trojan horse, and another exclaimed "Busk him as bonnily and bring him in as fairly as you can, we see him well enough, we see the horns of his mitre." In 1610 the king at length succeeded in obtaining the restitution of the order of bishops. And thus the church government of Scotland fluctuated from its mixed state to proper presbytery, and from thence to moderate episcopacy.

The order of bishops was thus restored, but upon the most limited footing, and differing in many respects from the more solidly founded and highly ornamented architecture of episcopacy in England. The Scottish prelates possessed no ecclesiastical jurisdiction or pre-eminence; their sees were poorly endowed with the wretched remains of those temporalities which had not been alienated by the crown; their dress was a plain black gown, and the ceremonies used in the church were few, simple, and such as in themselves were, to say the very least, decent and unexceptionable.

But while it would be difficult for an impartial person, at the present day, to see anything in the order of bishops, as thus re-established, which could threaten either the christian or civil liberties of the kingdom of Scotland, and while on the contrary it seemed to provide for the order, dignity, and stability of the church, it must be owned that, considered with reference to the state of Scotland at the time, the experiment was ill-timed, and excited suspicion in all ranks of people.

The nobles, the proudest in Europe, were indignant at the pretensions of the spiritual lords to precede them on public occasions; while as the poorest in Europe, they were also aware that to support episcopacy on a respectable foot-
ing, they would be necessarily, sooner or later, compelled to refund a part of the temporalities of the church, which they enjoyed either by simoniacl compacts with former prelates, or by grants from the crown.

The inferior clergy, instead of considering the rank of bishops as an object of ambition to which their order might aspire, which might give them a direct vote and voice in the management of the state, and combine them with the other orders of government, held the office in a sort of sacred horror. They termed the restoration of episcopacy a rebuilding of the walls of Jericho; the bishops' pre-eminence in the church, the precedence of Dagon; and their seats in parliament, the means of introducing the arbitrary will of the monarch, on whom they were dependent, into the council of estates of the kingdom.

Notwithstanding these general prejudices, the hierarchy was established without any express opposition, although its members held but a doubtful rank between the secular nobility and the Presbyterian clergy, contemned by the pride of the former, and hated by the jealous emulation of the latter. Success on this main point led James to attempt further alterations in the discipline of the church of Scotland, by introducing a certain part of the ceremonial of the church of England.

The common people, always liable to the most exaggerated impressions, had been preached into such a holy hatred of popery, that they saw its type and shadow in everything which approached even to decency in the order of worship; so that, as a satirist expressed it, they thought it impossible they could ever lose their way to Heaven provided they left Rome behind them. The extreme unpopularity of everything approaching to ritual or ornament was so manifest, that even in the first visit which James made to his native kingdom after assuming the crown of England, not all the delight of again seeing their sovereign could prevent the inhabitants of Edinburgh from manifesting the greatest disgust at the splendid ceremonial of his chapel. Notwithstanding the aversion thus openly testified, James forcibly introduced into the national church of Scotland five points of ceremony, well known by the name of the articles of Perth. They were, 1. That the eucharist should be received in a kneeling posture. 2. That
it might be received in private in cases of extreme sickness. 
3. That baptism might, in certain cases, be privately administered. 
4. That the youth should receive episcopal confirmation. 
5. That the anniversaries of the birth, passion, resurrection and ascension of our Saviour, with that of the descent of the Holy Ghost, should be observed as holidays. 
Decent, reasonable, and moderate as these propositions must appear to every member of the church of England, they were totally uncongenial with the habits in which theScottish clergy had been educated, and with the views, right or wrong, which they entertained of the reformation of religion. 
The leading ministers appealed to the settled state of their church, which had subsisted for nearly sixty years, confirmed by ecclesiastical constitutions, acts of parliament, the approbation of foreign churches, and the manifold experience of God's blessings. And they urged that ceremonials, supposing them in themselves things indiff erent, cease to be so and become noxious when they give offence or scandal to tender consciences, or even to the weakness of our brethren. Even the Scottish bishops, and especially Spottiswoode, archbishop of St. Andrews, gave a reluctant consent to these measures, and not without urging the maxim of St. Augustin, that as even a change for the better disturbs by its novelty, so all innovation, not obviously useful, must be dangerous, by exciting disturbance without any countervailing advantage. On the 4th of August, 1621, however, the articles of Perth were ratified by parliament, and perhaps an account of the omens attendant on that concurrence between the crown and nobles, which fixed these innovations on the church, will best express the feelings and sentiments of the Presbyterians.

"When all the acts were now concluded, and the rigleaders were insulting over the defenders of ancient orders, gaping for thanks and reward, and wishing every one to have wings to flee to court with the report; the grand commissioner, rising from the throne to ratify the acts by touch of the sceptre, at that same very moment was sent from the Heavens in at the windows of the house, which was dark before by reason of the darkness of the day, an extraordinary great lightning, after the first a second, and after the second a third more fearful. Immediately after the lightning followed an extraordinary darkness, which astonished all that were in the house. The lightnings were seconded with three loud claps of thunder. Many within the parliament-house thought them to be shots of cannons out of the
castle. It appeared to all that dwelt within the compass of ten
or twelve miles, that the clouds stood right above the town, and
overshadowing that part only. The beacon standing in the cen-
tre of Leith haven was beaten down with one of the blasts of
thunder. After the lightning, darkness and thunder followed:
a shoure of hailstones, extraordinarie great, and last of all raine
in such abundance, that it made gutters run like little brookes.
The lords were imprisoned about the space of an hour and a half;
servants rode home with footmantles, and their masters withdrew
themselves, some to their coach and some to their foot. So theive articles were not honoured with the carrying of the honours,
or riding of the estates in ranks. In the meantime, the castle
thundered with their fierie cannons, according to the custome used
at other parliaments. This Saturday, the fourth of August, was
called by the people black Saturday. It began with fire from the
earth in the morning, and ended with fire from heaven at the
evening. When the fear was past, then durst atheists scoff and
say, that as the law was given with fire from Mount Sinai, so did
these fires confirm their lawes."—Calderwood's History of the
Church of Scotland, p. 783.

Inauspicious as this commencement was, not indeed from
the accidental circumstances mentioned by Calderwood, but
from the disposition which the people so plainly indicated
by thus interpreting ordinary natural appearances as marks
of the divine displeasurne, it did not prevent Charles I from
following up the plan of his father, and while he vexed the
English church by the introduction of new observances into
their ritual, from labouring with more zeal than prudence to
bring that of Scotland to the same model.

By wrenching indirectly out of the nobility the tithes to
which they had acquired a right at the Reformation, the king
gave the greatest possible offence to that powerful body
without immediately benefiting the great body of the land-
holders. But the introduction of the book of canons and
liturgy, stpe which James had meditated, but from which
he receded in just apprehension, set the seal on the rash-
ness of Charles. A casual tumult arose among the meanest
and most worthless of the audience, which was commenced
by a female, of whom the proverb is still current,

"That when a woman scolding mad is,
We call her daft as Jenny Geddes."

Yet so wide and so general was the disaffection to the
government, that this slight tumult soon spread into a gene-
ral, almost an universal national insurrection, led by a dis-
contented nobility, inflamed by preachers who boasted
something of learning and more of rude eloquence, and supported by a hardy population, who conceived that in fighting the cause of presbytery, they were defending that of heaven. The success of the Scottish in two successive wars, or rather abortive attempts at hostility, gave great and preponderating weight to the clergy of that kingdom, in whose cause and by whose exhortations the war had been undertaken. We wish to speak of these men with the respect which in many points of view they deserve. Their leaders possessed a competent share of learning and no small quantity of natural parts; their lives were, generally speaking, regular, even to ascetic severity; and they rejected and condemned even innocent pleasures and elegant pursuits, as unworthy of men dedicated to the explanation and maintenance of true religion. But in the imperfect state of humanity, even virtues carried to extremity run into error and indeed into vice. Conscious rectitude of intention hurried these eminent men (for many of them deserved that name) into the extremes of spiritual pride and intolerance; and what they esteemed the indubitable truth of their cause made them too anxious to enforce their tenets to hesitate about the means of accomplishing an event so desirable. Their friends were the friends, their opponents were the enemies, of heaven; it was scarcely possible to do too much in behalf of the one or for the suppression of the other. The theocracy which the clergy asserted in behalf of the kirk was not in those days so distinctly understood or so prudently regulated, but that its administrators too often interfered with the civil rule of the kingdom. The Scottish ministers remembered the saying of old Melville, when, grasping King James the Sixth's sleeve, he told him that in Scotland there were two kingdoms, that in which he was acknowledged monarch, and that in which kings and nobles were but God's silly vassals; and they were but too apt to assert the superiority of the last, which was visibly governed by the assembly of the kirk (that is, by themselves) in the name of their unseen and omnipotent Head. To disobey the king might be high treason, but to disobey the kirk, acting in the name of the Deity, was a yet deeper crime, and was to be feared as incurring the wrath which is fatal both to body and soul. The intolerant character of the Solemn League and Covenant corresponded with the writings
of some of their more ardent divines. Some of these theologians (falling certainly into one of the very worst errors of the Roman church) went so far as to assert that men living papists and dying so, holding the complex body of their principles, cannot obtain salvation. The ruder class, as they termed the church of Rome the whore of Babylon, gave little better terms to that of England; and we find prelacy called in their writings "a gray-haired strumpet, mother and daughter of popery, having a skin and face as black as a blackamoor with perjury and defection."

But intolerant as these preachers were upon principle, and incompetent from their ignorance of the world, and of worldly policy, to the management of state affairs, the zeal of the Scottish people gave them a predominating influence in the management of the state subsequent to 1639. The total destruction of the hierarchy, and the re-establishment of the church on a model purely republican, was their first and most joyful labour. Proceeding now on the principle not merely of proper but of rigid presbytery, the lay-patrons were deprived of all right of presentation, and the power of calling to a cure was vested in the kirk's sessions, or parochial meeting of the elders of the parish. The minister was the continual president or moderator of this body; and, in case of vacancy in the cure, a neighbouring clergyman was called in to supply the place. The privilege of free election completed the popular character of the church, but at the same time rendered the preachers too dependent upon popularity and the humours of their audience.

The kirk, thus reformed, had no occasion to regret the mystical union supposed to exist betwixt church and state by the intervention of the lords spiritual. The clergy had been so much the soul of the insurrection, which gave to Scotland a sort of temporary independence, that they both claimed and possessed the means of making their opinions heard and received by all true followers of the Covenant. It could hardly be otherwise, for it was in their name and behalf, and by their influence, that the aristocracy of Scotland had once more proved too mighty for the crown. The "doctor's chair" was not indeed "stuck into the throne," but was substituted in its stead; and the estates of Scotland had no influence in the government of that kingdom that
was not shared and often obscured by that of the General Assemblies.

The possession of so much power had its usual effects on the weakness of humanity. Wodrow himself, after declaring that the church, as reformed in 1639, was "fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners," allows that, as it is difficult to carry a full cup steadily, there were errors even in that brilliant period; amongst which he justly reckons the fierce division of the Presbyterians, in 1650, into Resolutioners and Remonstrators; the former being such as made common cause with the Royalists against Cromwell; the latter, those who refused to admit the support of the Malignants or Cavaliers, and showed an early inclination to fraternize with the English sectaries. But the historian might have added the previous and more important blunder, that when Scotland was in a condition to have acted the important part of an armed mediator betwixt Charles and his parliament, the influence of the absurd and crusading idea of extending the reign of presbytery, induced her rulers to throw their whole weight into the scale of the latter, by which they missed the opportunity of bringing the civil war to a conclusion, and ultimately set fire to their own Diana in her Ephesian temple.

The reign of presbytery was at this period abridged by the course of events. The violence and arrogance of many of these men, who acted in the name of the Deity, and affected to be the immediate channels through which his will as well as his doctrines were intimated to the people, received a fearful castigation after the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and subsequent subjugation of Scotland. The Independents met their texts with texts, but dissolved their General Assembly by the more expeditious argument of a military force. Lieutenant-colonel Cottrell, backed by a detachment of foot and horse, entered the Assembly and demanded to know whether they sat by the authority of the parliament of the Commonwealth of England, of the English commander-in-chief, or of the Scottish judges. When the moderator replied that they were an ecclesiastical synod—a spiritual court of Jesus Christ, who held their authority from heaven, the republican officer commanded them to begone, or they should be dragged from the room.

"He led us," says Baillie (who shared in this calamitous ex-
pulsion), “through the whole streets a mile out of the town, encompassing us with foot companies of musqueteers, and horsemen without, all the people gazing and mourning as at the saddest spectacle they had ever seen. When he had led us a mile without the town, he then declared what further he had in commission, that we would not dare to meet any more above three in number; and that against eight o’clock to-morrow we should depart the town, under pain of being guilty of breaking the public peace; and the day following, by sound of trumpet, we were commanded off the town, under the pain of present imprisonment. Thus our General Assembly, the glory and strength of our church upon earth, is by your soldiery crushed and trode under foot, without the least provocation from us, at this time, either in word or deed.”—BAILLIE’S LETTERS, vol. ii, p. 370.

The same author gives several specimens of the mode in which the appointment of clergymen took place during the usurpation. If named by the presbytery of the bounds, the minister who received the cure had to preach in the fields, without a stipend; those only who were appointed upon the call of the Remonstrants, or by the actual power of the sword, received any temporal advantage from their benefices.

In these circumstances, the Restoration was hailed by most of the Presbyterians as a joyful event, which promised to relieve Scotland from the ignominious bondage of the English garrisons, and her national church from the degraded state of subjection to which she had been reduced. The call of the king to the throne was so unanimously uttered, that they possessed neither the time nor the means, perhaps not even the inclination, to arrange any precise stipulations for any particular form of church policy; and men’s minds were at the time so weary of the disputes which had given rise to such unbounded misery, that it seemed to be left to the king, the church of Scotland lying in ruins, to choose whether he would rebuild her bulwarks on the model of moderate Episcopacy, which they displayed before 1630, or on the more republican system which was substituted at that period. Those who held neither Episcopacy nor Presbytery to be systems of divine derivation or positive ordinance, naturally inquired which was likely to promote the tranquillity and suit the temper of the people; and the point was accordingly keenly agitated in the council of Charles. Middleton, a gallant soldier, but a man of a rash overbearing temper and dissolute manners, assuming the high tone of a determined loyalist, exhorted the king to seize the
opportunity of putting Scotland at rest for ever, by annulling the Solemn League and Covenant as an unlawful association, and re-establishing the order of bishops. Lauderdale, with equal professions of devotion to the king’s interest, and with much ridicule of the formality of Presbyterians, adroitly thrown in to gratify the king’s humour, advised Charles to proceed more cautiously, and for the present to leave the Presbyterian church government undisturbed, and suffer them for a longer space to enjoy their beloved Covenant. There were many, he said, of the first rank in Scotland who were still so wedded to this engagement, that they would as soon renounce the four gospels; and some time and argument would, he contended, be necessary to bring them to another way of thinking. The former opinion prevailed, and Middleton received full powers to proceed in the introduction of Episcopacy without delay.

The too-celebrated James Sharp, himself a leading Presbyterian minister, intrusted with the cause of the Presbyterian Resolutioners, or Royalists, contributed not a little to this change, foreseeing his own aggrandizement as primate of St. Andrews. Our ingenious editor has thrown some palliating colouring upon a character usually painted with the most detestable features. He has proved that, either from shame or compassion, his namesake occasionally interferred to prevent the severities directed against some of the remonstrant clergy, and that in his office of primate he was active in reproving the immorality even of his own most powerful friend. A letter to the high commissioner Rother, upon the license of his conduct (p. 213), is in a style of pastoral reproof well becoming a father of the church. But the great stain will always remain, that Sharp deserted and probably betrayed a cause which his brethren intrusted to him, and abused to his own purposes a mission which he ought not to have undertaken but with the determination of maintaining its principal object. Kirkton says that when Sharp returned from Scotland, he himself affecting no ambition for the prelacy, pressed the acceptance of the see of Saint Andrews upon Mr. Robert Douglas, one of his former colleagues. The stern Presbyterian saw into his secret soul, and when he had given his positive rejection, demanded of his former friend what he would do himself were the offer made to him. Sharp hesitated;—“I per
ceive," said Douglas, "you are clear—you will engage—
you will be primate of Scotland: take it then," he added,
laying his hand on his shoulder, "and take the curse of
God along with it." (P. 135.) The subject would suit a
painter.

It cannot be denied that one main cause of this violent
change had been the imprudent carriage and extreme zeal
of the Presbyterian teachers themselves. The severity
with which they inflicted church penances, which in them-
selves have something allied to popery—the dominion
which they assumed over the laity in all cases in which
religion could be possibly alleged as a motive, or pretext,
that is to say, in almost all cases whatever—and the sullen
and fanatical affection with which they condemned all
pleasures however innocent or indifferent, had made the
better classes generally weary of their yoke. A contempo-
rary gives the following ludicrous account of the marriage
betwixt Somerville of Drum (ancestor of Lord Somerville)
and a daughter of Sir James Bannatyne, of Corehouse,
forming but an unamiable picture of a festival meeting
during the interregnum. There were, according to the histo-
rian of that noble house,

"One marques, three earles, two lords, sexteine barones, and
eight ministers, present at the solemnittie, but not one musitian;
they lyked yet better the bleetings of the calves of Dan and
Bethell, the ministers' long-winded, and sometimes nonsensical
graces, little to purpose, then all musical instruments of the san-
tuarie, att so solemne ane occasione which, if it be lawfull at all
to have them, certanly it ought and should be on a wedding-
day, for divertisement to the guests, that innocent recreations
of musick and dancing being much more warrantable, and farre
better exercise than drinking and smoakeing of tobacco, wherein
these holy bretheren of the Presbyterian [persuasion] for the most
part employed themselves, without any formall health or remem-
brance of their friends; a nod with their head, or a sigh, with the
turning up of the whyte of the eye, served for the ceremony."—

When we recollect when and by whom a miracle was
wrought for the express purpose of continuing the innocent
festivities usually attendant upon such a joyful occasion, we
must hesitate to adopt a creed so sour as to condemn the
ordinary expressions of innocent mirth and happiness.

As men rush readily from one extreme to another, the
debauchery which followed the Restoration formed a strong
and disgusting contrast to the affected and puritanic strictness of the preceding period. Kirkton has painted it in odious, yet, we fear, too just, colours.

"Our three commissioners, Middleton, Rothes, and Lauderdale, gave every one of them the parliament they governed a denomination (in the observation of the vulgar) from their own behaviour; and this parliament was called 'the drinking parliament.' The commissioner had 50l. English a-day allowed him, which he spent faithfully amongst his northern pantalons; and so great was the luxury, and so small was the care of his family, that when he filled his wine-cellar, his steward thought nothing to cast out full pipes to make way for others. Himself was sometimes so disordered, that when he had appeared upon the throne in full parliament, the president, upon the whisper of the principal members, would be necessitate to adjourn. Then they made the church their stews; then you might have found chambers filled with naked men and naked women; and many, who lived under sober report formerly, turned harlots and drunkards; you may believe cursing, swearing, and blasphemy, were as common as prayer and worship was rare. Debauching was loyalty, gravity smelled of rebellion; every man that had eyes perceived what spirit ruled among them; and among all the families in town, none gave greater scandal than Fletcher the advocate, where the vaste sums extorted from the innocent Presbyterians in danger of criminal pursuit, were turned into crying scandals, unparalleled in the history of Scotland."—Pp. 114, 115.

The first step taken to restore episcopacy in Scotland was by an act of parliament, rescinding, without distinction, all the statutes passed from the year 1633 to 1660, including of course those for the extirpation of episcopacy. Next it was declared that the power of establishing the model of church government was vested in the crown, whereby, according to Kirkton, they erected the king into a sort of pope. This last statute purports to be "An Explanation of the King's Prerogative of Supremacy over all Estates, as ratified by Act 129, 8, King James VI."—It certainly gave the king a degree of power inconsistent with both episcopacy and presbytery, since he might have abolished both, and established any other model by his own immediate authority.—Accordingly the statute was rescinded in the first parliament after the Revolution.

The act recissory of 1660, and that of supremacy, though the first inferred the destruction of the Presbyterian church government, and the second contained an acknowledgement of the king's supremacy fatal to the very principle on which presbytery rests, passed without the shadow of opposition.
The appointment of bishops by Charles, and the confirmation of that office by an act of parliament, were carried through with the same ease and unanimity. Viewing the matter therefore as an act of the legislature, it cannot be denied that episcopacy was restored with the same formality wherewith it had been taken away; and that the lamentations of Kirkton and other authors of his party, are only just so far as they may happen to be correct or otherwise in their notions of the divine right of prelacy. Nor had men of tender consciences among the Presbyterians to complain of the same ceremonial observances being anew forced upon them, which were enjoined by the canons of Perth. These obnoxious points were tacitly abandoned, and the mode of worship used in the Episcopal establishment was, in all material parts, the same which the Presbyterians used, excepting that the former read the doxology, the Lord’s Prayer, and, in baptism, the Apostles’ creed. To the matter of these additions to daily worship, the most rigid fanatic could be hardly supposed to object; and nothing was added of those ceremonials, such as surplices, altars, or the cross in baptism, which are disputed by English dissenters. The communion tables were placed according to convenience, without any principle of uniform position; they had no chancels, and they used no bells, saving that for the convocation to divine worship. In a word, the Episcopal church of Scotland in her ceremonial was so tender of offence to the Presbyterians, that she could scarcely be said to differ from their own forms. The clergy wore gowns and cassocks, but did not venture to shock the eyes of their congregation with the abhorred surplice.

There were therefore no doctrinal, and scarcely any ceremonial, points in controversy betwixt the Scotch Presbyterians and Episcopalians,—on the contrary, the best and most moderate of either party held church communion together without reluctance, neither charging error, far less schism or heresy, against the others. Neither could the revenue of the Scottish Episcopal church be justly objected to as exorbitant, or unequally divided. The primate had £1000 yearly; the bishops from £300 to £500; and the inferior clergy a greater equality of benefices than in England, few exceeding £100, or falling beneath £20 of annual income; even the last sum afforded a decent livelihood in
that remote age and cheap country. But if there was no dispute concerning the doctrines, and nothing to object to the endowments, of the new-modelled church, her discipline and outward government were the subject of much complaint to the Presbyterians.

Upon their own principles these men were not perhaps entitled to be heard against the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, such as had prevailed in the church of Scotland from 1612 to 1639, and indeed had never been altogether discontinued for any considerable length of time. Episcopacy was now restored by the legislature as formally and effectually as it had been formerly abolished, and presbytery had for the time lost all authority, except what the votaries of that form of church government claimed for it ex jure divino, an argument set up by divines of both churches. But the Presbyterians complained, and not without reason, that a larger and more formidable authority was allowed to the bishops under this new model than their predecessors had been admitted to; and they had speedy reason to add that their faculties were less meekly borne, and their power, as it was more extensive, was also much more severely and harshly exercised. Lauderdale, as already noticed, had begun with advising the king to tolerate presbytery some time longer as the national form of worship; but when he found that his rival Middleton was gaining ground on him, by encouraging the king's predilection for episcopacy, he resolved to out-manoeuvre him, by carrying the authority of the bishops to a pitch higher than the other had proposed, and thereby placing them in a more equal balance against the power of the nobility. On this subject Kirkton has an interesting anecdote:—Glencairn, who had taken Middleton's side in the discussions before his majesty, endeavoured, when in private with Lauderdale, to qualify his opinion by saying, that

"tho' the other day he had declared himself for bishops, he desired not to be mistaken, for he was only for a sort of sober modern bishops, such as they were in the primitive times, but not for the lordly prelates, such as were in Scotland before. Lauderdale answered him with an oath, that since they had chosen bishops, bishops they should have, higher than any that ever were in Scotland, and that he should find."—Pp. 133, 134.

They retained indeed, in the new order of things, those forms and names which from the very beginning of the
Reformation, and under all the former varieties of church government, had given the colour of a classical or Presbyterian model to the kirk of Scotland, even when most Episcopal. They had monthly Presbyteries, Provincial Synods, and General Assemblies. But with reference to these consistorial judicatures, Kirkton points out the infinite difference in extent of power assigned to the bishops on the revival of their order.

"Whoso shall compare this set of bishops with the old bishops established in the year 1612, shall find that these were but a sort of pigrmeys, compared with our new bishops; for, first, the Presbyteries were standing judicatures, using the power of the keys in the time of the former bishops; but in the time of the new bishops there was no shadow of church power in Scotland, except what resided or flowed from the bishop in person; and as Presbyteries were discharged before ever our new prelates entered upon their throne, so it was a considerable time, even some years, before ever ministers were permitted to meet together, so much as for the exercise of their ministerial gifts; and when they first met, they were constitute a meeting for such and such effects, by virtue of the bishop's commission allowing the ministers of the precinct secluding the ruling elders. Moreover, the first bishops were, in effect, allowed no more but a sort of negative vote, and great were the conflicts betwixt some stout Presbyteries and the encroaching bishops; but the new bishops had not only a negative, but a positive vote, having the full power of government lodged upon their solitary person, their assistance being only their arbitrary attendants, or shadows. However, men said the bishops grumbled because they were not reposed to all that the popish bishops enjoyed."—Pp. 141, 142.

Unfortunately this great increase of jurisdiction and power was conferred on men who had former injuries to avenge, and immediate contempt and insults to repel and to subdue. It was not to be expected that the Presbyterian clergy should have so soon forgot the supremacy which they had so lately enjoyed; or, proud as most of them had reason to be of their influence over their audiences, that they should endure, without a sense of pain and mortification, the triumph of those over whom they had very recently exercised no lenient measure of authority. Something had been done to intimidate the opposers by the trial and execution of Argyle, whose death was well deserved by many acts of falsehood and cruelty; and of Guthrie, whom even Sharp interceded for in vain. These were the only men of note who died to atone for the lives of so many loyalists as had suffered under the pretended judica-
tures of the interregnum. Argyle richly merited his fate; his character, however gilded over by Kirkton, is shown by his editor, p. 104, to be one of the least dubious of modern times. His cruelty, fraud, and ambition were notorious; his signal hypocrisy had, at length, ceased to deceive even the lowest of the puritans. But as we conceive it a sacred principle, that punishment cannot be morally inflicted for the mere purposes of vengeance, and that it is a heinous crime to pervert and strain the laws even to destroy those who are really deserving of death, we cannot acquit Charles's Scottish government of transgressing both principles, even in the case of Argyle, and still more in that of Guthrie. Several ministers were exiled to Holland, where they formed a sort of Scottish dissenting church, and, much at their ease themselves, encouraged by books and messages the non-conforming ministers in Scotland to follow such measures as necessarily exposed them to the severities of the government. It is, indeed, singular, but not unamusing, to see that those farthest removed from the danger appear to have been the most scrupulously zealous in the cause.

Neither did the rulers neglect such means as in their opinion were calculated to bring into public contempt the opinions of the Presbyterians, and particularly that solemn league and covenant which had been at once the cause of their success, their idol when in prosperity, and their subject of regret and mourning during their adversity. Kirkton gives us a curious scene which took place at Lithgow upon the anniversary of the king's restoration.

"I cannot omit to mention one example of the madness of the people at that time. Upon the first 29th of May, 1661, the town of Lithgow, Robert Mill being chief author, and Mr. James Ramsey (who afterwards ascended the height of the pitiful bishoprick of Dumblane) being minister, after they had filled their streets with bonfires very throng, and made their crosse run wine, added also this ridiculous pageant: They framed ane arch upon four pillars, and upon one side the picture of ane old hagge with the covenant in her hand, and this inscription above: A GLORIOUS REFORMATION. On the other side of the arch was a Whigge with the remonstrance in his hand, and this inscription, NO ASSOCIATION WITH MALIGNANTS. On the other side was the Committee of Estates, with this inscription, ANE ACT FOR DELIVERING UP THE KING. On the fourth side was the Commission of the Kirk, with this inscription, THE ACT OF THE WEST KIRK. On the top of the arch stood the devil, with this in-
scription, Stand to the Cause. In the midst of the arch was a litany:

From Covenanters with uplifted hands,
From Remonstrators with associate bands,
From such Committees as govern'd this nation,
From Church Commissioners and their protestation,
Good Lord deliver us.

"They had also the picture of Rebellion in religious habit, with the book Lex Rex in one hand, and the causes of God's wrath in the other, and this in the midst of rocks, and reeles, and kirk stools, logs of wood, and spurs, and covenants, acts of assembly, protestations, with this inscription, REBELLION IS THE MOTHER OF WITCHCRAFT. Then after the minister bade sanctified the debauch with a goodly prayer, and while they were drinking the king's health, they put fire to the whole frame, which quickly turned it to ashes. Lastly, in place of this there appeared a table supported by four angels with a sonnet to the king's praise, and so with drunkenness enough they concluded the day. This was not required by any law, but they would outrun the law. All these men some twelve years before had renewed the covenant with uplifted hands, but single perjury could not satisfy them, except they boasted in their sin with a triumph."—Pp. 186, 127.

Having thus tried the means of terror and of ridicule, the bishops seemed to conceive themselves strong enough to attempt to exercise the high powers intrusted to them. They proclaimed diocesan meetings, and the privy council enjoined the attendance of all ministers on these occasions. This was the touchstone which first brought to a precise test the temper of the Scottish clergy, and few of them, excepting in the north, gave attendance upon the prelates. Middleton (still royal commissioner) was at this time engaged in a solemn tour through Scotland, in the course of which he was feasted and banqueted with the most licentious profusion. A quorum of the council attended him, that in the intervals of riot they might transact public business. Those who would receive him agreeably, provided not only the ordinary room for banqueting, but separate apartments for each of the beastly consequences which ensue upon unlimited excess. While the commissioner and most of his council were in this course of revel, a complaint was made to him by Fairfowl, the bishop of Glasgow, that the ministers had refused to acknowledge his authority and attend his diocesan meetings. Middleton required the prelate to suggest a remedy. With extraordinary rashness, Fairfowl proposed that a proclamation should
be issued expelling from their cures and parishes all ministers appointed since the year 1649, who should not receive collation from the bishop of their diocese against a term assigned. Hot with wine, and impatient of contradiction, Middleton, without waiting either to consult the whole privy council, or pausing upon a measure so violent, or regarding the remonstrances of Sir James Lockhart of Lee, who foresaw the confusion which so rash an injudgment was certain to occasion, consented to issue this ill-judged proclamation. Even the Primate Sharp complained of the folly of Fairfowl in precipitating a measure of such consequence, and the council took some imperfect steps to mitigate its rigour. But the deed was done, and the schism in the church, which that act of council introduced, was destined never to be ended but by the downfall of Episcopacy. The effect was so extensive that it could not but prepare materials for a national convulsion. Of six hundred ministers, two hundred resigned their livings rather than submit to collation, and as they were banished to the north side of the river Tay, without the means of providing for their families, their personal distress excited compassion—their resignation, or determinator, as they termed it, rather to suffer than to sin, demanded respect, and the relish of their doctrine, now about to be lost to them, called for the regrets of their flocks.

"It did not," says our author, "content the congregation to weep all of them, but they howled with a loud voice, weeping with the weeping of Jazer, as when a besieged city is sackt. Then Middleton began to curse and swear (as he spared not) what would these mad fellows doe? he knew very well many of them hade not a stock could maintain their poor families for six months: and that was very true; but he understood not they resolved to live by faith, as sufferers used to doe."

The ministers thus expelled from their charges, found succour and comfort from those who pitied their case, respected their persons, and admired their doctrines. And it was one obvious error amongst many attending this harsh and impolitic measure, that the bishops were taken unawares, and found it impossible to levy a sufficient number of well-qualified and qualified persons of their own persuasion to fill two hundred pulpits thus rendered vacant at once. The hasty recruits which were drawn for this purpose from the schools in the north, where alone episcopacy
had retained favourers, were so raw and ill-qualified that a
wag observed, that since the expulsion of the Presbyterian
clergy they had not been able to get a lad to keep the cattle
there—they had all turned curates. It was not likely that
under such teaching the people should forget the "spiritual
manna which of late fell so thick about their tents;" and it
was in the natural course of things that the expelled clergy
should continue to preach in houses, barns, and at length in
the open fields; and that their ancient flocks should gather
round them on such occasions. The bishops endeavoured
to counteract the tide of favour and popularity, which was
taking a direction so ominous, by sending several of their
best scholars to make a progress through the west, and, if
possible, preach the congregations back again into the
churches which had been emptied by the insufficiency of
the curates. It is remarkable that Gilbert Burnet (the future
low-church historian and bishop of Salisbury) was one of
those Episcopal missionaries, and went, according to Kirk-
ton, furnished with other means of persuasion than those of
rhetoric. The Primate Sharp saw no redress for this gen-
eral defection but obtaining from the civil power denuncia-
tions against those who attended conventicles, and of fines
upon those who absented themselves from the church—
measures which they endeavoured to justify by appealing
to the penal acts in Queen Elizabeth's time against Papists,
but which, whenever or wherever used, can never be justified
in morality, and seldom if ever in sound policy, in
which state-necessity is a word very rarely and suspiciously
received.

Meantime the curates came into the churches as a sort of
invaders, and Kirkton has given a whimsical account of
their general reception, some points of which he frankly ad-
mits to be little to the credit of his own sect, who were the
actors on those occasions. In some places the new incum-
bents were welcomed with tears and requests to get them
gone; in others with reasoning and disputes; in others with
affronts and indignities. Sometimes the clapper of the bell
was stolen; sometimes the church doors were barricaded;
sometimes the unfortunate incumbent was received with vol-
leys of stones. On one occasion a box full of pismires was
emptied into the curate's boots. On another, which our
Presbyterian divine tells at more length than we care to re-
hears such a trick, something like that played off on the miller of Trompington, was practised on two of these hated divines, who were thus led innocently and involuntarily into a breach of the seventh commandment. Kirkton adds candidly, "I have known some profane people that, if they committed an error over night, thought affronting a curate to-morrow a testimony of their repentance.

We have before us, at this moment, the opposite evidence of one of these obnoxious incumbents, called Andrew Symson, minister of Kirkenuy, who professes that when he and his Episcopal brethren came to Galloway, in 1663, they found several parishes not only vacantes but vocantes, desiring and soliciting their ministry. He does not, indeed, assert that they had a formal popular call, yet contends that when they had performed service for several Lord's days, and duly executed their edicts, the representatives of the parish attended upon their ordinations, assisted them in their duties, and thus ratified their ministry. And he declares that he himself was never insulted by his parishioners, but often saved by them from the violence of strangers. These and some other curious passages occur in his preface to a poem called Tripatriarchichon. But if Mr. Symson was so cordially received and fostered by his parishioners, it is certain his case was singular among the western curates.

When so much provocation is admitted by the historian, it was certainly to be expected that the government would employ some means of supporting the authority of the church which they had set up. By rash and violent men the use of the sword, and of superior force, is always the most readily resorted to upon such occasions. These means had been taught them by the Presbyterians themselves, who, during the domination of the council of estates, had first introduced the severities of free quarters, fines, cess, and other burdens imposed on recusants, until their domination, unknown in Scotland; and, in their mode of imposing their solemn League and Covenant on all persons above the age of ten years, had set an example which was as unadvisedly as unconscientiously followed by those who had now succeeded to their power. And as this precedent is often lost sight of, we shall here quote, from an impartial eye witness, the manner in which the Covenanters enforced
uniformity of sentiment in matters religious and political while they possessed the power of doing so. The scene is Aberdeen, then occupied by a powerful force of Covenanters; the date 1639.

"Mr. Robert Douglas, minister of Kirkaldie, preached before noon: after sermon he read out the Covenant, and caused the hail town's people conven'd, who had not yet subscribed, both men and women, to stand up before him in the kirk, and the men subscribed the Covenant. Thereafter the women were urged to swear with their uplifted hands to God, that they did subscribe and swear the Covenant willingly and freely, and from their hearts, and not from any fear or dread that should happen, sync the kirk dissolved. But the Lord knows how thir town's people were brought under perjury by plain fear, and not from a willing mind, by tyranny and oppression of thir Covenanters, who compelled them to swear and subscribe, suppose they knew it was against their hearts."—Spalding's Troubles in Scotland, vol. ii, p. 132.

We quote this fact, as we may do others hereafter, by no means as affirming that it justifies the power of compulsion over the human conscience, assumed by the Episcopalians, but simply that the reader may bear in mind he is reading not the history of saints and martyrs on the one side, and heathen persecutors on the other, but that of two fierce contending factions in a half-civilized country, who alternately tyrannized over each other's persons and consciences—one in the abused names of gospel-freedom and civil liberty; the other under the no less misplaced watchword of social order and loyalty. Our ingenious editor, though he seems to enter into the vindication of the cavaliers somewhat further than we can accompany him, has made this plain in many passages of the book, contrasting the charges of cruelty and oppression, brought by his author against the Episcopalians, by instances of their own misconduct while they possessed the power of persecution.

Kirkton gives us a very animated picture of the contest betwixt Middleton and Lauderdale, and, with the satirical humour of which he is not sparing, draws a lively sketch of the two rivals for power.

"Middleton was a soldier, and had suffered with the king, and undertaken for him a very dangerous part, to command the tories on the hills, in Cromwell's time; and he hade for his patrons the duke of York and chancellor Hyde. Lauderdale was a wit and a courtier; he had suffered much for the king, and was his private in his secret pleasures, in which office, to
keep himself in favour, he acted a most dishonourable part; for after the king's fleet was burnt at Chatham, and the Dutch retired, he came to the king's privy chamber and danced in a woman's petticoat to dispel the king's melancholy. But he knew well what the king's delights were; he chose for his patron neither statesman nor prince; Barbra Villiers, first Mrs. Palmer, then Dutchesse Cleveland, was his choice; and before her bedside he would have knelt ane hour at one time to implore her friendship with the king, because he knew well what influence his miss made upon him, and with their weapons he prevailed."—P. 138.

In this controversy, as was to be expected, the sword yielded—not to the gown—but to the petticoat; and Lauderdale must be thenceforth considered as absolute minister in Scotland, though his ally Rothes bore the office of commissioner. It might have been supposed that the greater wisdom and moderation of this intelligent statesman would have modified the violent courses which Middleton had begun. But he probably found that severe measures were most acceptable at court, where the least countenance afforded to Presbyterianism was held allied to disloyalty; and, besides, though it is easy to forbear entering upon such a headlong career, it is very difficult to control or temper its violence when once fairly commenced: whence it sometimes happens that a minister, moderate in his own principles, is, for a time at least, obliged to pursue the line of conduct adopted by a violent predecessor in authority.

The people continued to complain on the one hand, and the bishops on the other. The former alleged that most of the curates intruded into lowland parishes were ignorant, and many of them debauched; and it is highly probable that they allowed themselves too much latitude, in compliance with the dissolute manners of the cavaliers, and in contradiction to the reserved deportment of the Presbyterians, which they stigmatized as hypocrisy. Kirkton enlarges on these topics; but though we believe him strictly honest, we conceive him to be a little prone to receive the exaggerated reports of others; and in particular, we cannot subscribe to the probability of the crime of witchcraft being half so common as he pretends among the Episcopal clergy. We will not go so far as Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, who declares she never took one of that cloth for a conjurer in her life; but we doubt that Mr. Gideon Penman ever said grace at the devil's table as his chaplain. (P. 190.) We conceive
that the bullets of nine assassins would have slain Archbishop Sharp, though he had "several strange things," and in particular "parings of nails" about his person. (P. 84.) We think also, it may be rash to call Mr. Thomson, the curate of Anstruther, "a diabolic man," although the wench who bore a lantern before him, as he returned from a visit, "affirmed that she saw something like a black beast pass the bridge before him." (P. 188.) We do further verily believe, that any strange circumstances in the life, and suddenness in the death of the celebrated General Dalzell, may be accounted for—the former by a savage temper improved by a Russian education; and the latter by a stroke of apoplexy, without supposing a covenant betwixt Old Tom of Binns and the enemy of mankind: and we own that our worthy author’s proneness to credit these and many similar accusations, leads us to suspect the accounts which he gives us both of the gross debaucheries and of the dying agonies of divers of the curates, one of whom his informers affirmed to have roared on his deathbed like a woman in the torments of childbirth, merely on account of his having held a cure under the Episcopal establishment. These are the scandals by giving credit to which men furious in controversy disgrace themselves and their cause; and, as Kirkton justly says of imputations against himself by the Episcopalians, "such are the arrows of the wicked, even bitter words."

On the other hand, the bishops complained that in the western shires particularly their authority was totally disregarded; and the government chose to remedy this matter by quartering forces among the obnoxious Presbyterians under command of Sir James Turner. This person was of an active and somewhat harsh temper, not improved certainly by his service under the Covenanters, under whose authority he was the spectator, if not participant of two horrid massacres at Dunnaverty and Duart. (See p. 44.) He wrote his own memoirs, besides several works on military discipline; the former are extant in manuscript, and are at present announced for publication. Kirkton imputes to him extreme severities in the execution of the laws for recovery of the fines. This Turner denies in his memoirs, affirming, that he never levied above half the fine inflicted on any one delinquent. The vexations which he inflicted,
however, were sufficient to stir up a fierce but short-lived rebellion.

Kirkton gives a curious narrative of this event. It arose, according to his authorities, which Mr. Sharpe seems to dispute, from the interference of the country people to rescue an old man, whose bare person the soldiers were going to place on a red-hot girdle or gridiron. Successful in disarming this party, the insurgents marched suddenly to Dunfries, and made Sir James Turner prisoner. It is a sufficient proof of the hardships which the poor people must have endured, that, expecting to be attacked by regular forces, they assembled about three thousand men; and it is no small credit to them that they neither slew Turner, according to the proposal of the more violent, nor committed any material injury, as they marched through the country, only taking free quarters and provisions. Turner describes their horse as armed with sword and pistols; their infantry with musket and pike, and some with scythes, hay-forks, and staves. He saw two of their squadrons go through their exercise with great agility and regularity; and declares their foot were the lustiest he ever saw, and that they kept their ranks in the most wretched roads and bad weather. He mentions also the blasphemous but characteristic language in which one of their preachers, called Robinson, required rather than besought Omnipotenee to be their second; "and if," said he, "thou wilt not be our secondarie we will not fight for thee at all; for it is not our cause but thine own, and if thou wilt not fight for it neither will we. They say," added he, "that dukes, earls, and lords are coming with the king's general against us, but they shall be nothing but a thrashing to us." This will remind our readers of the language of the Presbyterian clergymen before the battle of Dunbar.

On the skirt of Pentland-hills this handful of insurgents were doomed to stand the assault of the royal regular forces, augmented by many volunteers. Two of their preachers, posted on a hill at a tolerably safe distance, ejaculated, The God of Jacob! the God of Jacob! so often as their party seemed to have any advantage. Two Irish divines, whose zeal was more fervent, gave active assistance with their weapons, and were both slain. The insurgents behaved with great spirit in repelling the two or three first parties sent against
them, but were routed and dispersed when pressed by the main body of Dalzell’s infantry. Several of the prisoners were executed, though quarter had been given, upon the pretext so often used in civil war, that quarter only saves from the immediate edge of the sword, not from judicial proceedings for treason. The revival of torture upon this occasion added to the general horror entertained against the severities of the Scottish rulers of the period. Dreadful cruelties were perpetrated by the soldiers in consequence of this insurrection; and the Privy Council, in which was vested the whole power and government of Scotland, came to resemble a court-martial so exactly, that Dalzell called the Duke of Hamilton, Ritt-master (i.e., Captain) Hamilton, the Earls of Rothes and Linlithgow, Ritt-master Leslie and Colonel Livingstone, and so forth, as if military rank and distinctions were alone in observance and request. The insurgents, however, found to their cost, that there were civil as well as military exactions to be complied with. What the locust had spared the palmer-worm devoured, and, to use the language of the poet,

“Statutes glean’d the refuse of the sword.”

The various prosecutions at law which followed the affair of Pentland were severe and vexatious in the extreme; besides which, the accusation was kept up and protracted to a length of time equally unjust and impolitic. Treason is the most dangerous crime to the commonwealth, but it may happen to be, in a moral point of view, the most excusable in individuals, since it is often incurred from imaginary though false views of duty. Such examples as are necessary to prevent its recurrence should therefore be made while the sense of the danger incurred by the community, and the necessity of preventing such evils, is fully imprinted in the mind of all men. Beyond this period, the prosecution of ancient political offences can only be ascribed to vindictive hatred, and the compassion which attends the sufferers is, in respect to the government, a more dangerous feeling than any encouragement which could be exacted from the apparent apathy of the rulers. On the point of moral justice, we have already said, that in our opinion, punishment of every kind is only so far legitimate as it is useful to the community, and becomes always criminal.
when it has its source merely in the desire of vengeance, a passion, the gratification of which is proscribed in an especial degree by Christianity, and even by sound policy and philosophy.

We pause at this part of our retrospect of Scottish history, because we shall speedily have an opportunity to resume the subject, and, also, because, at the period of the Pentland insurrection, the Presbyterians acted with an unanimity of principle which never afterwards appeared among them. The insurgents, on that occasion, owned the royal authority, and limited their contendings and testimonies by declaring they were only directed against the military law unjustly exercised on their persons, and the tyranny to which their consciences were subjected. A bolder class followed, who asserted the indefeasible bond incurred by the national covenant, and the impossibility of again adopting episcopacy in face of those national engagements by which it had been renounced. The affair of the indulgence made a separation of many different shades betwixt the non-conformists. There were divisions and subdivisions, and endless splittings of these sub-divisions, neither common danger nor joint suffering preventing persons whose grounds of difference seem to have been always obscure, and now are almost imperceptible, from reviling each other with the bitterest animosity and in the grossest language, always under pretence of zeal, tenderness of conscience and straightness in the cause; and each petty coterie assuming to itself the exclusive title of the "lovely remnant," and only remaining faithful followers of the church of Scotland. These divisions, and their causes, real or imaginary, may hereafter be treated at more length than we can at present afford. We therefore leave Kirkton at this period of his history.

In general we conceive this publication to be highly valuable and important. It has been quoted by every Scottish historian of the period as the work of an honest and well-informed man; and the historian Wodrow, whom Mr. Fox introduced to the knowledge of the English (raising the price of his two ponderous volumes from ten shillings to five or six guineas), has quoted whole passages from Kirkton, using in general his very words. And although as a suffering Presbyterian minister Kirkton cannot be
esteemed an impartial writer, yet his very prejudices often afford us the means of discovering the truth. His style is that of the period and class to which he belonged—diffuse and prolix on affairs of little moment, yet not without point, compression, and force on more important occasions; exhibiting some pretence to learning and logical argument, intermixed with a caustic turn towards personal satire, only allayed by the writer's profession, and animated by the zeal of an ancient Covenanter. It remains to inquire how far this venerable champion of Presbyterianism has been fortunate in an editor—a question the more important, since, as we have already hinted, Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe and his author differ diametrically in civil and religious politics.

Mr. Sharpe is already known to the public by a volume of legendary poetry, of which the verse exhibited talents not only for the heroic ballad, but for that arch and playful style of poetry which helps to "add feathers to" the light-some hours of pleasant society. The notes in that work indicate the same talents which we meet in those on Kirkton's work. They evince extensive antiquarian research through the most wearisome and dull volumes, with the singular talent necessary for distinguishing and extracting from them whatever is interesting in point of manners, or curious as an elucidation of principles, and for seasoning the whole with a strong turn for humour seldom exhibited by professed antiquaries. The quantity of curious matter, political, genealogical, and satirical, which he has exhibited in these notes, adds an important value to the edition. To some men these advantages may be counterbalanced by the contrast which the comments afford to the text, for Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, though residing in the land of presbytery, is an Episcopalian and a tory, or rather an old cavalier, with much of the respect for high family, contempt of the Covenants, and dislike of democratical principles proper to that designation. Of course he has not escaped the censure of those industrious literary gentlemen of opposite principles, who have suffered a work always relied upon as one of their chief authorities, to lie dormant for a hundred and forty years, and are now mortified that it should be published by a person of opposite opinions in politics and church-government, as if he had usurped an office to which they had an exclusive title. We cannot listen to these
querulous outeries, unless they alleged (which would be most groundless) that the work had suffered through the infidelity of the editor. In every point of view, we conceive that Kirkton's History has received, from the liveliness of Mr. Sharpe's illustrations upon a subject which is sometimes uncommonly dull, from the art with which he has contrasted the same facts as told by different people, and illustrated heavy details by interesting examples or comments, a value which, edited by some great admirer and worshipper of his own system, it would never have attained.

This is not all, however. Although we consider the experiment of setting up episcopacy as a fair one at the time when it was made, yet now that the experience of nearly a century and a half has shown (what might have been justly doubted in 1680) that the Presbyterian form of church policy is in every respect reconcilable to good order, liberty of conscience, and a limited monarchy, we are disposed to rejoice that the experiment, however promising, did not succeed.

What had been is unknown—what is appears.

Conveying ourselves back to that period, we might have dreaded the revival of that solemn league which carried intolerance and religious persecution in its train, and whose obligations were capable of receiving an interpretation inconsistent with the peace of society; and we might have feared the Presbyterian principle, which, as they then explained, gave the rulers of the church a perpetual pretext for interfering with the civil and even with the military measures of the legislature and secular government. But, in the present day, when we hear no more of league and covenant, with its obligations to extirpate heresy, and when the general assemblies of the church only exercise their necessary and useful jurisdiction in the spiritual affairs which properly fall under their cognizance, we cannot desire that a system so simple, unexpensive, acceptable to the public, and honourable to those by whom it is upheld, should be superseded by any other whatever. Were it necessary to say more, the kirk might appeal to the general moral and respectable conduct of her pastors, as well as to many illustrious names among them, to show that she
needs, for restraining corruption or encouraging merit, no other jurisdiction or power of reward or punishment than she herself possesses upon her present system.

While we say this we are far from uniting our own views of the subject with those of Mr. Sharpe. He has in general attempted the vindication of Charles's administration (indirectly at least), by recriminating on the Whigamoors. He opens an account of murder with them, and reckons confiscation for confiscation, and blood for blood. He contrasts the military and civil executions by the triumphant cavaliers with the dreadful cruelty of the Covenanters after the victory at Philiphaugh, where they massacred their prisoners in cold blood, with the atrocities after taking the fort at Dunaverty, in the Highlands, where, instigated by a wretch called John Nave, the chaplain of the Earl of Loudoun, Collkittock, with nearly two hundred men, who had surrendered on terms of quarter, were put to the sword, and with the judicial murders of Montrose, Gordon of Haddow, Hay, Nathaniel Gordon, the Marquis of Huntley, and much more gentle and noble blood spilled for defending the king and the Episcopal church which they found established in the kingdom. All these counter charges may be true, and they may diminish our personal commiseration for men like Argyle and others, who, active in those dreadful scenes, while they had power, became, when subdued, in their turn the miserable victims of similar cruelties. But justice is immutable, and no degree of guilt committed by the one party authorizes or vindicates similar atrocities on the part of the other. In fact, although there may remain in Scotland many true-blue whigs and stanch cavaliers, to be excessively offended at our neutrality, we must say, that we regard neither party in that ancient kingdom as playing a respectable part during this tumultuous period. Both sides indeed had champions, who fought and suffered with the obstinate valour peculiar to the country; but the peculiarities of either faction, as they existed in England, were inflamed and exaggerated among her less civilized neighbours. The Scottish civil dissensions were stained with crimes and cruelties to which those of England were strangers. The detestable period of the popish plot, when so much blood was so wantonly and unjustly shed, and the after-game of sham-plots set up by the court, did indeed authorize the
historian to say that the two predominating parties in England, "actuated by mutual rage, but cooped up within the narrow limits of the law, levelled with poisoned daggers the most deadly blows against each other's breast, and buried in their factious divisions all regard to truth, honour, and humanity." Still, while subject justly to these reproaches, the headlong torrent whose ravages we deplore, was confined within the boundaries of the law; but in Scotland, reasons of state policy, the thirst of vengeance, the avarice of spoil, the keen and sharpened rage of polemical hatred, the selfish and greedy pursuit of private ends, so often the ruling motives in a delegated government, together with a disregard of personal character peculiar to that age, burst over every restraint, and levelled every bulwark that preserves either rights or liberties. If during their brief domination, the tyranny of the covenanting rulers was more open and avowed; if their clergy maintained spies in the houses of the nobles, and, forgetting their own peaceful profession, embroiled and deepened by their exhortations the horrors of war; if, in their prosperity, they sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind—and in their adversity, were humbled without being humble, it must be acknowledged that the Presbyterians had circumstances of delusion and temptation, as well as of provocation, which the Episcopalians could not allege for the perpetration of similar cruelties and violences after the Restoration. They were almost inevitably engaged in war, and they found themselves suddenly and unexpectedly placed at the head of a martial nation. But the Episcopalians used the same rigours in the time of profound peace, and when there was little chance of resistance, saving that which they themselves might provoke by aggression and severity. Nor could they plead, like the Covenanters, that they used forcible means only to compel a minority of the nation to comply with the wishes of the majority. The establishment of prelacy was endured rather than desired by the greater part even of those who submitted to it, and its favourers ought at least to have gained a majority by persuasion, before attempting to convert a nation by force. The motive of the ministers of Charles we are far from disapproving. To attempt to establish episcopacy might be a fair and legitimate object of policy; and sanctioned as the scheme was by an almost unanimous vote of the legis-
lature, and by the submission of the nation, there is reason
to believe that in time, and with due management, it might
have succeeded. But not even the doctrine of religion, far
less its forms or its exterior policy, can be justly or whole-
somely forced on a nation by breach of laws and invasion
of liberties.

Among many passages in Mr. Sharpe's notes, which
form interesting and curious illustrations of national manners
and individual character, we were particularly interested
and amused by the letters of a certain Anne Keith, by
courtesy Lady Methven, as wife of Patrick Smythe, Baron
of Methven. This lady seems to have been a woman of
high spirit, and animated by anti-covenanting zeal as deter-
mined in favour of episcopacy, as that which many of the
ladies of the period entertained in favour of presbytery.
Her husband, or, as she affectionately terms him, "her
heart's keeper," being in London, this gallant dame herself
called together his vassals for the purpose of dispersing a
field-conventicle which proposed to meet upon his ground.
She marched against them at the head of sixty armed men,
accompanied by the laird's brother, with drawn sword and
cocked pistol; the lady herself with a light horseman's piece
on her left arm, and a drawn tuck in her right hand. The
conventicle, about a thousand strong, sent a hundred men to
encounter her party, to whom the Amazon declared that
she and her followers would "'ware their lives on them
before they should preach in that regality;" and charged
them either to fight or fly. Upon the whole matter, the
Covenanters deemed it surest to retreat, and Lady Methven
and her band went to the parish church to hear a "sacred
minister preach."

"They have sworn," she adds, "not to stand with such an
affronte, but resolves to come the next Lord's day; and I, in the
Lord's strenth, intends to accost them with all that will come to
assist us. I have caused your officer warn a solemn court of
vassals, tennants, and all within our power to meet on Thursday,
where I intend, if God will, to be present, and there to order them
in God and our king's name to convice well armed to the kirkyard
on Sabbath morning by eight ours, where your brother and I, with
all our servant men and others we can mak, shall march to them,
and if the God of Heaven will, they shall either fycht, or goe out
of our parish; but alesse! there is no parish about us will doe the
like, which discuragges our poor handfull; yet if all the erectors
in the parish be loyall and stou, we will mak five hundred men
and boys that may carry armes. I have written to your neve the tresorer of Edin: to send me twa brasse bagbutts of found, and that with the bearer. If they come against Setteward, I will have them with us. My love, present my humbell dewtie to my Lord Marques and my Lady, likways all your friends, and, my blessed love, comfort yourself in this, if the fanaticks chance to kill me, It shall not be for nought. I was wounded for our gracious king, and now in the strength of the Lord God of Heaven, I'll hazard my person with the men I may command, before these rebells rest where ye have power; sore I miss yow, but now mor as ever."—P. 357.

Her second crusade against the Covenanters was as bloodless as the first. She was not herself present, but sent the bailie of the regality with her husband's horses to assist the Marquis of Athol's Highlanders. There was a long chase, and the horses had "a sore tassell among the Ochilhills; the Highlanders also got sore travail, but were rewarded, for they went laden home with less or more." The lady urges the dubious expressions of the laws against the conventicles which, according to her apprehension, directed the appearance but not the reality of force to be exercised against them.

"It is a grievous matter," she says, "that we dare not draw their blood, yet must disperse them—how should that be if they come well armed to fight? The acts against them are for and against—riddles indeed not easy to be understood. My love, if every parish were armed, and the stout loyal heads joining, with orders to concur, and liberty to suppress them as enemies to our king and the nation, these vaguing gipsies would settle."—P. 358.

Though this lady is an ultra-royalist and an enthusiast in her way, we own we give as much credit to Dame Anne Keith for her courage and activity, as we do to Mrs. Hutchinson for her affectionate zeal to her husband and his cause. There are several other letters from her written in the same earnest and determined style. A letter also from the Primate Sharp shows how highly he esteemed her courage and loyalty, which he contrasts with the desperation shown by so many of her sex to tempt their husbands in "that evil time when schism, sedition, and rebellion are gloried in, though Christianity does condemn them as the greatest crimes."

This lady, notwithstanding her spirit and courage, died an early martyr to wounded maternal affection. Her only son, while shooting wild-fowl, was killed by his tutor through an unhappy accident. His mother broke her heart
in consequence of this loss; a circumstance which we are rather surprised not to see enumerated in that terrible chapter of the Cameronian biography, entitled "God's judgment on persecutors." It being (notwithstanding the solemn warning to the contrary afforded in the example of the tower of Siloam) the convenient practice of that sect to term all calamities which happened to befall them or theirs, trials, or at most paternal chastisements: and to ascribe to the direct vengeance of Providence all casualties which happened to their opponents.

We must, however, leave this ample topic, though not before we have said enough to disoblige both parties. As in these happy days we have neither to fear the repentance-stool of the kirk, or the boots of the Episcopal privy-council, we shall endure with much equanimity the harmless thunders with which zealots of either side may reward our critical labours. The balance of guilt, no doubt, inclines heavily on the side of the governors, whose cruel measures drove their unfortunate opponents not only to despair but to madness, and whom we therefore hold responsible for much of the frenzy which they excited, as a brutal driver is justly considered as answerable for the damage done by an overdriven ox. When, however, the question is as to the rationality or decency, much more the sanctity and heroism of the ultra-presbyterians, we confess we could as soon bring ourselves to bow down and worship Aulis, if we met him in Smithfield, with half a score of Whitechapel butchers at his heels, foaming, floundering, tossing, and going whomever he encountered, as to reverence the memory of the Cameronian leaders, or consider them as the objects of any feeling warmer than commiseration, and a sense of the humiliating pass to which persecution can reduce men's understandings.

We have not room to enter fully on the second part of Mr. Sharpe's interesting volume. It contains a particular account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, drawn up by James Russell, one of the assassins. Of this atrocious transaction he writes with much composure, and his account seems to have supplied the materials of Wodrow's narrative. It makes plain one circumstance, that although the opportunity of slaying the bishop strangely and suddenly presented itself, it was a thought which had frequently entered
into the mind of more than the desperate man by whom it was finally executed. For not only the assassin Mitchel, for shooting at him, suffered under circumstances which rendered even his condemnation illegal (such was the dexterity of the government in putting themselves in the wrong), but moreover a rabble in the streets of Edinburgh, headed by a pious sister, the wife of a deceased divine, made an attempt to strangle this obnoxious prelate. "He then escaped," says Kirkton, "only some of them reproached him, calling him Judas and traitor, and one of them laid her hand upon his neck, and told him that neck must pay for it ere all was done, and in this guessed right." (P. 345.) And Russell frankly informs us, not only that it was by many of the Lord's people and ministers judged a duty long since not to suffer such a person to live, "but that he himself had been at meetings with several godly people in other places of the kingdom, who not only judged it their duty to take that wretch's life, but had essayed it twice before;" and he mentions that he had experienced outlettions of the spirit, which had induced him to renew his engagements against Papists, prelates, and indulgences, and to believe that he was to be an actor in cutting off some powerful enemy.

The manner of this singular tragedy is minutely told. David Hackstoun of Rathillet, and John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burley, with Russell the narrator, and nine other persons of inferior rank, all well armed, rendezvoused at Gilston Muir, in the county of Fife, in order to search for and slay a magistrate called Carmichael, who had been active in levying the fines on the non-conformists. They had been encouraged to "clearness in this matter," by one Alexander Smith, a weaver at the Strutherdyke, a very godly man, who desired them all "to go forward, seeing that God's glory was the only motive that was moving them to offer themselves to act for his broken-down work," John Balfour (Burley), afterwards their leader in the action, had his own inspirations besides the strong encouragement which he derived from the respectable authority of the weaver,

"for he, being at Paris his uncle's house, intending towards the Highlands because of the violent rage in Fife, was pressed in spirit to return; and he inquiring the Lord's mind anent it, got
that word born in upon him, 'Go and prosper.' So he coming from prayer, wondering what it could mean, went again and got it confirmed by that Scripture, 'Go, have not I sent you?' whereupon he durst no more question, but presently returned."—P. 413.

Nor was James Russell, the narrator, without his precise revelations for guidance in this matter. It had been borne in upon his mind, during several great out-lettings of the spirit, about a fortnight before, that the Lord would employ him in some special service—that some great man, an enemy to the kirk, was to be cut off. He could not rid his mind of the thoughts of Nero, and asked where he could find the Scripture respecting that tyrant. It does not appear that his companions could point out the text which he looked for concerning Nero; but the impression was so strong as to induce him to enter into a new covenant with the Lord, and to renew all his former vows and engagements against Papists, and prelates, and indulgences.

The minds of this devout party being in such an inflamed state, they prosecuted their search of Carmichael. This man had left off the sport of hunting in which they hoped to have surprised him, having obtained some hint of their kind dispositions towards him. But as the disappointed assassins were about to disperse, a boy, despached by the gude-wife of Baldinny, brought them unexpected intelligence.

"'Gentlemen, there is the bishop's coach, our gude-wife desired me to tell you;' which they seeing betwixt Ceres and Blebohole, said, 'Truly, this is of God, and it seemeth that God hath delivered him into our hands; let us not draw back, but pursue;' for all looked on it, considering the former circumstances, as a clear call from God to fall upon him."—P. 414.

The command of this party of enthusiasts was offered to Hackstoun of Rathillett, as the man of highest rank. But as he declined the office, that the glory of the action might not be sullied by its being ascribed to a private grudge which existed betwixt him and the prelate, it was tendered to and accepted by the famous John Balfour of Burley, who gave the word of command, saying,

"'Gentlemen, follow me.' Whereupon all the nine (two of them had accidentally separated from the party) rode what they could to Magus-muir, the hill at the nearest, and Andrew Henderson riding afore, being best mounted, and saw them when he was on the top of the hill, and all the rest came up and rode very hard, for the coach was driving hard; and being come near Magus, George Freman and James Russell riding into the town, and
James asked at the goodman if that was the bishop’s coach? He fearing, did not tell, but one of his servants, a woman, came running to him, and said it was the bishop’s coach, and she seemed to be overjoyed; and James riding towards the coach, to be sure, seeing the bishop looking out at the door, cast away his cloak and cried, Judas, be taken! The bishop cried to the coachman to drive; he firing at him, crying to the rest to come up, and the rest throwing away their cloaks except Rathillet, fired into the coach driving very fast about half a mile, in which time they fired several shots in at all parts of the coach, and Alexander Henderson seing one Wallace having a cock’d carrabine going to fire, gript him in the neck, and threw him down and pulled it out of his hand. Andrew Henderson outran the coach, and stroke the horse in the face with his sword; and James Russell coming to the postilling, commanded him to stand, which he refusing, he stroke him on the face and cut down the side of his shine, and striking at the horse next brake his sword, and gripping the rings of the foremost horse in the farthest side: George Fleman fir’d a pistol in at the north side of the coach beneath his left arm, and saw his daughter dight of the furage; and riding forward, gripping the horses’ bridles in the nearest side and held them still, George Balfour fired likewise, and James Russell got George Fleman’s sword and lighted off his horse, and ran to the coach door, and desired the bishop to come forth, Judas. He answered he never wronged man: James declared before the Lord that it was no particular interest, nor yet for any wrong that he had done to him, but because he had betrayed the church as Judas, and had wrung his hands these eighteen or nineteen years in the blood of the saints, but especially at Pentland; and Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Mitchell and James Learmonth; and they were sent by God to execute his vengeance on him this day, and desired him to repent and come forth: and John Balfour on horseback said, Sir, God is our witness that it is not for any wrong thou hast done to me, nor yet for any fear of what thou could do to me, but because thou hast been a murderer of many a poor soul in the kirk of Scotland, and a betrayer of the church, and an open enemy and persecutor of Jesus Christ and his members, whose blood thou hast shed like water on the earth, and therefore thou shalt die and fired a pistol; and James Russell desired him again to come forth and make him for death, judgement, and eternity; and the bishop said, Save my life and I will save all yours. James answered, that he knew that it was not in his power either to save or to kill us, for there was no saving of his life, for the blood that he had shed was crying to heaven for vengeance on him, and thrust his shabel at him. John Balfour desired him again to come forth, and he answered, I will come to you, for I know you are a gentleman and will save my life; but I am gone already and what needs more? And another told him of keeping up of a pardon granted by the king for nine persons of Pentland, and then at the back side of the coach thrust a sword at him, threatening him to go forth; whereupon he went forth, and falling upon his knees, said, For God’s
sake, save my life; his daughter falling on her knees, begging his life also. But they told him that he should die, and desired him to repent and make for death. Alexander Henderson said, Seeing there has been lives taken for you already, and if ours be taken it shall not be for nought; he rising off his knees went forward, and John Balfour stroke him in the face, and Andrew Henderson stroke him on the hand and cut it, and John Balfour rode him down; whereupon he, laying upon his face as if he had been dead, and James Russell hearing his daughter say to Wallace that there was life in him yet, in the time James was disarming the rest of the bishop's men, went presently to him and cast off his hat, for it would not cut at first, and hacked his head in pieces.”—Pp. 416-418.

Mr. Sharpe's industry has traced some curious particulars of James Russell, who so coolly narrates his own share in this horrible transaction. He was afterwards a captain among the insurgents at Bothwell bridge. He occasioned a good deal of schism among the suffering remnant, being a person not only “of a hot and fiery spirit,” which is evident from his narrative, but also, which could less easily have been anticipated, one of a very nice and scrupulous conscience, extending the duty of disowning the prelatic government beyond the bounds adopted even by the most scrupulous Presbyterians. He quarrelled with the heathen names given to the days of the week and months of the year. Whereas it was generally regarded as lawful to pay all public burdens excepting cess, he abhorred, as a base compliance, even paying customs at ports and bridges, and upon this ultra-scrupulosity separated from the communion of the brethren. Russell was followed in his schism by three men, a boy, and seven or eight women, who were to the Cameronians what the Circumcellions in Africa were to the Donatists, or rather what the Camerons themselves were to moderate Presbyterians. The Cameronian societies when “refreshed” by the return of Mr. James Renwick from Holland, and exhorted to lift up (in the language of the times) and display the fallen banner of the church, became anxious to recall these scattered sheep from their wanderings in the wilderness. They despatched missionaries to the dissenters,

"to whom they feelingly described the great gifts of Mr. James Renwick, and, in the name of the general meeting, invited them to partake of that rich and unspeakable blessing, the Lord hath bestowed. But their eloquence was of no avail; for the three men, the boy and the women declared that they would neither listen to
Renwick, nor join with them, insisting on the abomination of paying customs at ports and markets, though they were willing to pay them at boats and bridges; 'and as for days of the week, and months of the year, they own the same was not a ground of separation, yet adhered to that paper given in by James Russell to the general meeting anent the same.'—P. 401.

What became of Russell afterwards does not appear, but we are inclined to think that he was the person who, having commenced the killing trade on the person of Sharp, afterwards carried it on as a physician in London, and lived there for several years after the Revolution.

Respecting the principal action of Russell's life, various opinions have been entertained. A gentleman of fortune and military rank, the descendant of the celebrated John Balfour of Burley, has hurled down the gauntlet (in the Scottish Magazine) to all cavaliers of the day, Jedediah Cleishbotham included, declaring himself too proud of "his great progenitor to refuse either his name to his life, or his hand to his defence." As the wager of battle is not received among the canons of criticism, we can only reply to this bold defiance by the expostulation of the poet,—

"What will you do, renowned Falconbridge? Succour a villain and a murderer?"

On the whole, if Archbishop Sharp was a persecutor of the Covenanters while he lived, a scandal to them in the manner of his death, and a stumbling-block and shibboleth to them after he was no more, the question of the justice of his death being illegally pressed upon every prisoner of their faction, it can hardly be said even now that the sinister influence of his name has ceased to affect those who cannot divide their just attachment to the kirk of Scotland from a doting and depraved admiration of men who, far from having put on religion, seem, from their own narrative, to have stripped themselves of every ordinary feeling of humanity. What should we now say of the memory of Ridley and Latimer, had they encouraged their followers to waylay and murder Pole or Bonnar? We know thousands who have adored the name of Hampden, and some who could even admire that of Cromwell; but we never heard of any who made a saint of Hugh Peters or Ludovic Claxton. As to the pretended share which these enthusiasts are supposed to have taken in the Revolution, there is extant on the subject
their own formal resolutions taken at a general meeting on the 24th October, 1688, in which, after deliberating how far they could concur in conscience with the Prince of Orange, whose landing was then expected, they determined thus: "It was concluded unanimously, that we could not have an association with the Dutch in one body, nor come formally under their conduct, being such a promiscuous conjunction of Lutherans, malignants, and sectaries, to join with whom were repugnant to the testimony of the Church of Scotland." This rational decision at such an important crisis shows these enlightened persons' zeal for civil and religious liberty to have been similar to the refined parental affection of the French lady of rank, who suffered her infant to starve rather than feed it out of any dish but a porcelain one.

This singular and entertaining volume is embellished by etchings of the well-known Duke of Lauderdale and his duchess, who has much the air of what she was, a woman of gallantry, rather too old for the profession; and of Archbishop Sharp, whose countenance neither augurs ambition nor pride, but seems, on the contrary, grave and evangelical: two curious vignettes are also given, one representing an allegorical defence of the candlesticks of the church by two sturdy whigs: the other a bas-relief on the sumptuous tomb of Sharp, exhibiting the scene of his murder. There is another curious etching from a picture of the battle of Bothwell bridge, preserved at Dalkeith House; the original, however, has not the merit of exhibiting an accurate landscape; for the houses on the right hand bank of the Clyde, some of which, coeval with the battle, are still standing, are whimsically transferred to the left bank. The reader owes these illustrations to the editor, who is distinguished by his genius and execution as an amateur of the art.
LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN HOME.*

[Quarterly Review, June, 1827.]

The memory of Mr. Home, as an author, depends, in England, almost entirely upon his celebrated tragedy of Douglas, which not only retains the most indisputable possession of the stage, but produces a stronger effect on the feelings of the audience, when the parts of Douglas and Lady Randolph are well filled, than almost any tragedy since the days of Otway. There may be something of chance in having hit upon a plot of such general interest, and no author has been more fortunate in seeing the creatures of his imagination personified by the first performers which England could produce. But it is certain, that to be a favourite with those whose business it is to please the public, a tragedy must possess, in a peculiar degree, the means of displaying their powers to advantage; and it is equally clear, that the subject of Douglas, however felicitous in itself, was well suited to the talents of the writer, who treated it so as to enable them to accomplish a powerful effect on the feelings of successive generations of men.

It must be interesting, therefore, to the public, to know the history and character of that rarest of all writers in the present age—a successful tragic author; by which, we understand, one whose piece has not only received ephemeral success, but has established itself on the stage as one of the best acting plays in the language. There is also much of interest about Home himself, as his character is drawn, and his habits described, in the essay prefixed to these volumes, by the venerable author of the Man of Feeling, who, himself very far advanced in life, still cherishes the love of let-

† [Mr. MacKenzie died at Edinburgh, 14th January, 1831, in his
ters, and condescends to please at once and instruct those of the present day, who are attached to such pursuits, by placing before them a lively picture of those predecessors at whose feet he was brought up.

Neither is it only to Scotland that these annals are interesting. There were men of literature in Edinburgh before she was renowned for romances, reviews, and magazines—

"Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona;"

and a single glance at the authors and men of science who dignified the last generation, will serve to show that, in those days there were giants in the North. The names of Hume, Robertson, Fergusson, stand high in the list of British historians. Adam Smith was the father of the economical system in Britain, and his standard work will long continue the text-book of that science. Dr. Black, as a chemist, opened that path of discovery which has since been prosecuted with such splendid success. Of metaphysicians, Scotland boasted, perhaps, but too many: to Hume and Fergusson, we must add Reid, and, though younger, yet of the same school, Mr. Dugald Stewart. In natural philosophy, Scotland could present Professor Robison, James Watt, whose inventions have led the way to the triumphs of human skill over the elements, and Clerk, of Eldin, who taught the British seaman the road to assured conquest. Others we could mention; but these form a phalanx, whose reputation was neither confined to their narrow, poor, and rugged native country, nor to England and the British dominions, but known and respected wherever learning, philosophy, and science were honoured.

It is to this distinguished circle, or, at least, to the greater part of its members, that Mr. Mackenzie introduces his readers; and they must indeed be void of curiosity who do not desire to know something more of such men than can be found in their works, and especially when the communication is made by a contemporary so well entitled to ask, and so well qualified to command, attention. We will endeavour, in the first place, to give some account of Mr. Home's life and times, as we find them detailed by this excellent

86th year. A monument, bearing an appropriate inscription, has since been erected to his memory in the Greyfriars' churchyard of Edinburgh.]
biographer, and afterwards more briefly advert to his cha-
acter as an author.

Mr. John Home was the son of Mr. Alexander Home, 
town-clerk of Leith. His grandfather was a son of Mr. 
Home, of Floss, a lineal descendant of Sir James Home, of 
Coldingknowes, ancestor of the present Earl of Home. 
The poet, as is natural to a man of imagination, was tena-
cious of being descended from a family of rank, whose re-
presentatives were formerly possessed of power scarcely 
inferior to that of the great Douglasses, and well nigh as 
fatal both to the crown and to themselves. We have seen 
a copy of verses addressed by Home to Lady Kinloch, of 
Gilmerton, in which he contrasts his actual situation with 
his ancient descent. 'They begin nearly thus,—for it must 
be noticed we quote from memory:

"Sprung from the ancient nobles of the land, 
Upon the ladder's lowest round I stand:"

and the general tone and spirit are those of one who feels 
himself by birth and spirit placed above a situation of de-
pendence to which for the time he was condemned. The 
same family pride glances out in our author's History of the 
Rebellion of 1745, in the following passage:

"At Dunbar the Earl of Home joined Sir John Cope. He was 
then an officer in the Guards, and thought it a duty to offer his 
service, when the king's troops were in the field. He came to 
Dunbar, attended by one or two servants. There were not wanting 
persons upon this occasion to make their remarks, and observe the 
mighty change which little more than a century had produced in 
Scotland.

"It was known to everybody, who knew anything of the history 
of their country, that the ancestors of this noble lord (once the 
most powerful peers in the south of Scotland) could, at a short 
warning, have raised in their own territories a body of men, 
whose approach that Highland army, which had got possession of 
the capital of Scotland (and was preparing to fight the whole mili-
tary force in that kingdom) would not have dared to wait."—
Vol. iii, pp. 76, 77.

This love or pride of family was the source of another 
peculiarity in Mr. Home. Aristotle mentions the mispro-
nouncing of a man's name as one of the most disagreeable 
of insults; and nobody, we believe, is very fond of having 
his name misspelled; but Home was peculiarly sensible on 
this point. The word is uniformly, in Scotland, pronounced 
Hume, and in ancient documents we have seen it written
Heume, Hewme, and Hoome; but the principal branch of the family have long used the present orthography of Home. To Home the poet rigidly stuck fast and firm; and Home he on all occasions defended as the only legitimate shape, to the great entertainment of his friend David (the historian), whose branch of the family (that of Ninewells) had for some, or for no reason, preferred the orthography of Hume, to which the philosopher, though caring, as may be supposed, very little about the matter, naturally adhered. On one occasion, when the poet was high in assertion on this important subject, the historian proposed to settle the question by casting dice which should adopt the other’s mode of spelling their name:

"‘Nay,’ says John, ‘this is a most extraordinary proposal indeed, Mr. Philosopher—for if you lose, you take your own name, and if I lose, I take another man’s name.’ "—Vol. i, p. 164.

Before we leave this subject, we may mention to our readers, that the family pride which is often among the Scotch found descending to those who are in such humble situations as to render it ridiculous, has, perhaps, more of worldly prudence in it, than might at first be suspected. A Clifford, or a Percy, reduced in circumstances, feels a claim of long descent unsuitable to his condition, unavailing in assisting his views in life, and ridiculous as contrasted with them. He therefore sinks, and endeavours to forget, pretensions which his son or grandson altogether loses sight of. On the contrary, the system of entails in Scotland, their extent, and their perpetual endurance, naturally recommend to a Home, or a Douglas, to preserve an account of his genealogy, in case of some event occurring which may make him heir of tailzie to a good estate. And while his attention to pedigree may conduce to some contingent advantage, it influences naturally the feelings of the young Hidalgos upon whom it is inculcated, and who soon learn to prize the genus et proanòs, as being flattering to their vanity, as well as what may, by possibility, tend to advance their fortune. A certain number of calculable chances would have made the author of Douglas the Earl of Home; and, indeed, an epidemic among the Scottish peerage (which Heaven forefend!) would make wild changes when the great roll is next called in Holyrood. Like everything, in short, in this motley world, the family pride of the north country
has its effects of good and of evil. It often leads to a degree of care being bestowed on the education of these juvenile gentillatres, which might otherwise have been neglected; and forms, at the same time, an excitement to honourable struggles for independence, and to many resolutions of adopting the behaviour and sentiments of men of honour, though fortune has denied the means of supporting the figure of gentlemen otherwise. On the other hand, and with less happy dispositions, it sometimes occasions an incongruous alliance of pride and poverty, and exhibits the national character in a point of view equally arrogant and ridiculous.

To return to our subject:—John Home, educated for the Scots Presbyterian church, soon distinguished himself among his contemporaries at college, and ranked with Robertson, Hugh Blair, Adam Ferguson, who attended the same seminary, and others mentioned by Mr. Mackenzie, distinguished by their sense, learning, and talents, although they did not attain, or contend for, literary celebrity. Our author obtained his license to preach the gospel, as a probationer for the ministry (which is equivalent to taking deacon’s orders in England), in the eventful year, still emphatically distinguished in Scotland as the forty-five. The character of the times, however, furnished our young poet with employment more congenial to his temper than the peaceful and retired duties of the profession he had chosen. “The land was burning;” the young chevalier had landed in the Highlands, with only seven followers, and came to try a desperate cast for the crown which his ancestors had lost. The character of Home at this period is thus described by his elegant biographer:

“His temper was of that warm susceptible kind which is caught with the heroic and the tender, and which is more fitted to delight in the world of sentiment than to succeed in the bustle of ordinary life. This is a disposition of mind well suited to the poetical character; and, accordingly, all his earliest companions agree that Mr. Home was from his childhood delighted with the lofty and heroic ideas which embody themselves in the description or narrative of poetry. One of them, nearly a coeval of Mr. Home’s, Dr. A. Ferguson, says, in a letter to me, that Mr. Home’s favourite model of a character, on which, indeed, his own was formed, was that of Young Norval, in his tragedy of Douglas, one endowed with chivalrous valour and romantic generosity, eager for glory beyond every other object, and, in the contempla-
tion of future fame, entirely regardless of the present objects of
interest or ambition."—Vol. i, pp. 6, 7.

For such a character as this to sit inactive when arms
were clashing around him, was impossible. John Home's
profession as a Presbyterian clergyman, his political opin-
ions, and those of his family, decided the cause which he
was to espouse, and he became one of the most active and
eager members of a corps of volunteers, formed for the pur-
pose of defending Edinburgh against the expected assault
of the Highlanders. Under less strong influence of educa-
tion and profession, which was indeed irresistible, it is pos-
sible he might have made a less happy option; for the feel-
ing, the adventure, the romance, the poetry, all that was
likely to interest the imagination of a youthful poet—all, in
short, save the common sense, prudence, and sound reason
of the national dispute—must be allowed to have lain on
the side of the Jacobites. Indeed, although mortally en-
gaged against them, Mr. Home could not, in the latter part
of his life, refrain from tears when mentioning the gallantry
and misfortunes of some of the unfortunate leaders in the
Highland army; and we have ourselves seen his feelings
and principles divide him strangely when he came to speak
upon such topics.

The body of the corps of volunteers, with which Mr.
Home was associated, consisted of about from four to five
hundred; many, doubtless, were gallant young men, students
from the university and so forth—but by far the greater part
were citizens, at an age unfit to take up arms, without pre-
vious habit and experience. They had religious zeal and
political enthusiasm to animate them; but these, though
they make a prodigious addition to the effect of discipline,
cannot supply its place. Cromwell's enthusiasts beat all
the nobility and gentry of England; but the same class of
men, not having the advantage of similar training, fled at
Bothwell bridge, without even waiting to see their enemy.
Many of the Edinburgh corps were moreover Oneyers and
Moneyers, as Falstaff says, men whose words upon 'change
would go much farther than their blows in battle. Most had
shops to be plundered, houses to be burned, children to be
brained with Lochaber axes, and wives, daughters, and
favourite handmaidens to be treated according to the rules of
war. When, therefore, it was proposed to the volunteers
to march out of the city together with what was called the
*Edinburgh Regiment*,—a very indifferent body of men,
who had been levied and embodied for the nonce,—and sup-
ported by two regular regiments of dragoons, called Gardi-
ners’s and Hamilton’s, which were expected to bear the brunt
of the battle,—we are informed by a contemporary author,*
that—

"The provost had no power to order the volunteers out of town: he only consented that as many as pleased should be allowed to
march out. But it seems they had as little inclination to go as he
had power to order them. A few of them made a faint effort, but
'tis said, met with opposition from some of the zealously affected,
who represented to them the infinite value of their lives in com-
parison of those ruffians, the Highlanders:—this opposition they
were never able to overcome."

The arrangement, however, was made; the dragoons
were paraded on the *High-street*, and the fire-bell rang for
the volunteers to assemble, a signal for which the provost
was afterwards highly censured, perhaps because, instead of
rousing the hearts of the volunteers like the sound of a trum-
pet, it rather reminded them of a passing-knell. They did
assemble, however; but their relations (according to our
poet’s account) assembled also, mixed in their ranks, and
while the men reasoned and endeavoured to dissuade their
friends from so rash an adventure, the women expostulated,
complained, and wept, embracing their husbands, sons, and
brothers, and by the force of their tears and entreaties, melt-
ing down the fervour of their resolutions. At last the bat-
talion was ordered to move towards the *Westport*, when,
behind the officers complained that their men would not fol-
low, while the men declared that their officers would not
lead the way. The bravest hearts were cast down by the
general consternation. We remember an instance of a stout
whig and a very worthy man, a writing-master by occupa-
tion, who had ensconced his bosom beneath a professional
cuirass, consisting of two quires of long foolscap writing
paper; and doubtful that even this defence might be unable
to protect his valiant heart from the claymores, amongst

* We quote from a pamphlet entitled *A True Account of the
  Behaviour and Conduct of Archibald Stewart, Esq., late Lord
  Provost of Edinburgh, in a Letter to a Friend*; London, 1748; a
  production which there is strong evidence, both external and
  internal, for attributing to the pen of David Hume.
which its impulses might carry him, had written on the out-
side, in his best flourish, "This is the body of J——
M——; pray give it Christian burial." Even this hero,
prepared as one practised how to die, could not find it in
his heart to accompany the devoted battalion farther than
the door of his own house, which stood conveniently open
about the head of the Lawn Market. The descent of the
Bow presented localities and facilities equally convenient
for desertion; and the pamphleteer, whom we have already
quoted, assures us that a friend of his, who had made a
poetical description of the march of the volunteers from the
Lawn Market to the Westport, when they went out, or,
more properly, seemed to be about to go out, to meet the
ruthless rebels, had invented a very magnificent simile to
illustrate his subject. "He compared it to the course of
the Rhine, which rolling pompously its waves through fer-
tile fields, instead of augmenting in its course, is continually
drawn of by a thousand canals, and at last becomes a small
rivulet, which loses itself in the sands before it reaches the
ocean!"

The behaviour of the doughty dragoons themselves,
"whose business it was to die," was even less edifying
than that of the citizen volunteers; whose business it was,
as Fluellen says to Pistol, "to live and eat their victuals;"
and though it leads us something off our course, yet, as
Mr. Home's history of the forty-five forms a part of the
work now before us, the following lively description (from
the pen, it is believed, of his distinguished friend David)
will not be altogether impertinent to the subject, and may
probably amuse the reader. After remarking that cavalry
ought to have the same advantage over irregular infantry,
which veteran infantry possess over cavalry, and that par-
ticularly in the case of Highlanders, whom they encounter
with their own weapon, the broadsword, and who neither
formed platoons, nor had bayonets, or any other long
weapon to withstand a charge—after noticing, moreover,
that if it were too sanguine to expect a victory, Brigadier
Fowke, who commanded two regiments of cavalry, might,
at least, have made a leisurely and regular retreat, though
he had advanced within a musket-shot of his enemy, be-
fore a column that could not turn out five mounted horse-
men, he proceeds thus:
"Before the rebels came within sight of the king's forces, before they came within three miles distance of them, orders were issued to the dragoons to wheel, which they immediately did with the greatest order and regularity imaginable. As it is known that nothing is more beautiful than the evolutions and movements of cavalry, the spectators stood in expectation what fine warlike manœuvre they might terminate in; when new orders were immediately issued to retreat, they immediately obeyed and began to march in the usual pace of cavalry. Orders were repeated every furlong to quicken their pace, and both precept and example concurred, they quickened it so well that, before they reached Edinburgh, they had quickened it to a pretty smart gallop. They passed in inexpressible hurry and confusion through the narrow lanes at Barefoot's parks, in the sight of all the north part of the town, to the infinite joy of the disaffected, and equal grief and consternation of all the other inhabitants: they rushed like a torrent down to Leith, where they endeavoured to draw breath; but some unlucky boy (I suppose a Jacobite in his heart) calling to them that the Highlanders were approaching, they immediately took to their heels again and galloped to Prestonpans, about six miles farther. There, in a literal sense, timor addidit alas, their fear added wings, I mean to the rebels. For otherwise, they could not possibly have imagined that these formidable enemies could be within several miles of them. But at Prestonpans the same alarm was repeated. The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! They galloped to North Berwick, and being now about twenty miles on the other side of Edinburgh, they thought they might safely dismount from their horses and look out for victuals. Accordingly, like the ancient Grecian heroes, each began to kill and dress his provisions: egit amor dapis atque pugnae; they were actuated by the desire of supper and of battle. The sheep and turkeys of North Berwick paid for this warlike disposition. But behold the uncertainty of human happiness! When the mutton was just ready to be put upon the table, they heard, or thought they heard, the same cry of the Highlanders. Their fear proved stronger than their hunger, they again got on horseback, but were informed time enough of the falseness of the alarm to prevent the spoiling of their meal. By such rudiments as these the dragoons were instructed, till at last they became so perfect at their lesson, that at the battle of Preston they could practise it of themselves, though even there the same good example was not wanting. I have seen an Italian opera, called Cesare in Egitto, or Cæsar in Egypt, where, in the first scene, Cæsar is introduced in a great hurry, giving orders to his soldiers, fugge, fugge, allo scampo—fly, fly, to your heels. This is a proof that the commander at the Colibridge is not the first hero that gave such orders to his troops."

While the regular troops were thus in hasty retreat, John Home and some few others of his more zealous brethren

* Account of the behaviour, &c. of Archibald Stewart, Esq.
among the volunteers, were trying to overcome apprehensions in the corps at large, similar to those which drove the dragoons eastward, but which had the contrary effect of detaining the citizens within the circuit of their walls. Poets being "of imagination all compact," are supposed to be more accessible than other men to the passion of fear; but there are numerous exceptions, and one scarcely wonders that the author of Douglas should have resembled, in that part of his character, the father of Grecian tragedy, thus described by Home’s friend, Collins, in the Ode to Fear:

"Yet he the bard, who first invoked thy name,
Disdained at Marathon thy power to feel,
For not alone he nursed the poet’s flame,
But reached from virtue’s hand the patriot’s steel."

In spite, however, of exhortation and example, the volunteers gave up their arms, and it only remained for Home, and the few who retained spirit enough for such an enterprise, to sally out and unite themselves with Sir John Cope, who had, as the song says, just—

"landed at Dunbar
Right early in the morning."

John Home determined, however, to carry some intelligence, at least, which might be useful, and, for this purpose, he ventured to visit the bivouac of Prince Charles’s army, which was in what is called the king’s park, in a hollow, lying betwixt the two hills—Arthur’s seat and Salisbury craigs. Food had been just served out, and, as they were sitting in ranks on the ground, he had an opportunity of counting this handful of half-armed mountaineers, who came to overturn an established government, and to change the destinies of a mighty empire. They did not exceed two thousand men; and Home’s description of their appearance, as he gave it to Sir John Cope, is no unfavourable example of his prose style of composition.

"The general asked what sort of appearance they made, and how they were armed. The volunteer (i. e. Home himself) answered, that most of them seemed to be strong, active, and hardy men; that many of them were of a very ordinary size, and, if clothed like Lowcountry men, would (in his opinion) appear inferior to the king’s troops; but the Highland garb favoured them much, as it showed their naked limbs, which were strong and muscular: that their stern countenances, and bushy uncombed hair, gave them a fierce, barbarous and imposing aspect. As to
their arms, he said that they had no cannon or artillery of any sort, but one small iron gun which he had seen without a carriage, lying upon a cart, drawn by a little Highland horse; that about 1,400 or 1,500 of them were armed with firelocks and broadswords; that their firelocks were not similar nor uniform, but of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fusées, and fowling-pieces; that some of the rest had firelocks without swords, and some of them swords without firelocks; that many of their swords were not Highland broadswords, but French; that a company or two (about 100 men), had each of them in his hand the shaft of a pitchfork, with the blade of a scythe fastened to it, somewhat like the weapon called the Lochaber axe, which the town-guard soldiers carry; but all of them, he added, would be soon provided with firelocks, as the arms belonging to the Trained Bands of Edinburgh had fallen into their hands. Sir John Cope dismissed the volunteer, with many compliments for bringing him such certain and accurate intelligence."—Vol. iii, pp. 75, 76.

Of the zealous services of the few but faithful volunteers who did leave Edinburgh, Mr. Home gives us a slight account; but we cannot help rendering it a little more particular, having heard it more than once from the lips of a man of equal worth and humour, and a particular intimate of the author of Douglas. We firmly believe, though we cannot say it with absolute certainty, that Mr. Home was of the party now reduced to five or six, whose proceedings we are about to describe.

We will not be quite so particular as our venerable informer, in describing the marchings, and countermarchings, which the determined squad made through East Lothian, calling at every ale-house of reputation, to drink success to the Protestant cause, and endeavouring to collect news of Sir John Cope and his army. Indeed it would be rather tedious, as our authority, though very entertaining, was something minute in the narrative, and spared us not a single rizard haddock, which went to recruit their bodily strength, or a single chopin of twopenny, or muckkin of brandy, which served to support their manly spirit for the approaching conflict. At length, they joined Sir John Cope and offered their service. Poor Johnnie, the object of so much satire and ridicule, was, in fact, by no means either a coward or a bad soldier, or even a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with which he was conversant, especially as he was perfectly acquainted with the routine of his profession,
and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On the present occasion, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault. He well knew that the high-road from Edinburgh to the south, lies along the coast, and it seems never to have occurred to him that it was possible the Highlanders might choose, even by preference, to cross the country and occupy the heights, at the bottom of which the public road takes its course, and thus have him and his army in so far at their mercy, that they might avoid, or bring on battle at their sole pleasure. On the contrary, Sir John trusted that their Highland courtesy would induce them, if they moved from Edinburgh, to come by the very road on which he was advancing towards that city, and thus meet him on equal terms. Under this impression, the general sent two of the volunteers, who chanced to be mounted, and knew the country, to observe the coast road, especially towards Musselburgh. They rode on their exploratory expedition, and coming to that village, which is about six miles from Edinburgh, avoided the bridge, to escape detection, and crossed the Esk, it being then low water, at a place nigh its junction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug, thatched tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman, called Lucky F——, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrol were both bon vivants—one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, as it is called, of the college of justice, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie's sign, and the heap of oyster shells deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn hope as the wine house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muleteer. They had scarcely got settled at some right pandores, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky North Country lad, a writer's (i.e. attorney's) apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip, and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie. He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business; he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He, therefore, placed himself in ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which
was then, and for many years afterwards, the only place of crossing the Esk: "and how he contrived it," our narrator used to proceed, "I never could learn; but the courage and assurance of the province from which he came, are proverbial. In short, the Norland whipper-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of my two poor friends, before they could draw a trigger." Here our excellent friend was apt to make a pause, and hurry to the scene of slaughter which the field exhibited in the afternoon. A little cross-examination, however, easily brought out the termination of the campaign, so far as concerned our faithful remnant of volunteers now reduced to five or six.

When the party which marched with Cope's army had arrived at the spot where the battle took place on the next morning, it was natural that they should quarter themselves in the house of the father of our narrator (a clergyman), which was in the immediate vicinity of the destined field. Our friend, as was no less natural, recollected a small scantling of Madeira, and it was judged prudent to anticipate the order of the next day by drinking it up themselves. They then went to bed, desiring the maid-servant to call them at sun-rise, or how much sooner the battle should begin. But, alas! the first edge of the sun's disk that rose above the ocean saw both the beginning and the end of the fray, and the volunteers had just dreamed that they heard a cannon shot or two, when the mother of our friend burst into his room, imploring him to hide his arms, for the king's army was totally routed. "We bustled up in a hurry," said our friend, "scarcely thinking the tidings possible; when, from the window, I could see the dragoons, whose nerves had never recovered the Canter of Coltbrigg, as that retreat was called, in full rout, pursued by the whole cavalry of the Highland army, consisting of Lord Elcho, Sir Peter Threipland, and two or three gentlemen, with their grooms." "In short," as our friend expressed himself, "the dragoons and Highlanders divided the honours of the day, and on that occasion, at least, the race was to the swift and the battle to the strong." The sleepers, thus unpleasantly alarmed, were now obliged to conceal or surrender their arms, and employ what remained of their zeal in attending to the wounded, who were brought into the clergyman's house in great numbers dreadfully mangled by the broadswords. One of
the volunteers (for two of the corps actually were in the battle, after all the impediments which oysters, sherry, and old Maderia had thrown in their way) received thirty wounds, yet recovered. His name was Myrie, a Creolian by birth, and a student of medicine at the college of Edinburgh. His comrade, Campbell, escaped by speed of horse. Hence, the verses on the volunteers, in the satiric ballad which old Skirving (father of Skirving the artist) wrote upon this memorable conflict:—

"Of a' the gang nane stood the bane,
   But twa, and ane was ta'en man,
   For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
   And sure he paid the kain* man.
   Fell skelps he got, was worse than shot,
   From the sharp edged claymore man."

If the author of Douglas was, as we believe, one of the party of sleepers thus unpleasantly awakened; the unexpected issue of the combat, and the ghastly spectacle of the wounded, did not prevent him from again engaging—and that scarcely under more fortunate auspices—in the same service.

The town of Glasgow raised a body of volunteers, in which Home obtained the situation of lieutenant. This regiment joined General Hawley on the 13th of January, 1746, and our author was present in the action near Falkirk, which seems to have been as confused an affair as can well be imagined. Hawley had not a better head, and certainly a much worse heart than Sir John Cope, who was a humane, good-tempered man. The new general ridiculed severely the conduct of his predecessor, and remembering that he had seen, in 1715, the left wing of the Highlanders broken by a charge of the Duke of Argyle’s horse, which came upon them across a morass, he resolved to manoeuvre in the same manner. He forgot, however, a material circumstance—that the morass at Sheriffmuir was hard frozen, which made some difference in favour of the cavalry. Hawley’s manoeuvre, as commanded and executed, plunged a great part of his dragoons up to the saddle-laps in the bog, where the Highlanders cut them to pieces with so little trouble, that, as one of the performers assured us, the feat

* Literally, “paid the rent;” equivalent to the English phrase of “paid the reckoning.”
was as easy as slicing bacon. The gallantry of some of the English regiments beat off the Highland charge on another point, and, amid a tempest of wind and rain which has been seldom equalled, the field presented the singular prospect of two armies flying different ways at the same moment. The king’s troops, however, ran fastest and farthest, and were the last to recover their courage; indeed, they retreated that night to Falkirk, leaving their guns, burning their tents, and striking a new panic into the British nation, which was but just recovering from the flutter excited by what, in olden times, would have been called the Raid of Derby. In the drawingroom which took place at Saint James’s on the day the news arrived, all countenances were marked with doubt and apprehension, excepting those of George the Second, the Earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope, who was radiant with joy at Hawley’s discomfiture. Indeed, the idea of the two generals was so closely connected, that a noble peer of Scotland, upon the same day, addressed Sir John Cope by the title of General Hawley, to the no small amusement of those who heard the qui pro quo.

Mr. Home had some share in this action. The Glasgow regiment being newly levied was not honoured with a place in the line, though it certainly could not have behaved worse than some who held that station; they were drawn up beside some cottages on the left of the dragoons, and seem to have stood fast when the others went off. Presently afterwards General Hawley rode past them, in the midst of a disorderly crowd of horse and foot, and he himself apparently considerably discomposed; for he could give no answer to Mr. Home, who asked him for orders, and was solicitous to know whether any regiments were standing, and where they were; but, pointing to a fold for cattle, he desired the volunteers to get in there, and so rode down the hill, the confusion becoming general. After remaining where they had been imprisoned, rather than posted, and behaving with considerable spirit,* Lieutenant Home, his

* Home, in his own History, is silent on the behaviour of the Glasgow regiment, but not so a material chronicler, who wrote a history of the insurrection in doggerel verse indeed, but sufficiently accurate. This author, who is, indeed, no other than Dugald Grahame, bellman of Glasgow, says that the Highlanders, having beaten the horse—

"The south side being fairly won,
They faced north, as had been done:

"
captain, and a few of his men, were taken upon their retreat; they were used with little courtesy by the Highlanders, who made allowances for the opposition which they experienced from the red-coats, but could not see what interest the militia or volunteers had in the matter. Accordingly, when the prisoners, being lodged in gaol at Falkirk, and neglected in the general hurry, became clamorous for provisions—the serjeant of their guard very soberly asked them “what occasion they could possibly have for supper, since they were to be hanged in the morning.”

Their doom, however, was milder: they were imprisoned in the old castle of Doune, on the north side of the Forth, built by one of the dukes of Albany, and their place of confinement was near the top of that very lofty building. Nevertheless, five or six of the prisoners, Home being of the number, proposed the hazardous experiment of an attempt to escape by descending from the battlements, a height of seventy feet, by means of a rope constructed out of slips of their blankets, which they tore up for that purpose. The issue of the attempt vindicates what we have said of Home’s courage and spirit: we will, therefore, give it in his own words:—

“When everything was adjusted, they went up to the battlements, fastened the rope, and about one o’clock in the morning began to descend. The two officers, with Robert Douglas, and one of the men taken up as spies, got down very well; but the fifth man, one of the spies, who was very tall and big, coming down in a hurry, the rope broke with him just as his feet touched the ground. The lieutenant (Home himself), standing by the wall of the castle, called to the volunteer, whose turn it was to come down next, not to attempt it; for that twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Notwithstanding this warning, which he heard distinctly, he put himself upon the rope, and coming down as far as it lasted, let go his hold: his friend Douglas and the lieutenant (who were both of them above the middle size), as soon as they saw him upon the rope (for it was moonlight) put themselves

Where next stood, to bide the crush,
The volunteers, who zealous,
Kept firing close, till near surrounded,
And by the flying horse confounded:
They suffered sair into this place,
No Highlander pittied their case:
“You cursed militia,” they did swear,
“What a devil did bring you here?”

*History of the Rebellion in 1745–1746.*
under him, to break his fall, which in part they did; but falling from so great a height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ankles, and broke several of his ribs. In this extremity the lieutenant raised him from the ground, and taking him upon his back, for he was slender and not very tall, carried him towards the road which led to Alloa. When the lieutenant was not able to go any farther with his burden, other two of the company holding each of them one of Mr. Barrow's arms, helped him to hop along upon one leg. In this manner they went on very slowly, a mile or so; but thinking that, at the rate they proceeded, they would certainly be overtaken, they resolved to call at the first house they should come to. When they came to a house, they found a friend; for the landlord, who rented a small farm, was a whig, and as soon as he knew who they were, ordered one of his sons to bring a horse from the stable, take the lame gentleman behind him, and go as far as his assistance was necessary. Thus equipped, they went on by Alloa to Tulliyallan, a village near the sea, where they hired a boat to carry them off to the Vulture sloop-of-war, which was lying at anchor in the Frith of Forth. Captain Falconer of the Vulture received them very kindly, and gave them his barge to carry them to Queensferry."—Vol. iii, pp. 173–174.

The volunteer who suffered on this occasion was Thomas Barrow. This is the mutual friend of Home and Collins, "the cordial youth" referred to in the ode on the Highland superstitions, addressed by the latter to the former poet. When Mr. Home's connection with the great enabled him to serve his friends, Barrow was not forgotten; and Barrow repaid the obligation by making Home acquainted with Collins, who, in consequence, delighted with the legends of mystery which Home repeated to him, composed that beautiful ode, which is certainly one of the most pleasing and poetical of his compositions.

We are now done with Mr. Home's military exploits and hazards, on which we have, perhaps, dwelt too long, though it must be remembered that our author was the historiographer of that period. His studies were resumed, "and chiefly," says his biographer, were "such as to lead his mind to that lofty and martial sentiment, the swell of which is one of the nurses of poetry."

"Amidst his classical and poetical reading, however, Mr. Home occupied himself not only in the studies of ethics and divinity, but also in the composition of sermons. But even at these moments, it would seem as if his mind was constrained, not changed, from its favourite bent; for, on the backs, or blank interstices of the papers containing some of his earliest composed sermons, there
are passages of poetry, written in a more or less perfect state, as
the inspiration or leisure of the moment prompted or allowed.—
Vol. i, p. 33.

Mr. Home was appointed in the year 1746 minister of
Athelstoneford, in East Lothian, a locality which he has
not forgotten in his celebrated tragedy, having fixed the
apprehended descent of the Danes

——"near to that place where the sea-rock immense,
Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land."

Mr. Home's leisure, although his clerical duties were not
only regularly, but strictly attended to, naturally induced
him to indulge his poetical taste, and without, perhaps, sus-
pecting the scandal the choice might occasion, to direct it
towards dramatic composition. Admiring Plutarch, as that
biographer must be admired by all who have the least pre-
tension to poetical imagination, and being, as Mr. Macken-
zei informs us, attached, like most other young men of
ardent minds, to the republican form of government, he
selected from the storehouse of the old Grecian the story of
Agis, without, perhaps, minutely inquiring whether the
subject had enough of general interest in itself to support
the dialogue through five acts, or was likely to be much
improved by the ordinary receipt of a love-intrigue, awk-
wardly dovetailed into the general plot.

About the end of 1749 he went to London, and tendered
his play to Garrick; but the author, at that time, was an un-
known Scottish clergyman, and the manager, whose interest
was always best secured by distinction, patronage, or liter-
ary reputation at least, declined bringing the piece forward.
Under the feelings of mortification to find neglect

"his only meed,
(And heavy falls it on so proud a head),"

the unsuccessful tragedian made a pilgrimage to the tomb of
Shakespeare, and there wrote a copy of verses, imploring
the deceased bard to transmute him into a marble image,
and fix him beside his monument, since he had not obtained
the opportunity of fascinating the public by tragic powers
resembling his own.

On Home's return to Scotland, he continued his dramatic
labours under better auspices. The old ballad of Gil Mor-
rice, supplied him with a plot of simple, yet engrossing and
general interest, upon which the tragedy of Douglas was composed, among the universal applause of the literary associates of the author, which circle already comprehended the first order of Edinburgh literati—Lord Elibank, David Hume, Mr. Wedderburn, Dr. Adam Ferguson, &c. A second journey to London—a second application to Garrick, met with a similar rebuff as in the case of Agis: the manager pronounced the play totally unfit for the stage. There might, indeed, be another reason for this rejection: Garrick was naturally partial to those pieces in which he himself could appear to advantage, and, though not more than forty years of age, he was scarcely, in 1746, the natural representative of the stripling Douglas.

The friends of the author were of a different opinion from the English manager, and determined to try the experiment of a play written by a Scotsman, and produced, for the first time, on a provincial stage—so that of Edinburgh was now to be termed. Its reception of Douglas, as appears from the following account by Mr. Mackenzie, was as brilliant as the author's friends, nay, the author himself, could have desired:

"Dr. Carlyle, who sometimes witnessed the rehearsals, expresses in his Memoirs,* his surprise and admiration at the acting of Mrs. Ward, who performed Lady Randolph. Digges was the Douglas of the piece, his supposed father was played by Hayman, and Glenalvon, by Love; actors of very considerable merit, and afterwards of established reputation on the London stage. But Mrs. Ward's beauty (for she was very beautiful) and feeling, tutored with the most zealous anxiety by the author and his friends, charmed and affected the audience as much, perhaps, as has ever been accomplished by the very superior actresses of after-times. I was then a boy, but of an age to be sometimes admitted as a sort of page to the tea-drinking parties of Edinburgh. I have a perfect recollection of the strong sensation which Douglas excited among its inhabitants. The men talked of the rehearsals; the ladies repeated what they had heard of the story; some had procured as a great favour, copies of the most striking passages, which they recited at the earnest request of the company. I was present at the representation; the applause was enthusiastic, but a better criterion of its merits was the tears of the audience, which the tender part of the drama drew forth unsparingly. 'The town,' says Dr. Carlyle (and I can vouch how truly), 'was in an uproar

* Unfortunately, we believe, for the public, these Memoirs are still in MS. From what we have heard, they abound in very curious matter.
of exultation, that a Scotsman should write a tragedy of the first rate, and that its merits were first submitted to them."—Vol. i, pp. 37-40.

But, with the voice of praise arose, in startling disunion, a loud note of censure. Betwixt the two parties which divide the church of Scotland, one (to which it may be easily believed John Home did not belong) was, and in some degree still is, distinguished by a certain shade of puritanism, which, when arising from a sincerely scrupulous conscience, and combined with a Christian charity towards those who may differ in opinion, merits, not merely pardon, but profound respect—but is not entitled to the same indulgence when it assumes to itself an intolerant character. These zealous professors, above all other men, abhorring the doctrines of Rome nominally, did not, perhaps, very far depart from them in principle, when they affirmed it was the duty of a sincere Christian to abstain from certain harmless pleasures, indifferent, nay, moral in themselves. They allowed their followers to gorge upon beef and pudding on fast-days, as well as holidays; but dancing, music, dramatic representation, and other lighter amusements, though as harmless, when practised with moderation, as food to the palate, were sternly interdicted.

It must be, indeed, admitted that the practice of the stage had been, during the preceding century, such as gave the censors much room to argue, from the abuse, against even the use of the theatre. It is not, however, our purpose here to enter into a controversy, which has, in a manner, died away of itself, but which existed, at the time we treat of, in all the gall of bitterness. In such a temper of the public mind, it was not wonderful that the appearance of a tragedy, written by a Presbyterian clergyman, and attended and applauded by many of his brethren, and those of great reputation for learning and talents, should appear to many like a "waxing dim of the fine gold,"—an innovation on the strictness of principle and purity of manners esteemed essential to the church of Scotland.

"The presbytery of Edinburgh published a solemn admonition on the subject, beginning with expressions of deep regret at the growing irreligion of the times, particularly the neglect of the Sabbath,* but calculated chiefly to warn all persons within their

* "Yet at that time in Edinburgh there was much more regard
bounds, especially the young, and those who had the charge of youth, against the danger of frequenting stage-plays and theatrical entertainments, of which the presbytery set forth the immoral and pernicious tendency, at considerable length.

"This step of the presbytery, like all other overstrained proceedings of that nature, provoked resistance and ridicule on the part of the public. The wags poured forth parodies, epigrams, and songs. These were, in general, not remarkable for their wit or pleasantry, though some of them were the productions of young men, afterwards eminent in letters or in station."—Vol. i, p. 49.

We have a collection of these productions on our table at this moment; and it must be owned that it contains more trash and nonsense than could have been expected to have been produced by a general controversy in the eighteenth century. Here follows a specimen, taken where the book chanced to open:

"It is agreed upon, by sober pagans themselves, that play-actors are the most profligate wretches, and vilest vermin, that hell ever vomited out; that they are the filth and garbage of the earth, the scum and stain of human nature, the excrements and refuse of all mankind, the pests and plagues of human society; the debauchers of men's minds and morals; unclean beasts, idolatrous papists or atheists, and the most horrid and abandoned villains that ever the sun shone upon."

Truly these are very bitter words; the zeal of such a controversialist is like that imputed by Dryden to Jeremy Collier, which, if it had not eaten the disputants up, must be allowed to have devoured all sense of decency and good manners. Of course there were other censures, expressed in a decent and moderate tone; yet it is astonishing how many circumstances were unfairly brought in. The general accusation of a clergyman's having written the death of Lady Randolph,—a catastrophe which may be fairly im-

to the sacredness of Sunday than now. I was then a boy, and I well remember the reverential silence of the streets, and the tip-toe kind of fear with which, when any accident prevented my attendance on church, I used to pass through them. What would the presbytery have said now, when, in the time of public worship on a Sunday, not only are the public walks crowded, but idle and blackguard boys bawl through the streets, and splash us with their games there?—an indecency of which, though no friend to puritanical preciseness, and still less to religious persecution, I rather think the police ought to take cognizance."—Note by Mr. Mackenzie.

Vol. II.—21
puted to insanity, produced by extreme grief,—was said to imply a vindication of suicide; and some other passages were wiredrawn in the same way to produce inferences, which no man of candour can suppose were within the thoughts of the writer. Among these instances of want of candour and misconstruction, we do not include the objections made to a solemn prayer addressed to the Deity by one of the personages in the piece. The act of adoration is highly unfitted for mimic representation, and Mr. Home's error—however remote any notion of irreverence may have been from his mind,—was visited with, we think, deserved reprehension.

Upon the whole, the high Calvinistical party prevailed so far, that the author had no chance of escaping the highest censures of his church, if not the sentence of deprivation, save by voluntarily resigning his charge. His parishioners at Athelstoneford parted with their pastor with such regret, that, when he preached his farewell sermon, there was not a dry eye in the church. And,

"at a subsequent period," says Mr. Mackenzie, "when he retired from active life, and built a house in East-Lothian, near the parish where he had once been minister, his former parishioners, as Lord Haddington informed me, insisted on leading the stones for the building, and would not yield to his earnest importunity to pay them any compensation for their labour."—Vol i, p. 34.

Home's professional friends and companions did not escape the censures of the church, for the encouragement they had given his dramatic labours. The chief among these was Dr. Carlyle, for a long period clergyman at Musselburgh, whose character was as excellent as his conversation was amusing and instructive, and whose person and countenance, even at a very advanced age, were so lofty and commanding as to strike every artist with his resemblance to the Jupiter Tonans of the Pantheon. It was stated in aggravation of this reverend gentleman's crime in attending the theatre, that two rude or intoxicated young men having entered the box, and behaved uncivilly to some ladies, the doctor took the trouble of turning them out, which his great personal strength enabled him to do with little resistance or disturbance. He underwent a rebuke which did not sit very heavy on him. Similar measures of punishment were dealt out to other play-haunters, as those clergymen were
termed who had ventured, however unfrequently, into the
precincts of a theatre. But the effect on the public mind
was, like all proceedings in which the punishment is dis-
proportioned to the offence, more unfavourable to the judges
than to the accused. The public, considering the whole
dialogue and tendency of Mr. Home's play of Douglas as
favourable to virtuous and honourable feeling, did not symp-
pathize with the extreme horror expressed at what the
presbytery of Glasgow called "the melancholy fact that
there should have been a tragedy written by a minister of
the church of Scotland;" and the ultimate consequence of
the whole debate was a considerable increase of liberality
on the part of the churchmen, many of whom now attend
the theatre, though rarely, and when the entertainment is
suited to their character; and it is to be hoped that the dis-
cussion may have produced on the other side an increased
sense of decency respecting the representations on the stage.
When Mrs. Siddons first acted in Edinburgh, in 1784, the
General Assembly, or Convocation of the Church of Scot-
land, which was then sitting, had some difficulty in proc-
curing a full attendance of its members on the nights when
she performed. And wherefore should this be matter either
of scandal or of censure, if the sentiments of Dr. Adam Ferg-
uson are just, as expressed in a letter to Mr. Mackenzie,
on the subject of Home's dramatic composition—

"Theatrical compositions, like every other human production,
are, in the abstract, not more laudable or censurable than any
other species of composition, but are either good or bad, moral
or immoral, according to the management or the effect of the
individual tragedy or comedy we are to see represented, or to
peruse."—Vol. i, pp. 75, 76.

Driven from his own profession by the fanaticism of his
brethren, Home had no difficulty, such was his extended
reputation, in obtaining one in the world's eye more dis-
tinguished, which placed him contiguous to greatness, ren-
dered him intimate with state-affairs, and might, had that
been the object of his ambition, have been the means of
accumulating wealth. He was warmly patronized by Lord
Bute, then prime minister, and, notwithstanding his unpopu-
larly, possessed of considerable learning and taste. The
access to the London stage was now open to the favourite
of the favourite. Garrick, indeed, persisted in not bringing
out *Douglas*, but that play appeared with great success upon the rival stage of Covent Garden, where the silver-tongued Barry represented the hero of the piece; and soon after, the manager of Drury Lane, with many protestations of his admiration of the merits of the piece and genius of the author, brought out the play of *Agis*, which he had formerly neglected. The manager, however, had made the worse choice. Inferior to *Douglas*, especially in having no point of predominant interest, no grappling-iron to secure the attention of the audience—even the talents of Garrick could not give to *Agis* much vitality. Its stately declamation was heard with cold inattention, and, contrary to the hopes of the author, and prognostication of the experienced manager, after a flash of success, it was withdrawn from the stage. Several other tragedies of Mr. Home's were afterwards exhibited, but none, save *Douglas*, with remarkable applause, and one or two with marked disapprobation. The cause of such repeated failures, after such splendid success, we may afterwards advert to.

Mr. Home was now formally installed in Lord Bute's family as private secretary, and his biographer hints that his lordship's choice was determined more by the desire of enjoying the poet's agreeable conversation, than by any expectation of deriving assistance from him in transacting public business. Home was indeed, like many other bards, in every respect the reverse of a man of method, indifferent to loss of time, and averse from all regularity and form, which are necessary to the management of affairs. When, on some occasion, he had lent his friend Adam Ferguson £200, upon a note of hand, and could not re-deliver the *voucher* on receiving payment of the money, he gave an acknowledgement in terms too poetical to be very good in law; "If ever the note appears," said the letter of acknowledgement, "it will be of no use but to show what a foolish, thoughtless, inattentive fellow I am." On the other hand, his conversation, while in the prime of life, must have been highly entertaining. When those of the present generation knew him, age had brought its usual infirmities of repetition and prolixity, but still his discourse was charming. "He came into a company," says one of his contemporaries, "like a sunbeam into a darkened room: his excellent temper and unaffected cheerfulness, his ab-
sence from everything like reserve or formality, giving light
to every eye and colour to every cheek. Yet Home's con-
versation could neither be termed sprightly nor witty. In
his comic humour it was characterized by a flow of easy
pleasantry, of that species which indicates the speaker
willing to please or be pleased at the lightest rate; and in
his higher mood his thoughts, naturally turned to such sub-
jects, were without affectation, formed on the sublime and
beautiful in poetry, the dignified and the virtuous in history,
the romantic and interesting in tradition, upon whatever is
elevating and inspiring in humanity." Such conversation,
flowing naturally and unaffectedly from a high imagination
and extensive reading, is found to carry along with its tide
and influence even the men of phlegmatic minds, who
might, a priori, be regarded as incapable to appreciate and
enjoy it. The late excellent King George III was then
under the charge of the earl of Bute who was his chief
preceptor. The turn of his understanding was towards
strong sense and useful information—the gods had not made
him poetical:—nevertheless he loved the person and con-
versation of Home, of whom he naturally saw much. On
his ascension to the throne, that sovereign, of his own free
motion, settled upon the poet a pension of £300; an office
connected with Scotland, called Conservator of Scots privi-
leges at Campvere, added as much more to his income, and
that was all the fortune with which he returned to Scotland
when Lord Bute retired from office. He had also a lease
of a farm on very advantageous terms from his former pa-
tron and friend Sir David Kinloch of Gilmerston, where he
built a house, as has been already mentioned. In 1770 he
married the daughter of Mr. Home, a friend and relative of
his own, whose delicate health gave his affectionate dispo-
sition frequent cause of apprehension, but who nevertheless
survived him. They had no family.

In 1778 Mr. Home again indulged his passion for milita-
ry affairs by entering into the South Fencibles, a regiment
raised by Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, in which he had for
comrades the present Earl of Haddington, William Adam,
M. P. (now lord high commissioner of the Jury Court of
Scotland), and others who were well qualified to approve
his merit and delight in his society. A fall from horseback,
the second severe accident of the kind, interrupted his
military career, and the contusion which he received in his head had a material influence on his future life. This accident was accompanied by something resembling a concussion of the brain. "He recovered the accident as far as his bodily health was concerned," says Mr. Mackenzie, "but his mind was never restored to its former vigour, nor regained its former vivacity." We may add that his subsequent compositions, though displaying flashes of his genius, never showed it in a continued and sustained flight.

It was, however, only the pressing remonstrances of his friends which could induce Mr. Home, after this accident, to resign the military mode of life to which he had been so much attached, and to retire into a quiet and settled privacy of life. After the year 1779 he settled in Edinburgh, where he was the object of general respect and veneration. He mingled in society to the last, and though his memory was impaired respecting late events, it seemed strong and vigorous when his conversation turned on those which had occupied his attention at an early period. The following account of an entertainment at his house in Edinburgh, we received from a literary gentleman of Scotland, who was then beginning to attract the attention of the public. He was honoured with the notice of Mr. Home from some family circumstances, but chiefly from the kindly feeling which the veteran still preserved towards all who seemed disposed to turn their attention to Scottish literature. There were seven male guests at table, of whom five were coeval with the landlord—then upwards of eighty-four. A bachelor gentleman of fifty was treated as what is called the Boots, and went through the duty of ringing the bell, carving the joint, and discharging the other functions usually imposed on the youngest member of the company. Our friend, who was not much above thirty, was considered too much of a boy to be trusted with any such charge of the ceremonial, and, in fact, his very presence in this venerable assembly seemed to be altogether forgotten, while, it may be supposed, he was much more anxious to listen to their conversation than to interrupt it by talking himself. The very entertainment seemed antediluvian, though excellent. There were dishes of ancient renown, and liquors unknown almost to the present day. A capper-caelzie, or cock of the wood, which has been extinct in Scotland for more
than a century, was presented on the board as a homage to the genius of Mr. Home, sent from the pine-forests of Norway. The cup, or cold tankard, which he recommended particularly, was after an ancient Scottish receipt. The claret, still the favourite beverage of the poet, was excellent, and, like himself, of venerable antiquity, but preserving its spirit and flavour. The subjects of their conversation might be compared to that held by ghosts, who, sitting on their midnight tombs, talk over the deeds they have done and witnessed while in the body. The forty-five was a remarkable epoch, and called forth remarks and anecdotes without number. The former civil turmoils of the years 1715 and 1718 were familiar to some of those present. The conversation of these bale ancients had nothing of the weakness of age, though a little of its garrulity. They seemed the Nestors of their age; men whose gray hairs only served

"To mark the heroes born in better days."

Mr. Home, from the consequences of his accident, was, perhaps, the most broken of the party. But, on his own ground, his memory was entire, his conversation full both of spirit and feeling. One story of the evening our correspondent recollects. Mr. Home, beginning it in a voice somewhat feeble, rose into strength of articulation with the interest of the story. The names of the parties concerned, and the place where the incident took place, our informer has unhappily forgotten. What he does remember we shall give in his own words:

"A person of high Scottish descent, the son of one of Caledonia's most eminent nobility, exiled on account of his taking part with the house of Stuart, had entered into foreign service, and risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was stationed in the advanced post destined to protect the trenches which the army to which he was attached had opened before a large and well-garrisoned town. Some appearances in the besieged place induced the Scottish officer to conjecture that a strong sortie would be made in the course of the night. He went to the tent of Prince ——, commander-in-chief of the army, to communicate the intelligence, and to request that a support to the advance might be held in readiness. The prince, engaged in writing despatches, did not even raise his head from the paper, but answered, in a haughty tone, 'Je suis fâché.' The Scotchman, whose sense of his own consequence did not permit him to believe that this answer could be addressed to
him, advanced nearer to the prince, and began to repeat what he had said. The prince then raised his head, looked scornfully at the officer, and retorted, 'Je suis fâché de vous et de vos petites affaires.'—'De moi et de mes petites affaires!'—said the colonel, completely roused by the insult—'petit prince que vous êtes!' The prince, as brave as insolent, readily agreed to wave his privilege as commander-in-chief, and give the officer so gratuitously insulted the satisfaction his honour required. 'But' (continued Mr. Home, his large light eyes suffused with tears, which flowed involuntarily as he told the conclusion) 'the brave gentleman lived not to receive the promised atonement. He returned to his post—the expected sortie took place, the advanced guard were cut to pieces, and among them, in the morning, was found the body of our unfortunate and gallant countryman, who had spent his last breath in the unequal combat to which the arrogance of his general had exposed him.'"

Mr. Mackenzie has, we think, omitted to give some description of Mr. Home's person and countenance, about which, nevertheless, our readers may entertain a rational curiosity. We ourselves only remember what a Scottish poet of eminence has called

"Home's pale ghost just gliding from the stage."

But his picture by Raeburn* enables us to say that his exterior, in his younger years, must have been impressive, if not handsome. His features are happily animated with the expression of a poet, whose eye, overlooking the uninteresting and every-day objects around, is bent to pursue the flight of his imagination through the dim region of past events, or the yet more mysterious anticipations of futurity.

Respecting his personal habits we can add little to what has been told by his elegant and affectionate biographer. We remember only, that, with the natural vanity of an author, he was regular, while his strength permitted, in attendance upon the theatre when any actor of eminence represented Douglas. He had his own favourite seat beside the scenes, and, willing to be pleased by those who were desirous to give pleasure, his approbation was consequently rather measured out according to the kindness of his feelings than the accuracy of his critical judgment.

Undisturbed by pain, and after a long and lingering decay, he late and slowly approached the conclusion of life's drama.

* In Miss Fergusson's collection at Huntley-burn.
His esteemed friend Lord Haddington was one of the last friends whom he was able to receive. After looking at his lordship wistfully for some time, the kindness of his heart seemed to awaken his slumbering powers of recollection; he smiled, and pressed the friendly hand that was extended towards him, with a silent assurance of his tender remembrance. He died the 5th September, 1808, in the 86th year of his age. It was impossible to lament the extinction of the wasted taper, yet there was a general feeling that Home's death closed an era in the literary history of Scotland, and dissolved a link which, though worn and frail, seemed to connect the present generation with that of their fathers.

We have promised to take, in the second place, some notice of the literary society of Scotland at the time when Home was so important a member of it, and which has been so interestingly treated by Mr. Mackenzie, who, in his own connection with the preceding age, must be perhaps addressed as Ultium Scotorum.

Hospitality was at that time a distinguished feature in Scottish society; Mr. Home's income was chiefly employed in it. "His house," according to his friend Adam Ferguson, "was always as full of his friends as it could hold, fuller than, in modern manners, it could be made to hold." The form and show of the entertainment were little attended to; that would have thrown a dulness upon the freedom of intercourse, for the guest took with good-will that which the landlord found most easy to present. The science of the gastronome was unknown. The Scottish manners were, indeed, emerging from the Egyptian darkness of the preceding age, when a dame of no small quality, the worshipful Lady Pumphreaston, buttered a pound of green tea sent her as an exquisite delicacy, dressed it as condiment to a rump of salted beef, and complained that no degree of boiling would render these foreign greens tender. Yet the farm, with the poultry-yard and the dove-cot, added to the supplies furnished by the gun and fishing-rod, furnished a plentiful if not an elegant table. French wine and brandy were had at a cheap rate, chiefly by infractions of the revenue laws, at which the government were contented to wink rather than irritate a country in which there was little money and much disaffection. It only remained to find as many guests
as the table would hold, and the social habits of the country rendered that seldom difficult. For beds many shifts were made, and the prospect of a dance in particular reconciled damsels to sleep in the proportion of half a dozen to each apartment, while their gallant partners would be sometimes contented with an out-house, a barn, or a hay-loft. It is not, however, of the general state of society which we have to speak, but of that of a more distinguished character.

Mr. Mackenzie, with a partiality natural to his age and his country, speaks highly of the literary society of Scotland at this time, and even ventures in some respects, to give it a preference over that of the sister country. He enlarges, in his own elegant language, upon the—

"Free and cordial communication of sentiments, the natural play of fancy and good-humour, which prevailed among the circle of men whom I have described. It was very different from that display of learning—that prize-fighting of wit, which distinguished a literary circle of our sister country, of which we have some authentic and curious records. There all ease of intercourse was changed for the pride of victory; and the victors, like some savage combatants, gave no quarter to the vanquished. This may, perhaps, be accounted for more from the situation than the dispositions of the principal members of that society. The literary circle of London was a sort of sect, a caste separate from the ordinary professions and habits of common life. They were traders in talent and learning, and brought, like other traders, samples of their goods into company, with a jealousy of competition which prevented their enjoying, as much as otherwise they might, any excellence in their competitors."—Vol. i, pp. 29, 23.

Without examining how far the Scottish literati might gain or lose by being knitted almost exclusively together in their own peculiar sect, we may take the liberty of running over the names of three or four persons, the most distinguished of the circle, with such trifling anecdotes as may throw additional light on Mr. Mackenzie's pleasing picture. We may add, that our biographer, reading his sketch of Mr. Home's life before a learned body,* many of them the relations or surviving friends of the deceased worthies of whom he spoke, was bound, by a certain natural delicacy, not to represent, except in a very mitigated view, the foibles of the distinguished persons of whom he spoke. We, on the contrary, claim a right to portray with a broader

* The Royal Society of Edinburgh; of which Mr. Mackenzie is Secretary.
pencil; our information is of a popular nature; and, being so, it is rather wonderful it has furnished us with so few of the darker colours. We can only pretend to paint the northern sages in Tristram Shandy's point of view, that is, according to their hobbyhorses.

The celebrated David Hume, the philosopher and historian, was certainly the most distinguished person in the cycle. That he was most unhappy in permitting the acuteness of his talents, and the pride arising from the consciousness of possessing them, to involve him in a maze of sceptical illusions, is most undeniable; as well as that he was highly culpable in giving to the world the miserable results of his leisure. Mr. Mackenzie states in mitigation, not in exculpation, that the great Pyrrhonist—

"had, in the language which the Grecian historian applies to an illustrious Roman, two minds, one which indulged in the metaphysical scepticism which his genius could invent, but which it could not always disentangle; another, simple, natural and playful, which made his conversation delightful to his friends, and even frequently conciliated men whose principles of belief his philosophical doubts, if they had not power to shake, had grieved and offended. During the latter period of his life, I was frequently in his company, amidst persons of genuine piety, and I never heard him venture a remark at which such men, or ladies—still more susceptible than men—could take offence. His good nature and benevolence prevented such an injury to his hearers; it was unfortunate that he often forgot what injury some of his writings might do to his readers."—Vol. i, pp. 20, 21.

Mr. David Hume's intimacy with his namesake and friend, John, was of the closest kind, and suffered no interruption. It was, indeed, an instance among many, that friendships are formed more from a general similarity in temper and disposition, than from a turn to the same studies and pursuits. David Hume was no good judge of poetry; had little feeling for it; and examined it by the hackneyed rules of criticism; which, having crushed a hundred poets, will never, it may be prophesied, create, or assist in creating, a single one. John Home's disposition was excursive and romantic—that of David, both from nature and habit, was subtle, sceptical; and he, far from being inclined to concede a temporary degree of faith to la douce chimère, was disposed to reason away even the realities which were subjected to his examination. The poet's imagination tends to throw a halo on the distant objects—the sophistry
of the metaphysician shrouded them with a mist which, unlike other northern mists, not only obscured but dwarfed their real dimensions. The one saw more, the other saw less, than was actually visible. Yet this very difference tended to bind the two friends, for such they were usque ad aras, in a more intimate union. John Home by no means spared his friend's metaphysical studies. The discourse turning one evening upon a young man, previously of irreproachable conduct, having robbed his master, and eloped with a considerable sum, John Home accounted for his unexpected turpitude, by the nature of the culprit's studies, which had chiefly lain in Boston's Fourfold State (a treatise of deep Calvinistical divinity) and Hume's Essays. The philosopher was somewhat nettled at the jest, probably on account of the singular conjunction of the two works.

On the other hand, John was often the butt of his friend's jests, on account of his romantic disposition for warlike enterprise, his attachment to the orthography of his name, and similar peculiarities, indicative of a warm and susceptible imagination.

Upon some occasion, when General Fletcher mentioned the inconvenience which he had experienced from the rudeness and restiveness of a postilion, John Home exclaimed, in a Drawcansir tone, "Where were your pistols?" This created a general laugh; and next day, as Mr. Home was about to set off for a visit to Dr. Carlyle, at Musselburgh, he received a letter, with a large parcel: the import bore that his friends and well-wishers could not think of his taking so dangerous a journey without being suitably armed, and the packet being opened, was found to contain a huge pair of pistols, such as are sold at stalls to be fairings for children, made of gingerbread, and adorned with gilding.

When David Hume was suffering under the long and lingering illness which led him inch by inch to his grave, his friend John, with the most tender and solicitous attention, attended him on a journey to Bath, which it was supposed might be of temporary service, though a cure was impossible. When his companion's travelling pistols (not those of the savoury materials above mentioned) were handed into the carriage, the historian made an observation at once humorous and affecting. "You shall have your humour, John, and fight with as many highwaymen as you
please; for I have too little of life left to be an object worth saving." With more profound raillery he supposed that he himself, John Home, and Adam Fergusson, who studied Roman history with Roman feeling and Roman spirit, had been sovereigns of three adjacent states; and John Home thus states in one of his letters the result of his friend's reflections:

"He knew very well, he said (having often disputed the point with us), the great opinion we had of military virtues as essential to every state; that from these sentiments rooted in us, he was certain he would be attacked and interrupted in his projects of cultivating, improving, and civilizing mankind by the arts of peace; that he comforted himself with reflecting, that from our want of economy and order in our affairs, we should be continually in want of money; whilst he would have his finances in excellent condition, his magazines well filled, and naval stores in abundance; but that his final stroke of policy, upon which he depended, was to give one of us a large subsidy to fall upon the other, which would infallibly secure to him peace and quiet, and, after a long war, would probably terminate in his being master of all the three kingdoms."—Vol. i, pp. 181, 182.

We are disposed more to question the taste of the joke which, in David Hume's last will, alludes to two of his friend's foibles. The grave, and its appurtenances of epitaphs and testaments, are subjects, according to Samuel Johnson, on which wise men think with awe and gravity; yet there is something affecting in the concluding allusion to the undisturbed friendship of those whom death was about to part. The bequest we allude to is contained in the following codicil:

"I leave to my friend, Mr. John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret, at his choice; and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John Hume, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters."—Vol. i, p. 163

The subject of the name has been already mentioned. The bequest of wine alludes to John Home's partiality to claret, on which he wrote a well-known epigram, when the high duties were enforced against Scotland.* There is much

* The government had long connived at a practice of importing claret into Scotland, under the mitigated duties applicable to the
more than is interesting and curious respecting David Hume in this piece of biography, which contains also several of his original letters.

Dr. Adam Ferguson, the author of the *History of the Roman Republic*, and distinguished besides as a moral philosopher, was a distinguished member of the literary society in which the poet Home, and the philosopher Hume, made such a figure. The son of a clergyman at Logierait, in Athol, he was himself destined to the church, took orders, and went as chaplain to the Black Watch, or 42d Highland regiment, when that corps was first sent to the continent. As the regiment advanced to the battle of Fontenoy, the commanding officer, Sir Robert Monro, was astonished to see the chaplain at the head of the column, with a broadsword drawn in his hand. He desired him to go to the rear with the surgeons, a proposal which Adam Ferguson spurned. Sir Robert at length told him that his commission did not entitle him to be present in the post which he had assumed. "D—n my commission," said the warlike chaplain throwing it towards his colonel. It may easily be supposed that the matter was only remembered as a good jest; but the future historian of Rome shared the honours and dangers of that dreadful day, where, according to the account of the French themselves, "the Highland furies rushed in upon them with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."

Professor Adam Ferguson’s subsequent history is well known. He recovered from a decided shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life; from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. He survived till the year 1816, when he died in full possession of his mental faculties, at the advanced age of ninety-three. The deep interest which he took in the eventful war had long seemed to be the main tie that connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the aged

liquor called Southampton port. The epigram of John Home was as follows:

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman cried—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."
LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN HOME.

patriot as a nunc dimitis. From that hour the feeling that had almost alone given him energy decayed, and he avowedly relinquished all desire for prolonged life. It is the belief of his family that he might have remained with them much longer, had he desired to do so, and continued the exercise which had hitherto promoted his health. Long after his eightieth year he was one of the most striking old men whom it was possible to look at. His firm step and ruddy cheek contrasted agreeably and unexpectedly with his silver locks; and the dress which he usually wore, much resembling that of the Flemish peasant, gave an air of peculiarity to his whole figure. In his conversation, the mixture of original thinking with high moral feeling and extensive learning; his love of country; contempt of luxury; and, especially, the strong subjection of his passions and feelings to the dominion of his reason, made him, perhaps, the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. His house, while he continued to reside in Edinburgh, was a general point of re-union among his friends, particularly of a Sunday, where there generally met, at a hospitable dinner-party, the most distinguished literati of the old time who still remained, with such young persons as were thought worthy to approach their circle, and listen to their conversation. The place of his residence was an insulated house, at some distance from the town, which its visitors (notwithstanding its internal comforts) chose to call, for that reason, Kamischakta.

Two constant attendants on this weekly symposium were the chemical philosophers Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton. They were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. They were both indeed, tall and thin; but there all personal similarity ended. Dr. Black spoke with the English pronunciation, with punctilious accuracy of expression, both in point of manner and matter. His dress was of the same description, regulated, in some small degree, according to the rules which formerly imposed a formal and full dress habit on the members of the medical faculty. The geologist was the very reverse of this. His dress approached to a Quaker's in simplicity; and his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a broad Scotch
accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said. The difference of manner sometimes placed the two philosophers in whimsical contrast with each other. We recollect an anecdote, entertaining enough, both on that account, and as showing how difficult it is for philosophy to wage a war with prejudice.

It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceuous creatures of the sea, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails? —they are well known to be nutritious and wholesome—even sanative in some cases. The epicures of olden times enumerated among the richest and raciest delicacies, the snails which were fed in the marble quarries of Lucca; the Italians still hold them in esteem. In short it was determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, dieted for a time, then stewed for the benefit of the two philosophers; who had either invited no guest to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the pièce de résistance. A huge dish of snails was placed before them; but philosophers are but men after all; and the stomachs of both doctors began to revolt against the proposed experiment. Nevertheless, if they looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe for each other; so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began with infinite exertion to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr. Black, at length, "showed the white feather," but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate:—"Doctor," he said, in his precise and quiet manner, "Doctor—do you not think that they taste a little—a very little, green?"—"D——d green, d——d green, indeed—tak them awa', tak them awa'," vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from table and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. And so ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern cuisine; and thus philosophy can no more cure a nausea, than honour can set a broken limb.

Lord Elibank (Patrick, remembered in Scotland by the name of the Clever Lord) was one of the most remarkable amongst this remarkable society. He was distinguished by the liveliness of his conversation and the acuteness of his
understanding, and many of his bon-mots are still preserved. When, for example, he was first told of Johnson's celebrated definition of the word oats, as being the food of men in Scotland, and horses in England, he answered with happy readiness, "Very true; and where will you find such horses and such men?" Lord Elibank indulged greatly in paradoxes, which he was wont to defend with much ingenuity. He piqued himself, at the same time, on his worldly prudence, so much so, as to reply to some one who told him of Mr. Home's having got a pension, at the suggestion of the king himself—"it is nobly done; but it is as impossible for the king to make John Home or Adam Fergusson rich, as it would be for his majesty to make me poor." Lord Elibank, with John Home, David Hume, Fergusson, and others, were members of a convivial association called the Poker Club, because its purpose was to stir up and encourage the public spirit of Scotland, the people of which were then much exasperated at not being permitted to raise a militia in the same manner as England. Dr. Fergusson, upon the occasion, composed a continuation of Arbuthnot's satirical History of John Bull, which he entitled the History of Margaret, otherwise called Sister Peg. The work was distinguished for humour and satire; and led to a curious jest on the part of David Hume. He had been left out of the secret, as not being supposed a good counsel-keeper, and he took his revenge by gravely writing a letter to Dr. Carlyle, claiming the work as his own, with an air of sober reality, which, had the letter been found after any lapse of time, would have appeared an indubitable proof of his being really the author. We have not room to insert this piece of literary persiflage.

The Poker Club served its purpose; and, many years afterwards, symptoms of discontent on the subject of the militia were to be found in Scotland. Burns says of his native country—

"Lang time she's been in fractious mood,
Her lost militia fired her blood,
De'il nor they never mair do good,
Play'd her that pliskie."

Most of the members of the Poker were fast friends to the Hanoverian dynasty, though opposed to the actual admi-
nistration, on account of the neglect, and, as they accounted it, the affront put upon their native country. Lord Elibank, however, had, in all probability, ulterior views; for, notwithstanding his talents and his prudence, his love of paradox, perhaps, had induced him to place himself at the head of the scattered remnant of Jacobites, from which party every person else was taking the means of deserting. It is now ascertained by documents among the Stuart papers, that he carried on a correspondence with the Chevalier, which was not suspected by his most intimate friends.

We have heard of a meeting of the Poker Club, which was convoked long after it had ceased to have regular existence, when its remaining members were far advanced in years. The experiment was not successful. Those who had last met in the full vigour of health and glow of intellect, taking an eager interest in the passing events of the world, seemed now, in each other's eyes, cold, torpid, inactive, loaded with infirmities, and occupied with the selfish care of husbanding the remainder of their health and strength, rather than in the gaiety and frolic of a convivial evening. Most had renounced even the moderate worship of Bacchus, which, on former occasions, had seldom been neglected. The friends saw their own condition reflected in the persons of each other, and became sensible that the time of convivial meetings was passed. The abrupt contrast betwixt what they had been, and what they were, was too unpleasant to be endured, and the Poker Club never met again. This, it might be alleged, is a contradiction of what we have said concerning the Nestorian banquet at John Home's, formerly noticed. But the circumstances were different. The gentlemen then alluded to had kept near to each other in the decline as well as the ascent of life, met frequently, and were become accustomed to the growing infirmities of each other, as each had to his own. But the Poker Club, most of whom had been in full strength when the regular meetings were discontinued, found themselves abruptly re-assembled as old and broken men, and naturally agreed with the Gaelic bard that age "is dark and unlovely."

One or two gossiping paragraphs on the subject of Adam Smith, whose distinguished name may render the most trifling notices concerning him matter of some interest, and we will then release our courteous reader from our recollect-
ions, on the subject of these old Northern Lights. Dr. Smith is well known to have been one of the most absent men living. It was, indeed, an attribute which, if anywhere, might have been matched in the society we speak of, of whom several, particularly John Home and General Fletcher Campbell, were extremely addicted to fits of absence. But those of the great economist were abstraction itself. Mr. Mackenzie placed in his hand the beautiful tale of *La Roche*, in which he introduces Mr. David Hume, for the express purpose of knowing whether there was anything in it which Mr. Hume's surviving friends could think hurtful to his memory. Dr. Smith read and highly approved of the MS.; but, on returning it to Mr. Mackenzie, only expressed his surprise that Mr. Hume should never have mentioned the anecdote to him. When walking in the street, Adam had a manner of talking and laughing to himself, which often attracted the notice and excited the surprise of the passengers. He used himself to mention the ejaculation of an old market-woman, "Hegh, sirs!" shaking her head as she uttered it; to which her companion answered, having echoed the compassionate sigh, "and he is well put on too!" expressing their surprise that a decided lunatic, who, from his dress, appeared to be a gentleman, should be permitted to walk abroad.—In a private room his demeanour was equally remarkable; and we shall never forget one particular evening, when he put an elderly maiden lady, who presided at the tea-table, to sore confusion, by neglecting utterly her invitations to be seated, and walking round and round the circle stopping ever and anon to steal a lump from the sugar basin, which the venerable spinster was at length constrained to place on her own knee, as the only method of securing it from his most un-economical depredations. His appearance mumping the eternal sugar, was something indescribable.

We had the following anecdotes from a colleague of Dr. Smith, who, as is well known, was a commissioner of the board of customs. That board had in their service, as porter, a stately person, who, dressed in a huge scarlet gown or cloak, covered with frogs of worsted lace, and holding in his hand a staff about seven feet high, as an emblem of his office, used to mount guard before the custom-house when a board was to be held. It was the etiquette that, as each commissioner entered, the porter
should go through a sort of salute with his staff of office, resembling that which officers used formerly to perform with their spontoon, and then marshal the dignitary to the hall of meeting. This ceremony had been performed before the great economist perhaps five hundred times. Nevertheless one day, as he was about to enter the custom-house, the motions of this janitor seem to have attracted his eye without their character or purpose reaching his apprehension, and on a sudden he began to imitate his gestures, as a recruit does those of his drill-sergeant. The porter, having drawn up in front of the door, presented his staff as a soldier does his musket; the commissioner, raising his cane, and holding it with both hands by the middle, returned the salute with the utmost gravity. The inferior officer, much amazed, recovered his weapon, wheeled to the right, stepping a pace back to give the commissioner room to pass, lowering his staff at the same time, in token of obeisance. Dr. Smith, instead of passing on, drew up on the opposite side, and lowered his cane at the same angle. The functionary, much out of consequence, next moved up stairs, with his staff advanced, while the author of the Wealth of Nations followed with his bamboo in precisely the same posture, and his whole soul apparently wrapped up in the purpose of placing his foot exactly on the same spot of each step which had been occupied by the officer who preceded him. At the door of the hall, the porter again drew off, saluted with his staff, and bowed reverentially. The philosopher again imitated his motions, and returned his bow with the most profound gravity. When the doctor entered the apartment, the spell under which he seemed to act was entirely broken, and our informant, who, very much amused, had followed him the whole way, had some difficulty to convince him that he had been doing anything extraordinary. Upon another occasion, having to sign an official minute or mandate, Adam Smith was observed to be unusually tedious, when the same person, peeping over his shoulder, discovered that he was engaged, not in writing his own name, but in imitating, as nearly as possible, the signature of his brother in office, who had held the pen before him. These instances of absence equal the abstractions of the celebrated Dr. Harvey; but whoever has read the deep theories and abstruse calculations contained in the Wealth of Nations must
readily allow that a mind habitually employed in such themes, must necessarily be often rapt far above the sublunary occurrences of everyday life.

We are now approaching the third subject proposed in our Review, the consideration of John Home's character as an author, founded on the present edition of his collected works. Our criticism on his poetical character need not be very minute, for his chef-d'œuvre, Douglas, is known to every one, and his other dramatic labours are scarcely known at all. Upon the merits of the first, every reader has already made up his mind, and on those of the others we might, perhaps, find it difficult to procure an attentive hearing. Still, however, some mark of homage is due to, perhaps, the most popular tragic author of modern times; and we must pay suit and service, were it only with a peppercorn.

We have said already that Douglas owes a great part of its attractions to the interest of the plot, which, however, is by no means a probable one. There is something overstrained in the twenty years spent by Lady Randolph in deep and suppressed sorrow; nor is it natural, though useful certainly to the poet, that her regrets should turn less on the husband of her youth, than upon the new-born child whom she had scarcely seen. There is something awkward in her sudden confidence to Anna, as is pointed out by David Hume. "The spectator," says the critic, "is apt to suspect it was done in order to instruct him; a very good end, but which might have been obtained by a careful and artificial conduct of the dialogue." This is all unquestionably true; but the spectator should, and, indeed, must make considerable allowances, if he expects to receive pleasure from the drama. He must get his mind, according to Tony Lumpkin's phrase, into "a concatenation accordingly," since he cannot reasonably expect that scenes of deep and complicated interest shall be placed before him, in close succession, without some force being put upon ordinary probability; and the question is not, how far you have sacrificed your judgment in order to accommodate the fiction, but rather what is the degree of delight you have received in return. Perhaps, in this point of view, it is scarcely possible for a spectator to make such sacrifices for greater pleasure than we have enjoyed, in seeing Lady Randolph
personified by the inimitable Siddons. Great as that pleasure was on all occasions, it was increased in a manner which can hardly be conceived when her son (the late Mr. H. Siddons) supported his mother in the character of Douglas, and when the full overflowing of maternal tenderness was authorized, nay, authenticated and realized, by the actual existence of the relationship. There will, and must be, on other occasions, some check of the feeling, however virtuous and tender, when a woman of feeling and delicacy pours her maternal caresses on a performer who, although to be accounted her son for the night, is, in reality, a stranger. But in the scenes we allude to, that chilling obstacle was removed; and while Lady Randolph exhausted her tenderness on the supposed Douglas, the mother was, in truth, indulging the same feelings towards her actual son. It may be erroneous to judge this way of a drama which can hardly be again illustrated by such powers, exercised under circumstances so exciting to the principal performer, and so nearly approaching to reality. Yet, even in an abstract view, we agree with Mr. Mackenzie that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas is discovered, has no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. It is certainly one of the most effective which the English stage has to boast; and we learn with pleasure, but without surprise, that, though many other parts of the play were altered before its representation, we have this masterpiece exactly as it was thrown off in the original sketch. "Thus it is," says the accomplished editor, "that the fervid creation of genius and fancy strikes out what is so excellent as well as vivid, as not to admit of amendment, and which indeed, correction would spoil instead of improving. This is the true inspiration of the poet, which gives to criticism, instead of borrowing from it, its model and its rule, and which it is possible, in some diffident authors, the terrors of criticism may have weakened or extinguished."—Vol. i, p. 93.

It is justly remarked by Mr. Mackenzie, that the intense interest excited by the scene of the discovery occasions some falling off in the two last acts; yet this is not so great as to injure the effect of the play when the parts are suitably supported. Mrs. Siddons, indeed (we cannot help identifying her with Lady Randolph), gave such terrible interest to the concluding scene, that we can truly say the
decay of interest, which is certainly felt both in perusing the drama and in seeing it only moderately well performed, was quite imperceptible.

In a general point of view, the interest of Douglas is of a kind which addresses itself to the bosom of every spectator. The strength of maternal affection is a feeling which all the audience have had the advantage of experiencing, which such mothers as are present have themselves exercised, and which moves the general mind more deeply than even distresses arising from the passion of love—one too frequently produced on the stage not to become, in some degree, hackneyed and uninteresting.

The language of the piece is beautiful. "Mrs. Siddons told me," says the editor, "that she never found any study" (which, in the technical language of the stage, means the getting verses by heart) "so easy as that of Douglas, which is one of the best criterions of excellence in the dramatic style."

The character of Douglas, enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life and every other advantage where glory lay in the balance, flowed freely from the author's heart, to which such sentiments were the most familiar.

The structure of the story somewhat resembles that of Voltaire's Mérope, but is as simple and natural as that of the French author is complicated and artificial. Mérope came out about 1743, and Mr. Home may, therefore, easily have seen it. But he has certainly derived his more simple and natural tale from the old ballad. In memory of this, the tune of Gil Morrice, a simple and beautiful air, is, in Scotland at least, always played while the curtain rises.

The poetical moral of the piece is justly observed by Mr. Mackenzie to have captivated all who, before its representation in Scotland, happened to hear any part of it recited. He gives us his own authority, as bearing witness that some of the most striking passages, and particularly the opening soliloquy, were got by heart and repeated by fair lips for the admiration of the tea-tables of Edinburgh.

"And you, fair dames of merry England,
As fast your tears did pour:—

We have the evidence of the accomplished Earl of Haddington, that he remembers the celebrated Lady Hervey
(the beautiful Molly Lapelle of Pope and Gay) weeping like an infant over the manuscript of Douglas.

It may, perhaps, seem strange that the author, in his preceding tragedy of Agis, and in his subsequent dramatic efforts, so far from attaining similar excellence, never even approached to the success of Douglas; yet good reasons can be assigned for his failure without imputing it, during his best years at least, to a decay of genius.

Agis was a tragedy the interest of which turned, at first, exclusively upon politics, a subject which men are fiercely interested in, if connected with the party-questions agitating their own country at the time; but which, when the same refers to the forgotten revolutions of a distant country and a remote period, are always caviare to the million. Addison, indeed, succeeded in his splendid poem of Cato; but both the name and history were so generally known as to facilitate greatly its interest with the public. Besides, the author was at the head of the literature of his day, and not unskilled in the art of indoctrinating the readers of the Spectator in the knowledge necessary to understand Cato. But the history of Agis and the fortunes of Sparta were familiar only to scholars; and it was difficult to interest the audience at large in the revolutions of a country which they knew only by name. The Ephori and the double kings of Lacedæmon must have been puzzling to a common audience, even at the outset. Both Cato and Agis, but particularly the latter, suffered by the ingraining of a love-intrigue, commonplace and cumbersome, as well as unnecessary, upon the principal plot; which, on the contrary, it ought in either case to have been the business of the author to keep constantly under the view of the audience, and to illustrate and enhance by every subordinate aid in his power; yet Agis from the ease of the dialogue and beauty of the declamation, and being also, according to the technical phrase, strongly cast—for Garrick played Lysander, and Mrs. Cibber, Evanthe—was, for some representations, favourably received; and, had it been written in French, it would probably have been permanently successful on the Parisian stage. In this and other pieces the author seems to have suffered in the eyes of his countrymen by attending too much to the advice of David Hume, in such cases surely an incompetent judge, who entreats him, for heaven’s sake, "to read Shakspeare,
but get Racine and Sophocles by heart."—(Vol. i, p. 100.) The critic had not sufficiently considered how much the British stage differs both from the French and the Grecian in the structure and character of the entertainments there exhibited.

The *Siege of Aquileia* was acted for the first time in 1760. Garrick expected the most unbounded success, and he himself played the principal character. It failed, however, from an objection thus stated by Mr. Mackenzie:

"Most, or indeed almost all, the incidents are told to, not witnessed by, the spectators, who, in England beyond any other country, are swayed by the Horatian maxim, and feel very imperfectly those incidents which are not 'oculis subjecta fidelibus.' It rather languished, therefore, in the representation, though supported by such admirable acting, and did not run so many nights as the manager confidently expected."—Vol. i, p. 58.

As we have made few quotations from Mr. Home's poetry, we may observe that the description of an ominous dream in this play almost rivals in effect the celebrated vision in *Sardanapalus*:

"*Emil.* What evil omens has Cornelia seen?

*Corin.* 'Tis strange to tell; but, as I slumbering lay,
About that hour when glad Aurora springs
To chase the lagging shades, methought I was
In Rome, and full of peace the city seem'd;
My mind oblivious, too, had lost its care.
Sere I stepp'd along the lofty hall
Embellish'd with the statues of our fathers,
When suddenly an universal groan
Issued at once from every marble breast.
Aghast I gazed around! when slowly down
From their high pedestals I saw descend
The murder'd Gracchi. Hand in hand the brothers
Stalk'd towards me. As they approached more near,
They were no more the Gracchi, but my sons,
Paulus and Titus. At that dreadful change
I shriek'd and wak'd. But never from my mind
The spectacle shall part. Their rueful eyes!
Their cheeks of stone! the look of death and woe!
So strange a vision ne'er from fancy rose.
The rest, my lord, this holy priest can tell."

Vol. ii, pp. 17, 18.

The *Fatal Discovery* was brought out in 1769; but, as the prejudice against the Scotch was then general, and John Home was obnoxious, not only as a North Briton, but as a friend and *protege* of the obnoxious Earl of Bute, Garrick
prudently procured an Oxford student to officiate as godfather to the play. The temporary success of the piece brought out the real author from behind his screen. When Home avowed the piece, Garrick's fears were realized, and its popularity terminated; and we believe the most zealous Scotchman would hardly demand, in this instance, a reversal of the public judgment. Mr. Mackenzie has a more favourable opinion, upon more accurate consideration, perhaps, than it has been in our power to give to the subject. The play is written in the false gallop of Ossianic composition, to which we must avow ourselves by no means partial.

_Alonzo_ was produced in 1773, and was received with a degree of favour which, in some respects, it certainly scarce deserved. Home had, in this instance, forgotten a story belonging to his former profession, which we have heard himself narrate. It respected a country clergymen in Scotland, who, having received much applause for a sermon preached before the synod, could never afterwards get through the service of the day without introducing some part of the discourse on which he reposed his fame, with the quotation, "as I said in my Synod sermon." In plain words, _Alonzo_ was almost a transcript of the situation, incidents, and plot of _Douglas_, and every author should especially beware of repeating the theme which has formerly been successful, or presenting a _du capo rotta_ of the banquet which he has previously been fortunate enough to render acceptable.

In 1778, Mr. Home's last dramatic attempt, the tragedy of _Alfred_, was represented and completely failed.

Home now turned his thoughts to another walk of literature. His connection with the civil war of 1745 had long been revolved in his mind, as a subject fit for history: he had even intended to write something on the subject soon after the broil was ended. After 1778, he seems to have resumed the purpose, and endeavoured to collect materials, by correspondence and personal communication with such personages as could afford them.

"In one or two of these journeys," says Mr. Mackenzie, "I happened to travel for two or three days along with him, and had occasion to hear his ideas on the subject. These were such as a man of his character and tone of mind would entertain, full of the mistaken zeal and ill-fated gallantry of the Highlanders, the self-devoted heroism of some of their chiefs, and the ill-judged severity,
carried (by some subordinate officers) the length of great inhumanity, of the conquering party. A specimen of this original style of his composition still remains in his account of the gallant Lochiel. But the complication of his history was materially changed before its publication, which, at one time, he had very frequently and positively determined should not be made till after his death, but which he was tempted, by that fondness for our literary offspring which the weakness of age produces while it leaves less power of appreciating their merits, to hasten; and accordingly published the work at London, in 1802. It was dedicated to the king, as a mark of his gratitude for his majesty's former gracious attention to him, a circumstance which perhaps contributed to weaken and soften down the original composition, in compliment to the monarch whose uncle's memory was somewhat implicated in the impolitic, as well as ungenerous use, which Mr. Home conceived had been made of the victory of Culloden."—Vol. i, p. 68, 69.

It is well for us, perhaps, that we have the advantage of telling the above tale in Mr. MacKenzie's language. We have great veneration for the memory of his author, and much greater for that of his late majesty, whose uniform generosity and kindness to the unfortunate race of Jacobites was one of the most amiable traits of his honest, benevolent, and truly English character. But since Mr. Home did assume the pen on the subject of the Forty-five, no consideration whatever ought to have made him depart from the truth, or shrink from exposing the cruelties practised, as Mr. MacKenzie delicately expresses it, by some subordinate officers, or from executing the impolitic and ungenerous use of the victory of Culloden, in which the Duke of Cumberland was somewhat implicated. Mr. Home ought either never to have written his history, or to have written it without clogging himself with the dedication to the sovereign. There was no obligation on John Home to inscribe that particular book to his majesty, and, had that ceremony been omitted, his majesty was too just and candid a man to have resented the truth; though there might have been some affront in addressing a work, in which his uncle's memory suffered rough usage, directly to his own royal person. On the whole, we greatly prefer the conduct of Smollet, a whig as well as Home, when he poured out his affecting lyric:—

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

On being warned from making such an effusion public,
the only answer he condescended to give was, by adding
the concluding stanza.

The disappointed public of Scotland, to which the history
should have been most interesting, was clamorous in its
disapprobation. They complained of suppressed informa-
tion and servile corrections; but reflection induced critics to
pardon the good old man, who had been influenced in his
latter years by doubts and apprehensions, which could not
have assailed him in his term of active manhood. The
work was, indeed, strangely mutilated, and breaks off ab-
ruptly at the battle of Culloden, without giving us any
account of the manner in which that victory was used.
Other faults might be pointed out, chiefly such as are indi-
cative of advanced years. The part which the author him-
self played in the drama is perhaps a little too much detailed
and too long dwelt upon.

The history is, nevertheless, so far as it goes, a fair and
candid one; for the writer, though by the manner in which
he had fettered himself he was debarred from speaking the
whole truth, yet was incapable of speaking anything but the
truth. The narrative is fair and honourable to both sides,
nor does the author join with the sordid spirits, who cannot
fight their enemies without abusing them at the same time,
like the bailiff in Goldsmith's *Goodnatured man*. The
idea which he gives us of the unfortunate Charles Edward
is such as we have ourselves formed: the young Chevalier
was one of those whom Fortune only distinguishes for a
brief period of their life, the rest of which is passed in
obscurity, so that they seem totally different characters
when judged of by the few months which they spend in all
the glare of publicity and sunshine, or when valued accord-
ing to the many years which have passed away in the
gloom of destroyed hopes and broken health. Other cir-
cumstances combine to render it difficult to obtain the real
character of the unfortunate prince. By far the greater
portion of his followers his memory was cherished as that
of an idol, but the more dear to them on account of the sa-
crifices they had made to it. His illustrious birth, his daring
enterprise, and the grace and beauty of his person, went no
small length in confirming his partisans in those feelings
towards their leader. There were exceptions amongst
them however. Some of those who followed Charles to
France, thought that he looked cold on them, and the *Memoirs of Dr. King*, lately published, tend to confirm the suspicion that (like others of his unhappy race) he was not warmly grateful. His courage, at least, ought to be beyond suspicion, considering the manner in which he landed on an expedition so desperate, and the opposition to his undertaking which he met with from the only friends upon whose assistance he could have counted for the chance of bringing together 1500 or 2000 men. A few sentences on this subject from Home's Narrative will probably vindicate what we have said, and at the same time give a specimen of the historian's peculiar style, which, if neither flowery nor eloquent as might have been expected from his poetical vein, is clear, simple, expressive, and not unlike the conversation of an aged man of intelligence and feeling, recalling the recollections of his earlier years.

To introduce these extracts, we must previously remark, that the chiefs of the Highland clans had come to a prudent resolution, that notwithstanding their attachment to the cause of the Stuarts, they should decline joining in any invasion which the exiled family might attempt, unless it was supported by a body of regular French troops. It was on the dominions (as they might then be called) of the Captain of Clanronald that Charles first landed. He did not find the chief himself, but he summoned on board the vessel which he brought with him to the Hebrides, MacDonald of Boisdale, the brother of Clanronald, a man of considerable intelligence, and who was supposed to have much interest with the chief. Boisdale declared he would advise his brother against the undertaking, remarking, that the two most powerful chieftains in the vicinity, MacDonald of Sleat and MacLeod of MacLeod, were determined not to raise their men, unless the Chevalier should bring with him a sufficient foreign force.

"Charles replied in the best manner he could; and ordering the ship to be unmoored, carried Boisdale, whose boat hung at the stern, several miles onward to the main-land, pressing him to relent, and give a better answer. Boisdale was inexorable; and getting into his boat, left Charles to pursue his course, which he did directly for the coast of Scotland; and coming to an anchor in the Bay of Lockmanuagh, between Moidart and Arisaig, sent a boat ashore with a letter to young Clanronald. In a very little time Clanronald, with his relation Kinloch Moidart, came
aboard the Doutelle. Charles, almost reduced to despair in his interview with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused; and told him, one after another, that, to take arms without concert or support, was to pull down certain destruction on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued and implored. During this conversation, the parties walked backwards and forwards upon the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of the country: he was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from the discourse, that the stranger was the Prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and, turning briskly towards him, called out, 'Will not you assist me?'—'I will, I will,' said Ranald; 'though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you.' Charles, with a profusion of thanks and acknowledgements, extolled his champion to the skies, saying he only wished that all the Highlanders were like him. Without further deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they also would join, and use their utmost endeavors to engage their countrymen to take arms. Immediately Charles with his company went ashore, and was conducted to Boradale, a farm which belonged to the estate of Clanronald."—Vol. ii, pp. 425–427.

The conversion of the good Lochiel, for whom some friendly presbyterian drew up an epitaph declaring he

"—— is now a Whig in heaven,"

to this rash undertaking, shall be our last quotation from this history, so interesting in spite of its imperfections. This model of a Highland chief and Scottish gentleman met with the Chevalier at MacDonald of Boradale's, a very few days after he landed.

"The conversation began on the part of Charles, with bitter complaints of the treatment he had received from the ministers of France, who had so long amused him with vain hopes, and deceived him with false promises; their coldness in his cause, he said, but ill agreed with the opinion he had of his own pretensions, and with the impatience to assert them, with which the promises of his father's brave and faithful subjects had inflamed his mind. Lochiel acknowledged the engagements of the chiefs, but observed that they were no ways binding, as he had come over without the stipulated aid; and therefore, as there was not the least prospect of success, he advised his royal highness to return to France, and to reserve himself and his faithful friends
for a more favourable opportunity. Charles refused to follow Lochiel's advice, affirming that a more favourable opportunity than the present would never come; that almost all the British troops were abroad, and kept at bay by Marshal Saxe, with a superior army; that in Scotland there were only a few new-raised regiments, that had never seen service, and could not stand before the Highlanders; that the very first advantage gained over the troops would encourage his father's friends at home to declare themselves; that his friends abroad would not fail to give their assistance; that he only wanted the Highlanders to begin the war. "Lochiel still resisted, entreating Charles to be more temperate, and consent to remain concealed where he was, till he (Lochiel) and his other friends should meet together, and concert what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost pitch of impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, that he was determined to put all to the hazard. 'In a few days,' said he, 'with the few friends that I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, to win it, or to perish in the attempt; Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince.'—'No,' said Lochiel, 'I'll share the fate of my prince; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power.' Such was the singular conversation, on the result of which depended peace or war. For it is a point agreed among the Highlanders, that if Lochiel had persisted in his refusal to take arms, the other chiefs would not have joined the standard without him, and the spark of rebellion must instantly have expired."—Vol. iii, pp. 5, 6.

It is singular that we should have to exculpate the unfortunate prince, who thus persisted, at the utmost risk, to instigate his followers, and to rush himself upon an undertaking so utterly desperate, from the imputation of personal cowardice—and yet such is the fact. The strongest evidence on this point is that of the Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746. These have been published under the care of a sensible and intelligent editor, who has done a great deal to throw light upon the subject, but has been occasionally misled into giving a little too much credit to the representations of his author—who wrote under the influence of disappointment and ill-humour. A great part of the work is very interesting, because Johnstone, having been a military man, and having some turn for observation, has made better professional remarks on the Highland mode of fighting, and mere tactics, than we have observed in any other work. But then we happen to
know that some of his stories are altogether fictitious, such as the brutal piece of vengeance said to have been practised by Gordon of Abbachie, upon a Whig minister [Johnstone's *Memoirs*, 4to. 1820, p. 183]. It will also surprise such of the few readers as might have been disposed to interest themselves in the love-affair between the Chevalier and his charming Peggy, which makes such a figure in the conclusion of his work, to learn that Chevalier Johnstone was all this while a married man—an absolute Benedict—a circumstance which he nowhere hints at during his Memoirs, and that the amour, if such existed, was not of a character to be boasted of in the face of the public. There are legitimate grandchildren of the Chevalier Johnstone now alive.

James Johnstone, the father of the Chevalier, by courtesy of Scotland called "merchant in Edinburgh," was a grocer in that city. Not that we mean to impeach his gentility, because we believe his father to have been of the ancient and once-powerful family of Wamphray, though, like many sons of Jacobite families, he was excluded from what are called the learned professions, by his reluctance to take the oaths to the Hanoverian dynasty. Accordingly, the heir of the noble family of Rollo, who have been before allied with the Johnstones of Wamphray, did not derogate in marrying Cecilia, daughter of James Johnstone, grocer, as before said. But when the Chevalier talks big about his fears of being disinherited, we cannot but remember that a petty shop, such as shops in the Cowgate of Edinburgh were in 1745, indifferently stocked with grocery goods,

"Was all his great estate, and like to be."

In short, we suspect our friend the Chevalier to be somewhat of a gasconader, and we are not willing to take away the character of Charles for courage upon such suspicious authority. When we, therefore, find that this unfortunate prince is accused—1st, of having entered into this expedition without foreseeing the personal dangers to which he must be exposed—2d, of taking care, in carrying it on, not to expose his person to the fire of the enemy—3d, of abandoning it when he had ten times more hope of success than when he left Paris—we are inclined to compare what the
Chevalier has averred on these three points with what is elsewhere stated by himself and other authorities.

And first.—After reading the foregoing arguments used by Boisdale, Clanronald, and Lochiel, in order to detain the Chevalier, by the strongest representations in their power, from venturing on the expedition, the Chevalier may be censured for foolhardiness, but he cannot surely be considered as a person ignorant of the dangers of the undertaking—in other words, as one too timid to venture had he known the perils he was to encounter.

Secondly.—That Charles avoided placing himself in such situations of personal danger, as became a prince and a general, is inconsistent with what has been registered by almost all authorities, and with what is narrated by Johnstone himself. Beginning with the battle of Prestonpans, Home states, and we have heard it corroborated by eye and ear witnesses, that “Charles declared he would lead the clans on himself, and charge at their head;” and only relinquished his purpose when the general remonstrance of the chiefstains deterred him from leading the van. But notwithstanding this precaution, the prince conducted the second line of the Highland army, and the Chevalier Johnstone tells us, that the battle was gained with such rapidity, “that in the second line, when I was still by the side of the prince, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running as fast as we could to overtake them.” Now we submit, that a general who brought up a reserve within fifty paces of his advance, when, as Sir Lucius O’Trigger says, there was light enough for a long shot, and when the said advance was made upon a line of trained infantry and artillery, cannot be truly charged with keeping himself out of gunshot. At Falkirk, we do not know exactly where the prince was placed during the conflict, but it appears that he must have been in the advance, since at seven o’clock in the evening he led in person the troops which pursued the English army, and took possession of Falkirk at half-past seven at night, while the Chevalier Johnstone did not even know that the victory was won until half an hour later. In the whole course of this strange levée des boucliers, the Chevalier Johnstone accuses the prince of what he calls a...
childish desire of fighting battles, a propensity rather inconsistent with personal cowardice, especially in the circumstances of Prince Charles, as, according to our Chevalier’s authority, orders were issued to kill him on the spot if he should fall into the hands of the government troops.

At the battle of Culloden, the prince remained upon an eminence, with a squadron of horse. But from what Johnstone states himself, he did give the orders necessary for the occasion; in particular, when he saw the English, and the Campbells, their auxiliaries, about to force an enclosure which protected the right flank of his army, he “immediately repeated orders to place some troops in that enclosure, and prevent the manœuvre of the English, which could not fail to prove fatal to us.” Lord George paid no attention to his order,” and the English introduced both horse, musketry and artillery into that enclosure, to attack the Highland right wing on flank and rear, and did so with such deadly effect, that they swept away whole ranks. This manœuvre completely decided the battle, and it was when the right wing was absolutely broken that Chevalier Johnstone proposes that Charles should have rushed down to renew the fight. This would, doubtless, have been the course to ensure a soldier’s grave, but that, as is expressed in the last stanzas of poor Byron, is more “often found than sought,” nor are we entitled to praise the chief who rushes upon inevitable death because he has sustained a defeat. No effort of the squadron of horse, which was all that Charles had around his person, could dispossess the English cavalry, infantry, and artillery from the position they had gained; and as for rallying the Highlanders, why they were Highlanders, and for that very reason could not be rallied. In their advances, they fired their guns and threw them away, coming to the shock with the target and broadsword alone; if they succeeded, which they often did, no victory could be more complete, but they exhausted their strength in the effort, and it was not till they received, in the regiments drawn from amongst them, the usual discipline of the field, that Highlanders had any idea of rallying till some hill, pass, or natural fastness, gave them an advantage.* It is very true, that Johnstone is supported on this

* See the History of the Highland Regiments, by Major-General
point by a better evidence than himself—Lord Elcho, namely, who has left manuscript memoirs, in which it is stated that the author requested the Chevalier to charge in person at the head of the left wing, after the right was routed, and that on his not so advancing, Lord Elcho called him an Italian scoundrel, or a worse epithet, and declared he would never see his face more. We cannot believe, even on Lord Elcho's evidence, that any efforts of Charles could have retrieved the day at Culloden. The left wing, which had become sulky and refused to fight, because (to complete the blunders of the day) they had chosen to deprive the MacDonalds of their post of honour upon the right, were not likely to have their fighting mood improved by the rout and destruction amongst the right; and it is nothing new for a warm and impetuous soldier like Lord Elcho, rendered desperate by circumstances, to give counsel on a field of battle which it would be madness in any general to adopt. Besides, the common ruin which succeeds to such a rash undertaking as that of 1745 breaks all the ties of friendship, and men become severed by their passions and interests, like a fleet driven from its moorings by a tempest. It is then that mutual upbraidings arise amongst them, and such quarrels take place as that betwixt Charles and Lord Elcho, which the latter carried to such a height, that though he lived an exile for the Stuart's cause, he would never again see Prince Charles, and used to leave Paris so soon as the Chevalier entered it. Such strong passions are apt to sway, even in the most honourable minds, the recollection of past events.

This much is certain, that except the two authorities quoted, all persons who attended Charles that day agree in stating his desire to go down and rally the Highlanders, and affirm that he was only forced from the field by the entreaties of his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others, representing the desperation of the attempt, and the impossibility of success. The cornet of the second troop of Horse Guards left a paper, signed with his name, in which he declares that all verbal representations would have been vain, if General Sullivan had not laid hold of the rein of

David Stewart (of Garth); one of the most interesting military memoirs in the world, and not the less so because the feeling of "quorum pars magna fui" is perceptible in every page.
Charles’s horse, and turned him about. "To witness this," says the cornet, "I summon my eyes." After all, the words Qu’Il mourut are pronounced with wondrous ease and effect; but the homely proverb, "While there is life there is hope," is not less likely to influence an individual in the situation of Charles; and if we are to accuse of cowardice every officer who has left the field of battle when all was lost, we shall wondrously curtail the catalogue of the brave.

As for the idea of rallying after the defeat and making up a new army, it must be remembered that a Highland army differed essentially from one composed of regular troops, and as much in the mode of retreat, as in other particulars. A regular army can have no retreat but upon that point where the general pitches his standard. The camp to them is country and home. If they are defeated, they are aware that their chance of safety lies in union, and all stragglers have sense enough to regain their battalions as soon as they can. The Highlanders would have been in the same situation had they been routed in the middle of England, where those who might have escaped the sword would have remained together for mutual protection. But on the skirts of their own mountains, the moment the day was lost, the Highlanders, in a great measure, dispersed. The individuals had their own homes to retire to, and their own families to protect; the tribes had each its own country to defend, and, when the Highlanders were defeated at Culloden, their army in a great measure broke up into the separate clans of which it was composed, which went off in different directions to their own several glens. Many, no doubt, were thrown into such confusion, that they made to Ruthven in Badenoch as a common place of rendezvous, and the Lowland troops went thither also, because it had been named as such, and because, being strangers in the country, they knew not where else to go. But Chevalier Johnstone talks widely and wildly when he speaks of five thousand Highlanders being there able and ready to resume the struggle. If the prince had not had the spirit (as Johnstone pretends) to have put himself at the head of such a body, the Highland chiefs themselves would have endeavoured to maintain themselves in arms, in order to enter upon negotiation, which they had been twice able to effect
in former cases. But the whole is a vision. There was
never above a thousand or fifteen hundred men assembled
at Ruthven, and these were many of them Lowlanders.
The prince's army was entirely broken up; all the foreign
troops surrendered forthwith, with everything belonging to
the materiel of the army; the clans had in a great measure
disperssed themselves and gone home, as was their uniform
custom after defeat. All the efforts of their chieftains could
not bring them together again. This was attempted, and
the principal actors entered into resolutions binding them-
sest to rendezvous for that purpose. But the spirit of the
clans was entirely broken by the immense superiority of
the king's forces, while the desire of defending each its own
lonely glen from the fire and sword with which that was
threatened, overcame the feelings of sounder policy which
would have induced them to persevere in a system of co-
operation. A full account of the attempt to re-assemble
their forces, and of the causes of its being abandoned, will
be found in Home's Works (vol. iii, p. 369); and we may
conclude by observing that Lochiel, by whom the affair
was managed, and who saw himself, by irresistible ob-
stacles, constrained to abandoned a course which might
have at least extorted some terms from the Duke of Cumber-
land, was as brave a man, and, to say the least, as good
a judge of what the Highlanders could or could not do in
the circumstances, as the Chevalier Johnstone could possi-
bly pretend to be.

We do not, on the whole, mean to arrogate for the un-
happy Chevalier the character of a great man, to which he
displays few pretensions; but to deny energy to the prince
who plunged into an enterprise so desperate, and where his
own personal safety was so deeply implicated, on the word
of one or two private and disappointed men, contradicted
by a hundred others, seems to involve a denial of the whole
history from beginning to end. He was not John of Gaunt,
but yet no coward.

It is time to conclude this old-fashioned Scottish gossip,
which, after all, in a literary journal of the present day,
sounds as a pibroch might do in the Hanover Square con-
cert-rooms.
THE CULLODEN PAPERS.*

[Quarterly Review, January, 1816.]

Everything belonging to the Highlands of Scotland has of late become peculiarly interesting. It is not much above half a century since it was otherwise. The inhabitants of the Lowlands of Scotland were, indeed, aware that there existed, in the extremity of the island, amid wilder mountains and broader lakes than their own, tribes of men called clans, living each under the rule of their own chief, wearing a peculiar dress, speaking an unknown language, and going armed even in the most ordinary and peaceable vocations. The more southern counties saw specimens of these men, following the droves of cattle which were the sole exportable commodity of their country, plaided, bonneted, belted and brogued, and driving their bullocks, as Virgil is said to have spread his manure, with an air of great dignity and consequence. To their nearer Lowland neighbours, they were known by more fierce and frequent causes of acquaintance; by the forays which they made upon the inhabitants of the plains, and the tribute, or protection money, which they exacted from those whose possessions they spared. But in England, the knowledge of the very existence of the Highlanders was, prior to 1745, faint and forgotten; and not even the recollection of those civil wars which they had maintained in the years 1689, 1715, and 1719, had made much impression on the British public. The more intelligent, when they thought of them by any chance, considered them as complete barbarians; and the mass of the people cared no more about them than the merchants of New York.

* On "Culloden Papers; comprising an extensive and interesting Correspondence from the Year 1695 to 1748. To which is prefixed, an Introduction, containing Memoirs of the Right Honourable Duncan Forbes," &c. 4to. 1815.
about the Indians who dwell beyond the Alleghany mountains. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, mentions having dined in company with two gentlemen from the Highlands of Scotland, and expresses his surprise at finding them persons of ordinary decorum and civility.

Such was the universal ignorance of the rest of the island respecting the inhabitants of this remote corner of Britain, when the events of the remarkable years 1745–6 roused them, “like a rattling peal of thunder.” On the 25th of July, 1745, the eldest son of the Chevalier Saint George, usually called from that circumstance the young Chevalier, landed in Moidart, in the West Highlands, with seven attendants only; and his presence was sufficient to summon about eighteen hundred men to his standard, even before the news of his arrival could reach London. This little army was composed of a few country gentlemen, acting as commanders of battalions raised from the peasants or commoners of their estates, and officered by the principal farmers, or tacksmen. None of them pretended to knowledge of military affairs, and very few had ever seen an action. With such inadequate forces, the adventurer marched forward, like the hero of a romance, to prove his fortune. The most considerable part of the regular army moved to meet him at the pass of Corry-arrack; and here, as we learn from these papers, the Chevalier called for his Highland dress, and, tying the latchet of a pair of Highland brogues, swore he would fight the army of the government before he unloosed them.* But Sir John Cope, avoiding an action, marched to Inverness, leaving the low countries open to the Chevalier, who instantly rushed down on them; and while one part of the government army retreated northward to avoid him, he chased before him the remainder, which fled to the south. He crossed the Forth on the 13th September, and in two days afterwards was master of the metropolis of Scotland. The king’s forces having again united at Dunbar, and being about to advance upon Edinburgh, sustained at Prestonpans one of the most complete defeats recorded in history, their cavalry flying in irretrievable confusion, and all their infantry being killed or made prisoners. Under these auspices, the Highland army, now about five

* Culloden Papers, p. 216.
or six thousand strong, advanced into England, although Marshal Wade lay at Newcastle with one army, and the Duke of Cumberland was at the head of another in the centre of the kingdom. They took Carlisle, a walled town, with a castle of considerable strength, and struck a degree of confusion and terror into the public mind, at which those who witnessed and shared it were afterwards surprised and ashamed. London, says a contemporary, writing on the spur of the moment, lies open as a prize to the first comers, whether Scotch or Dutch; and a letter from Gray to Horace Walpole, paints an indifference yet more ominous to the public cause than the general panic:—"The common people in town at least know how to be afraid; but we are such uncommon people here (at Cambridge) as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought where and when the battle of Cannæ was.—I heard three sensible middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place in the high-road) to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed." A further evidence of the feelings under which the public laboured during this crisis, is to be found in these papers, in a letter from the well-known Sir Andrew Mitchell to the Lord President.

"If I had not lived long enough in England to know the natural bravery of the people, particularly of the better sort, I should, from their behaviour of late, have had a very false opinion of them; for the least scrap of good news exults them most absurdly; and the smallest reverse of fortune depresses them meanly."—P. 285.

In fact the alarm was not groundless;—not that the number of the Chevalier's individual followers ought to have been an object of serious, at least of permanent alarm to so great a kingdom,—but because, in many counties, a great proportion of the landed interest were Jacobitically disposed, although, with the prudence which distinguished the opposite party in 1688, they declined joining the invaders until it should appear whether they could maintain their ground without them. If it had rested with the unfortunate but daring leader of this strange adventure, his courage, though far less supported either by actual strength of numbers or by military experience, was as much "screwed to the sticking-place" as that of the Prince of Orange. The
history of the council of war, at Derby, in which Charles Edward's retreat was determined, has never yet been fully explained; it will, however, be one day made known;—in the mean time, it is proved that no cowardice on his part, no wish to retreat from the desperate adventure in which he was engaged, and to shelter himself from its consequences, dictated the movement which was then adopted. Vestigia nulla retrorsum had been his motto from the beginning. When retreat was determined upon, contrary to his arguments, entreaties, and tears, he evidently considered his cause as desperate: he seemed, in many respects, an altered man; and from being the leader of his little host, became in appearance, as he was in reality, their reluctant follower. While the Highland army advanced, Charles was always in the van by break of day;—in retreat, his alacrity was gone, and often they were compelled to wait for him;—he lost his spirit, his gaiety, his hardihood, and he never regained them but when battle was spoken of. In later life, when all hopes of his re-establishment were ended, Charles Edward sunk into frailties by which he was debased and dishonoured. But let us be just to the memory of the unfortunate. Without courage, he had never made the attempt—without address and military talent, he had never kept together his own desultory bands, or discomfited the more experienced soldiers of his enemy;—and finally, without patience, resolution, and fortitude, he could never have supported his cause so long, under successive disappointments, or fallen at last with honour, by an accumulated and overwhelming pressure.

When the resolution of retreat was adopted, it was accomplished with a dexterous celerity, as remarkable as the audacity of the advance. With Ligonier's army on one flank, and Cumberland's in the rear—surrounded by hostile forces,—and without one hope remaining of countenance or assistance from the Jacobites of England, the Highlanders made their retrograde movement without either fear or loss, and had the advantage at Clifton, near Penrith, in the only skirmish which took place between them and their numerous pursuers. The same good fortune seemed for a time to attend the continuation of the war, when removed once more to Scotland. The Chevalier, at the head of his little army, returned to the north more like a victor than a retreat-
ing adventurer. He laid Glasgow under ample contribution, refreshed and collected his scattered troops, and laid siege to Stirling, whose castle guards the principal passage between the Highlands and Lowlands. In the meanwhile, General Hawley was sent against him; an officer so confident of success, that he declared he would trample the Highland insurgents into dust with only two regiments of dragoons; and whose first order, on entering Edinburgh, was to set up a gibbet in the Grass Market, and another between Leith and Edinburgh. But this commander received from his despised opponents so sharp a defeat, at Falkirk, that, notwithstanding all the colours which could be put upon it, the affair appeared not much more creditable than that of Prestonpans. How Hawley looked upon this occasion, we learn by a letter from General Wightman.

"General H——y is in much the same situation as General C——e; he was never seen in the field during the battle; and everything would have gone to wreck, in a worse manner than at Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared everywhere. H——y seems to be sensible of his misconduct; for when I was with him on Saturday morning at Linlithgow, he looked most wretchedly; even worse than C——e did a few hours after his scuffle, when I saw him at Fala."—P. 267.

Even when the approach of the Duke of Cumberland, with a predominant force, compelled these adventurers to retreat towards their northern recesses, they were so far from being disheartened that they generally had the advantage in the sort of skirmishing warfare which preceded their final defeat at Culloden. On this occasion, they seem, for the first time, to have laboured under a kind of judicial infatuation. They did not defend the passage of Spey, though broad, deep, rapid, and dangerous; they did not retreat before the duke into the defiles of their own mountains, where regular troops pursuing them could not long have subsisted; they did not even withdraw two leagues, which would have placed them in a position inaccessible to horse and favourable to their own mode of fighting; they did not await their own reinforcements, although three thousand men, a number equal to one half of their army, were within a day's march,—but, on the contrary, they wasted the spirits of their people, already exhausted by hunger and dispirited by retreat, in a forced march, with the purpose of a night
attack, which was hastily and rashly adopted, and as inconsiderately abandoned; and at length drew up in an open plain, exposed to the fire of artillery, and protected from the charge of cavalry only by a park wall, which was soon pulled down. This they did, though they themselves had no efficient force of either description; and in such a hopeless position they awaited the encounter of an enemy more than double their numbers, fully equipped, and in a complete state for battle. The result was what might have been expected—the loss, namely, of all but their honour, which was well maintained, since they left nearly the half of their army upon the field.

What causes, at this critical period, distracted those councils which had hitherto exhibited sagacity and military talent, it would be difficult now to ascertain. An officer, deep in their counsels, offers no better reason than that they must have expected a continuation of the same miraculous success which had hitherto befriended them against all probable calculation and chance of war—a sort of crowning mercy, as Cromwell might have called it, granted to the supposed goodness of their cause, and their acknowledged courage, in defiance of all the odds against them. But we believe the truth to be, that the French advisers who were around the Chevalier had, by this time, the majority in his councils. They were alarmed at the prospect of a mountain war, which presented a long perspective of severe hardship and privation; and being, at the worst, confident of their own safety as prisoners of war, they urged the adventurer to stand this fearful hazard, which, as we all know, terminated in utter and irremediable defeat.

It was not till after these events, which we have hastily retraced, that the Highlanders, with the peculiarity of their government and habits, became a general object of attention and investigation. And evidently it must have been matter of astonishment to the subjects of the complicated and combined constitution of Great Britain, to find they were living at the next door to tribes whose government and manners were simply and purely patriarchal, and who, in the structure of their social system, much more resembled the inhabitants of the mountains of India than those of the plains of England. Indeed, when we took up the account of Caubul, lately published by the honourable Mr. Elphinston, we
were forcibly struck with the curious points of parallelism between the manners of the Afghan tribes and those of the ancient Highland clans. They resembled these oriental mountaineers in their feuds, in their adoption of auxiliary tribes, in their laws, in their modes of conducting war, in their arms, and, in some respects, even in their dress. A Highlander who made the amende honorable to an enemy, came to his dwelling, laid his head upon the block, or offered him his sword held by the point; an Afghan does the same. It was deemed unworthy, in either case, to refuse the clemency implored, but it might be legally done. We recollect an instance in Highland history:—William Macintosh, a leader, if not the chief, of that ancient clan, upon some quarrel with the Gordons, burnt the castle of Auchindown, belonging to this powerful family; and was, in the feud which followed, reduced to such extremities by the persevering vengeance of the Earl of Huntley, that he was at length compelled to surrender himself at discretion. He came to the castle of Strathbogie, choosing his time when the earl was absent, and yielded himself up to the countess. She informed him that Huntley had sworn never to forgive him the offence he had committed, until he should see his head upon the block. The humbled chieftain kneeled down, and laid his head upon the kitchen dresser, where the oxen were cut up for the baron’s feast. No sooner had he made this humiliation, than the cook, who stood behind him with his cleaver uplifted, at a sign from the inexorable countess, severed Macintosh’s head from his body at a stroke. So deep was this thirst of vengeance impressed on the minds of the Highlanders, that when a clergyman informed a dying chief of the unlawfulness of the sentiment, urged the necessity of his forgiving an inveterate enemy, and quoted the scriptural expression, “Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,” the acquiescing penitent said, with a deep sigh,—“To be sure, it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal.” Then added, “Well, I forgive him; but the deil take you, Donald” (turning to his son), “if you forgive him.”

Another extraordinary instance occurred in Aberdeenshire. In the sixteenth century, Muat of Abergeldie, then a powerful baron, made an agreement to meet with Cameron of Brux, with whom he was at feud, each being attended with twelve horse only. But Muat, treacherously taking
CULLODEN PAPERS.

advantage of the literal meaning of the words, came with two riders on each horse. They met at Drumgaurdram, a hill near the river Don; and in the unequal conflict which ensued, Brux fell, with most of his friends. The estate descended to an only daughter, Katherine; whose hand the widowed Lady Brux, with a spirit well suited to the times, offered as a reward to any one who would avenge her husband's death. Robert Forbes, a younger son of the chief of that family, undertook the adventure; and having challenged Muat to single combat, fought with and slew him at a place called Badenyon, near the head of Glenbucket. A stone called Clachmuet (i.e. Muat's stone) still marks the place of combat. When the victor presented himself to claim the reward of his valour, and to deprecate any delay of his happiness, Lady Brux at once cut short all ceremonial, by declaring that "Kate Cameron should go to Robert Forbes's bed while Muat's blood was yet reeking upon his gully" (i.e. knife). The victor expressed no disapprobation of this arrangement, nor did the maiden scruples of the bride impede her filial obedience. *

One more example (and we could add an hundred) of that insatiable thirst for revenge, which attended northern feuds. One of the Leslies, a strong and active young man, chanced to be in company with a number of the clan of Leith, the feudal enemies of his own. The place where they met being the hall of a powerful and neutral neighbour, Leslie was, like Shakspeare's Tybalt in a similar situation, compelled to endure their presence. Still he held the opinion of the angry Capulet, even in the midst of the entertainment,

"Now by the stock and honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin."

Accordingly, when they stood up to dance, and he found himself compelled to touch the hands and approach the persons of his detested enemies, the deadly feud broke forth. He unsheathed his dagger as he went down the dance—struck on the right and left—laid some dead and many wounded on the floor—threw up the window, leaped into the castle-court, and escaped in the general confusion.

* Vide note to "Don," a poem, reprinted by Moir, Edinburgh, 1816, from an edition in 1749.
Such were the unsettled principles of the time, that the perfidy of the action was lost in its boldness; it was applauded by his kinsmen, who united themselves to defend what he had done; and the fact is commemorated in the well-known tune of triumph called *Lesley among the Leiths*.

The genealogies of the Afghaun tribes may be paralleled with those of the clans; the nature of their favourite sports, their love of their native land, their hospitality, their address, their simplicity of manners exactly correspond. Their superstitions are the same, or nearly so. The *Cho-łée Beabaun* (demons of the desert) resemble the *Boddach* of the Highlanders, who "walked the heath at midnight and at noon." The Afghaun's most ordinary mode of divination is by examining the marks in the blade-bone of a sheep, held up to the light; and even so the Rev. Mr. Robert Kirk assures us, that in his time, the end of the sixteenth century, "the seers prognosticate many future events (only for a month's space) from the shoulder-bone of a sheep on which a knife never came. By looking into the bone, they will tell if whoredom be committed in the owner's house; what money the master of the sheep had; if any will die out of that house for a month, and if any cattle there will take a *trake* (i.e. a disease), as if planet-struck."

The Afghaun, who, in his weary travels, had seen no vale equal to his own native valley of Speiger, may find a parallel in many an exile from the braes of Lochaber; and whoever had remonstrated with an ancient Highland chief, on the superior advantages of a civilized life regulated by the authority of equal laws, would have received an answer something similar to the indignant reply of the old Afghaun; "We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood, but we will never be content with a master." The Highland chiefs, otherwise very frequently men of sense and education, and only distinguished in Lowland society by an affectation of rank and stateliness, somewhat above their means, were, in their own country, from the absolute submission paid to them by their clans, and the want of frequent intercourse with persons of

---


† Account of Caubul, p. 174. Note.
the same rank with themselves, nursed in a high and daring spirit of independent sovereignty which would not brook or receive protection or control from the public law or government; and disdained to owe their possessions and the preservation of their rights to anything but their own broadswords.

Similar examples may be derived from the history of Persia by Sir John Malcolm. But our limits do not permit us further to pursue a parallel which serves strikingly to show how the same state of society and civilization produces similar manners, laws, and customs, even at the most remote periods of time, and in the most distant quarters of the world. In two respects the manners of the Caubul tribes differ materially from those of the Highlanders; first, in the influence of their Jeergas, or patriarchal senates, which diminishes the power of their chiefs, and gives a democratic turn to each separate tribe. This appears to have been a perpetual and radical difference; for at no time do the Highland chiefs appear to have taken counsel with their elders, as an authorized and independent body, although, no doubt, they availed themselves of their advice and experience upon the principle of a general who summons a council of war. *

The second point of distinction respects the consolidation of those detached tribes under one head, or king, who, with a degree of authority greater or less according to his talents, popularity, and other circumstances, is the acknowledged head of the associated communities. In this point, however, the Highlanders anciently resembled the Afghauns, as will appear when we give a brief sketch of their general history. But this, to be intelligible, must be preceded by some account of their social system, of which the original and primitive basis differed very little from the first time that we hear of them in history until the destruction of clanship in 1748.

The Scottish Highlanders were, like the Welsh, the unmixed aboriginal natives of the island, speaking a dialect of the ancient Celtic, once the language of all Britain, and

* This is to be understood generally; for there were circumstances in which the subordinate chieftains of the clan took upon them to control the chief, as when the Mackenzies forcibly compelled the Earl of Seaforth to desist from his purpose of pulling down his family-seat of castle Brahan.
being the descendants of those tribes which had been driven
by the successive invasions of nations more politic than
themselves, and better skilled in the regular arts of war,
into the extensive mountainous tract which, divided by an
imaginary line, drawn from Dunbarton, includes both sides
of Loch Lomond, and the higher and more mountainous
parts of Stirling and Perthshires, Angus, Mearns, and Aber-
deenshire. Beyond this line all the people speak Gaelic,
and wear, or did wear, the Highland dress. The Western
Islands are comprehended within this wild and extensive
territory, which includes upwards of two hundred parishes,
and a population of about two hundred thousand souls.

The country, though in many places so wild and savage
as to be almost uninhabitable, contains on the sea-coasts, on
the sides of the lakes, in the vales of the small streams, and
in the more extensive straths through which larger rivers
discharge themselves, much arable ground; and the moun-
tains which surround these favoured spots afford ample pas-
ture walks, and great abundance of game. Natural forests
of oak, fir, and birch, are found in most places of the coun-
try, and were anciently yet more extensive. These glens,
or valleys, were each the domain of a separate tribe, who
lived for each other, laboured in common, married usually
within the clan, and the passages from one vale to another
being dangerous in most seasons, and toilsome in all, had
very little communication with the world beyond their own
range of mountains. This circumstance doubtless tended to
prolong among these separate tribes a species of govern-
ment, the first that is known in the infancy of society, and
which, in most instances, is altered or modified during an
early period of its progress. The chief himself had a sepa-
rate appellative, formed on the same principle: thus the
chief of the Campbells was called MacCallam-more (i.e.
the son of the great Colin); Glengarry is called MacAllister-
more, and so forth. Their language has no higher expres-
sion of rank; and when the family of Slate were ennobled,
their clansmen could only distinguish Lord MacDonald as
MacDhonuil-more (i.e. the great MacDonald). To this
was often added some special epithet distinguishing the
individual or reigning chief. Thus, John Duke of Argyle
was called Jan Roy nan Cath, as the celebrated Viscount
of Dundee was termed Jan Dhu nan Cath, namely, Red
or Black John of the Battles. Such epithets distinguished one chief from another, but the patronymic of the dynasty was common to all.

The obedience of the Highlander was paid to the chief of his clan, as representing some remote ancestor from whom it was supposed the whole tribe was originally descended, and whose name, compounded into a patronymic, as we have already mentioned, was the distinguishing appellation of the sept. Each clan, acting upon this principle, bore to its chief all the zeal, all the affectionate deference, all the blind devotion, of children to a father. Their obedience was grounded on the same law of nature, and a breach of it was regarded as equally heinous. The clansman who scrupled to save his chief's life at the expense of his own, was regarded as a coward who fled from his father's side in the hour of peril. Upon this simple principle rests the whole doctrine of clanship; and although the authority of the chief sometimes assumed a more legal aspect, as the general law of the country then stood, by his being possessed of feudal influence, or territorial jurisdiction,—yet, with his clan, no feudal rights, or magisterial authority, could enhance or render more ample that power which he possessed, *jure sanguinis*, by the right of primogeniture.

The duty of the clansman was indelible; and no feudal grant which he might acquire, or other engagement whatever, was to be preferred to his service to the chief. In the following letter MacIntoshe summons, as his rightful followers, those of his people who were resident on the estate of Culloden, who, according to low country law, ought to have followed their landlord.

"Madam,

"You can't be a Stranger to the Circumstances I have put myself in at the tyme, and the great need I have of my own Men & followers wherever they may be found. Wherfor I thought fit, seeing Cullodin is not at home, by this line to entreat you to put no stop in the way of these Men that are & have been my followers upon your Ground.

"Our, your compliance in this will very much Oblige,

"Your most humble Servant,

"L. MacIntoshe.

"14th Sept. 1715.

"Madam,

"P. S. If what I demand will not be granted, I hope I'll be excused to be in my duty."—Pp. 38-9.

Vol. II.—24
Such was the very simple theory of clan government. In practice, it extended farther. Each clan was divided into three orders. The head of all was the chief, who was usually, though not uniformly, the proprietor of all, or the greater part of the territories of the clan; not, it must be supposed, in absolute property, but as the head and grand steward of the community. He administered them, however, in all respects, at his own will and pleasure. A certain of the best of the land he retained as his own appanage, and it was cultivated for his sole profit. The rest was divided by grants, of a nature more or less temporary, among the second class of the clan, who are called tenants, tacksmen, or goodmen. These were the near relations of the chief, or were descended from those who bore such near relation to some of his ancestors. To each of these, brothers, nephews, cousins, and so forth, the chief assigned a portion of land, either during pleasure, or upon short lease, or frequently in the form of a wadset (mortgage) redeemable for a certain sum of money. These small portions of land, assisted by the liberality of their relations, the tacksmen contrived to stock, and on these they subsisted, until in a generation or two the lands were resumed for portioning out some nearer relative, and the descendants of the original tacksmen sunk into the situation of commoners. This was such an ordinary transition, that the third class, consisting of the common people, was strengthened in the principle on which their clanish obedience depended, namely, their belief in their original connection of the genealogy of the chief, since each generation saw a certain number of families merge among the commoners whom their fathers had ranked among the tacksmen or nobility of the clan.

This change, though frequent, did not uniformly take place. In the case of a very powerful chief, or of one who had an especial affection for a son or brother, a portion of land was assigned to a cadet in perpetuity, or he was perhaps settled in an appanage conquered from some other clan, or the tacksmen acquired wealth and property by marriage, or by some exertion of his own. In all these cases, he kept his rank in society, and usually had under his government a branch or subdivision of the tribe, who looked up to him as their immediate leader, and whom he governed with the same authority, and in the same manner, in all re-
pects, as the chief, who was patriarchal head of the whole sept. Such head of a subordinate branch of a clan was called a chieftain (a word of distinct and limited meaning), but remained dependent and usually tributary to the chief; and bound to support, follow, and obey him in all lawful and unlawful service. The larger clans often comprehended several of these subdivisions, each of which had its own chieftain; and it sometimes happened when the original family became extinct, that it was difficult to determine the right of succession. This was a calamitous event, for it usually occasioned a civil war; and it was accounted a dishonourable one, since a clan without an acknowledged head was considered as an anomaly among them. To use to any member of a clan which chanced to be in this situation the expression, “Name your chief;” was an insult which nothing but blood could avenge.* This peculiarity, which, in the course of ages, often took place, was one great source of war among the Highland clans. When the direct lineage of a chief of an extended lineage became extinct, there arose disputes among the subordinate branches concerning the right of succession to this high dignity. Of these rival chieftains (we use the word in its limited signification), each had his separate band of devoted followers, and, like princes in the same situation, none lacked his seannachies, or genealogists to vouch for his title. It is a complete proof of the uncertainty of Highland succession that when a clan regiment was raised, there was a great diversity of opinion who was entitled to the post of honour after the chief, whether the representative of the eldest or of the youngest branch; and as this was a point undecided in the year 1745,† it cannot be doubted that so important a difference must repeatedly have drawn blood during the frequent quarrels of ambitious chieftains.

To return to the more simple state of the Highland clan,

* See Letters from the North of Scotland, a work containing much curious information on the former state of the Highlands. The author was Mr. Burt, an engineer, and the work was first published in 1754, thirty years after most of the letters were written. The book has been lately reprinted; and as it contains the observations of an impartial, and, on the whole, an unprejudiced stranger, it is a good record of Highland manners at the commencement of the 18th century.

† See Hume's History of the Rebellion, p. 9.
in which we suppose the chief to have had no subordinate leaders approaching to him in degree: his immediate dependents were the tacksman, a race of men upon whose peculiar manners, much rather than on those of the chief who usually had the advantage either of an English or French education, or upon the commons, whose manners, as in all other countries, reflected imperfectly, like a coarse mirror, the habits of their superiors, the distinct character of the Highlanders rested. These tacksmen were, by profession, gentlemen, or, as they termed it in their language, *Duinhé Wassal*. Of this distinction, usually marked by a feather in the bonnet, for in all other particulars their dress and that of the chief himself differed little from that of the commoners, they were especially tenacious; and the danger of contesting it was the greater, the nearer the duinhé wassal approached to the state of the commoner, which was the grave of all the Capulets. Wo betide the Lowlander who scrupled to pay the homage due to the genealogy of a Highland gentleman, even when he condescended to drive his own cows to market! When the low country drovers and graziers met their Highland customers at the trysts of Donne, and elsewhere on the borders, affronts were sometimes offered on the one hand, and on the other the claymore made its instant appearance. The Lowlanders (we have been assured from those concerned in such affrays) were less abashed at the display of steel than might be supposed; for at the first signal of quarrel they were wont to dip their bonnets in the next rivulet, which, twisted round a stout cudgel, made a tough guard for the hand; and with this precaution both parties were ready to engage—

"One arm’d with metal, t’other with wood,  
This fit for bruise, and that for blood;  
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang."

The Highlanders had, indeed, the advantage of fire-arms, but rarely used them on such occasions, where a few slashes and broken heads usually decided the combat. Sterner consequences, however, sometimes ensued—these Highland gentlemen were proud in proportion to their poverty, and the quarrels between them and the similar dependents of other families, when they met at the *aqua-vite*
houses, which were common in this country, gave rise to frequent bloodshed, and often to deadly feuds, between the clans to which the contending parties belonged.

In their intercourse with their respective chiefs, and with the commons, or bulk of the clan, the tacksmen had a double part to play, which demanded all the capacity of skilful courtiers. It was their business to get from both sides as much as they could—from the chief they gained their ends, by means of acting the part of counsellors, assistants, flatterers,—in short, by going through the whole routine of court-intrigue. The exercise of their talents in this, as well as in the exterior relations of the clan, and its public business, as it might be called, arising from alliances, jealousies, feuds, predatory aggressions, and retaliations, was accompanied by the usual effect of sharpening the intellect. The tacksmen accordingly were remarkable for a ready and versatile politeness in common conversation, and for a somewhat ostentatious display of the virtue of hospitality, which was balanced by their art and address in making bargains, by audacity to demand, eloquence to support their request, and address to take advantage even of the slightest appearance of concession. As they had on the one hand to act as a kind of ministry to the chief, so on the other, it was their business to make as much as they could of the commoners subjected to their immediate jurisdiction; whom they repaid for their own exactions, by protecting them against those which were offered from any other quarter.

The commons, from hard and scanty fare probably, were usually inferior in stature to the chiefs, chieftains, and tacksmen, but extremely hardy and active. They were supported thus: each tacksmen, individually, leased out his part of the clan territory, in small portions and for moderate rents, to the commoners of the clan; or by a mode of cultivation often practised on the continent, and known in Scottish law by the name of Steel-bow, he furnished such a portion of the ground with stock and seed-corn, on condition of receiving from the tenant or actual labourer a moiety of the profits. In either case, the dependence of the cottager or commoner on the tacksmen was as absolute as that of the tacksmen upon the chief, and the general opinion
inculcated upon all was implicit duty to their patriarchal head and his constituted authorities.

This system, in an early state of society, and in a fertile and uninhabited country, as it is the most obvious, is also the best which could be adopted. In such a case, when the flocks and herds of two tribes, like those of Abraham and Lot, become too numerous for the land in which they dwell, one kinsman can say to another, “Why should there be strife between us? Is not the whole land before thee—separate thyself.” But the most remarkable part of the Highland system, was the rapid increase of population, which, pent up within narrow and unfertile valleys, could neither extend itself towards the mountains, on account of hostile clans, nor towards the Lowlands, because the civilized country, though unable to prevent occasional depredations, was always too powerful to admit of any permanent settlement being gained upon the plains by the mountainers. Thus, limited to its own valley, each clan increased in numbers in a degree far beyond proportion to the means of supporting them. Each little farm was, by the tenant who cultivated it, divided and subdivided among his children and grand-children until the number of human beings to be maintained far exceeded that for whom, by any mode of culture, the space of ground could supply nourishment. We have evidence before us, that in the rugged district between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, in the neighbourhood of Inversnaid, there were one hundred and fifty families living upon ground which did not pay ninety pounds a-year of rent, or, in other words, each family, at a medium, rented lands at twelve shillings a-year, as their sole mode of livelihood. The consequence of this over-population, in any case, must have been laziness, because, where there were so many hands for such light work, none would work hard; and those who could set up the slightest claim of exemption, would not work at all. This was particularly the case with the tacksmen’s younger sons,—a race destined to sink into the insignificance of commoners, unless they could keep themselves afloat by some deed of gallant distinction. These, therefore, were most afraid of being confounded with the class to which they were provisionally liable to be reduced; and as a serjeant is prouder of his cheveron than an officer of his epaulet, they were eager to
maintain their dignity by evincing a contempt of all the duties of peaceful industry, and manifesting their adroitness in the chase and in military exercises. They naturally associated to themselves the stoutest and most active of the youthful commoners, all of whom reckoned their pedigree up to that of the chief, and therefore were entitled to “disdain the shepherd’s slothful life.” Under such leaders, they often committed creaghs, or depredations, on the Lowlands, or on hostile clans, and sometimes constituted themselves into regular bands of robbers, whom the chief connived at, though he dared not openly avow their depredations. They usually found shelter in some remote glen, from which he could, as occasion demanded, let them slip against his enemies. If they were made prisoners, they seldom betrayed the countenance which they had from their protector. On the other hand he was conscientious in affording them his protection against the law, as far as could be done, without absolutely committing himself.

There yet remained for the younger sons, both of chiefs and tacksmen, another resource, and that was foreign service. From an early period, many of these adventurers sought employment in the continental wars, and after the exile of the House of Stuart, the practice became general. They used also to carry with them some of the most courageous and active of the commoners; thus their acquaintance with actual war, its dangers and its duties, was familiarly maintained, and the report of their adventures and success served to keep up the love of warfare which characterized the Highland clans.

The same military spirit and contempt of labour distinguished even the very lowest of the commoners, upon whom necessarily devolved the operations of agriculture, which were summed up in the arts of ploughing or digging their ground for crops of oats or barley, making hay, rearing cattle, and manufacturing cheese and butter. The labour of the spade and plough was thrown as much as possible on the aged, or the females of the clan, while those who were in full vigour of body abandoned themselves alternately to the indulgence of indolence, and to the excitation of violent exercise. And as the tacksmen endeavoured to secure to themselves as large a portion as possible of the produce of the commoner’s labour, the latter, to secure his
attachment, was indulged and protected in occasional acts of military depredation and license; for which the eternal feuds among the Highlanders themselves, as well as the grand subsisting distinction between them and the Lowlanders, never failed to afford sufficient pretexts. The last were indeed, on all hands, regarded as the common enemy and general prey, as appears from a letter of apology written by Allan Cameron of Lochiel, to Sir James Grant, chieftain of that name, dated 18th October, 1645. It would seem that a party of Camerons had plundered, or attempted to plunder, the lands of Grant of Moynes, lying on the border of the lowland county of Murray. The Grants had overpowered and worsted the invaders, which did not prevent their chief from remonstrating with Lochiel. Lochiel's answer is in the note, in which it will be observed that the intended robbery of the Murray-man is treated as a matter of course. The only thing requiring apology was the aggression on an allied and friendly clan.*

The artisans in a Highland tribe were few, but rose in rank above the mere labourers of the ground—the women were the principal weavers; but the tailor's was a masculine employment, and as much skill was supposed to be necessary to his craft, he held some importance in society. Every man made his own brogues out of raw hides, and

* "Right Loving Cousin,—My hearty recommendations being remembered to your honour, I have received your honour's letter concerning this misfortunate accident that never fell out, betwixt our houses, the like before, in no man's days; but, praised be God, I am innocent of the same, and my friends both in respect that they gift (went) not within your honour's bounds, but (only) to Murrayland, where all men take their prey; nor knew not that Moynes was a Grant, but thought that he was a Murray-man; and if they knew him, they would not stir his land more than the rest of your honour's bounds in Strathspey.—Sir, I have gotten such a loss of my friends, which I hope your honour shall consider, for I have eight dead already, and I have twelve or thirteen under cure, whilst I know not who shall live, or who shall die, of the same. So, sir, whosoever has gotten the greatest loss, I am content that the same be repaired, to (at) the sight of friends that loveth us both alike—and there is such a trouble here among us, that we cannot look to the same, for the present time, while (until) I wit who shall live of my men that is under cure. So not further troubling your honour at this time, for your honour shall not be offended at my friend's innocence,—Sir, I rest yours,

"Allan Cameron of Lochell."
was therefore his own shoemaker. Every Highlander also understood the use of the hatchet, and for all ordinary purposes was his own joiner and mason; but the smith held a distinct profession, and as he could make and repair arms, was a personage of first-rate importance. Like the piper, he was an officer of the household in the Highland establishment, and generally a favourite with the chief. The arms used in the Highlands were, however, usually forged in the low country. Doune, particularly, was long remarkable for its manufacture of steel-pistols, which perhaps yet subsists. Latterly most of their fire-arms were sent from Spain or France.

The commoners, whether occasional artisans or mere peasants, had all the same character of agility and hardihood. Exposed continually to a rough climate, by the imperfect shelter afforded by their dwellings, they became indifferent to its vicissitudes; and being in the constant use of hunting and fowling, and following their cattle through morasses and over mountains, they could endure, without inconvenience, extremities of hunger and fatigue, which would destroy any other people; and hence, even in their most peaceable state, they were inured to those hardships, which, in regular armies, often destroy more than the sword. They were enthusiastic in their religion, as well as in their political principles, but were often content to take both upon trust at the recommendation, and upon the peril, of the chief. Their manners approached nearly to those of the tacksmen, being influenced by the same causes. From the self respect, arising out of a consciousness of high descent, they displayed unusual refinement and even elegance in their ordinary address, and on important occasions possessed and exhibited a command of eloquent and figurative expressions. They were civil, brave, and hospitable; but indolent, interested, and rapacious. The arts and pretenses under which they were deprived of the produce of their labour, they combated by other arts and pretenses, by means of which they extorted from their superiors enough to support them, according to their frugal wants. So much was the country over-peopled by the system of clanship, that in the islands, whole tribes were occasionally destroyed by famine; and even upon the continent, it was usual to bleed the cattle once a-year, that the blood thickened by oatmeal, and fried into
a sort of cake, might nourish the people. But this was the last evil which the chief thought of curing. The number and military qualities of his followers were his pride and ornament, his wealth and his protection. MacDonal of Keppoch, having been called upon by an English gentleman to admire two massive silver chandeliers of uncommon beauty and workmanship, undertook a bet that when the owner should visit him in the Highlands he would show him a pair of superior value. When summoned to keep his word, he exhibited two tall Highlanders, completely equipped and armed, each holding in his right hand a blazing torch made of bog-fir. The same chief, being asked by some strangers, before whom he had placed a very handsome entertainment, what might be the rent of the estate which furnished such expenditure, answered the blunt question with equal bluntness, "I can raise five hundred men." Such was the ancient mode of computing the value of a Highland estate. "I have lived to woeful days," said an Argyleshire chieftain to us in 1788: "When I was young, the only question asked concerning a man's rank, was how many men lived on his estate—then it came to be how many black cattle it could keep—but now they only ask how many sheep the lands will carry."

Such is the general view of a Highland tribe, living and governed according to the patriarchal system. But many principles, accounted fixed in theory, were occasionally departed from in practice. It might, for example, have been supposed that hereditary right was inviolably observed in a system which appeared entirely to hinge upon it. Nevertheless, in pressing circumstances, this rule was sometimes overlooked. Usurpations and revolutions also occasionally took place, as in larger principalities; and sometimes the will of the clan, excited by circumstances which displeased them in the character of the heir, set him aside upon slender grounds from the high office to which he was destined by birth. The following is an example in a clan of great note:

When the chief of Clannonald died, his eldest son was residing, according to the Highland custom, as a foster-son in the family of Lord Lovat, chief of the Frasers. When the young man arrived at Castle Tyrim, to take possession of his estate, his attention was caught by a very profuse quantity of slaughtered cattle. He asked the meaning of
this preparation, and was informed that these provisions had been made to solemnize a festival on his being first produced to his people in the character of their chief. "I think," answered the youth, who had apparently contracted some economical ideas by residing so near the Lowlands, "I think a few hens would have made an adequate entertainment for the occasion." This unhappy expression flew through the clan like wildfire, and excited a general sentiment of indignation. "We will have nothing to do," they said, "with a hen-chief," and, dismissing the rightful heir with scorn, they called one of his brother's sons to the office and estate of the departed chief. The Frasers, according to custom, took arms to compel the MacDonalds to do justice to their foster-child. A battle ensued—the Frasers were defeated with much slaughter, and the unlucky hen-chief being killed, as a miserable warning to all untimely economists, his nephew was established in the rights and power of the family. But a veil was thrown over these deviations as soon as possible; and the existing chief was always held up and maintained to be the lineal representative of the founder of the family and common father of the clan.

In like manner it was a leading principle that the clan, from the highest to the lowest, were all members of one family, bearing the same name, and connected in blood with the chief. He was expected, therefore, even in the height of his authority, to acknowledge the meanest of them as his relation, and to shake hands with him wherever they might happen to meet. There were, nevertheless, exceptions also to this rule. Small clans were sometimes totally broken up, their chiefs slain, and their independence destroyed. In this situation they became a sort of clients to some clan of greater importance, and bore to those under whom they lived very nearly the same relation which the Humsauyas, described by Mr. Elphinstone, bear to the Ooloss, or Afghan tribe, with whom they reside. Several of the most ancient of the Highland names and tribes are to be found in this state of depression. Sometimes whole clans, without renouncing their dependence upon their own chief, subjected themselves to a tribe of predominating influence, whose name they assumed. In this case they continued to subsist as a dependent but distinct branch of the general community;
and their chief, now sunk to the rank of a chiefstain, exercised his authority in subordination to that of the chief whose name he had adopted. The Campbells are said to have received numerous additions in this manner. Besides these accessions, each clan, especially when headed by a chief who stood high in the public estimation, was strengthened by individuals who came to associate themselves with the community, and who never scrupled to assume the name of the tribe. Even to this day a Highlander sometimes considers, that, upon changing his residence, a change of his name to that of his new landlord is at once a point of civility, and a means of obtaining favour. A friend of ours was shooting in the north, and as the face of the Highlander, who acted as his guide, was familiar to him, he asked if his name was not MacPherson—"No; Gordon is my name," replied the guide. "I was shooting a few years ago at some distance from this place; you then guided me, and I remember you called yourself MacPherson"—"Yes," answered the Highlander, composedly; "but that was when I lived on the other side of the hill." There yet remained another source of accession. In ancient times, the Highlanders, like the Indians, adopted prisoners of war into their tribes. Thus when the Marquis of Huntley and the Laird of Grant made a tremendous foray along Dee side, laying waste the whole Dale, they carried off a great number of children whose parents they had put to death. About a year afterwards the Laird of Grant, being on a visit to Castle Huntley, saw these children receive their food:—a kitchen trough was filled with the relics of the provisions on which the servants had dined, and at the summons of a whistle from the master cook, this mob of half-naked orphans rushed in to scramble for the fragments. Shocked at the sight, Grant obtained permission to carry them into his country, where he adopted them into his own tribe, and gave them his name, which they still bear; but their descendants are distinguished from other Grants, being called "Children of the trough."

The most powerful of the Highland chiefs became in latter times frequenters of the Scottish court, and often obtained from the monarchs grants of lands and jurisdictions, which, at convenient times, they failed not to use in aid of their patriarchal authority over their own sept, and as a pre-
text for subjugating others. They did not, indeed, need the
excuse of such authority towards the oppressed party, who
lived in a state of society in which superior force necessa-

ry constituted right.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficed them; the simple plan
That they should take who had the power,
And they should keep who can."

But the more prudent chiefs had now learned that there
was a world beyond the mountains, and that there were
laws of the kingdom which Scottish kings sometimes strove
to make effectual, even among their fastnesses. And although
these efforts, owing to the weakness of the government,
were but transient and desultory; yet the great houses of
Argyle, Huntley, Athole, and others, whose rank placed
them often at court, and within the grasp of authority, found
advantage in keeping o' the windy side of the law, and in
qualifying their aggressions on their Highland neighbours
by such plausible forms as might pass current in case of
inquiry at the seat of government. Nothing was more
hateful to their ruder neighbours than claims of this kind,
which they neither understood nor acknowledged. The
mode in which the rights of jurisdiction obtained by the
higher families were exercised, had little tendency to recon-
cile the less powerful chiefs to what they considered as
legalized modes of oppression. "Take care of yourselves
in Sutherland," said an old Highlander as he communicated
the alarming news which he had just learned, "the law is
come as far as Tain." Accordingly, the execution of the
laws, to the last, was resisted in the Highlands; nor was
the authority of the magistrates respected, nor durst any
inferior officer of the law execute his duty. The traces of
this state of manners were long visible: and so late as thirty
years since, and within twenty miles of Stirling Castle, it
was found necessary to obtain a military escort, to protect
the officer who was to serve a civil process giving a High-
land tenant warning to remove.

This state of disorder cannot be imputed to the neglect
of the Scottish parliament, who frequently exercised their
sagacity in framing laws for the regulations of the High-

* [Wordsworth.]
lands and borders; the high grounds of which last were, until the union of the crowns, in the same, or in a more lawless condition than the Highlands themselves. But previously to any notice of these laws, it will be necessary to give a brief retrospect of the state of the Highlands before they were so united with the rest of the kingdom as to be proper subjects of its legislature. We have already observed that, in former times, the Highland chiefs paid allegiance to princes of their own, altogether distinct from the king of Scotland, with whom they were sometimes at war, sometimes at peace, or, at the utmost, acknowledged only a slight and nominal dependence upon him;—this was that powerful dynasty of the Lords of the Isles, who flourished, from a dark and remote period, down to the reign of James V. Their authority extended over all the western islands, from Ilay northward, over Kintyre, Knapdale, and the western parts of Inverness-shire; and they exercised the influence of powerful allies, if not of lords paramount, over the MacDouglas, Lords of Lorn. Their claim to the earldom of Ross often laid that northern county at their disposal; and their supremacy was disputed in that district by the Earls of Sutherland alone. These districts make up the bulk of the Highlands. The rest was swayed by the Strathbogies, Earls of Athol, who had under their authority, Athole, Strathbogie, and Lochaber; by the Cumings, in Badenoch; by the Earls of Mar, in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire; the Earl of Lennox, in Dumbartonshire; and the Knight of Lochowe, Argyleshire. Many of the Highland lords, having taken part against Bruce in his struggles for the crown, were involved in ruin by his success: among those were the families of Cuming of Strathbogie, and of MacDougal, whose power passed over to the Stuarts, Campbells, Gordons, Murrays, and other favourers of the Bruce interest, to whom were granted their forfeited domains. It was said of the English who settled in Ireland, that they became ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores; and therefore we cannot be surprised that the new Highland lords conformed themselves to the fashion of their new subjects, and assumed the part and character of chiefs, which had so much to flatter ambition and the love of power. But though these changes of possession contributed greatly to limit the power of the Lords of the Isles, it remained sufficiently exorbitant to
alarm and disturb the rest of Scotland; and it was not until
the battle of the Harlaw, fought in 1410, in which the power
of that insular kingdom received a severe check, that it
could be considered as an actual dependence of the Scottish
crown.

Upon the accession of James I, the power of the northern
chiefs was somewhat restricted, and many royal castles,
particularly that of Iverness, were rebuilt and garrisoned.
The king himself took a journey to the Highlands; and,
having had his education in England, was not a little sur-
prised at the state of anarchy which pervaded this part of
his dominions. He learned that, within a few miles of his
present residence, were heads of a banditti, who had each
from one to two thousand men at their call; who lived en-
tirely by plunder, and acknowledged no limit of their ac-
tions but their own will. James I was an active and intel-
ligent monarch, and so far exerted himself as to compel the
Lords of the Isles to submission, and utterly to destroy a
large force of Highlanders and Islesmen who rose in his
favour, under the leading of his cousin, Donald Balloch.
Balloch himself was put to death by an Irish chief, to
whom he had fled for protection, and three hundred of his
followers were condemned to the gibbet. During the trou-
bles occasioned by the rebellion of the Douglasses, the Lords
of the Isles once more gained ground. But about the year
1476, the king was able to reduce them again to nominal
subjection, and what was more material, to diminish their
actual power, by the resumption of the earldom of Ross,
with the large districts of Knapdale and Kintyre, which,
in a great measure, excluded the Lords of the Isles from
interference with the continent. The uncertainty of High-
land succession had already raised up rivals to the Lords of
the Isles, in the pretensions of their kinsmen; and about
the reign of James V, the last MacDonald who assumed
that title died without male heirs; and a family whose power
had so long rivalled and excelled that of the kings of Scot-
land, in the northern part of their dominions, became extinct
as a dynasty.

The main stock of the Lords of the Isles being thus de-
ayed, there arose many shoots from the trunk. But these
branches of Clan Colla, for such is the general name of that
powerful sept, prevented each other’s growth by mutual
rivalry; and though strong and powerful, neither approached in consequence nor strength, to the parent tree. These were the families or Slate, Clanronald, Glengarry, Keppoch, Ardmurchan, Glencoe, and Largo, all, especially those first named, independent tribes of great importance and consequence. But debates amongst themselves prevented the name of MacDonald from ever attaining its original pitch of power. Their feuds were rendered more bitter by their propinquity, and, even in the last days of chieftainship, tended to weaken the cause which most of them had espoused. After the battle of Falkirk, in 1746, the musket of a MacDonald, of the tribe of Clanronald, chanced unhappily to go off while he was cleaning it, and killed a hopeful young gentleman, a son of Glengarry, who commanded the men of his father’s clan. So sacred was the claim of blood for blood, that the execution of the poor fellow through whose negligence this mischance had happened was judged indispensable by the council of chiefs. The accident was of the worst consequence to the Chevalier’s cause both ways; for most of the Glengarry men went home, disheartened by the fate of their leader, and released from the restraint of his authority: and many of Clanronald’s people did the same, from a natural disgust at the severity exercised on their clansman for an involuntary fault.

Besides these leading branches, there were many tribes distinguished by other patronymics, who claimed their descent from the same stock; but who remained separate and independent. Among these, if we mistake not (for heaven forbid we should speak with unbecoming confidence!) are the MacAlisters, MacKeans, MacNabs,* MacIntyres, MacKeachans, MacKechnies, and MacAphies—a list which involuntarily reminds us of the sonorous names of the Brazilian tribes, Tupinikins, Tupigais, Tupinayes, and Tupinambas. But exclusive of these descendants of MacDonald, and, indeed, in a degree of public importance far superior to many of them, were the clans whose chiefs had held offices of trust under the Lords of the Isles, and who now attained a formidable independence, augmented by the shares which they had been able to secure in the wreck of the

* In some genealogies the MacNabs are claimed by the MacAlpines and MacGregors as descended from the same root with them.
principal family. Such were the MacLeans, long lieutenants of the Lords of the Isles; the MacKenzie, who had already obtained many grants from regal favour; the Camerons, the MacNells, the MacIntoshes, and many other clans which had hitherto been subjected to the regal tribe of Clan Colla. The kings of Scotland favoured this division of power, upon the grand political maxim of dividing in order to command; but although the separation of the tribes was very complete, it by no means appears that the authority of the sovereign was increased in proportion. It was true, indeed, that, being no longer under one common head, the Highland clans were not so capable of disturbing the general peace of the kingdom: but when political circumstances concurred to unite any number of chiefs in a common cause, the mountain eruption broke out with as much violence as under the Lords of the Isles. Meanwhile the internal feuds of the tribes became, if possible, more deadly than before; and though those who were of Lowland origin, and connected with the crown, gradually gained ground upon the others, it was not without the most desperate struggles. In the preamble of an act of James IV, it is declared that for want of justice-airis, justices and sheriffs, the Islesmen and the Highlanders had almost become savage; and some steps are taken for establishing legal jurisdictions among them. But the evil was too powerful for the remedy. In the vigorous reign of James V, further measures were adopted—the king in person undertook a voyage around the northern part of Britain, and impressed the inhabitants of these wild isles and mountains with some sense of the existence of a power paramount to that of their chiefs. But this also soon passed away, and the civil wars of Queen Mary's time set every independent chief at liberty to work his own pleasure, under pretext of espousing one or other of the contending factions.

A statute, in the year 1581, declares "that one great cause of the oppressions and cruelties daily practised in the realm is, that clans of thieves were associated together by a common surname, not subject to any landlord (that is feudal superior), nor amenable to the common laws of justice; and holding inveterate and deadly feud against all true men who had been concerned in repressing, by violence, any of their enormities;" it therefore enacts, that all men sustaining in-
jury by them should be at liberty to make reprisals, not only on the individual perpetrators, but also to slay or arrest any person whatever, being of the same clan with those from whom they had received the injury. This tended only to give a legal and colourable pretext for private wars and deadly feuds, already too prevalent; another regulation, therefore, was adopted in the year 1587. This remarkable statute, after setting forth that "the inhabitants of the Borders, Highlands, and Isles, delighted in all mischiefs, taking advantage of each intestine state-commotion which relaxed the hands of ordinary justice, most unnaturally, and cruelly to waste, harry, slay, and destroy their own neighbours and native country-people," proceeds to promulgate a roll of their captains, chiefs, and chieftains, as well of the principal branches of each tribe as of the tribe in general; and to declare that these leaders should be obliged to find security, rendering themselves personally responsible for whatever damage should be committed by their clansmen or dependents. This, while it seemed to legalize the authority of the chiefs, hitherto unacknowledged by any positive statute, had, after the union of the crowns, very great influence upon the Borders, and might also have produced some good consequences on the Highlands, had it been as strictly administered. One effect, however, was, that several clans which, by the encroachment of their neighbours, or the miscarriage of their own schemes of ambition, had been driven out of their lands, were in no condition to find the security required by law, and were, therefore, denounced as outlaws and broken men. The most remarkable of these was the clan Gregor, or MacGregors, of which most of our readers must have heard.

This family, or sept, is of genuine Celtic origin, great antiquity, and in Churchill's phrase,

"doubtless springs
From great and glorious, but forgotten kings."

They were once possessed of Glenurchy, of the castle at the head of Lochowe, of Glendochart, Glenlyon, Finlarig, Balloch, now called Taymouth, and of the greater part of Breadalbane. From these territories they were gradually expelled by the increasing strength of the Campbells, who, taking advantage of a bloody feud between the MacGregors and MacNabs, obtained letters of fire and sword against the
former, and about the reign of James III and IV, dispossessed them of much of their property. The celebrated MacGregor a Rua Rua, the heir-male of the chief, and a very gallant young man, was surprised and slain by Colin Campbell, the knight of Lochowe, and with him fell the fortunes of his family. From this time, the few lands which remained in their possession being utterly inadequate to maintain so numerous a clan, the MacGregors became desperate, wild and lawless, supporting themselves either by actual depredation, or by the money which they levied as the price of their forbearance, and retaliating upon the more powerful clans, as well as upon the Lowlands, the severity with which they were frequently pursued and slaughtered. A single trait of their history will show what was the ferocity of feud among the Scottish clans.

The remaining settlements of the MacGregor tribe were chiefly in Balquhidder, around Loch Katrine, and as far as the borders of Loch Lomond. Even these lands they did not possess in property, but by some transaction with the family of Buchanan, who were the real landholders; but the terrors of the MacGregors extended far and wide, for they were at feud with almost all their neighbours. In the year 1589, a party of MacGregors, belonging to a tribe called Clan Diiil a Cheach, i. e. the Children of Dugald of the Mist (an appropriate term for such a character), met with John Drummond of Drummondernoch, a ranger of the royal forest of Glenartney, as he was seeking venison for the king's use. It chanced that Drummondernoch had, in his capacity of steward-depute, or provincial magistrate, of Strathearn, tried and executed two or three of these MacGregors for depredations committed on his chief Lord Drummond's lands. The Children of the Mist seized the opportunity of vengeance, slew the unfortunate huntsman, and cut off his head: they then went to the house of Stuart of Ardvoirlich, whose wife was a sister of the murdered Drummondernoch. The laird was absent, but the lady received the unbidden, and probably unwelcome guests with hospitality, and, according to the Highland custom and phrase, placed before them bread and cheese till better food could be made ready. She left the room to superintend the preparations, and when she returned, beheld, displayed upon the table, the ghastly head of her brother, with a
morsel of bread and cheese in its mouth. The terrified lady rushed out of the house with a fearful shriek, and could not be found, though her distracted husband caused all the woods and wildernesses around to be diligently searched. To augment the misery of Ardoirlich, his unfortuniate wife was with child when she disappeared. She did not, however, perish. It was the harvest season, and in the woods and moors the maniac wanderer probably found berries, and other substances capable of sustaining life; though the vulgar, fond of the marvellous, suppose that the wild-deer had pity on her misery and submitted to be milked by her. At length some train of former ideas and habits began to revive in her mind. She had formerly been very attentive to her domestic duties, and used commonly to oversee the milking of the cows—and now the women employed in that office, in the remote upland grazings, observed with terror, that they were regularly watched, during the milking, by an emaciated miserable-looking female figure, who appeared from among the bushes, but retired with great swiftness when any one approached her. The story was told to Ardoirlich, who, conjecturing the truth, took measures for intercepting and recovering the unfortunate fugitive. She regained her senses after the birth of her child; but it was remarkable that the son whom she bore seemed affected by the consequence of her terror. He was of great strength, but of violent passions, under the influence of which he killed his friend and commander, Lord Kilpont, in a manner which the reader will find detailed in Wishart's Memoirs of Montrose.

The tragedy of Drummondernoch did not conclude with the effects of the murder on the Lady Ardoirlich. The clan of the MacGregors being convoked in the church of Balquhidder, upon the Sunday after the act, the bloody head was produced on the altar, when each clansman avowed the murder to have been perpetrated by his own consent, and laying successively his hands on the scalp, swore to protect and defend the authors of the deed—"in ethnic and barbarous manner," says an order of the lords of the privy council, dated 4th February, 1589, "in most proud contempt of our lord and his authority, and in evil example to other wicked limmers to do the like, if this shall be suffered to remain unpunished." Then follows a commission—
CULLODEN PAPERS.

"to seek for and pursue Alaster MacGregor, of Glenstrae, and all others of his name, with fire and sword." We have seen a letter upon this subject, from Patrick Lord Drummond, who was naturally most anxious to revenge his kinsman's death, to the Earl of Montrose, appointing a day in which the one shall be "at the bottom of the valley of Balquhidder with his forces, and advance upward, and the other with his powers shall occupy the higher outlet, and move downwards for the express purpose of taking sweet revenge for the death of their cousin." Ardvoirlich assisted them with a party, and it is said they killed thirty-seven of the clan of Dugald of the Mist upon the single farm of Invermenty. The death of Drummondrenoch is the subject of a beautiful poem by Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, entitled "Clan-Alpine's Vow." The king himself entered keenly into the success of the feud, as appears from a letter to the Laird of MacIntosh still preserved in Sir Æneas MacIntosh's charter chest at Moyhall. We have thrown it into the note; and it will show that the taste for heads was not confined to the Children of the Mist, since the king requests one to be sent to him.*

The "revenge" was doubtless ample; but Alaster MacGregor's power was so little impaired, that in 1602, he was able to sustain the desperate battle of Glenfruin, in which

* Right traist Freynd, We greet you hairtie well. Having heard be report of the laite preesfe given be you, of your willing disposition to our service, in prosequeiting of that wicked race of M'Gregor, we haife thought mett hereby to signifie unto you that we acceopt the same as maist acceptable pleasure and service done unto us, and will not omitt to regard the same as it deserves; and because we ar to give you out of our aein mouths sum furder directionn thair anent,—it is our will, that upon the sight hereof ye repaire hither in all haste, and at yr arriving we salt impair or full mynde, and heir wt all we haif thought expedient, that ye, befoir yor arriving hither, sall caus execut to the death Duncane M'Can Caim, latelie tane by you in your last (expedition) agains the clan Gregor, and caus his heid to be transportit hither, to the effect the same may be affixt in sum public place, to the terror of other malefactors, and so committ you to God. From Haly rud hous, the penult day of† in the year 1596. (Signed) JAMES R.

On the back—Lre be King James to M'Intosh about the year 1596.

† The month was interlined and illegible.
he defeated the Laird of Luss, and almost extirpated the name of Colquhoun. For this battle and the outrages which preceded and followed it, the clan were formally outlawed by act of Parliament, and it was made an offence equal to felony, to take or bear that proscribed surname: thus held up as a prey to destruction, they were attacked on all sides, pursued with blood-hounds, and when seized, put to death without even the formalities of a trial. The chief himself, Alaster of Glenstrae, surrendered with eighteen of his most faithful followers to the Earl of Argyle, on condition that he should conduct him safe out of Scotland. But, says old Birrel, the Earl kept a Highlander’s promise, for he sent him under a guard as far as Berwick, but with instructions not to set him at liberty. So after this airing upon English ground for the acquittal of Argyle’s word, the unfortunate chief was brought back to Edinburgh, and hanged at the cross of that city, a man’s height higher than his companions, who were executed at the same time. Yet such was the vivifying principle inherent in clanship, that the MacGregors, though proscribed and persecuted, under the authority of repeated statutes, continued to exist as a numerous and separate clan, until their name was restored to them in our own days.

The Earl of Argyle had now acquired very great authority in the West Highlands and Isles, which he augmented by suppressing some troubles which arose among the MacDonalds; in consideration of which, his family got a grant of the district of Kintyre. But excepting that this great family in the west, and those of Huntley and Athole in the north, had succeeded both to direct authority over many clans, and to great influence over others, the state of the Highlands remained the same in Charles First’s as in his father’s time.

With the civil wars the Highlanders assumed a new and more distinguished character; and for the first time in our history showed a marked and distinguished superiority in the use of arms over their Lowland fellow-subjects. The cause of this is abundantly obvious. In former times, when the Highlanders descended from their mountains, they encountered in the Lowlands, a race of men as hardy, brave, and skilful in the use of weapons as themselves, and far superior to them in arms and military discipline. In the battle of
Harlaw, Donald of the Isles, with the largest army that ever left the Highlands, was checked by an inferior number of Lowlanders; and in the fields of Corichie, Glenlivat, and others, the Highlanders were routed with great loss, by fewer but better appointed numbers of their Lowland countrymen. But the lapse of more than half a century had placed the Lowlanders in a different situation. During the reign of Charles I they had remained quiet under the protection of the laws; neither doing nor suffering violence; and the martial spirit had much decayed among them. The success, therefore, of the Highlanders in Montrose’s wars is not wonderful. They were not only bred to arms and active exercises from their infancies, but were in a manner regimented under their several chiefs and tacksmen; so that, being always in order for war, they wanted but a general and a cause. Their advantage in encountering the tumultuary forces of the covenanting Lowlanders, who had detached to England all their regular troops, and brought to the field only a disorderly militia, had all the success which could have been anticipated. It will be best accounted for by the expressions of a contemporary, the Reverend Robert Baillie, who writes to his correspondent Mr. William Spang, minister of Campvere, in Zeeland, 25th April, 1645.

"The country forces of Fife and Stratherne were three to one—well armed—had horse and cannon;—but the treachery of Kilpont, and especially Sir John Drummond, together with Elcho’s rashness, delivered all that tumultuous people and their arms into the enemy’s hands without a stroke. A great number of burgesses were killed;—twenty-five householders in St. Andrew’s only; many were bursten in the flight, and died without stroke." It is obvious that men who died of the exertion of running away, could be no match, either in onset or retreat, for the hardy, agile, and long-breathed Highlanders. After gaining many battles, however, and overrunning all Scotland, Montrose was finally defeated by a body of regular forces commanded by David Lesley. But from the time of his wars the Highlanders asserted and maintained, in all the civil dissensions of Scotland, a marked and decided superiority over their Lowland fellow-subjects, which tended not a little to exalt their opinion of their own importance, and to render them tenacious of the customs and usages of their country. The same period,
however, which witnessed their first brilliant display of victories obtained beyond the bounds of their own mountains, also saw the Highland clans receive, even within their strongest fastnesses, a chastisement which the hands of their own monarchs had never been powerful enough to inflict. The stern policy of Cromwell established garrisons at Inverness, Inverlochy, and other places in the Highlands,—he set on foot movable columns, who constantly patrolled the country, and became acquainted with its most hidden recesses;—the castles of the chiefs were destroyed, the woods that sheltered them were cut down, and finally, in spite of the valour of the clans, and the enthusiasm of their chiefs, he compelled them to surrender their arms, and to give pledges for their peaceable conduct. And it is generally allowed that, as the Highlanders had never been in such quiet subjection until this period, so their neighbours never enjoyed such an interval of rest from their incursions until after the year 1745. The rigorous discipline of Cromwell was equally successful in crushing the spirit of chivalry among the rude mountain-chiefs as among the cavaliers of England; and so strong was the impression which his arms made on their imagination, that, in 1726, an aged Highland laird told Mr. Burt, that Oliver's colours were so strongly fixed in his memory, that he still thought he saw them spread out by the wind, and bearing the word Emanuel upon them, in very large golden characters.*

Upon the restoration, the Stuarts, who owed so much to the Highland clans, for what they had done and suffered in the royal cause, under Montrose, Glencarn and Middleton, rewarded the chiefs by relaxing the discipline under which Cromwell had placed them. The forts established at Inverness, and elsewhere, for bridling the mountaineers, were dismantled, or abandoned. The Marquis of Argyle (in Highland phrase Gillespie Gruomach) had acquired a prodigious ascendency in the Western Highlands and Isles during the civil wars, and received from parliament many large grants both of lands and jurisdiction. It is well known by what means and for what causes Charles II and his brother prosecuted the ruin of this nobleman and his son, in consequence of which, the MacDonaldis, MacLeans, and

* Letters from the North of Scotland.—Letter XI.
other clans, who had been overpowered by the weight of the marquis's authority, were restored to independence. The Duke of York, during his residence at Edinburgh, had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the principal northern chieftains, whose stately fiercè well suited his own reserved and haughty temper; they were, besides, either Catholics or bigoted to the prelatic establishment; and, in either case, were deemed fit persons to countenance, in opposition to the Presbyterian interest, so odious to the reigning family. The laws against their excesses were therefore greatly relaxed; and it was even thought polite to employ the clans in overawing the western shires, where the prohibited conventicles of the Presbyterians were most numerous. Six thousand Highlanders were invited from their mountains to pillage these devoted counties, a task which they performed with the rapacity of an indigent people attracted by objects of luxury to which they were strangers, but with less cruelty than had perhaps been expected from them. In the meanwhile, encouraged by these marks of favour and indulgence, they had again established their own exemptions from the general law of Scotland, both in civil and criminal concerns, as will appear from the curious case of MacDonald of Keppoch.

This chief and the laird of MacIntosh had long disputed a territory called Glenroy, in the central Highlands. MacIntosh had obtained a crown charter, comprehending a grant of these lands. Keppoch, disdaining, as he said, to hold his lands in a sheepskin, took forcible possession of Glenroy, and there maintained himself. MacIntosh, in 1687, with the assistance of a body of regular forces, commanded by MacKenzie of Suddy, summoned his clan, and marched against Keppoch, but received a severe defeat at Milroy, where Suddy was slain, he himself made prisoner, and compelled to renounce his right to the lands in dispute. A strong body of military was next marched into the Highlands to revenge this insult, and under the authority of letters of fire and sword, Keppoch's lands were laid waste with great severity.* Yet this did not break the strength, or diminish the spirit of Keppoch, for in 1689 he was able

* See Crichton's Memoirs in Swift's works: Captain Crichton was himself employed on this occasion.
to lay siege to Inverness; and, what is still more extraordinary, the severe usage which he had received did not diminish his zeal for the Stuart family, for he was the first to join the standard which the Viscount of Dundee raised against King William. Dundee, a man at once of genius and of military experience, knew how to avail himself of the enthusiastic energy of a Highland army, and to conciliate and direct the discordant councils of their independent chiefs. He fell in the battle of Killiecrankie, one of the greatest victories ever gained by an Highland army; and those who succeeded in the command, being men of routine, and of limited views, the war dwindled away into a succession of inroads and skirmishes, in the course of which the bordering Highlanders plundered the low country so severely, that in many districts the year of the hership (plunder) was long afterwards mentioned as an era. King William, just arrived at the possession of a crown which seemed still precarious, and having his attention engaged by the continental war, and that of Ireland, thought it best to purchase peace in this remote corner of his new kingdom, and the earl of Breadalbane was intrusted with £20,000 sterling, to be distributed among the Highland chiefs. Breadalbane was artful, daring, and rapacious. Some chiefs he gratified with a share of the money; others with good words; others he kept quiet by threats; and it has always been supposed that the atrocity well known by the name of the massacre of Glencoe, was devised and executed to gratify at once an ancient quarrel, to silence an intractable chief, who had become clamorous about the division of the peace-offering, and to serve as a measure of intimidation to all others. It is said that when Breadalbane was required by the English minister to account for the sum of money put into his hands for the above purpose, he returned his laconic answer—"My Lord, the money is spent—the Highlands are quiet—and this is the only way of accounting among friends." This termination of a war, by a subsidy granted to the insurgents, was by no means calculated to lower that idea of their own consequence, which the Highland chiefs most readily entertained at all times. Each set about augmenting his followers by every means in his power, regarding military strength as the road to wealth and importance in the national convulsions which seemed approaching.
Contrary, however, to what might have been expected, the crisis of the accession of the Hanover family did not at first make a strong impression on the Highland chiefs. After much consultation among themselves, an address was drawn up to congratulate George I on his accession to the throne, and to implore his favour. We have given this curious document in a note.* It is said to have been deli-

* We are ignorant whether it has ever appeared in any collection of state papers. Ours is given to us as copied from a manuscript of the period; and though this remarkable paper is unnoticed in history, we believe it to be genuine. It is entitled—

"Address of one hundred and two Chief Heritages and Heads of Clans in the Highlands of Scotland, to King George the First, on his Accession to the Throne, which by Court Intrigue was prevented from being delivered to his Majesty: the consequence was, their joining in the Rebellion in the year 1715.

"May it please your Majesty,
"We, of the chief heritages and others, in the Highlands of Scotland, under subscribing, beg leave to express the joy of our hearts at your Majesty's happy accession to the crown of Great Britain. Your Majesty has the blood of our ancient monarchs in your veins and in your family; may that royal race ever continue to reign over us! Your Majesty's princely virtues, and the happy prospect we have in your royal family of an uninterrupted succession of kings to sway the British sceptre, must extinguish those divisions and contests which in former times too much prevailed, and unite all who have the happiness to live under your Majesty into a firm obedience and loyalty to your Majesty's person, family, and government, and as our predecessors have for many ages had the honour to distinguish themselves by their loyalty, so we do most humbly assure your Majesty, that we will reckon it our honour steadfastly to adhere to you, and with our lives and fortunes to support your crown and dignity against all oppressors. Pardon us, great Sir, to implore your royal protection against any who labour to misrepresent us; and who rather use their endeavours to create misunderstandings than to engage the hearts of subjects to that loyalty and cheerful obedience which we owe, and are happy to testify towards your Majesty. Under so excellent a king, we are persuaded that we, and all your other peaceable and faithful subjects, shall enjoy their just rights and liberties, and that our enemies shall not be able to hurt us with your Majesty, for whose royal favour we presume humbly to hope, as our forefathers were honoured with that of your Majesty's ancestors. Our mountains, though undervalued by some, are nevertheless acknowledged to have at all times been fruitful in providing hardy and gallant men, and such, we hope, shall never be wanting amongst us who shall be ready to undergo all dangers in defence of your Majesty, and your royal posterity's only rightful title to
vered to Archibald, Duke of Argyle, to be presented by him to the new sovereign: but that nobleman, being a politician as well as a soldier, is alleged to have seen more prospect of personal aggrandisement in an insurrection, which would render his services indispensable, than in a peaceful submission of the Highlands to the House of Hanover. Accordingly, the Earl of Marr came over to Scotland; the standard of the Chevalier St. George was raised; and almost all the Highland chiefs of name and eminence assembled their forces at Perth. But Marr, by whom they were commanded, was better fitted for the intrigues of a court, than for leading an army and directing a campaign; and a force of Highlanders, the greatest ever assembled, and which, under Montrose, Dundee, or even Charles Edward, would have made itself master of all Scotland, was (with the exception of the forlorn hope under Mackintosh of Borlum, which shared the fate of the Northumbrian insurgents) completely neutralized, and pent up within the friths of Clyde and Forth, by the Duke of Argyle, at the head of a force not exceeding two or three thousand men. The indecisive battle of Sheriffmoor only served to show the incapacity of the Jacobite general, and the valour of the troops he commanded. It was upon this memorable day that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengarry, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from the ranks, and waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!" The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them. But their left wing was less fortunate, being completely routed, and pushed as far as the crown of Great Britain. Our behaviour shall always witness for us, that with unalterable firmness and zeal we are,

"May it please your Majesty,

"Your Majesty's most loyal, most obedient

"And most dutiful subjects and servants,

"ALEX. MACDONALD, of Glengarry,

"MACINTOSH, of that Ilk,

"J. CAMERON, of Lochiele,

"J. STEWART, of Ardsheall,

"NORMAN MACLEOD, of Drynach,"

&c. &c.
river Allan, two miles from the field of battle. Both parties retreated after this doubtful action, the Highlanders to Perth, the Duke of Argyle to Stirling: but the ultimate advantage rested with the former.

At this period of Highland history, Duncan Forbes, afterwards President of the Court of Session, and whose original papers and correspondence are here given to the world, made a considerable figure in public affairs. He was a younger son of the family of Culloden, which had a considerable estate in the neighbourhood of Inverness, and was thus connected by blood and friendship with almost all the respectable families in that district, and with many of the Highland chiefs. Mr. Forbes was educated to the law, in which he was early distinguished, not more by eloquence than by sound sense and depth of knowledge. At the time of the insurrection in 1715, his elder brother, John Forbes, of Culloden, as well as himself, engaged with heart and hand in the service of the government, to which they were enabled to render important services, partly through their own influence and exertions, partly by means of a chief, whose history forms a strange illustration of the effect of power and ambition upon a mind naturally shrewd, crafty, and resolute, but wild, tameless, and unprincipled: this was the celebrated Simon Fraser, of Lovat, of whose previous history we must give the outlines.

Simon was the son of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, next male heir to the house of Lovat after the death of Hugh Lord Lovat, without issue male. Being regarded as the heir apparent of the chieftainship as well as of the estate of Lovat, he attempted to unite by marriage his own claim with that of the eldest daughter of the deceased Lord Hugh. The dowager Lady Lovat was a daughter of the Marquis of Athole; and that powerful family was therefore induced to take great interest in disposing of the young lady in marriage. Various quarrels, during the time that Simon of Beaufort held a commission in his regiment, had made him particularly unacceptable to the Marquis of Athole and his family, who viewed his assuming the title of Master of Lovat, and proposing himself as a husband for their kinswoman, with a very evil eye: they therefore removed the young lady to Dunkeld, and set on foot a match between her and Lord Saltoun, a Lowland family bearing the name
of Fraser. When Lord Saltoun, accompanied by Athole's brother, Lord Mungo Murray, and other connections of the family, entered upon the territories of the Frasers, with the purpose of paying his respects to the mother of his intended bride, they were surprised, seized, and disarmed, by Simon, to whom the greater part of the clan adhered, as representing his father, their true chief. Having gained this advantage, he attempted to improve it by an act of depravity, which can hardly be accounted for, except by irregularity of intellect, and an eager desire to put a deep dishonour and mortal displeasure upon the family of Athole. As the heiress, the original object of his suit, made no part of his prisoners, but remained secure in the castle of Dunkeld, he abandoned all thoughts of that alliance, and formed the strange and apparently sudden resolution of marrying her mother, the Dowager Lady Lovat. Having raised a gallows on the green before Castle-Downie, where she then resided, to intimidate all who might protect the object of his violence,—a lady advanced in life, and whose person is said to have been as little inviting as her character was respectable,—he went through the mock ceremony of a wedding, had her dress cut from her person with a dirk, and subjected her to the last extremity of brutal violence, while the pipes played in the next apartment to drown her screams. This outrage Lovat has positively denied, in the Memoirs of his own life, where he terms the accusation a chimera raised up to blacken his character: but we shall soon see reason to believe that his assertions were not always squared by matter of fact. Besides, he denies the marriage as well as the force with which it was perpetrated, and declares that he never even approached her person; assigning many reasons why she could neither be an object to him of desire nor of ambition.\footnote{Memoirs of the Life of Simon Lord Lovat. London. 1797. 8vo. P. 60.}

\footnote{Carstairs's State Papers, p. 434.}
CULLODEN PAPERS.

considered as fit society for men of honour, and particularly how he could become the friend of such a man as Duncan Forbes. This might partly arise from the practice in the Highlands. Even in ordinary cases, the bride was expected to affect some reluctance; and the greater or less degree of violence did not, in these wild times, appear a matter of much consequence. The Scottish law-books are crowded with instances of this sort of *raptus*, or, as it is called in their law, "*forcible abduction of women.*" The inference seems to be, that, in some circumstances, no absolute infamy was attached even to those acts of violence, from which it seems impossible to divide it: and we remember a woman on the banks of Loch Lomond, herself the daughter of such a marriage, who repelled, with great contempt, the idea of its being a real grievance on the bride, and said that, in her time, the happiest matches were always so made. These particulars are only quoted to mark public opinion; but it may be a better answer that, as Duncan Forbes was not so squeamish as to quarrel with the society of Colonel Charteris, there is the less wonder that he endured that of Lovat.*

In 1698, Simon Fraser was summoned to answer before the Privy Council, for the crimes of unlawfully assembling the lieges in arms, and for the violence offered to the Lady Dowager Lovat. Against the first (which was no great crime in a Highland chief), he offered no defence; but the Earl of Argyle stated, that he was willing to refer the circumstances of the marriage to his wife's oath. He did not, however, appear; and a variety of witnesses being examined, tending to establish the crime in its fullest extent, sentence of outlawry went forth against the delinquent. He skulked for some time in the Highlands, and displayed both address and courage in defeating many attempts made by the Athole men to seize his person; but at length he was compelled to fly to the continent. Meanwhile the young heiress, at

* He had defended Charteris in a trial for a rape, and obtained from his gratitude the gratuitous use of a little villa near Musselburgh, called Stoney-hill. We ought to add that, in spite of poets and satirists, or whatever might be Charteris's general character, the charge of rape was an atrocious attempt to levy money from him by terror. Still there is something ludicrous in the coincidence, that two special friends of so respectable a man should have both been *in trouble* on so infamous an occasion.
whose hand he had originally aimed, was wedded to Alexander Mackenzie, son of one of the judges of session, called Lord Prestonhall, who assumed, upon this marriage, the title of Fraserdale.

The earnest solicitations of the Duke of Argyle (hereditary enemy to the family of Athole) had, through the medium of Mr. Carstairs, obtained from King William a remission of the crime of high treason, of which Simon Fraser had been declared guilty: but the rape being one of a more private and atrocious complexion, his pardon did not extend to it; and thus he still remained an exile from Scotland. His daring and intriguing spirit carried him now to the court of Saint Germain's, where he proposed a plan of invasion, if men and money could be furnished by the French king, and pledged himself that the invading forces should be joined by the principal chiefs of the Highlands, with ten thousand men. Louis did not approve of the personal security on which he was required to hazard his subjects and treasures, although Fraser, to give more weight to it, had publicly adopted the Catholic religion. He was sent over, however, to intrigue in Scotland, with the friends of the exiled family, accompanied by Captain James Murray, who was to act as a spy, or check upon him. But finding a slackness in the Tory party, to whom he applied himself, for most of them were contented with the government of Queen Anne, now upon the throne, Fraser began to try what could be gained on the other side. He opened, accordingly, an intercourse with Queensberry and Leven, heads of the opposite party, who instantly saw the advantage they might derive from involving the Dukes of Hamilton, Athole, and other rivals of their power, in a Jacobitical plot; and that it might ripen into something more decisive, they granted a passport for Fraser to return to France, under a feigned name. But this emissary's purposes of hatching up a conspiracy, which he might forward or betray, as best suited his interest, proved too weighty for his means of executing them. The Tory party got scent of his intrigues with Queensberry and Leven; and as there was every prospect of his hand-grenade exploding while it was yet in his grasp, he fled, in great haste, to France, where he was immediately committed to the state prison of Angoulême. He regained his liberty, but, distrusted as he
now was on all sides, he had no opportunity to engage in any new intrigues, until the memorable year 1715.

At the time when all the Jacobite clans were in arms, and drawn towards the midland counties, it appeared to the Duke of Argyle and to Mr. Forbes of Culloden, of great consequence to excite such opposition in their rear as might check them in their plan of moving southward. Inverness was occupied by a party of the insurgent forces, under Sir John Mackenzie; and Alexander Mackenzie, of Fraserdale, who assumed the authority of chief of the Frasers, in right of his lady, had marched with about four hundred of that clan to join the Earl of Marr, at Perth. But the Frasers of Struy, Foyers, Culduthel, and other gentlemen of the name, refused to follow him, and maintained a sort of neutrality until the pleasure of Simon, whom they regarded as their proper chief, should be known. As this clan was powerful, both from numbers and situation,—occupying both sides of Loch Ness, and being thus masters of the communication between the north and central Highlands,—it became of the utmost consequence to detach, from the Stuarts' standard, those Frasers who had already joined Marr, and to determine the others who remained doubtful. Fraser of Castle-Lader was therefore despatched to invite Simon to return to Scotland, for the purpose of heading his clan in behalf of King George and the government. The summons was joyfully obeyed, and, indeed, had been already solicited, for, on the 24th November, 1714, Simon had written to Culloden, to intercede with Argyle and Isla in his favour, adding, "that it was the interest of all between Spey and Nesse, who loved the government, to see him at the head of the clan ready to join them:"—so that the reluctance which he has affected in his Memoirs to quitting the Jacobite interest, is only a piece of double dyed hypocrisy (p. 32). He returned, however, to Britain; and here the reader may remark the strength of the clannish principle. This chief had not been formerly acknowledged as such—he had never been master of his inheritance, and his rival had enjoyed for years all the means of acquiring and securing attachment which possession could give;—there was nothing in his personal character to admire; it was stained, on the contrary, with much guilt and with dark suspicion;—and lastly, the cause which he now espoused was not that
to which his followers would have inclined had they consulted their own feelings and partialities. But he was their rightful chief; and such was the strength of authority which that word implied, that those Frasers who had stood neuter, at once declared for Simon and his cause; and those who had marched with Fraserdale, deserted him to a man, and returned northward to join his standard. The body of the clan thus assembled, amounted to five or six hundred. They blockaded Inverness on one side, while the men of Culloden and of Ross of Kilarrock, who were also in arms for the government, assailed it upon the other; so that Sir John Mackenzie was compelled to evacuate the place under favour of a spring-tide.

Lovat lost no time in improving the advantage which circumstances now afforded him. He had his eye upon his rival Fraserdale's plate; but it appears that he was anticipated by General Wightman, who got possession of the treasure from the person with whom it was deposited, and who, certainly, says Mr. Forbes's correspondent, "did not make the prize for Lovat" (p. 46, 50). Simon, however, obtained, as a reward for his opportune services, a gift of the life-rent right of Fraserdale, in right of his wife to the Barony of Lovat, forfeited for his share in the rebellion, and vested in the crown. To finish the history of his law-matters, we will here add that, having obtained this temporary right to the estate of his ancestors, and being recognised as Lord Lovat, he entered into a lawsuit with the Mackenzies, about the right of reversion to that estate, which lingered on till the year 1736, when it was agreed that, in consideration of a sum of money paid by Lord Lovat, the Mackenzies should convey to him their reversionary interest in the barony of Lovat; and thus he had it, thanedome and all, however foully he had played for it.

Duncan Forbes, in the mean while, was labouring in a more honourable but far less advantageous course. Attached, by religion, by principle, by love of liberty, to the government of George I, he refused to justify the faults even of the administration which he supported. When, in 1715, the jails of England were crowded with Scottish prisoners, despoiled and unable to procure the means of defending themselves, Forbes, to his immortal honour, set on foot a subscription to supply the unfortunate Jacobites, against
whom he and his brother had borne arms so lately, with the means of making a defence. He remonstrated boldly against the arbitrary measure by which it was proposed to remove the criminals from their native country, and from the protection of their native laws, to try them in England, to them a foreign realm; and it was owing to his sturdy interference, and to that of many Scotchmen who, like him, preferred their country's rights to any party in the state, that this abuse of the constitution was prevented. The upright and patriotic conduct of Forbes was, in the first place, followed by suspicion and obloquy, but finally, by those honours and that respect which truth and fortitude seldom fail to acquire.

He was promoted to the office of Advocate-Depute, and in 1725 to that of Lord Advocate; always a situation of high power and importance, but particularly so in times of a disputed title and repeated insurrections. We find nothing in his papers to throw light upon the brief invasion of 1719, by a few Spanish troops landing in the country of the Earl of Seaforth, and joined by his clan. They were defeated at Glenshield, with little loss on either side, and in a great measure by the Munros, Rosses, and other Whig clans, whom the influence of Duncan Forbes put into motion. Placed, as it were on the very verge of the discontented districts, he had a difficult and even dangerous game to play. It was, says the editor of these papers most truly, "more congenial to his nature to reclaim than to punish;" and his life was spent in keeping quiet, by means of influence, persuasion, and the interposition of friends, those warlike and independent chiefs whom presumption and political prejudice were perpetually urging to take up arms.

Lord Advocate Forbes suppressed, by his personal exertions, the desperate and alarming riots concerning the Malt tax, in 1725, and was among the patriots who saved the city of Edinburgh from the vindictive measures meditated against the metropolis, on account of the singular insurrection, called the Porteous mob. It was, indeed, one of the brightest points of this man's character, that though the steady friend of government and good order, he was the boldest, and most active mediator for his misguided fellow subjects, when it was proposed to urge punishment beyond the bounds of correction into those of vengeance! Many
other patriotic labours occupied his attention, concerning which information will be found in these papers. He was the first to give the example (since so well followed) of those effects which careful agriculture can produce, even when contending with the disadvantages of soil and climate. It was he who first proposed encouragement to the linen trade and other manufactures in Scotland. It was he also, who first took measures for preserving and arranging the records of the kingdom of Scotland (p. 199), a work which has been so actively forwarded in our own time by Lord Frederick Campbell, the Clerk Register, seconded by the deep historical and legal knowledge of the Deputy Register, Mr. Thomson. The promotion of Forbes to the high office of President of the Court of Session took place in 1737: when called, as Lord Hardwicke expressed it, by the voice of the country, to fill the vacant chair, his appointment was hailed by all ranks as a guarantee for the impartial administration of justice, and the gradual and sound elucidation of law. It is, however, less of this great man’s character, than of the Highlands of Scotland, which our review proposes to treat.

The dangers of the year 1715 occasioned several steps towards breaking the spirit of clanship, and crushing the power of the Highland chiefs. The first of these was called the clan-act, which, if a vassal took arms in any rebellion, bestowed the property of his lands upon his superior or liege-lord, supposing him to have remained loyal, and, *vice versa*, gave the loyal vassal the superiority or freehold right of his own lands, if he remained quiet, when his liege-lord (to use the established phrase) *went out*. Another act discharged the personal attendance of vassals upon the summons of the chief for sharing his sports, fighting his battles, and garrisoning his mansion, or, in the phrase of law, for the purposes of hunting, hosting, watching and warding. These badges of dependence were ordered to be commuted for a money rent: but as the idea of the duty remained imprinted in the minds of the clans, it continued to be rendered regularly upon demand. Another act was passed for disarming the Highlanders. But this measure, which would have been otherwise effectual, was carried into execution so imperfectly, that while the Whig clans surrendered all their arms, to show obedience to government, the Jacobites
contrived to conceal great part of theirs, to secure, when an opportunity should offer, the means of resisting it. So that in 1745, the friends of government were found disarmed, while their enemies were in a state of preparation. The last, and by far the most effectual precaution, taken between 1715 and 1745, was the establishment of military roads through the Highlands, a work of great time and labour; but of all others the most certainly tending to civilization. The effect of these measures was considerable upon the Highlands; and there can be little doubt, that their gradual operation would, in the course of years, or ages, perhaps, have tended to unite their inhabitants with those of the Lowlands of Scotland, as the tribes of Wales, of Ireland, and of the borders, have gradually been blended with the rest of society. But the system of clanship was destined to a more sudden and violent dissolution.

The steps taken by government, and the exhortations from France and Rome, kept the Highland chiefs on the alert to support the patriarchal power, which they saw was aimed at by those who governed at home, while they received encouragement from abroad to assist and defend it. Money and arms were occasionally supplied to them, and every chief and chieftain exerted himself to maintain his influence, to discourage innovation, and to banish all strangers who attempted to settle amongst them. A singular instance occurred in the case of Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, who, encouraged by a very favourable prospect of lead-mines which might be wrought to advantage, purchased a large district in the West Highlands, called Ardnamurchan. He laid open rich mines at Strontian, and attempted agricultural improvements, which could not have failed at once to improve the country, and to reward the undertaker. But such was the hatred of the natives to a Lowland landlord, that his cattle and effects were stolen, his houses burned, his servants wounded and killed, his own life, and that of his family threatened, while, either from want of evidence, or want of inclination on the part of the constituted jurisdictions, justice was in every case delayed perhaps refused; until, broken in spirit and fortune, he was compelled to relinquish this hopeful undertaking, and to carry his unavailing complaints to the British Parliament. In milder times and with better auspices, the present pro-
prior to the extensive tract has carried into effect many of the proposed improvements; yet, to his honour be it spoken, he has made the comfort and happiness of his numerous tenantry keep pace with the rise of his property in value.

In other places of the Highlands similar scenes were acted; and in general, either from the facility of finding prey, or encouraged by the policy of the Highland chiefs, the fiercest and most lawless of the clans and associated freebooters inhabited the mountains nearer to the Lowlands. Such was the information given to Dr. Johnson by the Reverend Dr. MacQueen: which, ignorant of the circumstances, the English moralist seems to have considered as an ebullition of Highland vanity. Nothing, however, is more certain. The famous Rob Roy, for example, haunted the head of Loch Lomond, from which he carried on a war of plunder against the estate of the Duke of Montrose, re treating when hard pressed into the mountains to the northwest, where the Duke of Argyle, out of ancient hatred to the Montrose family, connived at his finding refuge. He blended in his own character the capacity of a police officer and of a freebooter—that is to say, he ensured against depredation the cattle of those Lowlanders who paid him black-mail, and recovered them if stolen; and, on the other hand, he laid waste and pillaged the property of those who refused their tribute. In virtue of this assumed character of protector, he summoned the people of Lennox to pay the black-mail with as much gravity as if it had been a legal demand; and he that demurred, generally had good cause, before a week went by, to wish that he had complied.

To repress these disturbances, government adopted a remedy of a doubtful and dangerous character. This was the raising of a number of independent companies among the Highlanders themselves, officered by the sons of chieftains, tacksmen, and such duikne wassals as we formerly described, and commanded by chiefs, or chieftains, to whom the pay, small as it may now seem, of a company of foot, was in those days no inconsiderable object. This blackwatch, as it was called, traversed the country in arms day and night, became acquainted with all its recesses, and with the most desperate characters whom it contained. It must be supposed that they had the same vague opinions with
other Highlanders as to the morality of the practices which they were employed to suppress; and as they often took upon them to treat with the thieves about the restoration of their booty, they were much belied if, in some instances, they did not share it with them. At any rate, these companies were the means of fostering in the Highlanders the restless military spirit which the Clan and Disarming Acts had been intended to subdue; and as such they were used by the chiefs, who, either from attachment to the exiled family, or to their own clannish authority, did all they could to support what it was most the interest of a peaceful government to eradicate. Still, with all the dangers attending them, the independent companies were essential to the peace of the country; and when they were embodied into one regiment (the celebrated 42d, still called the BlackWatch), and sent to Flanders without the substitution of any force of the same active description in their stead, the disaffected chiefs, rendered still more so by the loss of their companies thus withdrawn from them, had full scope for their machinations.

No man played this game more deeply than Lord Lovat, to whom one of these independent companies had been given. He made it a main argument, to prevent the Frasers from relapsing into any habits of industry unbecoming their military character and high descent, that it was their duty to enter into his company by rotation; and as he thus procured the means, without suspicion, of training to military discipline his whole clan by turns, it soon became plain that government could not have put a more dangerous weapon into the hands of a more dangerous man.

He was, indeed, a most singular person; such as could only have arisen in a time and situation where there was a mixture of savage and civilized habits. The wild and desperate passions of his youth were now matured into a character at once bold, cautious, and crafty; loving command, yet full of flattery and dissimulation, and accomplished in all points of policy excepting that which is proverbially considered the best. He was at all times profuse of oaths and protestations, but chiefly, as was observed of Charles IX, of France, when he had determined in his own mind to infringe them. Like many cunning people, he often seems to have overshot his mark; while the indulgence of a tem-
per so fierce and capricious as to infer some slight irregularity of intellect, frequently occasioned the shipwreck of his fairest schemes of self-interest. To maintain and extend his authority over a Highland clan, he showed, in miniature, alternately the arts of a Machiavel, and the tyranny of a Cæsar Borgia. He spared no means of enhancing the rents of his Lowland estate, which he bestowed liberally in maintaining the hospitality of a chief towards his Highland tenants. Those who withstood his designs, or resisted his authority, were either worried by long and vexatious law-suits, or experienced nocturnal inroads from the banditti supposed to act under his secret direction, who houghed their cattle, burned their barn-yards, and often injured them personally. When the freebooters concerned in such outrages were arrested, the jail of Inverness was never found strong enough to hold them. And though all men well knew how this happened, none dared to mention Lovat as the cause.* On the other hand, persons of the inferior order, belonging to hostile clans, who had incurred his displeasure, never found any such facilities of escape, but were indentured for the plantations, or sent to Holland as soldiers. Mr. Burt tells a very extraordinary story, which the reader may take in his own words.

"As this chief (Lovat) was walking alone, in his garden, with his dirk and pistol by his side, and a gun in his hand (as if he feared to be assassinated), and, as I was reading in his parlour, there came to me by stealth (as I soon perceived), a young fellow, who accosted me with such an accent, as made me conclude he was a native of Middlesex; and every now and then he turned about, as if he feared to be observed by any of the family.

"He told me, that when his master was in London, he had made him promises of great advantage, if he would serve him as his gentleman; but though he had been there two years, he could not obtain either his wages or discharge.

"'And,' says he, 'when I ask for either of them, he tells me I know I have robbed him, and nothing is more easy for him than to find, among these Highlanders, abundant evidence against me (innocent as I am), and then my fate must be a perpetual jail, or transportation: and there is no means for me to make my escape,

* See Letters from the North of Scotland, vol. i, Letter III, and vol. ii, Letter XXIV. Burt gives many anecdotes of Lord Lovat, though without naming him. The gentleman whose cattle were houghed for giving sentence as an arbiter against Lord Lovat, was Cuthbert of Castlehill, and he whose house was broken into with the purpose of assassination, was Fraser of Phopachy.
being here in the midst of his clan, and never suffered to go far from home.'

"You will believe I was much affected with the melancholy circumstance of this poor young man; but told him, that my speaking for him, would discover his complaint to me, which might enrage his master; and, in that case, I did not know what might be the consequence to him.

"Then, with a sorrowful look, he left me, and (as it happened) in very good time."—Letter X.

In his family, Lord Lovat exercised similar tyranny. The eldest son, a hopeful and excellent young man, was the constant object of his jealousy; and his last wife, though nearly related to the family of Argyle, was treated by him with so much cruelty, that the interference of her relations became necessary. We have heard that a lady, the intimate friend of her youth, was instructed to visit Lady Lovat, as if by accident, to ascertain the truth of those rumours concerning her husband's conduct, which had reached her family. She was received by Lord Lovat with an extravagant affection of welcome, and with many assurances of the happiness which his lady would receive from seeing her. The chief then went to the lonely tower in which Lady Lovat was secluded without decent clothes, and even without sufficient nourishment. He laid a dress before her becoming her rank, commanded her to put it on, to appear, and to receive her friend as if she were the mistress of the house, in which she was, in fact, a naked and half-starved prisoner. And such was the strict watch he maintained, and the terror his character inspired, that the visitor durst not ask, nor Lady Lovat communicate, anything respecting her real situation. It was, however, ascertained by other means, and a separation took place.

We have seen the versatility of Lord Lovat in earlier life; the services which he rendered George I during the year 1715; the advantages of his independent company; his rank as Lord-lieutenant of Inverness-shire, besides the gratuity of a pension, were boons granted to secure his allegiance to the house of Brunswick; but it was quickly found that with ambitious turbulence, which was even too great for his sense of self-interest, he was still engaged in obscure and secret negotiations with the exiled family. In 1737, he received a visit from Colonel Roy Stuart, an emissary of the Chevalier, and gave great cause of suspicion,
both by that circumstance and by the quantity of swords, targets, and other arms, which he was observed to import from abroad. Yet it seems inconsistent with his character to have joined irretrievably in a cause so desperate, had he not fallen into a sort of open disgrace with the government. About 1739, his independent company and pension were both withdrawn, contrary to the advice of President Forbes, who foresaw the effects of the pecuniary loss and public disgrace upon a spirit so interested, so haughty, and so dangerous. The crisis of civil contention accordingly approached; and the tempting offer of a dukedom and the lieutenancy of all the counties north of the Spey, overcame Lovat's worldly wisdom, although few men had more. He paused, indeed, upon finding that Charles had landed with such a slender force; and his letters to President Forbes, prior to the battle of Prestonpans, indicate an intention of supporting the established government. (See pages 210–214.) The victory obtained by the Chevalier determined his sentiments; and in presence of many of his vassals, being urged by an emissary of the Prince to "throw off the mask," he flung down his hat and drank success to the young adventurer by the title which he claimed, and confusion to the White Horse and all his adherents. But with the Machiavelism inherent in his nature, he resolved that his own personal interest in the insurrection should be as little evident as possible, and determined that his son, whose safety he was bound, by the laws of God and man, to prefer to his own, should be his stalking-horse, and, in case of need, his scape-goat.

Meanwhile, his friend and neighbour, President Forbes, was labouring to dissuade the Highland chiefs from joining in this rash expedition. With many of the most powerful he found means to prevail, particularly with the laird of Macleod, and Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, whose numerous tribes would have made a formidable addition to the Chevalier's army. With Lovat he used his utmost influence; and the letters between them are among the most entertaining in this volume. Lovat is, at first, vehement in his demand for arms to protect his vassals and put his country into a state of defence. By-and-by he is compelled to admit that many of his followers were eager to enter into the rebellion; and lastly, that his eldest son had been
seded to put himself at their head, and had actually mustered four hundred Frasers, and marched off with them to join the Chevalier. It appears, from the evidence of Fraser of Dunballyoch and others, upon Lord Lovat's trial, that all this while the threats and arguments of the father were urging the son (afterwards the highly esteemed General Fraser) to a step of which he disapproved, and that he was still more disgusted by the duplicity and versatility with which his father qualified it.

Meanwhile, between this wily and unprincipled chief, and others of a more violent and open character, the President was placed in a condition of difficulty and danger, which shall be described in his own words.

"The prospect (of dissuading the chiefs) was at first very flattering, and the errand I came on had no appearance of difficulty; but the rebel's successes at Edr. and Preston-pans soon changed the scene. All Jacobites, how prudent soever, became mad; all doubtful people became Jacobites: and all bankrupts became heroes, and talked nothing but hereditary rights and victory; and what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and if you will believe me much more mischievous to the publick, all the fine ladies, if you will except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner. Under these circumstances, I found myself almost alone, without troops, without arms, without money or credite; provided with no means to prevent extream folly, except pen and ink, a tongue, and some reputation; and if you will except MacLeod, whom I sent for from the isle of Sky, supported by nobody of common sense or courage."—P. 250.

Yet, in these circumstances, by indefatigable exertion, and by liberally contributing both money and credit to the cause, he was enabled to assemble such a force at Inverness, as served to distract the councils, and interrupt the supplies of the Chevalier, and to pave the way for the downfall of his cause. Lovat, in the meanwhile, after exhausting every subterfuge, fled from Inverness, where he had surrendered himself on a kind of parole, and did not return to his house until, by the northward march of the Chevalier's army, and other events, the friends of government were for a time forced to abandon Inverness.

It was not till after the battle of Culloden, that Lovat beheld the unfortunate prince in whose cause he had sacrificed himself. A lady, who, then a girl, was residing in Lord
Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants, at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale, on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eye-lid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration, which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies, or even demons. The tower on which he had depended had fallen to crush him, and he only met the Chevalier to exchange mutual condolences. Yet Lovat lost neither heart nor judgment. Obliged to fly, though now so old and infirm that he was transported on the shoulders of his followers, he still advised the chiefs to keep together their men, and either to prosecute a mountain war, or show so bold a countenance as might obtain honourable terms of peace. But this design miscarried; and after skulking from isle to isle, he was at length discovered within the trunk of a hollow tree, and carried on board the Furnace ship of war.

Lord Lovat maintained, to the last, his character of versatility and hardihood. In a letter to the Duke of Cumberland, he endeavoured to excite his compassion, by telling him how often he had carried him in his arms when a child, offered to make such discoveries as would be of an hundred times more advantage to government than the sacrifice of an old gray-head, but concluded—he was

"in utrumque paratus,
Seu versare dolos, seu certæ incumbere morti."

During his previous confinement, during the course of his trial, and even till the last hour of his life, his bold and firm demeanour, the satirical causticity of his vein of humour, and the respect commanded by energy of character, even when abused, secured him a degree of interest, of a very different nature, but not much inferior to that which Balmerino gained by his undaunted steadiness, and Kilmarnock by his affecting penitence. At his execution, two expressions marked that he was Lovat still—when the scaffold fell and killed several persons, "Ay, ay" (exclaimed he, just
about to die), "the mair mischief the better sport." And he chose for his last words the "Dulce et decorum" of Horace. Such sentiments in the mouth of such a character, and at such a moment, seem preposterous almost to incredibility; but Lovat is not the only criminal whose conduct was guided by self-interest during life, and who has yet assumed, at his death, the manners and language of a patriot.

The reader will naturally expect to hear of the rewards and honours which were showered on President Forbes for his admirable conduct during a period so difficult and dangerous. Of these we learn nothing. But we suspect that the memory of his services was cancelled by the zeal with which, after the victory, he pressed the cause of clemency.

We have heard that when this venerable judge, as well became his station, mentioned the laws of the country, he was answered, not, as the editor supposes, by the Duke of Albemarle, but by a personage greater still, "What laws?—I'll make a brigade give laws!"—that his repeated intercessions in favour of those who, from prejudice of education, or a false sense of honour, had joined the Chevalier, were taken in bad part; and his desire to preserve to the Highlanders a dress fitted to their occupations (pp. 289–297), was almost construed into disaffection;—in fine, that he died broken in spirit by witnessing the calamities of his country, and impoverished in estate, by the want of that very money which he had, in the hour of need, frankly advanced to levy troops for the service of government. But he left behind him a name endeared, even in these days of strife and bitterness, to enemies as to friends, and doubly to be honoured by posterity, for that impartiality which uniformly distinguished between the cause of the country and political party.*

* By a sort of posthumous ingratitude, the privilege of distilling, without payment of duty, upon his barony of Ferrintosh, an immunity conferred to compensate his father's losses and reward his services at the revolution, and hence termed by Burns, "Loyal Forbes's chartered boast," was wrenched from the family by government, in 1785, for a most inadequate recompense.—(Introduction, p. xlii).

[An eminent antiquary, to whom the publisher applied for a copy of the view of Old Culloden House as it stood in 1746, and for the purpose of illustrating this volume, has kindly supplied the following particulars.—"The original proprietors of Culloden were Strachans, a family from Aberdeenshire: the last of whom was succeeded by his three daughters, as heiresses portioners, who
If we touch upon the severities exercised with a most unsparing hand, after the insurrection of 1745, during the course of which the Highlanders had conducted themselves with humanity and moderation, it is but to repel an expression of the editor, who, after admitting the existence of these “acts of atrocity,” strangely subjoins, that “no blame can attach to the Duke of Cumberland for them.” —(Introduct. p. xxxvi.)

We, on the contrary, maintain that to the general of the divided his estate among them; so that the barony split into three thirds, and thus it is described to this day. The era of this event must have been circiter a. d. 1520. Fifty years subsequently thereto, Mackintosh of Dunachton (now of Mackintosh) purchased the entire barony from these ladies and their husbands. In 1630, or thereabouts, Mackintosh sold the barony to Duncan Forbes, a merchant in Inverness, a younger son of a respectable family in Aberdeenshire; I incline to think, of Brux, or Craigievar. Duncan became member of Parliament for the burgh of Inverness, and acquired much property in its neighbourhood. He continued to reside in the old chateau of the Strachans, and he also built a handsome residence in the Castle wynd of the town, over the lintel of which his own and his wife’s initials may yet be seen. It adjoined the ‘great slated house,’ originally sold by Henry Duvar, prior of the monastery of Inverness, in 1517, to Laurence Robertson of Inches, and subsequently the property of the Lovat family; perhaps the first slated house in the capital of the Highlands, for even till 1571 the churches were thatched. To Duncan Forbes succeeded John of Culloden, who likewise represented the burgh for many years in Parliament, and, like his father, was its provost. Duncan his son again succeeded him, and obtained the privilege of distilling whiskey in his barony of Ferrintosh from William and Mary. ‘Bumper John,’ as his sobriquet went, from his excessive hospitality, was his heir; to him followed the justly esteemed patriot, Duncan Forbes, his younger brother, afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session. Burt, in his Letters from the North, commemorates the joyous hilarity of the ‘castle’ of Culloden when tenanted by the elder brother. ‘It is the custom of that house, at the first visit, or introduction, to take up your freedom by cracking his nut (as he terms it)—that is, a cocoa shell, which holds a pint, filled with champaigne, or such other sort of wine as you shall choose. You may guess from the introduction, at the contents of the volume. Few go away sober at any time; and for the greatest part of his guests, in the conclusion, they cannot go at all.’ Though less hilariously disposed than his merry kinsman, the good President also could relax from the sterner cares of life, and in the classic shades of his beloved ‘Bunchrew’ —(a small property on the opposite line of the Murray Frith, which he acquired before his accession to the paternal domain) —many a happy hour fled with those he esteemed.”]
victorious army, and to no other, is imputable every consequence of the orders which he issues; and if a veil is drawn over the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland, it is out of no respect or tenderness to the memory of that prince, but in justice to the far different sentiments of many members of his illustrious family, who knew how to prize faith and honour even in the enemies of their house, and who have often testified respect for the memory of those who risked their all because their mistaken loyalty demanded the sacrifice, and who, in prosecuting their enterprise, did nothing in hate, but all in honour.

When the Princess of Wales, mother of his present majesty, mentioned, with some appearance of censure, the conduct of Lady Margaret Macdonald of Sleat, who harboured and concealed the prince when, in the extremity of peril, he threw himself on her protection—"And would not you, madam," answered Prince Frederick, "have done the same in the like circumstances?—I hope—I am sure you would." Besides the great measure of restoring the forfeited estates of the chiefs, our venerable sovereign* showed, on many occasions, how little his heart was capable of nourishing dislike against those who had acted upon principle against the authority of his family. The support which he afforded to the exiled branch of the Stuarts will form a bright trait in his history; and secluded as he now is from his government and people, we may, as of a deceased monarch, relate one of those trifling traits which marked the generous kindness of his disposition. His majesty was told of a gentleman of family and fortune, in——shire, that, far from taking the oath of allegiance to him, he had never been known to name or permit him to be named as king in his presence. "Carry my compliments to him," said the king, "and say that I respect his steadiness of principle; or, as he may not receive my compliments as King of England, present them as those of the Elector of Hanover."—And he never afterwards saw the gentleman from whom the anecdote is derived, without inquiring after the health of the venerable recusant, and reiterating his wish to be remembered to him. The same kindness to the memory of those who hazarded themselves for the Stuart cause has been inherited by the

* [King George III.]
present administrator of royal authority, and to him, as to his father, their descendants have been and are prompt to repay it.

We have little more to say upon the labours of the editor, excepting that he has given a good life of the Lord President, and that his duties as a commentator are carefully and respectably performed. We observe that, in a note, p. 289, he has ascribed to Mr. Rawlinson, an Englishman, the invention of the filea-beg: in this he is quite correct; but this was only a slight and obvious improvement on the ancient belted plaid. That dress was formed in a very primitive manner, by wrapping one end of a web of tartan round the loins, so as to form a petticoat, and disposing of the rest around one shoulder, to be drawn over both in case of a storm. This dress, though well-fitted for the hunter or herdsmen, was inconvenient to labourers. Mr. Rawlinson observed that, in the belted plaid, the most necessary part of a man’s dress was indivisibly united to that which is most occasional, as if a Lowlander’s great coat was sewed to his breeches. He recommended to the Highlanders whom he employed, to wear a short petticoat, secured with a buckle, and separated from the plaid, which could be then laid aside at pleasure. This innovation is called the filea-beg, or kilt; and it is an improvement which by no means affects President Forbes’s remarks on the antiquity of the Highland dress.

We now—and it is more than time—draw to a conclusion. We have shown the power of clanship in its most unamiable form, as devolving on a man whom neither faith nor gratitude could bind—a tyrant to his family, a terror to his vassals;—selfish enough to shelter his own safety by imputing to his son the crime to which he compelled him, and a traitor to the political interests which he embraced and abandoned alternately. Such a character ranks with the Ras Michael and Fasil of Bruce, and rather belongs to the Galla, or the Agows, than to the Scottish Highlands. It might have been our lot to present patriarchal authority in a very different light, as exercised by Allan Cameron of Lochiel, who, to the high spirit, courage, and loyalty of a Highland chief, added the manners of an accomplished gentleman and the morals of a good Christian. Beloved by his neighbours, he was the terror of the oppressor and the refuge of the oppressed; he suppressed in his clan every license which
could disturb the public, while his bounty and encouragement rendered peaceful industry more profitable to them than the hostile and predatory habits of their ancestors. And when he took his last and fatal step it was with no view of self-interest—no desire of individual fame or honour—but in the pure spirit of one who devoted himself to a cause which he well knew to be desperate, because he deemed himself called upon, by his honour and allegiance, to obey the summons of the prince who threw himself upon so rash a hazard.

Clanship, therefore, like other modes of government, differed in complexion, according to the character by whom the authority was exercised; but it may be observed in general, that though despotic in principle, its duties were reciprocal; and that the chief who neglected to protect and maintain his people, was in danger of being disowned and deserted by them. Clanship, however, with its good, and evil, is now no more. Its harsher features disappeared, after the promulgation of the laws in 1748, which struck at the root of the chief's authority, both patriarchal and feudal. The execution of young Robert Roy, Serjeant More Cameron, and other leaders of predatory bands of Highlanders, with the banishment of the yet more distinguished Barrisdale, checked their habits of violence. A milder race arose;—the Highlanders with whom our youth was conversant, cultivating sedulously the means of subsistence which their country afforded, and converting the broadsword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the herdsman's crook, yet preserving an aptitude to military habits, and an enthusiastic energy of character derived from the recollections of former days, and fostered by the tales of the gray-headed veterans, who looked back with regret to the days when each man's arms clattered round him when he walked the hills. Among these men, the spirit of clanship subsisted no longer indeed as a law of violence, but still as a law of love. They maintained, in many instances, their chiefs at their own expense; and they embodied themselves in regiments, that the head of the family might obtain military preferment. Whether and how these marks of affection have been rewarded, is a matter of deep and painful inquiry. But while it subsisted, this voluntary attachment to the chief was, like the ruins of his feudal castle, more interesting than when clanship sub-

Vol. II.—27
sisted in its entire vigour, and reminded us of the expression of the poet:—


Some such distinction between Highlanders and Lowlanders in this respect, would long have subsisted, had it been fostered by those who, we think, were most interested in maintaining it. The dawn of civilization would have risen slowly on the system of Highland society; and as the darker and harsher shades were already dispelled, the romantic contrast and variety reflected upon ancient and patriarchal usages, by the general diffusion of knowledge, would, like the brilliant colours of the morning clouds, have survived for some time, ere blended with the general mass of ordinary manners. In many instances, Highland proprietors have laboured with laudable and humane precaution to render the change introduced by a new mode of cultivation gentle and gradual, and to provide, as far as possible, employment and protection for those families who were thereby dispossessed of their ancient habitations. But in other, and in but too many instances, the glens of the Highlands have been drained, not of their superfluous of population, but of the whole mass of the inhabitants, dispossessed by an unrelenting avarice, which will be one day found to have been as shortsighted as it is unjust and selfish. Meanwhile, the Highlands may become the fairy ground for romance and poetry, or subject of experiment for the professors of speculation, political and economical. But if the hour of need should come—and it may not, perhaps, be far distant—the pibroch may sound through the deserted region, but the summons will remain unanswered. The children who have left her will re-echo from a distant shore the sounds with which they took leave of their own—Ha til, ha til, ha til, mi tuidh!—"We return—we return—we return—no more!"
PEPYS' MEMOIRS.*

[Quarterly Review, January, 1836.]

There is a curiosity implanted in our nature which receives much gratification from prying into the actions, feelings, and sentiments of our fellow-creatures. The same spirit, though very differently modified and directed, which renders a female gossip eager to know what is doing among her neighbours over the way, induces the reader for information, as well as him who makes his studies his amusement, to turn willingly to those volumes which promise to lay bare the motives of the writer's actions, and the secret opinions of his heart. We are not satisfied with what we see and hear of the conqueror on the field of battle, or the great statesman in the senate; we desire to have the privilege of the valet-de-chambre to follow the politician into his dressing-closet, and to see the hero in those private relations where he is a hero no longer.

Many have thought that this curiosity is most amply gratified by the correspondence of eminent individuals, which, therefore, is often published to throw light upon their history and character. Unquestionably much information is thus obtained, especially in the more rare cases where the Scipio has found a Lælius—some friend in whom he can fear no rival, and to whose unalterable attachment he can commit even his foibles without risking loss of esteem or diminution of affection. But in general letters are written upon a different principle, and exhibit the

writers less as they really are, than as they desire their friends should believe them to be. Thus it may be observed that the man who wishes for profit or advancement usually writes in a style of bullying independence—a flag which he quickly strikes to the prospect of advantage; the selfish individual, on the other hand, fortifies his predominant frailty by an affectation of sensibility; the angry and irritable man attends with peculiar strictness to the formal and ceremonial style of well-bred society; the dissolute assume on paper an air of morality; and the letters of the prodigal are found to abound with maxims of prudence not a whit the worse for the author's own wear.

These discrepancies between epistolary sentiments and the real character of the writer, become of course more marked when the letters, like those of Pope, are written with a secret consciousness that they may one day or other come before the public. It is then that each sentence is polished, each sentiment corrected; and that a letter, ostensibly addressed to one private friend, is compiled with the same sedulous assiduity as if it were to come one day flying abroad on all the wings of the press.

The conclusion is that there can be little reliance placed on the sincerity of letter-writers in general, and that in estimating the mass of strange matter which is preserved in contemporary correspondence, the reader ought curiously to investigate the character, situation, and temper of the principal correspondent, ere he can presume to guess how many of his sentiments are real; how much is designed as a gentle placebo to propitiate the feelings of the party whom he addresses; how much intended to mislead future readers into a favourable estimate of the writer's capacity and disposition. We have found ourselves guilty a hundred times of returning thanks to ingenious individuals, who have sent for our acceptance very handsome hot-pressed volumes of poetry and of prose, with a warmth which might to the ordinary acceptation have included much applause; whereas, on our part, the civil words were merely intended to extinguish the debt imposed on us, and to give some value for the certain number of shillings which we must have been out of pocket had we been rash enough to purchase the works on our own account. But in our professional capa-
city, however the man may have been softened, the critic, like he of Tilbury fort, stands resolved.

Thus much for the faith of familiar letters, which, from the days of Howell downwards we believe, will be found to contain as regular and ratable a proportion of falsehood as the same given quantity of conversation. In private diaries, like that now upon our table, we come several steps nearer to the reality of a man’s sentiments. The journalist approaches to the situation of the soliloquists in the nursery rhyme.

“As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.”

It is no doubt certain that in this species of self-intercourse we put many tricks upon our actual and our moral self, and often endeavour to dress deeds, enacted by the former on very egotistical principles, in such a garb as may in some degree place them favourably before the other’s contemplation. Still there must be more fair dealing betwixt ourselves and our conscience, than ourself and any one else;—here there is much which can neither be denied or extenuated; Magna est veritas et prevalebit. Indeed such seems the force of the principle of sincerity in this sort of self-communing as renders it wonderful how much such records contain of what is actually discreditable to the writers. These confessions may have been made either because the trick was cleverly done (as many a Newgate knave indites a narrative of his rogueries that at the same time he may preserve some remembrance of his talents), or because the moral sense of the party in the confessional has become dull and blunted, and insensible of the manner in which his tale is likely to be regarded by men whose sense of right and wrong is undepraved; or, finally (that case perhaps occurs seldomest of any), because the narrator feels his secret mind oppressed beneath the same weighty burden of solitary consciousness which sometimes drives malefactors of a different class to speak out more than had even been laid to their charge. Owing to these and other motives, we have ourselves listened to unsolicited avowals made in general society of such a character as served to strike with dismay, and eventually to disperse, a gay and unscrupulous company, who shrunk away in disgust, and
left the too candid narrator to spend the rest of the evening in reflecting on the consequences of untimely confidence. Those who make such admissions in society are still more ready to record them in their diaries. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the conduct of the barber of King Midas, who relieved his mind of a burdensome secret by communicating to a bundle of reeds the fact that the worthy prince whom he served had the ears of an ass. In modern times a memorandum and a goose-quill would have naturally been the barber's resource; nor are we at all certain that the committing his mystery to the treacherous reeds meant anything more, than that the court-barber of King Midas kept a diary, which fell into the hands of some reviewer of the times.

If there is any one to whom we can ascribe perfect good faith in the composition of his diary, it is certainly the author of that which lies before us. Mr. Pepys was in the fortunate situation that he had no crimes to conceal, and no very important vices to apologize for. We think we can determine to what class the latter belonged; and yet they are so very well glossed over, that we can easily believe the frank gentleman was prevented by the blinding influence of that witch, Vanity, from accurately considering the feelings likely to be excited in the minds of others by certain matters which he has faithfully recorded.

There was an additional ground of security in Mr. Pepys' case; he had, to keep up the parallel of King Midas' barber, dug his pit extremely deep, and secured his record against easy consultation or rapid transcription. His diary was written in a peculiar shorthand or cipher, which he had practised from an early period of life. Undoubtedly he laid considerable stress on this circumstance in considering the possibility of his journal falling into unfriendly hands during his life, or being too rashly communicated to the public after his death. At least it is certain that when he gave up, with much regret, the keeping this daily register of his private thoughts and remarks, it was in consequence of his eyesight being for a time in such a state that he no longer retained the power of writing his cipher.

"And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in
my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear; and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave, for which, and all the discomfort that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!"—Vol. ii, p. 347.

From this touching passage, as indeed from the whole tenor of the diary, it is evident that Mr. Pepys wrote under a feeling of security, and therefore with a frankness not often to be found amongst diarists, who have not the same resources against the risk of inconvenience from malicious or impertinent scrutiny into their private lucubrations. Why, when his eyes recovered (as they must soon have done) their usual strength, he did not resume the diary, no hint is given. Is it quite impossible that he may have done so, and that other volumes may hereafter be discovered?

In the mean time it is to Lord Braybrooke that we owe the possession of these two curious volumes, containing, as we hope presently to show, much that is interesting to the historian and to the antiquary, as well as a treasure of amusing facts for the benefit of the general reader. The noble editor has also favoured us with a sketch of his author's life, and some notes; but in both of these we regret to say there is considerable confusion, especially in regard to titles and dates.*

Samuel Pepys was born in 1632, of a family which had some pretensions to gentility, though he himself confesses his secret belief that they had never been "very considerable." His father followed for some time the creditable, certainly, but not exalted calling of a tailor, and we may hereafter notice the influence which this genealogy seems to

* For example, Lord Braybrooke talks of Sir William Congreve as "a Commissioner of the Admiralty," when the office of High Admiral was not in commission. Sir William's office was that of Secretary to the Admiralty under the Duke of York. A more serious evil is, that Lord Braybrooke by no means distinguishes sufficiently between the widely different offices connected with the navy, which Pepys himself successively held, and is thus led to speak often of the diarist in terms applicable to him only at a period of his life long subsequent to the close of the diary.
have exercised over the style and sentiments of his son's diary. He was educated regularly at St. Paul's School, and afterwards at the University of Cambridge, and probably went through his studies with success. Early in life he took one of those decided steps which tend, according to circumstances, to a man's marrying or making. He appears to have married a beautiful girl of fifteen, when he himself was only about twenty-three. The patronage of his relation Sir Edward Montague, afterwards first Earl of Sandwich, prevented the ill consequences with which such a step might naturally have been attended, and young Pepys' talents for business soon came to render him useful. The distresses of the young couple at this period were subjects of pleasant reflection during their prosperity, for, 25th February, 1667, we find this entry in the diary.

"Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coals fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it."—Vol. ii, p. 21.

But better times were approaching Mr. Pepys; he accompanied Sir Edward Montague upon his expedition to the Sound, in March, 1658, and upon his return obtained some species of clerkship in the Exchequer. Here the Restoration found him, poor but active, and well befriended by a patron who, having had no small share in the great event which had changed the fate of England, reaped his own proportion of the rewards bestowed by the monarch amongst those who had favoured his restoration.

Through the interest of the Earl of Sandwich we find Mr. Pepys nominated clerk of the Acts, by which style one of the commissioners of the navy board continued within our own time to be distinguished. This was the commencement of his connection with a great national establishment, to which, in the sequel, his diligence and acuteness were of the highest service. "From the mass of his Papers still extant, it may be inferred, that he never lost sight of the public good, and took infinite pains to check the rapacity of the contractors, by whom the naval stores were then supplied, and to establish such regulations in the dock-yards as might be productive of order and economy. He was also
most anxious for the promotion of the old established officers of the navy, uniformly striving to counteract the superior influence of the court favourites, which too often prevailed in that unprincipled government over every claim of merit or service, and resisting to the utmost the infamous system of selling places practised at that period, in every department of the state, in the most open and unblushing manner."—Life, p. xviii-xix.

In the course of these dreadful afflictions, the plague and the fire of London, Pepys remained at his post, and behaved with a calm and deliberate courage more rare, and perhaps more valuable, also, than that which is merely constitutional, or which stimulates only to sudden and occasional efforts. The Duke of York being Lord High Admiral, the diligent and useful Pepys was by degrees drawn into a close personal connection with his royal highness, and, as he enjoyed his good opinion, he had also the misfortune to experience some part of the calumnies with which he was loaded during the cruel and infamous persecution commonly called "The Popish Plot," when a vertigo seemed suddenly to possess the heads of the people of England, rendering them incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood, justice from oppression, or common sense from the grossest absurdity. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the foster-father of that most wicked delusion, showed a great desire to implicate Pepys in a charge of Catholicism, and even, it would seem, went so far as to spread a report, for it could be traced to no other quarter, that the clerk of the acts had in his house an altar and a crucifix.* The absence of everything like evidence, or even ground of suspicion, did not prevent Mr. Pepys being committed to the Tower on the charge of being an aider and abettor of the plot, and he was, for a time, removed from the navy board. He was soon, by the special commands of Charles II, replaced in a situation where his skill and experience could not be well dispensed with; and rose afterwards to be Secretary of the Admiralty, which office he retained till the Revolution. It is remarkable, that James II was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait designed as a present to Pepys, when the news of the landing of the

* These were the days, when a noble lord declared in Parliament he would not have so much as a popish dog or a popish cat to fawn or pur about the court.
Prince of Orange was brought to that unhappy monarch. The king commanded the painter to proceed and finish the portrait, that his good friend might not be disappointed. In a prince, whose ideas of the danger were justly formed, and who was prepared to meet it by corresponding efforts, this would have been equanimity;—in James we must term it apathy. Pepys had been too much personally connected with the king (who had been so long at the head of the admiralty) to retain his situation under the new government; and he retired into private life accordingly, but without being followed thither, either by persecution or ill-will. He died in May, 1703, in part a victim to the stone, which was hereditary in his constitution, and to the increase of that malady in the course of a laborious and sedentary life.

The Diary now published comprehends the ten first years of Mr. Pepys’ official life, extending from January 1659–60 to May, 1669. Lord Braybrooke informs us, that as Mr. Pepys was “in the habit of recording the most trifling actions of his life, it became absolutely necessary to curtail the MS. materially, and, in many instances, to condense the matter, but the greatest care has been taken to preserve the original meaning.” It would be unreasonable to find fault with this freedom, nor are we disposed to suspect that it has, in any respect, been misused. On the contrary, judging from the peculiar character of Pepys, so uniformly sustained through the whole diary, we feel perfect conviction that the pruning knife has been exercised with that utmost caution necessary for preserving the shape and appearance of the tree in its original state. It may, besides, be accounted very superfluous to wish for a larger share of Mr. Pepys’ private thoughts and confidences, than are to be found in that space of some five or six hundred pages of royal quarto. But when will antiquarian eyes be entirely satisfied with seeing? The idea of a work being imperfect, from whatever cause, the restless suspicion that something has been kept back, which would have rendered the whole more piquant, though perhaps less instructive, will always, in spite of us, haunt the curious indagator after the minute curiosities of literature.

“That cruel something unpossessed
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.”

But we will push these observations no further at present,
than just to observe, that where contemporary documents are published for the use of the antiquary or historian, we think the editor will, generally speaking, best attain his purpose by giving a literal transcript of the papers in his hands; whatever falls short of this, diminishes, to a certain degree, our confidence in the genuine character of his materials—it is giving us not the actual speech of the orator, but the substance of what was spoken. When there exists no moral reason for suppression of particular passages, we are not fond of abridgments or castrations—especially in cases like the present, where, after all, the matter communicated is not always so interesting as the peculiar mode in which it is told. Nay, even when decency or delicacy may appear on the one hand to demand omissions, it comes to be, on the other, a matter of very serious consideration in how far such demands can be complied with, without actual injustice to the characters handled by the author, the self-supplied key to whose own character and dispositions is thus mutilated and impaired.

We must follow some species of arrangement in the view which we are about to give the reader of the contents of these volumes, and perhaps it will be as natural as any other, first, to consider those passages which affect Mr. Pepys personally, and introduce us to a knowledge of his character; and here we are compelled in some measure to draw a comparison betwixt our journalist and his contemporary Evelyn, who has left a similar, and, at least, equally valuable record referring to the same period.

Evelyn and Pepys were friends, and it is to the credit of the latter that he enjoyed the good opinion of the former. Both were men of sound sense, both were attached to science and the fine arts, both were, generally speaking, of sober and studious habits, both were attached to the crown from principle, and both were grieved and mortified by the unkingly mode in which it was worn by the "merry monarch, scandalous and poor," under whose authority it was their fate to live, and by whom they were, each in his degree, held in estimation. Both writers were, moreover, shrewd and sharp critics of the abuses of the times, had seen, the reign of fanaticism and hypocrisy succeeded by that of open profligacy and irreligion, and were mortified and
420 MISCELLANIES BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

grieved spectators of an extent of licentiousness to which, perhaps, no other age could in England produce a parallel.

But yet the characters of the two diarists were essentially different, and the distinction, it must be owned, is not in favour of Pepys. This may, in some measure, be owing to the difference of their relative situations. Evelyn, highly born and independent in fortune, had been bred up in the principles of the cavaliers, and has been justly said to constitute one of the best and most dignified specimens of the old English country gentleman. The Restoration found him in his own place; he had nothing to repent of, nothing to see for; was willing to view the conduct of his master with lenient eyes, but, having nothing to fear from the resentment of king or minister, was not obliged to wink at such vices as his conscience called on him to condemn. Pepys' original political opinions, on the other hand, though they must be considered as those of a boy, did not quite fit the great change which took place at the Restoration,—of which he himself gives us the following naïve instance. "Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the king was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—'the memory of the wicked shall rot'); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time."—Vol. i, p. 82. Again, when Sir John Bunch upbraided him that "it was a fine time for such as he who had been for Oliver to be full of enjoyment, while the old cavaliers got none," he frankly owns that he answered nothing to the reproach, for fear of making bad worse. This alteration of opinion, which led Pepys to dread the tenacity of his old school-fellow's memory, may serve to indicate a little versatility of principle foreign to the character and practice of Evelyn. We must not, indeed, forget that he began life poor, the son of a mechanic, dependent upon a powerful relative, and was obliged for his own rise to use the prevailing arts of corruption (for so the giving presents to his superiors must be termed), and thus early tempted to judge with less severity even vices which he disapproved of, when practiced by those on whose effi-
cient services his advance in life must depend. But there was by nature, as well as by situation and habit, a loftier tone about the character and virtues of Evelyn than Pepys seems to aspire to. He was, like Sully at the court of Henry IV, a censurer of the frivolities and foibles exhibited by the king and courtiers. Pepys’ abhorrence of vice and of the dissipations of fashion was not of a character so decisive. Like Old Gobbo, he did “somewhat smack, somewhat draw to,”—he had a certain degree of indulgence towards the “upper abuses” of the times, which prevents the full effect of his censures, and would sometimes half persuade us that a quiet secret sip from the cup of Circe was a cordial *haud alienum a Scevole studiis*. Thus, we find, he kept occasional company with Harry Killigrew, young Newport and others, wild rogues as any about town, whose mad talk made his heart ache. And although he tells us this was only for once, to know the nature of their life and conversation, yet the air of Vauxhall is not very favourable to rigid virtue when breathed in such society, and the question will occur “whether it is for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan.”—Again, a decent degree of censure is no doubt bestowed on those “Light o’ Loves,” who adorned the court and disputed the good graces of Charles, but their beauty is at the same time extolled in such terms as show the journalist’s admiration of their persons had sometimes balanced, if not outweighed, his virtuous indignation at their improprieties.

Perhaps a contrast between the different modes in which those two journalists saw similar scenes, will be the best illustration of our meaning. And first remark the severe dignity, with which Evelyn passes censure on the witty and worthless sovereign, for the levity of his conduct in public towards our old acquaintance Nell Gwynn. “I thence walked through St. James’s Parke to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between [the king] and Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian; she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [the king] standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the Duchess of Cleaveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.”

The following is a similar passage of grave reprehension.

"This evening I was at the entertainment of the Morocco ambassador at the Duchess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a great banquet of sweetmeats and music, but at which both the ambassador and his retinue behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moors, and amongst these were the king's natural children, viz. Lady Lichfield and Sussex, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nelly, &c., concubines and cattle of that sort, as splendid as jewels and excess of bravery could make them."

We must yet make room for another passage of Evelyn, the most striking of all, from the scene it records happening so soon before the death of the royal libertine.

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day s'ennight I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Clevealand, and Mazarine, &c. a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust!"

Our friend Pepys did not aspire at quite so high a strain of moral feeling as is expressed by Evelyn, although he seems to have come the length of listening with much edification to a learned divine, who proved, "like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villany." He did not approve of the naughty doings of the time, but he appears to have been fully sensible of the seductions which Evelyn held so cheaply. It is true that he seems to have sympathized with Evelyn, when communing together concerning the "badness of the government, where nothing but wickedness and wicked men and women command the king," and concurred in thanking Providence that it had put some stop to the prodigalities of Charles in the matter of Lady Byron, the merry king's "seventeenth mistress," who had an order for £4000 of plate to be made for her, "but by delays, thanks be to God, she died before she had it." Pepys could, no doubt, speak scholarly and wisely upon these subjects with Evelyn, and his journal echoes back many of the complaints which are

to be found in the diary of his more dignified friend. But still if he did not turn aside to listen to the songs of the syrens, no more did he stop his ears absolutely against them. Lady Castlemaine appears to have attracted his particular admiration, though Mrs. Stuart (La Belle Stuart of Count Anthony Hamilton) at times seems to have, in his estimation, disputed the palm of beauty. The following are curious entries selected from many others. The first is a court scene, where both the rival beauties are introduced.

"By and by the king and queene, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short petticoate, and her hair dressed à la negligence) might pretty; and the king rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode amongst the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she light, did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy: nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changuig and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life, and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress, nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."—Diary, vol. i, p. 238.

"Here I saw Mrs. Stewart this afternoon, methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her, so often as I have seen her; and I do begin to think do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least now."—Id. p. 485.

But albeit the charms of the beautiful Stuart might have power at times to shake Mr. Pepys' allegiance, he seems on the whole to have been loyally devoted to the supremacy of the reigning favourite. 'To a true knight all emblems and appurtenances of the lady of his admiration are rendered invaluable by their connection with the idol. Thus, good Mr. Pepys dotes upon certain articles of Lady Castlemaine's dress as well as upon her picture. "In the privy-garden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom,
that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them."—(Vol. i, p. 142.) On the subject of her picture our zealous admirer is scarcely less enthusiastic than on that of her petticoats. He saw, at Mr. (afterwards Sir Peter) Lely's, among other portraits, the "so-much-desired-by-me picture of Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture, and one that I must have a copy of." Upon another occasion he is in ecstasies with her beauty, when talking with "a person booted and spurred," the king, doubtless, "she being in her hair put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off, which became her mightily, as every thing else does." Yet with all his admiration of Lady Castlemaine, Pepys regretted the king's doting folly in his conduct towards her. He is scandalized at learning that Charles had bestowed on her all the Christmas presents made by the peers, and that at the great ball she appeared richer in jewels than the queen and princesses both together.—(Vol. i, p. 204). In another passage he mentions her removal to Whitehall, where she occupied an apartment next to that of the king, which, says he, "I am sorry to hear, though I love her much."—(P. 212.)

If posterity are curious to know what other fascination Lady Castlemaine possessed, besides that of beauty, we can only say she was shrewish, violent, and vulgar. The king on one occasion came to sup with her—"When there being a chine of beef to roast, and the tide rising into their kitchen that it could not be roasted there, and the cook telling her of it, she answered, 'Zounds! she must set the house on fire but it should be roasted!' So it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband's, and there it was roasted!"—Vol. i, p. 253.

This was only vulgar and unreasonable, but the manner in which she appears to have treated Charles, shows a temper more ferociously termagant. On one occasion, affirming herself to be with child, she swore—

"The king shall own it; and she will have it christened in the chapel at White Hall so, and owned for the king's as other kings have done, or she will bring it into White Hall gallery, and dash the brains of it out before the king's face."—Vol. ii, p. 99.

Her character for general profligacy is generally known, and
yet by this woman Charles was in a great measure guided during the course of his unhonoured reign.

Pepys in his love of wit and admiration of beauty finds room to love and admire Nell Gwynn, whose name still carries an odd fascination with it after so many generations, and who had certainly, to atone for her misgovernance, talents and principles to which Lady Castlemaine was a stranger. She best pleaded her own case when, in a quarrel with Beck Marshal, a frail sister of the stage, she stated the nature of her parentage and education. When the latter, who was a daughter of Stephen Marshal, the great Presbyterian preacher, upbraided Nell with being Lord Buckhurst's mistress, "Nell answered her, 'I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel to fill strong water to the gentlemen; and you are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyterian's praying daughter!'"—(Vol. ii, p. 149.) Pepys admired her particularly in the part of Florimell, in the Maiden Queen of Dryden, "both as a mad girl and when she acts a young gallant;" she is in other places "pretty witty Nelly." He goes behind the scenes, and though not much pleased with the manners and society he finds there, yet when he comes to the women's shift (dressing room), where Nell was dressing for her part, he finds her "very pretty, prettier than he had thought."

On the whole, we think it quite as well that Mrs. Pepys happened to be present at such a scene as follows, which it seems was his introduction to Nelly.

"A most pretty woman, who acted the great part Celia to-day, very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is."—Vol. ii, p. 8.

We learn from Pepys' authority, notwithstanding his general partiality, that Nell played serious characters very ill; and this makes him express his wonder at her excellence in mad characters; which certainly approach the tragic. The truth is, our friend was a general admirer of rank and personal accomplishments in men and women, and appears to have joyed in all circumstances which brought him into close connection with persons so endowed. Thus, he does not conceal his satisfaction when presented to the Duchess of York. "It was the first time I did ever, or did see any body else kiss her hand, and it was a most fine white and fat hand." On the other hand, Pepys was severe in his

Vol. II.—28
remarks on those who neglected personal appearance. He declares himself ashamed to walk with an old friend, Mr. Pechel, otherwise a good-humoured man, "on account of his red nose."—(Vol. ii, p. 52.) He will have his brother put into canonical habiliments that he may be fit to walk with him in the streets; and he marvels at and censures the treasurer of the navy for not paring his nails, when we are of opinion he ought, in those days, to have been quite satisfied with the admitted cleanliness of his palms.

It followed, of course, that attentive as he was to beauty and gay attire elsewhere, he was not negligent of those qualities at home, and Mrs. Pepys enjoyed, as was fitting, no small share of his attention and admiration. The following articles are curious, both as they illustrate the temper of the writer and the customs of the age. Among all the beauties present at Nan Hartlibb's wedding, we learn his wife was thought the greatest. He found her particularly pretty on having allowed her to wear a black patch, and is pleased with two periogues of hair brought for her use by La Belle Pearce. "They are," he vauntingly says, "of his wife's own hair, or else he would not have endured them."—(Vol. i, p. 136.) Many other little intimations there are of his pride in Mrs. Pepys' beauty and the dominion which he exercised over her wardrobe; and in the following passage he acquiesces with peculiar dignity in the increase of that species of paraphernalia with which women are usually most gratified.

"This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds: and with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above 150l. worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."—Vol. ii, p. 199.

He is extremely interested equally as a husband and an amateur in the progress of Mrs. Pepys' picture; scarce the by-him-so-much-desired portraiture of Lady Castlemaine seems to have interested the worthy man more. We hope and trust there were few serious interruptions of the happiness of this kind couple; and have little doubt that they had cause upon each anniversary of their marriage, as upon the ninth, to "bless God for their long lives and loves and
PEPYS' MEMOIRS.

healths together, and pray to God for the continuance of their mutual affection."—(Vol. i, p. 374.) Nevertheless, he that touches pitch runs a risk of being defiled, and we observe our friend Pepys, for a good and grave man, was rather too fond of frolicsome society, and of conversation that was more entertaining than edifying. Pepys was a poet too, and composed his own songs; an amateur, and sung them to his own music. This task seems to have rendered female assistance necessary to make out a sort of concert in which Mrs. Mercer, Mrs. Pepys' maid, displayed some talents for music, which Mr. Pepys in all honesty judged worthy of further cultivation. This seems to have displeased Mrs. Pepys, and her husband records the incident and his own defence.

"Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because that the girl do take musick mightily readily, and she do not, and music is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me."—Vol. i, p. 435.

On our part, we are by no means so jealous of Mrs. Mercer as of a certain slut called Knipp, an actress of some celebrity, and apparently as much to Mr. Pepys' taste as her merry comrade Nell Gwynn. The figure she makes in the Diary is somewhat alarming, as for example—"Comes Mrs. Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of 'Beauty retire,' which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be. She also entertained me with repeating many of her own and others parts of the play-house, which she do most excellently; and tells me the whole practices of the play-house and players, and is in every respect most excellent company."—(Vol i, p. 393.) He sets out with Knipp to be merry at Chelsea too—and she praises (cunning one) his vein of poetry, telling him his song of "Beauty retire" is mightily cried up, "which I am not a little proud of," says Pepys simply, "and do think I have done 'It is decreed' better, but I have not finished it." He meets at the theatre "One dressed like a country-maid with a straw hat on, and at first
I could not tell who it was, though I expected Knipp: but it was she coming off the stage just as she acted this day in 'The Goblins;' a merry jade."—(Vol. ii, p. 8.) Moreover the celebrated Tom Killigrew seems to have found out the clerk of the acts' blind side, when he said "Knipp was going to become the best actor upon the stage." Upon the whole, we are afraid his friend Evelyn would have shaken his head at some of these and similar entries, and so much pleasure does the secretary express in the society of this "merry jade," that we cannot but fear the worthy woman, his wife, may have had cause for uneasiness.—But *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

In fact Mr. Pepys, like many more, had an acquired character very different from his natural one. Early necessity had made Pepys laborious, studious and careful. But his natural propensities were those of a man of pleasure. He appears to have been ardent in quest of amusement, especially where anything odd or uncommon was to be witnessed. Thus he expresses, on one occasion, his regret at not being able to join a crowd of boys and girls, in following the crack-brained Duchess of Newcastle, who reached home before he could get up to her. But he gravely promises he will find a time to see her.—(Vol. ii, p. 53.) To this thirst after novelty, the consequence of which has given great and varied interest to his diary, Pepys added a love of public amusements which he himself seems to have considered as excessive, and which he endeavoured to check by a vow—not against seeing plays, but against paying for admission to them. This singular composition between taste and principle had this further advantage, that it brought his economy, which appears to have been pretty rigid, in aid of his resolution (p. 308). He appears to have been much disconcerted by a young gallant who carried him to the theatre under pretence of treating him, whereas in the event Pepys was obliged to pay for them both, leading him thus at once into a breach of his vow and an expense double the usual entrance money. His vow, however, does not seem to have excluded him from the Beargarden, the Cockpit, and other places of popular resort, of which he gives some amusing descriptions, and where he was wont to attend with his cloak drawn round his face, to prevent his being detected. Our grave gentleman in office took the
same precaution at the theatre, being "in mighty pain lest he should be seen by any body to be at a play."—(Vol. i, p. 489.) Mr. Pepys’ vow against wine, the inordinate use of which was one of the greatest vices of the period, was formed with the same flexible power of accommodating itself occasionally to the inclinations which it was intended to curb. Being at a city feast at Guildhall,—"We went into the Buttry, and there stayed and talked, and then into the hall again: and there wine was offered and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not."—(Vol. i, p. 256.) Assuredly his piece of bacchanalian casuistry can only be matched by that of Fielding’s chaplain of Newgate, who preferred punch to wine, because the former was a liquor nowhere spoken against in Scripture.

We cannot drop our sketch of Mr. Pepys’ character without noticing his respect and veneration for fine clothes; and the harmless yet ludicrous vanity which dwells with such mechanical accuracy on each variety of garment wherewith he regales the eyes of the million. This is so very prominent a point of his character, that it reminds us of the humour of one of Ben Jonson’s characters, who estimates the quantity of damage done in a duel, not by wounds sustained in the flesh of the combatants, but by the slits and cuts inflicted on their finery. We cannot help thinking this singularly strong propensity was derived by inheritance from his father’s shop-board, and that amidst all his grandeur, and all his wisdom, the clerk of the acts could not, unhappily, sink the tailor.

The reader becomes as well acquainted with Pepys’ wardrobe, as Prince Henry was with that of Poins, and nothing can be more amusing than the little touches of self-love mingled with the catalogue of coats, cloaks, breeches, and stockings, which of themselves are curious to antiquity. The minuteness of the description, the petty swelling of the heart, which could record with complacency every piece of gaudy pageantry which he adopted, savours strongly of the parvenu. But though Pepys had valuable qualities, dignity made no part of his character, any more than stoical or severe morality. On the 3d December,
1660–1, casting his roundhead, he appeared, for the first time, in the dress of a cavalier, with coat and sword; which last we are happy to say, did not get between his legs, as was to have been expected, for if it had, he would certainly have recorded it. After this happy commencement, the spirit of gentility seems to have risen rapidly in his ambitious bosom:—

"Put on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will set off anything else the more."—Vol. i, p. 171.

At another time he puts on "his new scallop, which is very fine." And, again, we are called upon to admire "his new shaggy purple gown, with gold buttons and loop line;" or the more sober elegance "of a black cloth suit, with white linings under all to appear under the breeches." But this, it may be said, is the mere vanity of the man of fashion, the dandy of his time. True; but there is combined in Pepys' case a sense of the importance of fine clothes, with a prudent attention to the cost; the first bespeaking the consciousness of personal vanity proper to the purchaser; the latter, peculiar to one who has regarded the other side of the account, and, no question, derived from the good master fashioner, the father, whose ultimate end in creating fine garments was to make money by them. It would be easy to multiply examples; but we rest the gist of our evidence on this notable entry, which we think intimates a degree of interest in the res vestiaria, which could not have survived the second generation from the actual tailor, whose blood must have contended strongly with the acquired feelings of the courtier to induce him to bemoan a cloak which lost its lustre in a cause so flattering.

"This day, in the afternoon, stepping with the Duke of York into St. James's Park, it rained; and I was forced to lend the Duke of York my cloak, which he wore through the park."—Vol. ii, p. 219.

If this does not prove our assertion, one more quotation, and we have done:—

"This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlett cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me."—Vol. ii, p. 173.

We must not omit the journalist's delight the first time
he saw himself written esquire on the address of a letter—the "great pride" with which, on the 30th June, 1662, "he led the Lady Carteret through the crowd by the hand, she being very fine, and her page carrying up her train;" nor, better still, the triumph with which he, for the first time, finds himself entertaining a select company of people of rank at dinner:—

"I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man cook, and commended, as, indeed, they deserved, for exceeding well done. We eat with great pleasure, and I enjoyed myself in it; eating in silver plates, and all things mighty rich and handsome about me. Till dark at dinner, and then broke up with great pleasure."—Vol. i, p. 486.

There may be something a little childish in all this exultation, but still, as no one is surprised at an individual sacrificing ease, health, and comfort, for the sole purpose of obtaining the means of supporting such a display, it is always some comfort in finding he actually enjoys that which he has laboured so hard to gain. And, after all, Mr. Pepys was probably not more vain than was natural to any man who had attained wealth and distinction by his own exertions—he was only trusting to the cipher he used, and more candid than people are used to be in communicating his real feelings.

These humours of the journalist seem to us so diverting, that we cannot but carry on the same tracing out of petty vanity into another source of action, especially as it seems to correct an opinion which many grave authors have entertained, namely, that the most important period to human vanity occurs when the boy draws on his first pair of boots. We suspect that the stoutest adherents of that hypothesis must feel shaken, as they contemplate, in the person of Mr. Clerk of the Acts, the ague fits of hope, doubt, and tremulous exultation which attend starting a carriage for the first time. There is a fine gradation between the inchoated conception and the completed purpose, which we must necessarily mark out for our reader's benefit, as the intervention of other matters breaks in the Diary itself the continuity of the progress of this solemn event.

At an early period (but we have lost the reference), our lucky aspirant begins to testify some unwillingness to be seen under the humble shelter of a hackney coach. At a
later date, the recorded discovery that a friend had procured an equipage at the moderate price of £35, intimates, to those who know the human heart, the latent purpose which was hatching in the bosom of the diarist. On the 20th October, 1668, it appears that Mr. and Mrs. Pepys had been long thinking about an equipage, and Mr. Pepys actually took heart of grace, and bid £50 for a coach. Shortly after he gives a livery, the first he had, green lined with red; and upon the 30th November, 2d and 3d December, occur the following characteristic entries.

"My wife after dinner went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed and my kinsman Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expensive to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet, and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hope ever to be, or desired."—Vol. ii, p. 282.

"Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it."—Vol. ii, p. 283.

"And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my kinsman Pepys in Salisbury Court."—Vol. ii, p. 283.—But,

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour;—

and even the pleasure of riding in one's own coach has, it seems, its own disadvantages. It occurred to Mr. Pepys, something of the latest, that though rainy weather, in the literal sense, was the natural time to take coach in, yet he might be censured by his superiors for such a superfluous piece of state, commenced when the political horizon around them chanced to look gloomy. The spirit therefore of doubt prevails in the following memorandum of 10th April, 1669.

"Thence to the park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now."—Vol. i, p. 329.

At length—after many visits to the coachyard, and gra-
tunities to the coachmaker's men, and after seeing with their own eyes the carriage cleaned, and oiled, and cased, after the best manner, comes disappointment, like a winter cloud, and the grand and decisive launch of their coach in Hyde Park reminds us of the days of happiness proposed to himself by Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia.

"Up betimes. My wife extraordinary fine with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day; the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and what made it worse, there were so many hackney coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure."

This it is to put trust in chariots and horses!

There are sundry other odd littlenesses about Pepys which injure him in comparison with his friend Evelyn. He was too sensible of the influence of the great, and too ready to truckle to it, though we believe honest and fair in his own department. In the course of offence taken against him by the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon, on account of his having marked out some ornamental trees in Clarendon Park for the use of the navy, both he and his principal, Lord Sandwich, retreat vilely from what they seem to have (however absurdly) conceived to be a high public duty—with this humiliating confession on the part of Pepys;

"Lord, to see how we poor wretches dare not do the king good service for fear of the greatness of these men!" During an interview, in which he uses all the evasions and excuses which might deprecate the chancellor's displeasure, he labours under an occasional suspicion that Clarendon is seriously disposed "to try his fidelity to his king." The chancellor disliked, as any other gentleman would do, having fine trees cut down close to his house: but the clerk of the acts magnifies the matter most ridiculously. Elsewhere Pepys seems, at least, fully sensible of the necessity of propitiating the great, but the following is a curious instance of
the dread he entertained in failing in the least etiquette towards them. He met, it seems, the Duke of York coming along "the Pell Mell;"

"In our walk over the Parke, one of the duke's footmen came running behind us, and come looking just in our faces to see who we were, and went back again. What his meaning is I know not, but was fearful that I might not go far enough with my hat off."—Vol. i, p. 243.

Our diarist must not be too severely judged. He lived in a time when the worst examples abounded, a time of court intrigue and state revolution, when nothing was certain for a moment, and when all who were possessed of any opportunity to make profit, used it with the most shameless avidity, lest the golden minutes should pass away unimproved. It was said of Charles himself, that he did by Tangiers as Lord Caernarvon said of wood, which he termed an "excruciation of the earth, provided by God for the payment of debts." The same might at that time have been said of most of the great employments in England, which were considered by those who filled them, not with reference to the public right and interest, but merely as they could be rendered available to their own private emolument. It is no mean praise, that we find Pepys, at such a period of general abuse, labouring successfully to introduce order and discountenance abuses in his own department. He received many hints to the following purpose, which with his observations and answers, give a more favourable idea of his character than that which might be derived from the foibles and fopperies we have been noticing.

"He tells me also, as a friend, the great injury that he thinks I do myself by being so severe in the yards, and contracting the ill-will of the whole navy for those offices, singly upon myself. Now I discharge a good conscience therein, and I tell him that no man can (nor do he say any say it) charge me with doing wrong; but rather do as many good offices as any man. They think, he says, that I have a mind to get a good name with the king and duke, who, he tells me, do not consider any such thing; but I shall have as good thanks to let all alone, and do as the rest. But I believe the contrary; and yet I told him I never go to the duke alone, as others do, to talk of my own services. However, I will make use of his counsel, and take some course to prevent having the single ill-will of the office."—Vol. i, p. 244.

Indeed it is highly necessary to keep in mind that Mr. Pepys was only thirty-seven years of age when he closed
this diary in 1669, and that of the far more important half of his life this record furnishes no account whatever. The secretary of the admiralty under James II was, no doubt, a different man in many particulars from the clerk of the acts, whose comparatively humble career we have been surveying. The high character of Pepys in his ultimate official station is well known; nor can it be denied that the unfortunate prince he served deserves credit for having uniformly sheltered so faithful and useful a public servant as the secretary against the ill-will which he incurred by his unremitting attention to the interests of the king and kingdom! The various disadvantages with which Pepys had throughout his public life to contend were of a kind which would have broken down the patience of a less zealous and industrious officer. When he first came into office under Lord Sandwich’s patronage, there was nothing but destruction and confusion in the affairs of the navy.—(Vol. ii, p. 471.) The fleet in such order, as to discipline, as if the devil had commanded it.—(Ib.) Ships cast away by mere rashness and drunken humour of the captains, who swore if the pilots did not carry them where they were pleased to order, they would run them through; and the profliagy of all ranks increased to the utmost height. Some of the flag-officers themselves were so ignorant of seamanship as not to know which tack lost the wind or kept it. The vessels did not support each other in battle, and fell out of the line upon receiving the smallest damage, under pretence of refitting. The men, ill-fed and unpaid, deserted whenever the humour seized them, or besieged the navy-office, so that no business could be done, “because of the horrible crowd, and lamentable moans of the poor seamen that do be starving in the streets for lack of money.”—(Vol. i, p 353.) On a subsequent occasion the confusion was even greater, so as to menace Mr. Pepys with loss of his evening’s meal.

“The yard being very full of women (I believe above three hundred), coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring and swearing and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison pasty, that we had for supper to-night, to the cook’s to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it; but it went, and no hurt done. To the Tower to speak with Sir John Robinson about the bad condition of the pressed men for want of clothes.”—Vol. i, p. 429.
We will conclude this picture with what occurs, vol. ii, p. 112, where we are told of the poor seamen, in their desperation for want of pay, jumping into the Thames to escape from the service, though two were shot by the soldiers posted to prevent their escape; "they being as good men as ever were in the world, and would readily serve the king were they but paid." Such was the state of the navy of Charles II, and we need not waste words in accounting for the wretched conduct of the Dutch war, and the insults and loss sustained at Sheerness and Chatham. The historical reader will find much curious information on both these particulars, and many others, in the Memoirs. It is indisputable that up to the present hour the British navy has every reason to hold in grateful remembrance the great reforming services of James II, and his faithful servant, Mr. Pepys.

Our Journalist, besides his grave treatise upon the Mare Clausum—to which, by the by, he gave a new title at the Restoration, the former being suited to the republican model—has some pretension to notice as a man of letters,—having written a romance, and, at least, two songs. The former he prudently burned, though not without some regret, doubting he could not do it so well over again if he should try (vol. i, p. 275); the latter were rendered mellifluous by the voices of Knipp and Mercer. He does not appear to have got beyond the false taste of his times, as he extols _Volpone_ and the _Silent Woman_ as the best plays he ever saw, and accounts the _Midsummer's Night's Dream_ the most insipid and ridiculous. (Vol. i, p. 167.) _Othello_ he sets down as a "mean thing;" _Henry VIII_, although much cried up, did not please him, even though he went with purpose to be pleased; it was, in his opinion, "a simple thing, made of patches;" "and besides the shows and processions in it, there was nothing well done." But the most diverting circumstance is the series of unsuccessful efforts which Pepys made to relish the celebrated poem of Butler, then enjoying all the blaze of novel popularity. Possibly some remaining predilection for the opinions which are ridiculed in that witty satire prevented his falling in with the universal fashion of admiring it. The first part of _Hudibras_ cost him two shillings and sixpence, but he found it so silly an abuse of a Presbyterian knight going to
the wars, that he became ashamed of it, and prudently sold it for eighteen pence. Wise by experience, he did not buy the second part, but only borrowed it to read.

Mr. Pepys, although an economical man, appears to have been very generous to his friends and relations, a kind brother, a dutiful son, and attentive in the discharge of all the social duties. One piece of generosity towards a relative, however, sounds a little strange in modern ears.

"I did give my wife's brother 10s. and a coat that I had by me, a close-bodied light-coloured cloth coat, with a gold edging in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best petticoat that she had when I married. He is going into Holland to seek his fortune."—Vol. i, p. 278.

The donation of ten shillings to a man going to seek his fortune is not splendid, though eked out by the coat with the gold edging, which had been already "condemned a double debt to pay."

Another peculiarity is that, like most curious people, he is disposed to see something uncommon in the most ordinary occurrences. He was a cockney to be sure, yet we are rather surprised at the following notice of an old shepherd in his worsted stockings.

"I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the bible to him; and we took notice of his woollen stockings, of two colours mixed."—Vol. ii, p. 99.

It would be unjust to dismiss the personal character of Pepys without noticing his sincere, pious, and thankful disposition. Whatever human weaknesses he may display, and however he may seem at times vain of his worldly advantages, he never fails to return thanks to the Author of good for the blessings which he enjoys; and if we see his foibles more clearly, it is because there is neither mystery nor vice to intercept our prospect into his bosom. It is at the bottom of the clear fountain that the least pebbles are distinctly visible.

In point of expression such memoirs, composed entirely for bringing back events to the writer's own reflection, ought not to be severely criticised. The language is always distinct and intelligible, though sometimes amusingly quaint; as when he says of Harrison, that in the course of being
hanged, drawn, and quartered, "he looked as cheerful as any man could do in that condition" (vol. i, p. 78); and again in the following exquisitely limited tribute of sorrow for the death of a predecessor in office.

"Sir William Petty tells me that Mr. Barlow is dead; for which, God knows my heart, I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets 100l. per annum."—Vol. i, p. 329.

The public affairs alluded to in the course of these Memoirs are, of course, numerous and interesting, and Pepys' information, recorded merely for his own satisfaction, and collected, in many instances, from the highest authorities, cannot but be valuable. We are not aware that any evidence occurs of a very new and original character, contradictory of historical facts as usually stated. But there is much that is additional and explanatory of what was formerly known; much that removes all doubt,—that throws a more distinct and vivid light over the picture of England and its government during the ten years succeeding the Restoration. A most melancholy picture it is of the period illuminated by the wit of Hamilton, and sung by Dryden—

"The world was then so light,  
I hardly felt the weight;—  
Joy ruled the day, and love the night."

Secular Masque.

The evidence of this prosaic contemporary places it in a very different view. The conduct of the king, mean, thoughtless, and inconsiderate beyond measure, was such as could not have been pardoned in a prince in the hey-day of youth, and nursed in the full enjoyment of absolute command. Yet Charles, in advanced life, and trained in the school of adversity, seems to have possessed neither the power of exerting his own reason nor the submission to be guided by the wisdom of others, but to have flung the reins of his empire among his courtiers at random, or voluntarily and by choice to have imparted them to the most profligate amongst these, as Buckingham and Clifford. Mere good nature is the only good virtue which Pepys allows him, for he will not even admit his power of saying the wise things which he never did. He describes him as reading his speech from the throne imperfectly and ill (vol. i, p. 243), and repeatedly mentions his conversation as poor, flat, and
uninteresting. His talk with his courtiers, when engaged in visiting the naval magazines, he describes as idle and frothy, misbecoming the serious business on which he was engaged.—(P. 181). Perhaps, however, the person who could not see the wit of *Hudibras* may have been blind to that of Charles.

The management even of the king's personal accommodations was of the most disreputable kind. Pepys gives a most singular example.

"After dinner comes in Mr. Townsend; and there I was witness of a horrid rateing which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the grooms of the king's bedchamber, did give him for want of linen for the king's person; which he swore was not to be endured, and that the king would not endure it, and that the king his father would have hanged his wardrobe, should he have been served so; the king having at this day no handkerchers, and but three bands to his neck, he swore. Mr. Townsend pleaded want of money and the owing of the linen-draper 6000l.; and that he hath of late got many rich things made, beds and sheets and saddles, without money; and that he can go no further; but still this old man (indeed like an old loving servant) did cry out for the king's person to be neglected. But when he was gone, Townsend told me that it is the grooms taking away the king's linen at the quarter's end, as their fees, which makes this great want; for whether the king can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the king get more as he can."
—Vol. ii, p. 129.

The coarseness of manners which prevailed in the court seems to have been excessive, and the bantering, which took place betwixt the gallants and the ladies, of the most vulgar description. One scene of royal mirth is described, in which the jest lay in Charles's endeavouring to persuade his queen to confess herself to be

As ladies wish to be who love their lords.

The queen's answer was, "you lye," the first words Pepys ever heard her speak in English, and which, no doubt, show she had studied the language to the foundation. A better repartee of poor Katharine was made to Lady Castlemaine, who had the assurance to wonder how her majesty could have the patience to sit so long a-dressing: "I have much reason to use patience," said the queen, "I can well bear with it." So high did this spring tide of profligacy run that it got into places where it should have been excluded by every barrier of decency, if not of higher feeling. It was,
for example, thought no unsuitable entertainment at Lambeth Palace, that “one Cornet Bolton” should mimic through all the forms of the Presbyterian mode of worship. Pepys, who does not know whether to be pleased or scandalized, tells us, he did.

“Pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text about the hanging up their harps upon the willows; and a serious good sermon too, exclaiming against bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglington, till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shown him as a rarity. And he took care to have the room-door shut, but there were about twenty gentlemen there; and myself infinitely pleased with the novelty.”—Vol. II, p. 342, 343.

Notwithstanding the precaution of shutting the door, we scarce think this would be now-a-days accounted a becoming archiepiscopal amusement.

The license which was introduced by the Restoration has been often described, but we do not remember to have seen the following contrast made subject of wonderment.

“Of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; the lieutenant a baker; this a brewer; that a hatter; this common soldier, a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, &c. as if they had never done anything else; whereas the others go with their belts and swords, swearing and cursing, and stealing; running into people’s houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other.”—Vol. I, p. 261.

How could all this be otherwise? The wars being over, those who had been butchers and bakers ere they began, resumed their proper vocations. The cavaliers, the idle gentlemen, did exactly the same thing. They could not return to trades which they had never learnt. Debauchery was now in too many instances their sole métier.

In the fleet there were only reckoned three cavalier captains who were fit to command, and in the state it was pretty much the same, for the elder cavaliers, having been excluded from public business for twenty years, were become incapable of it, and retired to look after their private affairs, and the younger men were totally abandoned to vice and profligacy.—Vol. I, p. 229.

The fury and violence of the hot-headed young gallants
was in proportion to their profigacy. The court, occasionally a scene of absolute drunkenness, was, of consequence, one of brawling and violence even in the king's own presence. Buckingham struck the Earl of Dorchester, and pulled off his periwig, at a conference between the House of Lords and Commons—(vol. ii, p. 235). Rochester struck Killigrew in the king's presence, and his insolence was pardoned on the spot (p. 305), and the king became mean in the eyes of all men by submitting to such indignities. The most desperate duels were currently fought among the courtiers, and Pepys gives a particular account of that between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which the last named nobleman fell. They fought three of a side, and two were slain (p. 181). Pepys does not mention the well-known anecdote that Lady Shrewsbury, in the disguise of a page, held the duke's horse while he was fighting with her husband, but he mentions one which does as little honour to that hard-hearted profligate. Having received into his house, as a mistress, the woman whom his hand had made a widow, his unfortunate duchess ventured to remonstrate, saying, "that the same house was not a fit residence for herself and Lady Shrewsbury." "I have been thinking so, madam," replied the duke, "and, therefore, I have ordered your coach to take you to your father's house."

Other crimes were committed by noblemen with as little shame or hesitation. Lord Buckhurst narrowly escaped sentence of death for highway robbery and murder, and Lord Rochester carried off forcibly an heiress. Assassination by hired ruffians was not uncommon; and the "wanton Shrewsbury," already commemorated, sate in her carriage to see one of her former admirers murdered by those she had hired for the purpose—all without legal investigation, or due punishment. Indeed the king's authority was used to bear out profigacy of every kind against legal censure. When a constable arrested Edley and Buckhurst for indecent exposure of their persons, he was committed by the Lord Chief Justice to answer it at next sessions. Nay, so little was the civil power respected when it chanced to interfere with the court, that we, who have been bred up with all due veneration for their honours of the quarter-sessions, read with horror how—Sir Edmundbury Godfrey,
woodmonger and justice of peace, having granted a warrant to arrest Sir Alexander Frazier, a physician belonging to the court, for a debt of £30, incurred for firing—not only were the bailiffs who executed the writ, soundly whipped, but the justice himself, actually committed to the porter's lodge, scarcely escaped the same punishment. Sir Godfrey, afterwards the proto-martyr of the Popish plot, vindicated his action by the opinions of the judges, and refused an apology. It was thought by Pepys that this might end ill for the court (vol. ii, p. 345). But it was Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's death, not any incident of his life, which was fated to lead to strong popular commotion.

The nature of the people was ferocious, after the example of their betters. Brothers fell by each other's hands [see the story of the Fieldings, vol. ii, pp. 53–58]. Factions banded together in the streets, the butchers against the brewers, the watermen against the butchers, and fought out their feuds without interference or censure. Nay, the retinues of the French and Spanish ambassadors fought a pitched battle in the streets of London to settle a question of precedence, the king prohibiting all interference. The Spaniards had the precaution to arm the reins and harnessing of their carriages with chains, which could not be cut, and came off victorious. There were several men killed on the side of the French, one or two on that of the Spaniards, and an Englishman by a bullet (vol. i, p. 118). There is no mention of any notice being taken of this affray by the English government, though, for the death of a British subject, slain in a similar commotion during the Protectorate, Cromwell brought to trial and cut off the head of Don Pantaleon Sa, the brother of the Portuguese ambassador.

Corruption was universal. All offices were made subject of open traffic. Nothing could be done without a consideration, either, according to Forgard, received beforehand, as logice, or after the goodturn was done, as a gratification. The slightest promise of service required such an acknowledgement; and while round sums of money, silver porringers, gold cups, and so forth, were travelling to and fro among the rich and noble, the "smallest donation" was accepted and expected from those who had no more to give. Upon a bare civil speech from his original patron, Sir George Downing, Pepys despatched a porter for his best fur cap,
that he might bestow it on Sir George, as in duty bound. But the porter tarried so long on the way, that the principal had sailed before his arrival, and so the cap retained its place in Mr. Pepys' wardrobe (vol. i, p. 9). What should we now think of the courtesy of a clerk who, in return for some favourable speech of his master, made his worthy principal, in the abundance of his gratitude, a present of his best beaver hat? Such were "Good King Charles's golden days!"

If quitting the broad path of history we seek for minute information concerning ancient manners and customs, the progress of arts and sciences, and the various branches of antiquity, we have never seen a mine so rich as the volumes before us. The variety of Pepys' tastes and pursuits led him into almost every department of life. He was a man of business; a man of information, if not of learning; a man of taste; a man of whim; and, to a certain degree, a man of pleasure. He was a statesman, a *bel esprit*, a virtuoso, and a connoisseur. His curiosity made him an unwearied as well as an universal learner; and whatever he saw, found its way into his tables. Thus his diary absolutely resembles the genial caldrons at the wedding of Camacho, a souse into which was sure to bring forth at once abundance and variety of whatever could gratify the most eccentric appetite. If, for example, a gastronome, to continue the allusion, desires to know what constituted a good dinner, he will find that a "very fine" one consisted of

"A dish of marrowbones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks, all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese."—Vol. i, p. 9.

Or, if he has any curiosity to know what the Duke of York accounted the best universal sauce in the world, Mr. Pepys will give it him, and he may advertise it to-morrow, in rivalry of Burgess, if he be so minded. This curious condiment is made of some parsley and a dry toast beat in a mortar with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper. It was taught to the duke by the Spanish ambassador, so we marvel it comprehends not garlic. It is eaten indifferently with flesh, fowl, or fish. Or in case the reader be one who delights to know how our ancestors dished them in array, we have already shown how well qualified Mr. Pepys is to act as yeoman of
the wardrobe. He is particularly minute, on the plan of
Charles II, to introduce a national dress never to be altered,
and which was taken from that of Poland. Evelyn, not so
apt as our friend Pepys to record the ephemeral fashions of
the time, notices this circumstance, and imputes the king's
resolution, in some degree, to the perusal of a pamphlet
written by himself.* The more minute Pepys, speaking
of this garment of eternal endurance, tells us:—

"This day the king begins to put on his vest, and I did see
several persons of the House of Lords and Commons, too, great
courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassock close to the body,
of black cloth, and pinked with white-silk under it, and a coat
over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband, like a pigeon's leg:
and, upon the whole, I wish the king to keep it, for it is a very
fine and handsome garment."—Vol. i, p. 470.

Afterwards Charles came to be of opinion that the pink-
ing made the wearers look too much like magpies; so that
was laid aside. Several courtiers laid bets with the king,
according to Evelyn, that he would change his purpose,
and lodged stakes accordingly. And, in effect, those long
veests, which Dryden says "did become our English gra-

dy," soon gave way before French doublets and hose, and
other importations of the Duke of Grammont. It is pleasant
enough to imagine how a modern drawing-room would look
if filled with courtiers peacocking it about in long sweeping
trains. Charles intended to shorten the ladies' petticoats in
proportion as he prolonged the men's trains. But this
experiment was disapproved of by Lady Carteret and
Pepys.*

If the reader be curious in feasts of the ear rather than
the palate, he may read Pepys' enthusiastic description of
the music in the Virgin Martyr. He undervalues poor
Dryden's share of the piece.

"But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole
world, was the wind musique when the angel comes down; which
is so sweet that it ravished me, and, indeed, in a word, did wrap
up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly
been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the
evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything,
but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that

ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man
as this did upon me; and makes me resolved to practice wind-
musique, and to make my wife do the like."—Vol. ii, p. 201.

Again, the curious in musical antiquities may be inter-
ested in his censure of the Scottish music, which, at a
later period in the reign of Charles, was fashionable in
London; but which, to the southern ear of Mr. Clerk of the
Acts, sounded "the strangest airs he ever heard, and all of
one cast." The natives present praised and admired them
—all but the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Lauderdale, who
declared,

"He had rather hear a cat mew, than the best musique in the
world; and the better the musique, the more sick it makes him;
and that of all instruments, he hates the lute most, and next to
that the bagpipe."—Vol. i, p. 434.

If the curious affect dramatic antiquities—a line which
has especial charms for the present age—no book published
in our time has thrown so much light upon plays, play-
wrights, and play-actors. There is an account by Killigrew
of the improvements which he himself made upon the stage
of his time, bringing it, if we may believe him, from tallow
candles to wax lights; from two or three fiddlers to nine or
ten capital hands; from the late queen's auspices very rarely
vouchsafed, to the constant and regular patronage of royalty.
—(Vol. ii, p. 14.) Then there are anecdotes, not only of
Knipp and Nell, but of Kynaston and Betterton, and Lacey
and Mohun, and passages concerning Dryden and Cart-
wright, and Sam Tuke, and we wot not whom besides—
annotations, in short, for a new edition of the Roscius An-
glicanus. They cannot, for example, but be delighted to
meet with the account of the new play, "Queen Elizabeth's
Troubles, and the History of Eighty-eight," which is very
curious, as it seems to have consisted almost entirely in
scenery and dumb show. The Queens Elizabeth and Mary
appeared dressed in the costumes of their age; and a pro-
locutor stood on the stage, and explained the meaning of the
action to the audience. Pepys was much affected with the
sad story of Queen Elizabeth, which he had sucked in from
his cradle, but fully as much so to see Knipp dance among the
milk-maids, and come out in her night-gown, with no locks
on, but her bare face, and hair only tied up in a knot be-
hind; which he thought the comeliest dress he had ever seen
her in. The play, as well as the very peculiar mode of representation, seems to have escaped the industry of Isaac Reed.

There is another class of antiquaries, who retire within the ancient enchanted circles, magical temples, and haunted castles, venerated by their forefathers, and here they, too, may find spells against various calamities, as against cramps, thorn-wounds, and the like (vol. i, p. 323), and stories respecting spirits, and an account of the ominous tempest of wind which, in the opinion of the journalist, presaged the death of the queen; but which proved only to refer to that of Sir William Compton; with much more to the same useful purpose.

Those who desire to be aware of the earliest discoveries, as well in sciences as in the useful arts, may read in Pepys' Memoirs, how a slice of roast mutton was converted into pure blood; and of those philosophical glass crackers, which explode when the tail is broken off; of *aurum fulminans*, applied to the purpose of blowing ships out of water; and of a newly contrived gun, which was to change the whole system of the art of war, but which has left it pretty much on its old footing. Notices there are, moreover, of the transfusion of blood; and how many unhappy dogs died in course of the experiment;—in short, we have in this sort the usual quantity of information, partly genuine, partly erroneous, partly perverted and nonsensical, which an amateur man of science contrives to assemble in his head or in his memory. An amateur of the useful arts may also remark that the most successful inventions are not always successful in the commencement. Such was the case with the sort of carriages now most commonly in use, and called, at their first introduction, glass coaches. Lady Ashley dilated upon their bad qualities to Mr. Pepys:

"Among others, the flying open of the doors upon any great shake: but another was, that my Lady Peterborough being in her glass-coach, with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass!"—Vol. ii, p. 129.

There exists a class of Old Bailey antiquaries—men who live upon dying speeches, sup full upon the horrors of executions, and fatten on the story of gibbetings like ravens on
the mangled limbs. Here such readers will find a cake of the right leaven for their tastes. Here is an account of the execution of Sir Henry Vane, as well as several of his associates; and of Colonel Turner, who was in actual life a personification of Cowley’s Captain Cutter. No wonder it should be so; for the reader must recollect, that this was the same reign in which Roger Nash records as the greatest inconvenience of his brother Dudley’s office as sheriff, “the executioner coming to him for orders, touching the absconded members, and to know where to dispose of them. Once, while he was abroad, a cart with some of them came into the court-yard of his house, and frighted his lady almost out of her wits. And she could never be reconciled to the dog hangman’s saying he came to speak with his master.”* We read an account lately (but have unhappily mislaid the reference), which showed that the salting and pickling which the absconded members, since that is the phrase, underwent before exposure, was quite a holiday in the jail: the executioner presiding on the occasion, and distributing refreshments at his own expense among the spectators.

To the lover of ancient voyages and travels it may especially be hinted, that Pepys, as befitted a member of the navy-board, was curious in “questioning every year picked men of countries.” Of course he sometimes met with travellers who had a shade of Sir John Mandeville about them. Such might be the worthy captain who assured him that, as lobsters turn red on being boiled, negroes become white on being drowned; showing that there is at least one extremity of washing which can blanch the Ethiopian. There is also an account of the country above Queensborough, meaning, it would seem, the Duchy of Courland, in which, though we can recognise some of the peculiarities of that northern latitude, Mr. Harrington and the east country (i.e. Baltic) merchants, who were his visitors, have rather extended the travellers’ privilege.—(Vol. i., p. 267.) Indeed it may be observed in general, that Mr. Pepys does not appear to be devoid of that spirit of credulity which accompanies an eager and restless curiosity. He who is willing to listen must naturally be desirous to believe.

* Life of Sir Dudley North, 4to. 1774, p. 158.
If a lover of antique scandal that taketh away the character, and committeth *scandalum magnatum* against the nobility of the seventeenth century, should desire to interleave a Granger, or illustrate a Grammont, he will find in these volumes an untouched treasure of curious anecdote for the accomplishment of his purpose. If the progress of the fine arts is the subject of investigation, the Memoirs abound with circumstances interesting to the amateur; there are anecdotes of Lely and Cooper and Fairthorne, and an account of ill usage offered to Holbein's painting in the ceiling at Whitehall, with notices of medals and coins and medalists, and much more equally to the purpose. If anecdotes of great persons, or of persons of notoriety are in request, you have them untouched by either D'Israeli or Seward, from Oliver Cromwell down to Tom Killigrew. Jests lurk within these two quartos, unprofaned by Joe Miller, notices of old songs which Ritson dreamed not of. Here may the ballad-monger learn that Simon Wadlow, vintner, and keeper of the Devil's Tavern, did on the 22d April, 1661, lead a fine company of soldiers, all young countrymen in white doublets; and who knows but that this might have been either

"Old Sir Simon the king,

Or young Sir Simon the squire;"

personages who bequeath names to the memorable ditty beloved of Squire Western? The students of political economy will find a curious treat in considering the manner how Pepys was obliged to bundle about his money in specie, removing it from one hiding-place to another during the fire, concealing it at last under ground, and losing a great deal in digging it up again. Then he hit on the plan of lodging it with a goldsmith; and his delight on finding he was to receive £35 for the use of £2000 for a quarter of a year, reminds us of the glee of Crabbe's fisherman on a similar discovery:

"What five for every hundred will he give

Beside the hundred?—I begin to live."

But his golden visions were soon disturbed by a sad conviction not unlike that which lately passed over our own money-market, that bankers were but mortal men, and that
they could not pay interest for money and have the full sum at the same time lying by them ready on demand. A run upon Lombard Street in the days of Charles II is thus described:

"W. Hewer hath been at the banker's, and hath got £500 out of Backwell's hands of his own money; but they are so called upon that they will be all broke, hundreds coming to them for money: and they answer him, 'It is payable at twenty days—when the days are out we will pay you;' and those that are not so they make tell over their money, and make their bags false on purpose to give cause to retell it, and so spend time."—Vol. ii, p. 67.

Thus truly speaks Chaucer:

"There n'is ne new guise but it hath been old."

But we stop abruptly, or we might find a difficulty in stopping at all, so rich is the work in every species of information concerning the author's century. We compared the Diary to that of Evelyn, but it is as much superior to the latter in variety and general amusement, as it is inferior in its tone of sentiment and feeling; Pepys' very foibles have been infinitely in favour of his making an amusing collection of events; as James Boswell, without many personal peculiarities, could not have written his inimitable life of Johnson.

We ought to mention some curious and valuable letters which occupy the latter part of the second volume. The reader may be amused with comparing the style of Pepys and his sentiments as brushed and dressed, and sent out to meet company, with his more genuine and far more natural effusions of a night-gown and slipper description. This, however, he must do for himself; we have not leisure to assist him.

The circumstances which induced Mr. Pepys to discontinue his diary, we lament as a great loss to posterity. True, the days which succeeded were yet more disastrous than those he commemorated. The Popish plot had not, when he ceased his record, dishonoured our annals;—England had not seen her monarch a pensioner to France,—and her nobles and statesmen at home divided into the most desperate factions, which sought vengeance on each other by mutual false accusation and general perjury. Yet consider—

Vol. II.—30
ing how much of interest mingled even in that degrading contest, considering how much talent was engaged on both sides, what a treasure would a record of its minute events have been if drawn up by "such a faithful character as Griffith!"

END OF VOL. II.
THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.