ABS.1.79.169

National Library of Scotland
*B000032320*

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

# BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

PRINTED BY JULES DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, N° 6, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI.

# BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PARIS:
PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,
AT THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND SPANISH
LIBRARY, N° 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1830.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND
26 FE
1979

# CONTENTS.

## VOL. II.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Memoir of Daniel De Foe . . . . . | 1 |
| Appendix No. I. . . . . | 63 |
| ——— No. II. . . . . | 72 |
| ——— The late Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. . . . . | 86 |
| ——— Lord Somerville . . . . . | 100 |
| ——— King George III. . . . . | 115 |
| ——— Lord Byron . . . . . | 139 |
| ——— The Duke of York . . . . . | 206 |

# BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

## DANIEL DE FOE.

This biographical sketch was not written by the author of these volumes, but by the late Mr John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh; whose wit, lively talents, and kindness of disposition, will make him long regretted and remembered by his friends.

PERHAPS there exists no work, either of instruction or entertainment, in the English language, which has been more generally read, and more universally admired, than the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.* It is difficult to say in what the charm consists, by which persons of all classes and denominations are thus fascinated; yet the majority of readers will recollect it as among the first works which awakened and interested their youthful atten-

tion; and feel, even in advanced life, and in the maturity of their understanding, that there are still associated with Robinson Crusoe, the sentiments peculiar to that period, when all is new, all glittering in prospect, and when those visions are most bright, which the experience of after life tends only to darken and destroy.

This work was first published in April, 1719; its reception, as may be supposed, was universal. It is a singular circumstance that the author (the subject of our present Memoir), after a life spent in political turmoil, danger, and imprisonment, should have occupied himself, in its decline, in the production of a work like the present; unless it may be supposed, that his wearied heart turned with disgust from society and its institutions, and found solace in picturing the happiness of a state such as he has assigned to his hero. Be this as it may, society is for ever indebted to the memory of De Foe for his production of a work, in which the ways of Providence are simply and pleasingly vindicated, and a lasting and useful moral is conveyed through the channel of an interesting and delightful story.

Daniel De Foe was born in London in the year 1663. His father was James Foe, of the parish of St Giles, butcher. Much curious speculation, with which we shall not trouble our readers, has arisen from the circum-

stance of Daniel's having, in his own instance, prefixed the *De* to the family name. We are inclined to adopt the opinion of that critical inquirer, who supposes that Daniel did so, being ashamed of the lowness of his origin, and conceived the prefixed *De* had a sound of Norman dignity with it. His family, as well as himself, were dissenters; but it does not appear that his tenets were so strict as his sect required; for he complains, in the Preface to his *More Reformation*, that some dissenters had reproached him, as if he had said, that « the gallows and the galleys ought to be the penalty of going to the conventicle; forgetting that I must design *to have my father, my wife, six innocent children, and myself*, put into the same condition. »

De Foe's education was rather circumscribed, which is the more to be lamented, as, in so many instances, he has exhibited proofs of rare natural genius. He was sent by his father, at twelve years old, to the Newington Green Dissenting Academy, then kept by Mr Morton, where he remained about four years; and this appears to have been all the education he ever received. When he was remanded from school, it would seem that, his genius not lying towards the marrow-bone and cleaver, his father had put him to some other trade; of what nature we are unable to learn, De Foe

himself being very reserved on the subject. When charged by Tutchin [1] with having his breeding as an apprentice to a hosier, he asserts (May 1705), « that he never was a hosier,[2] or an apprentice, but admits that he had been a trader.»

This, however, had occupied but a short period of his youth; for in 1685, when he was in his twenty-second year, he took up arms in the cause of the Duke of Monmouth. On the destruction of Monmouth's party, Daniel had the good fortune to escape unpunished amidst the herd of greater delinquents; but, in his latter years, when the avowal was no longer dangerous, he boasts himself much of his exploits, in his *Appeal to Honour and Justice, being a true Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs.*

Three years afterwards (1688), De Foe was admitted a liveryman of London. As he had been throughout a steady advocate for the Revolution, he had now the satisfaction of witnessing that great event. Oldmixon says (*Works*, vol. ii, p. 276), that at a feast, given by the Lord Mayor of London to King William, on the 29th October, 1689, De Foe appeared

[1] Tutchin, the publisher of the *Observator*, and a steady opponent of De Foe's, both in politics and literature.

[2] Perhaps the salvo he laid to his conscience for this apparently false assertion, was, that though he *dealt* in hose, he did not *make* them.

gallantly mounted and richly accoutred, among the troopers commanded by Lord Peterborough, who attended the King and Queen from Whitehall to the Mansion House. All Daniel's horsemanship, however, united to the steady devotion of his pen to the cause of William, were unable to procure him the notice of that cold-charactered monarch; and our author was fain to content himself (as his adversary Tutchin asserts) with the humble occupation of a hosier in Freeman's-yard, Cornhill: wisely considering that, if the court could do without political tracts, the people could not do without stockings.

With the ill fortune, however, attendant upon those men of genius, who cultivate their superior powers to the neglect of that common sense which is requisite to carry a man creditably through this every-day world, De Foe's affairs declined from bad to worse; he spent those hours which he ought to have devoted to his shop, in a society for the cultivation of polite learning, and he was under the necessity of absconding from his creditors in 1692. One of those creditors, who had less consideration for polite learning, and more irritability than the rest, took out a commission of bankruptcy against him; but, fortunately for our author, this was superseded on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, and a composition was accepted. This composition he

punctually paid by efforts of unwearied diligence; — and some of the creditors, whose claims had been thus satisfied, falling into distress themselves, he waited upon them, and paid their debts in full. He was next engaged in carrying on tile-works, on the banks of the Thames, near Tilbury, but with little success; for it was sarcastically said of him that he did not, « like the Egyptians, require bricks without straw, but, like the Jews, required bricks without paying his labourers.» United to his tile-making, our author, stimulated by an active mind and embarrassed circumstances, devised many other schemes, or, as he called them, projects. He wrote many sheets about the English coin; he projected Banks for every county, and Factories for goods; he exhibited a Proposal (very feelingly, no doubt) for a commission of inquiry into bankrupts' estates; he contrived a Pension-office for the relief of the poor, and finished by publishing a long Essay upon projects themselves.

About this period (1695), our author's indefatigable endeavours procured him some notice from the court, and he was appointed accountant to the commissioners for managing the duties on glass. Here, also, his usual ill luck attended him; he was thrown out of his situation by the suppression of the tax in 1699.

But the time at length arrived when the sun

of royal favour was to shine out upon our author's prospects. About the end of 1699, there was published, what De Foe calls, « an horrid pamphlet, in very ill verse, written by one Tutchin, and called *The Foreigners:* in which the author fell personally upon the King, then upon the Dutch nation, and, after having reproached his majesty with crimes, that his worst enemies could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of *Foreigner.* This filled me with rage against the book, and gave birth to a trifle, which I never could hope should have met with so general an acceptation.»

The trifle, which De Foe here alludes to, was his *True-born Englishman:* a poetical satire on *The Foreigners*, and a defence of King William and the Dutch; of which the sale was great without example, and our author's reward proportionate. He was even admitted to the honour of a personal interview with the king, and became with more ardour than ever a professed partisan of the court. In this composition the satire was strong, powerful, and manly, — upbraiding the English Tories for their unreasonable prejudice against foreigners; the rather that there were so many nations blended in the mass now called Englishmen. The verse was rough and mistuned, for De Foe never seems to have possessed an ear for the melody of language, whether in prose or

verse. But though wanting the long resounding verse and energy divine of Dryden, he had often masculine expressions and happy turns of thought, not unworthy of the author of *Absalom and Achitophel*, — though upon the whole, his style seems rather to have been formed on that of Hall, Oldham, and the elder satirists. The first verses are well known :

> Wherever God erects a House of prayer,
> The Devil always builds a chapel there ;
> And 't will be found, upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation.

The author's first publication after *The Trueborn Englishman* was, *The original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England examined and asserted ;* next, *An Argument to prove that a Standing Army, with consent of Parliament, was not inconsistent with a free Government ;* but, as we do not mean to follow De Foe through the career of his politics, and intend only to notice such works as, in their consequences, materially affected his personal situation and affairs, we shall pass to the death of his sovereign and patron, which took place 8th March, 1702.

The accession of Anne having restored the line of Stuart, to whom the politics and conduct of De Foe had been peculiarly obnoxious, our author was shortly reduced, as before, to

live on the produce of his wits : — and it is perhaps lucky for the world that there is so much truth in the universal outcry against the neglect of living authors ; for there seems a certain laziness concomitant with genius, which can only be incited to action by the pressure of necessity. Had William lived, probably the world would never have been delighted with the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*.

Whether De Foe found politics the most vendible produce of the press, or, like Macbeth, felt himself

> Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er,—

we are yet to learn ; but he ventured to reprint his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, and to publish several other treatises, which were considered libellous by the Commons ; and on the 25th of February, 1702-3, a complaint being made in the House, of a book entitled, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, and the folios 11—18 and 26 being read, « Resolved, that this book, being full of false and scandalous reflections on this Parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in New Palace-Yard. »

Our unfortunate author's political sins were

now all mustered in array against him, and a tremendous catalogue they made. He had been the favourite and panegyrist of William; he had fought for Monmouth, and opposed James; he had vindicated the Revolution, and defended the rights of the people; he had bantered, insulted, and offended the whole Tory leaders of the Commons;—and, after all, he could not be quiet, but must republish his most offensive productions.

Thus overpowered, De Foe was obliged to secrete himself; and we are indebted to a very disagreeable circumstance for the following accurate description of his person. A proclamation was issued by the secretaries of state, in January, 1703, in the following terms:

St James's, Jan. 10, 1702-3.

« Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters:* he is a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor, in Freeman's Yard, in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile-works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex; whoever shall discover

the said Daniel De Foe to one of her majesty's principal secretaries of state, or any of her majesty's justices of peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of 50*l.*,— which her majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery.»

He was shortly after caught, fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. « Thus,» says he, « was I a second time ruined; for by this affair I lost above 3,500*l.* sterling.»

While he was confined in Newgate, he occupied his time in correcting for the press a collection of his own writings, which was published in the course of the year; and he even amused himself by writing an *Ode to the Pillory*, of which he had so lately been made the unwilling acquaintance. Hence Pope's insulting verse, which classes De Foe with his Tory rival:

> Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
> And Tutchin flagrant from the scenes below.

His *Hymn to the Pillory*, in rough and harsh iambics, has, like the *True-born Englishman*, and indeed all De Foe's poetry, a strong fund of manly satire; and we are mistaken if, in the lines which follow, the author does not successfully retort upon his prosecutors the shame at least of the punishment to which he had been subjected. They are in the spirit,

though without the eloquence, of the gallant old cavalier, Lovelace.

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage.

The hymn of De Foe commences thus:

> Hail! Hi'roglyphic State Machine,
> Condemn'd to punish fancy in;
> Men, that *are* men, can in thee feel no pain,
> And all thy insignificance disdain.
> Contempt, that false new word for shame,
> Is without crime an empty name—
> A shadow to amuse mankind,
> But never frights the wise or well-fix'd mind;
> Virtue despises human scorn,
> And scandals innocence adorn.
>
> Exalted on thy stool of state,
> What prospect do I see of future fate?
> How the inscrutables of providence
> Differ from our contracted sense;
> Hereby the errors of the town,
> That fools look out, and knaves look on.

Not satisfied with this unpleasant subject for iambics, De Foe afterwards wrote a *Hymn to the Gallows*.

But the chief object to which the author directed his mind, was the projection of *The Review*. The publication of this periodical

work commenced in 4to, on the 19th February, 1704, and continued at the rate of two numbers a-week, till March, 1705, when an additional weekly number was published; and it was continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, till May, 1713, forming in whole nine thick volumes. De Foe was the sole writer. This work treats of foreign and domestic intelligence, politics, and trade; but as our author foresaw that it was not likely to become popular unless amusing, he discusses various other topics, under the head of a *Scandal Club*,—Love, Marriage, Poetry, Language, and the prevailing tastes and habits of the times. Neither did these occupations find sufficient employment for his active mind. While he was still in Newgate (1704), he published *The Storm*, or a collection of the most remarkable casualties which happened in the tempest, 26th November, 1703. Nor was this work a dry detail of disasters only, De Foe having taken the occasion, with his usual felicity, to inculcate the truths of religion, and the superintendency of Providence.[1]

[1] The following account of this tremendous visitation is extracted from the records of the period.

« November 26. About midnight began the most terrible storm that had been known in England; the wind W.S.W. attended with flashes of lightning. It uncovered the roofs of many houses and churches, blew down the spires of several steeples, and chimneys, tore whole groves

About the end of 1704, when, as our author tells us, he lay ruined and friendless in Newgate, without hopes of deliverance, Sir Robert Harley, then secretary of state, of whom De Foe had no previous personal knowledge, sent a verbal message to him, desiring to know «what he could do for him.» Our author, no doubt, made a suitable reply; in consequence of which, Sir Robert took an opportunity to represent to the Queen his present misery, and unmerited sufferings. Anne, however, did not immediately consent to his liberation, but she inquired into the circumstances of his family, and sent, by Lord Godolphin, a considerable sum to his wife. She afterwards,

of trees up by the roots. The leads of some churches were rolled up like scrolls of parchment, and several vessels, boats, and barges, were sunk in the river of Thames; but the royal navy sustained the greatest damage, being just returned from the Straits; four third-rates, one second-rate, four fourth-rates, and many others of less force, were cast away upon the coast of England, and above fifteen hundred seamen lost, besides those that were cast away in merchant ships. The loss that London alone sustained was computed at one million sterling, and the city of Bristol lost to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds. Among the persons who were drowned was Rear-Admiral Beaumont.

«Upon this calamity the Commons addressed her Majesty, that she would give directions for rebuilding and repairing the royal navy; and that she would make some provision for the families of those seamen that perished in the storm, with which her Majesty complied.»

through the same medium, conveyed a sum to himself, equal to the payment of his fine and discharge, and thus bound him eternally to her interest. He was liberated from Newgate the end of 1704, and retired immediately to his family at St Edmund's Bury. He was not allowed, however, to enjoy the quiet he courted. Booksellers, news-writers, and wits, circulated everywhere reports, that he had fled from justice, and deserted his security. He despised their spite, and resumed his labours; the first fruits of which were, a *Hymn to Victory*, and *A Double Welcome to the Duke of Marlborough*, the subjects for both of which were furnished by the glorious achievements of that general.

Our author now continued his *Review*, and his political pamphleteering, for several years; in the course of which he was subjected to much disquiet, and frequently to danger; but the consciousness of his situation as an English freeholder, and a liveryman of London, united to a considerable degree of resolution and personal courage, enabled him to encounter and overcome the machinations of his enemies. It will scarcely be believed, at this time of day, that, on a journey which his affairs led him to take to the western parts of England, a project was formed to kidnap and send him as a soldier to the army; that the western justices, in the ardour of their party

zeal, determined to apprehend him as a vagabond; and that suits were commenced against him in his absence for fictitious debts: yet all these circumstances De Foe has asserted in his *Review*, and we have not learned that any attempt was ever made to controvert the truth of his statements.

About this time (1706) a situation occurred, for which our author's abilities were peculiarly fitted. The cabinet of Queen Anne was in want of a person of general commercial knowledge, ready talents, and insinuating manners, to go to Scotland for the purpose of promoting the great measure of the Union. Lord Godolphin determined to employ De Foe; he accordingly carried him to the Queen, by whom our author was graciously received, and in a few days he was sent to Edinburgh. The particular nature of his instructions has never been made public; but on his arrival at Edinburgh, in October, 1706, De Foe was recognised as a character almost diplomatic. We must refer our readers to his *History of the Union*, for the various and interesting particulars of this mission; the detail of which, here, would occupy an extent beyond the limits of our biography.

De Foe appears to have been no great favourite in Scotland, although, while there, he published *Caledonia*, a poem in honour of the nation. He mentions many hair-breadth

'scapes, which, «by his own prudence, and God's providence,» he effected; and it is not wonderful, that where almost the whole nation was decidedly averse to the Union, a character like De Foe, sent thither to promote it by all means, direct and indirect, should be regarded with dislike, and even exposed to the danger of assassination. The act for the Union was passed by the Scotch parliament in January, and De Foe returned to London in February, 1707, to write a history of that great international treaty. It is believed that his services were rewarded by a pension from Queen Anne.

During the troublous period which followed, until the conclusion of the war by the treaty of Utrecht, De Foe, wiser by experience, lived quietly at Newington, publishing his Review. He encountered, however, in the fulfilment of this task, much contentious opposition and obloquy, which he manfully resisted and retorted; but, after the political changes, by which his first patron Sir Robert Harley, and next Lord Godolphin, were turned out of power, his pecuniary allowance from the Treasury seems to have ceased, and he was compelled, as before, to launch out as a general writer for the supply of his necessities. The political agitation of the times dictated his subjects; but, unfortunately for De Foe, both Tories and Jacobites, in those days, were such plain matter-of-fact men, that his raillery was mis-

understood, and he was arrested and committed to his old habitation, for several squibs, which were obviously ironical.

The writings on which he was indicted, were two; *What if the Pretender should come?* and, *What if the Queen should die?* «Nothing,» says De Foe, «could be more plain, than that the titles of these are amusements, in order to get the books into the hands of those who had been deluded by the Jacobites.» His explanation would not suffice; he was tried and found guilty, fined in 800*l.* and committed to Newgate. He was now compelled to drop the publication of his *Review;* and it is singular that he did so while confined in Newgate, the very place in which its idea had first entered his head nine years before.

After lying in jail a few months, he was liberated by the queen's order in November, 1713.

Although thus released, and the innocence of his intentions admitted, if not established, nothing was done for him; and the queen's death, which took place shortly after (in July, 1714), left him defenceless to the attacks of his rancorous enemies. «No sooner,» says he, «was the queen dead, and the king, as right required, proclaimed, but the rage of men increased upon me to that degree, that their threats were such as I am unable to express; and though I have written nothing since the

queen's death, yet a great many things are called by my name, and I bear the answerer's insults.» This was the darkest period of our author's life. He had lost his appointment, whatever it was; he had been obliged to give up his *Review;* everything he ventured to publish besides was received with suspicion, and he was on all hands overborne by faction, injury, and insult. His health declined fast under these unmerited sufferings, but the vigour of his mind remained; and he determined to assert the innocence of his conduct, and to clear his blemished fame. He accordingly published, in 1715, « *An Appeal to Honour and Justice, though it be of his worst Enemies, being a True Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs.*» This work contains a long account and defence of his political conduct from the outset, and a most affecting detail of his sufferings; but the subject had been too much for him. When he reviewed what he had done, and how he had been rewarded; how much he had deserved, and how heavily he had suffered; the ardent spirit of De Foe sunk before the picture, and he was struck with apoplexy before he could finish his work. It was published, nevertheless, by his friends, and the profits of its sale seem to have been the only source of his support. This was the terminating period of our author's political career. He recovered his health, but his mind had changed its tone;

and it was now that the history of Selkirk first suggested to him the idea of *Robinson Crusoe*. It has been thought by some to detract from the merit of De Foe, that the idea was not originally his own: but really the story of Selkirk, which had been published a few years before in *Woodes Rogers' Voyage round the World*, appears to have furnished our author with so little beyond the bare idea of a man living upon an uninhabited island, that it seems quite immaterial whether he took his hint from that, or from any other similar story, of which many were then current. In order to enable our readers to judge how very little De Foe has been assisted by Selkirk's narrative, we have extracted the whole from Woodes Rogers' Voyage, and subjoined it to this article.[1]

The sale of *Robinson Crusoe* was, as we have already stated, rapid and extensive, and De Foe's profits were commensurate. The work was attacked on all sides by his ancient opponents, whose labours have long since quietly descended with their authors to merited oblivion; but our author, having the public on his side, set them all at defiance; and the same year he published a second volume with equal success. Thus far

> With steady bark and flowing sail
> He ran before the wind;

[1] See Appendix, No. I.

but, incited by the hope of further profit, and conceiving the theme of Crusoe inexhaustible, he shortly after published *Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World.* These Visions and Reflections were well received at the time, although by no means so much in requisition now.

With the return of his good fortune, our author's health was re-established, and the vigour of his mind restored. He published, in 1720, *The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton;* and finding it safer, it would seem, as well as more profitable, to amuse the public, than to reform them, he continued this course, with little variation, for the remainder of his life.

His subsequent publications, to all of which a considerable degree of popularity was attached, though none of them equalled the reputation of *Robinson Crusoe*, were *The Dumb Philosopher, History of Duncan Campbell, Remarkable Life of Colonel Jack, Fortunate Mistress,* and *New Voyage round the World.*

We are now to take leave of our author, who died in 1731, at the age of 68, in Cripplegate, London, leaving a widow and large family in tolerable circumstances.

That De Foe was a man of powerful intellect and lively imagination, is obvious from his works; that he was possessed of an ardent tem-

per, a resolute courage, and an unwearied spirit of enterprise, is ascertained by the events of his changeful career; and whatever may be thought of that rashness and improvidence, by which his progress in life was so frequently impeded, there seems no reason to withhold from him the praise of as much, nay more, integrity, sincerity, and consistency, than could have been expected in a political author writing for bread, and whose chief protector, Harley, was latterly of a different party from his own. As the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, his fame promises to endure as long as the language in which he wrote.

---

So far my late regretted friend. But these trifling sketches of literary biography being now collected, it seems injustice to the author of *Robinson Crusoe* to permit his memoirs to be inserted, without a brief attempt to account for that popularity, which, in his principal work at least, has equalled that of any author who ever wrote.

And we must, in the first place, remark, that the fertility of De Foe was astonishing. He wrote on all occasions, and on all subjects, and seemingly had little time for preparation upon the subject in hand, but treated it from the stores which his memory retained of early reading, and such hints as he had caught up in

society, not one of which seems to have been lost upon him. A complete list of De Foe's works, notwithstanding the exertions of the late George Chalmers, has not yet been procured, and a perfect collection even of such books as he is well known to have written, can scarce be procured, even by the most active bibliomaniac.[1] The preceding memoir does not notice one half of his compositions, all, even the meanest of which, have something in them to distinguish them as the works of an extraordinary man. It cannot, therefore, be doubted, that he possessed a powerful memory to furnish him with materials, and a no less copious vein of imagination to weave them up into a web of his own, and supply the rich embroidery which in reality constitutes their chief value. De Foe does not display much acquaintance with classic learning, neither does it appear that his attendance on the Newington seminary had led him deep into the study of ancient languages. His own language is genuine English, often simple even to vulgarity, but always so distinctly impressive, that its very vulgarity had, as we shall presently show, an efficacy, in giving an air of truth or probability to the facts and sentiments it conveys. Exclusive of politics, De Foe's studies

[1] The author has long sought for his poem termed Caledonia, without being able to obtain a sight of it.

led chiefly to those popular narratives, which are the amusement of children and of the lower classes; those accounts of travellers who have visited remote countries; of voyagers who have made discoveries of new lands and strange nations; of pirates and bucaneers who have acquired wealth by their desperate adventures on the ocean. His residence at Limehouse, near the Thames, must have made him acquainted with many of those wild mariners, half privateers, half robbers, whom he must often have heard relate their adventures, and with whose manners and sentiments he thus became intimately acquainted. There is reason to believe, from a passage in his Review (we have unfortunately mislaid the reference), that he was acquainted with Dampierre, a mariner whose scientific skill in his profession and power of literary composition were at that time rarely found in his profession, especially among those rough sons of the ocean who acknowledged no peace beyond the Line, and had as natural an enmity to a South-American Spaniard as a greyhound to a hare, and who, though distinguished by the somewhat milder term of bucaneer, were little better than absolute pirates. The English Government, it is well known, were not, however, very active in destroying this class of adventurers while they confined their depredations to the Dutch and Spaniards, and, indeed, seldom disturbed

them, if they returned from their roving life, and sat down to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. The courage of these men, the wonderful risks which they incurred, their hair-breadth escapes, and the romantic countries through which they travelled, seem to have had infinite charms for De Foe. He has written several books on this subject, all of which are entertaining, and remarkable for the accuracy with which he personates the character of a bucaneering adventurer. The *New Voyage round the World*, the *Voyages and Piracies of Captain Singleton*, are of this class, and the second part of *Robinson Crusoe* properly belongs to it. De Foe's general acquaintance with nautical affairs has not been doubted, as he is said never to misapply the various sea-phrases, or show an ignorance unbecoming the character under which he wrote. His remarks upon trade, which are naturally mixed with these accounts of foreign parts, might naturally be expected from one whose speculations in every channel of trade had enabled him to write *An Account of Commerce*, and also a work called the *English Tradesman*, from which he appears to have been familiar with foreign countries, their produce, their manners, and government, and whatever rendered it easy or difficult to enter into trade with them. We may therefore conclude that Purchas's Pilgrim, Hackluyt's Voyages, and the other ancient authorities,

had been curiously examined by him, as well as those of his friend Dampierre, of Wafer, and others who had been in the South Seas, whether as privateers, or, as it was then called, *Upon the account.*

Shylock observes, there are land thieves and water thieves; and as De Foe was familiar with the latter, he was not without some knowledge of the practices and devices of the former. We are afraid we must impute to his long and repeated imprisonments, the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the secrets of thieves and mendicants, their acts of plunder, concealment, and escape. But whatever way he acquired his knowledge of low life, De Foe certainly possessed it in the most extensive sense, and applied it in the composition of several works of fiction in the style termed by the Spaniards *Gusto Picaresco*, of which no man was ever a greater master. This class of the fictitious narrative may be termed the Romance of Roguery, the subjects being the adventures of thieves, rogues, vagabonds, and swindlers, including viragoes and courtezans. The improved taste of the present age has justly rejected this coarse species of amusement, which is, besides, calculated to do an infinite deal of mischief among the lower classes, as it presents in a comic, or even heroic shape, the very crimes and vices to which they are otherwise most likely to be tempted. Nevertheless, the

strange and blackguard scenes which De Foe describes, are fit to be compared to the gipsy-boys of the Spanish painter Murillo, which are so justly admired, as being, in truth of conception, and spirit of execution, the very *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, however low and loathsome the originals from which they are taken. Of this character is the *History of Colonel Jack*, for example, which had an immense popularity among the lower classes; that of *Moll Flanders*, a shop-lifter and prostitute; that of *Mrs Christian Davis*, called *Mother Ross;* and that of *Roxana*, as she is termed, a courtezan in higher life. All of these contain strong marks of genius; in the last they are particularly predominant. But from the coarseness of the narrative, and the vice and vulgarity of the actors, the reader feels as a well-principled young man may do, when seduced by some entertaining and dissolute libertine into scenes of debauchery, that, though he may be amused, he must be not a little ashamed of that which furnishes the entertainment. So that, though we could collect from these *picaresque* romances a good deal that is not a little amusing, we let them pass by, as we would persons, howsoever otherwise interesting, who may not be in character and manners entirely fit for good society.

A third species of composition, to which the author's active and vigorous genius was pecu-

liarly adapted, was the account of great national convulsions, whether by war, or by the pestilence, or the tempest. These were tales which are sure, when even moderately well told, to arrest the attention, and which, narrated with that impression of reality which De Foe knew so well how to convey, make the hair bristle and the skin creep. In this manner he has written the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, which have been often read and quoted as a real production of a real personage. Born himself almost immediately after the Restoration, De Foe must have known many of those who had been engaged in the civil turmoils of 1642-6, to which the period of these memoirs refers. He must have lived among them at that age when boys, such as we conceive De Foe must necessarily have been, cling to the knees of those who can tell them of the darings and the dangers of their youth, at a period when their own passions, and views of pressing forward in life, have not begun to operate upon their minds, and while they are still pleased to listen to the adventures which others have encountered on that stage, which they themselves have not yet entered upon. The *Memoirs of a Cavalier* have certainly been enriched with some such anecdotes as were likely to fire De Foe's active and powerful imagination, and hint to him in what colours the subject ought to be treated.

The contrast betwixt the soldiers of the celebrated Tilly, and those of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, almost seems too minutely drawn to have been executed from anything short of ocular testimony. But De Foe's genius has shown, in this and other instances, how completely he could assume the character he describes.

The troops of Tilly are thus described:—

« I that had seen Tilly's army, and his old weather-beaten soldiers, whose discipline and exercises were so exact, and their courage so often tried, could not look on the Saxon army without some concern for them, when I considered who they had to deal with. Tilly's men were rugged surly fellows, their faces had an air of hardy courage, mangled with wounds and scars, their armour showed the bruises of musket bullets, and the rust of the winter storms. I observed of them their clothes were always dirty, but their arms were clean and bright; they were used to camp in the open fields, and sleep in the frosts and rain; their horses were strong and hardy like themselves, and well taught their exercises; the soldiers knew their business so exactly that general orders were enough; every private man was fit to command, and their wheelings, marchings, countermarchings, and exercise, were done with such order and readiness, that the distinct

words of command were hardly of any use among them; they were flushed with victory, and hardly knew what it was to fly.»[1]

The discipline of Gustavus Adolphus is thus favourably contrasted with that of his enemy:—

« When I saw the Swedish troops, their exact discipline, their order, the modesty and familiarity of their officers, and the regular living of the soldiers, their camp seemed a well-ordered city; the meanest countrywoman, with her market-ware, was as safe from violence as in the streets of Vienna. There were no regiments of whores and rogues as followed the imperialists; nor any women in the camp, but such as being known to the provosts to be the wives of the soldiers, who were necessary for washing linen, taking care of the soldiers' clothes, and dressing their victuals.

« The soldiers were well clad, not gay, furnished with excellent arms, and exceeding careful of them; and though they did not seem so terrible as I thought Tilly's men did when I first saw them, yet the figure they made, together with what we had heard of them, made them seem to me invincible; the discipline and order of their marchings, camping, and exercise, was excellent and singular, and which was to be seen in no armies but the king's,

[1] Memoirs of a Cavalier, vol. I, ch. iii.

his own skill, judgment, and vigilance, having added much to the general conduct of armies then in use.»[1]

When the Great Rebellion broke out in England, in which the supposed author is actively engaged, the following slight touch more completely brings home the miseries of an internal contest than could a whole volume of reflections on the subject.

« I was now, by the king's particular favour, summoned to the councils of war, my father continuing absent and ill; and I began to think of the real grounds, and, which was more, of the fatal issue of this war. I say I now began it; for I cannot say that I ever rightly stated matters in my own mind before, though I had been enough used to blood, and to see the destruction of people, sacking of towns, and plundering the country; yet it was in Germany, and among strangers; but I found a strange, secret, and unaccountable sadness upon my spirits to see this acting in my own native country. It grieved me to the heart, even in the rout of our enemies, to see the slaughter of them; and even in the fight, to hear a man cry for quarter in English, moved me to a commiseration which I had never been used to; nay, sometimes it looked to me as if some of my own men had been beaten; and when I heard a sol-

[1] Memoirs of a Cavalier, vol. I, ch. iv.

dier cry, O God, I am shot! I looked behind me to see which of my own troop was fallen. Here I saw myself at the cutting of the throats of my friends; and, indeed, some of my near relations. My old comrades and fellow-soldiers in Germany were some with us, some against us, as their opinions happened to differ in religion. For my part, I confess I had not much religion in me at that time; but I thought religion, rightly practised on both sides, would have made us all better friends.» [1]

The *History of the Great Plague in London* is one of that particular class of compositions which hovers between romance and history. Undoubtedly De Foe embodied a number of traditions upon this subject with what he might actually have read, or of which he might otherwise have received direct evidence. The subject is hideous almost to disgust; yet even had he not been the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work, as well as in the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. This dreadful disease, which, in the language of Scripture, might be described as « the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day,» was indeed a fit subject for a pencil so veracious as

[1] Memoirs of a Cavalier, vol. II, ch. ii.

that of De Foe; and, accordingly, he drew pictures almost too horrible to look upon.

It is a wonder how so excellent a subject as the Great Fire of London should have escaped the notice of De Foe, so eager for subjects of a popular character. Yet we can hardly regret this, since, besides the verses of Dryden in the *Annus Mirabilis*, the accounts by two contemporaries, Evelyn and Pepys, have sketched it in all its terrible brilliancy.

The Great Storm, which, on 26th November, 1703, in Addison's phrase, «o'er pale Britannia pass'd,» was seized upon by De Foe as a subject for the exercise of his powers of description. But as it consists in a great measure of letters from the country, wretched pastoral poetry (for De Foe was only a poet in prose), and similar buckram and binding used by bookmakers, it does not do the genius of the author the same credit as the works beforenamed.

A third species of composition, for which this multifarious author showed a strong predilection, was that upon theurgy, magic, ghost-seeing, witchcraft, and the occult sciences. De Foe dwells on such subjects with so much unction, as to leave us little doubt that he was to a certain point a believer in something resembling an immediate communication between the inhabitants of this world, and of

that which we shall in future inhabit. He is particularly strong on the subject of secret forebodings, mysterious impressions, bodements of good or evil, which arise in our own mind, but which yet seem impressed there by some external agent, and not to arise from the course of our natural reflections. Perhaps he even acted upon these supposed inspirations; for the following passage plainly refers to his own history, though, whether he speaks for the nonce, or means to be seriously understood, we cannot pretend to judge, though we incline to the latter opinion.

« I know a man who made it his rule always to obey these silent hints, and he has often declared to me, that when he obeyed them, he never miscarried; and if he neglected them, or went on contrary to them, he never succeeded; and gave me a particular case of his own, among a great many others, wherein he was thus directed. He had a particular case befallen him, wherein he was under the displeasure of the government, and was prosecuted for a misdemeanour, and brought to a trial in the King's Bench Court, where a verdict was brought against him, and he was cast; and times running very hard at that time against the party he belonged to, he was afraid to stand the hazard of a sentence, and absconded, taking care to make due provision for his bail, and to pay them whatever they might suffer.

In this circumstance he was in great distress, and no way presented unto him but to fly out of the kingdom, which, being to leave his family, children, and employment, was very bitter to him, and he knew not what to do; all his friends advising him not to put himself into the hands of the law, which, though the offence was not capital, yet, in his circumstances, seemed to threaten his utter ruin. In this extremity, he felt one morning (just as he had awaked, and the thoughts of his misfortune began to return upon him), I say he felt a strong impulse darting into his mind thus, *Write a letter to them*: It spoke so distinctly to him, and as it were forcibly, that, as he has often said since, he can scarce persuade himself not to believe but that he heard it; but he grants that he did not really hear it, too.

« However, it repeated the words daily and hourly to him, till at length, walking about in his chamber where he was hidden, very pensive and sad, it jogged him again, and he answered aloud to it, as if it had been a voice, *Whom shall I write to?* It returned immediately, *Write to the judge.* This pursued him again for several days, till at length he took his pen, ink, and paper, and sat down to write, but he knew not one word of what he should say; but, *Dabitur in hac hora*, he wanted not words. It was immediately impressed on his mind, and the words flowed upon his pen in a

manner that even charmed himself, and filled him with expectations of success.

« This letter was so strenuous in argument, so pathetic in its eloquence, and so moving and persuasive, that, as soon as the judge read it, he sent him word he should be easy, for he would endeavour to make that matter light to him, and, in a word, never left till he obtained to stop prosecution, and restore him to his liberty and his family. »[1]

Whatever were De Foe's real sentiments on those mystic subjects, there is no doubt that he was fond of allowing his mind to dwell on them; and, either from his own taste, or because he reckoned them peculiarly calculated to attract the notice of a numerous class of readers, many of his popular publications turn upon supernatural visitation. Thus he wrote « An Essay on the history and reality of Apparitions; being an account of what they are, and what they are not; whence they come, and whence they come not; as also how we may distinguish between the apparitions of good and evil spirits, and how we ought to behave to them. » This *Essay on Apparitions* was afterwards published under the name of Morton. De Foe, under the name of John Beaumont, Esq., wrote *A Treatise of Spirits, Apparitions,*

[1] Robinson Crusoe's Vision of the Angelick World, pp. 48, 49, 50. London, 1720.

*Witchcraft, and other Magical Practices; containing an Account of Genii and Familiar Spirits, etc.* In both of these works De Foe's reasoning, if it can be called such, belongs to the Platonic System of Dr Henry More, but is not very consistent either with that or with itself. On the other hand, the examples, or, in other words, the stories of ghosts and magic, with which we are favoured, are remarkably well told, or rather, we should say, composed, and that with an air of perfect veracity, which nobody so well knew how to preserve as our author. To this class of his writings must be added the *Life of Duncan Campbell, the Conjuror and Fortune-teller*, a fellow who pretended to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes, and whose reputation was such at the time, that De Foe thought his name would sell more than one book, and also wrote the *Spy on the Conjuror;* for, pressed by his circumstances to seek out such subjects as were popular for the moment, our author was apt to adhere to those which he had already treated with approbation. Thus, he not only wrote a second part to *Robinson Crusoe*, which is greatly inferior to the first part of that inimitable romance, but he drew a third draft on the popularity which it had acquired him, by a work of the mystical kind to which we have just alluded. This last seems the perfection of book-making. It is termed, *Serious Reflections during the Life of*

*Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelical World.* The contents are, in general, trite enough reflections upon moral subjects; and though Robinson Crusoe's solitary state is sometimes referred to, and the book is ornamented with a bird's-eye view of the memorable island, yet it contains few observations that might not have been made by any shop-keeper living at Charing Cross. Thus may the richest source of genius be exhausted, and the most plentiful flow of invention drained off to the very dregs.

Besides those three several species of romantic fiction, in each of which Daniel De Foe was a copious author, his unwearied pen was also turned to moral and philosophical subjects, to those which relate to the economy of life, to history, and to statistics and descriptive subjects. He wrote *Travels in North and South Britain;* he wrote *a History of the Union;* he wrote an incorrect *History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution.* None of these historical works are of much value, except, perhaps, the *History of the Union,* which is little more than a dry journal of what passed in the Scottish Parliament upon that remarkable occasion; yet De Foe must have had an interesting tale to tell, if he had chosen it. But, writing under Harley's patronage, he cramped his genius, probably, to avoid the risk of giving offence to the irritable Scottish

nation. Among his numerous political tracts, the most interesting perhaps is, *The History of Addresses*, which, written with great power of sarcasm, places in a ludicrous and contemptible light, that mode of communication between the people and the throne. All must recollect the story of Richard Cromwell, who, in removing from Whitehall, no longer his own, begged that particular care might be taken of a large chest, which contained, he said, «all the lives and fortunes of England,» pledged, of course, in support of the Second Protector, by those who now saw him, with the utmost indifference, dragged from the seat of government.

It is not, however, of such political subjects that we have undertaken to treat. The multifarious author whose head imagined, and whose pen executed, such variety of works upon them, that it is a labour even to collect their names, must be now treated of solely in his character of a writer of fictitious composition.

And here, before proceeding to attempt a few observations on *Robinson Crusoe* in particular, it may be necessary to consider what is the particular charm which carries the reader through, not that chef-d'œuvre alone, but others of De Foe's compositions, and inspires a reluctance to lay down the volume till the tale is finished; and the desire, not generally

felt in the perusal of works of fiction, to read every sentence and word upon every leaf, instead of catching up as much of the story as may enable us to understand the conclusion.

It cannot be the beauty of the style which thus commands the reader's attention; for that of De Foe, though often forcible, is rather rendered so by the interest of a particular situation than by the art of the writer. In general the language is loose and inaccurate, often tame and creeping, and almost always that of the lower classes in society. Neither does the charm depend upon the character of the incidents; for although in *Robinson Crusoe* the incidents are very fine, yet in the *History of the Plague* the events are disgusting, and scarce less in those works where the scene lies in low life. Yet, like Pistol eating his leek, we go on growling and reading to the end of the volume, while we nod over many a more elegant subject, treated by authors who exhibit a far greater command of language. Neither can it be the artful conducting of the story, by which we are so much interested. De Foe seems to have written too rapidly to pay the least attention to this circumstance; the incidents are huddled together like paving-stones discharged from a cart, and have as little connection between the one and the other. The scenes merely follow, without at all depending on each other. They are not like those of the re-

gular drama, connected together by a regular commencement, continuation, and conclusion, but rather resemble the pictures in a showman's box, which have no relation further than as being inclosed within the same box, and subjected to the action of the same string.

To what, then, are we to ascribe this general charm attached to the romances of De Foe? We presume to answer, that it is chiefly to be ascribed to the unequalled dexterity with which our author has given an appearance of REALITY to the incidents which he narrates. Even De Foe's deficiencies in style, his homeliness of language, his rusticity of thought, expressive of what is called the *Crassa Minerva*, seem to claim credit for him as one who speaks the truth, the rather that we suppose he wants the skill to conceal or disguise it. The principle is almost too simple to need illustration; and yet, as it seems to include something of a paradox, since in fact it teaches that with the more art a story is told, the less likely it is to attract earnest attention, it may be proved by reference to common life. If we meet with a friend in the street, who tells us a story containing something beyond usual interest, and not of every-day occurrence, our feeling with respect to the truth of the story will be much influenced by the character of the narrator. If he is a man of wit or humour, and places the ludicrous part of the tale in the most promi-

nent point of view, the hearer will be apt to recollect that his friend is a wag, and make some grains of allowance accordingly. On the other hand, supposing the person who communicates the narrative to be of a sentimental or enthusiastic character, with romantic ideas and a store of words to express them, you listen to his tale with a sort of suspicion that it is *too well* told to be truly told, and that though it may be at bottom real, yet it has been embroidered over by the flourishes of the narrator. But if the same fact be told by a man of plain sense, and sufficient knowledge of the world, the minuteness with which he tells the story, mixing up with it a number of circumstances which are not otherwise connected with it, than as existing at the same moment, seems to guarantee the truth of what he says; and the bursts, whether of mirth or emotion, which accompany the narrative, appear additional warrants of his fidelity, because neither is the usual mood of his mind. You believe, as coming from such a person, that which upon other information you might have thought an imposition, as Benedict credits the report of Beatrice's affection towards him, because « the fellow with the grey beard said it.»

In the testimony of such a person upon a subject which is at all interesting, we generally detect some point which ascertains the

eye-witness, and some expression which would seem to have only occurred to an individual who had heard and seen the facts to which he speaks. Those who are in the habit of attending courts of justice, during the leading of evidence, frequently hear not only from men or women of observation, but from «iron-witted fools and unrespective boys,» such striking circumstances as the following: A horrible murder had been committed by a man upon a person whom he had invited into his house in friendship; they were alone together when the deed was done, and the murderer, throwing on his coat, hastily left the house before the deed was discovered. A child of twelve or thirteen years old gave evidence that she was playing in the under part of the dwelling, and heard the accused person run hastily down stairs, and stumble at the threshold. She said she was very much frightened at the noise she heard; and being asked whether she had ever before thought of being frightened by a man running hurriedly down stairs, she replied no, but the noise then made was like no other she had ever heard before. The poet of the most active imagination would hardly have dared to inscribe such impressive effects to the wild and precipitate retreat of guilt in making its escape from justice. This peculiar effect upon the child's imagination we might have doubted

if we had read it in fiction, and yet how striking it becomes, heard from the mouth of the child herself!

It is no doubt true, that, in assuming this peculiar style of narrative, the author does so at a certain risk. He debars himself from the graces of language, and the artifice of narrative; he must sometimes seem prolix, sometimes indistinct and obscure, though possessing occasional points of brilliancy; in which respect his story may resemble some old Catholic towns on the Continent, where the streets are left in general darkness, save at those favoured spots where lamps are kept burning before the altars of particular saints; whereas, a regularly composed narrative represents an English country town, so well lighted throughout, that no particular spot, scarce even the dwelling of Mr Mayor, or the window of the apothecary, can exhibit any glow of peculiar lustre. And certainly it is the last style which should be attempted by a writer of inferior genius; for though it be possible to disguise mediocrity by fine writing, it appears in all its native inanity, when it assumes the garb of simplicity. Besides, this peculiar style of writing requires that the author possess King Fadlallah's secret of transmigrating from one body to another, and possessing himself of all the qualities which he finds in the assumed character, retaining his own taste and judgment to direct them.

Sometimes this is done, by the author avowedly taking upon himself an imaginary personage, and writing according to his supposed feelings and prejudices. What would be the Vicar of Wakefield's history unless told by the kindest and worthiest pedant that ever wore a cassock, namely, the Vicar himself? And what would be the most interesting and affecting, as well as the most comic, passages of *Castle Rackrent*, if narrated by one who had a less regard for « the family » than the immortal Thady, who, while he sees that none of the dynasty which he celebrates were perfectly right, has never been able to puzzle out wherein they were certainly wrong. Mr Galt's country *Provost*, and still more his reverend *Annalist of the Parish*, should be also distinguished in this class. Wordsworth, himself, has assumed, in one of his affecting poems, the character of a sea-faring person retired to settle in the country.

These are, however, all characters of masquerade : We believe that of De Foe was entirely natural to him. The high-born *Cavalier*, for instance, speaks nearly the same species of language, and shows scarce a greater knowledge of society than *Robinson Crusoe;* only he has a cast of the grenadier about him, as the other has the trim of a seaman. It is greatly to be doubted whether De Foe could have changed his colloquial, circuitous, and periphrastic

style for any other, whether more coarse or more elegant. We have little doubt it was connected with his nature, and the particular turn of his thoughts and ordinary expressions, and that he did not succeed so much by writing in an assumed manner, as by giving full scope to his own.

The subject is so interesting, that it is worth while examining it a little more closely; with which view we have reprinted, as illustrating our commentary on what may be called the *plausible* style of composition, « The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal the next day after her Death, to one Mrs Bargrave, at Canterbury, the eighth of September, 1705, which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death.» We are induced to this, because the account of the origin of the pamphlet is curious, the pamphlet itself short, and, though once highly popular, now little read or known, and particularly because De Foe has put in force, within these few pages, peculiar specimens of his art of recommending the most improbable narrative, by his specious and serious mode of telling it.

An adventurous bookseller had ventured to print a considerable edition of a work by the Reverend Charles Drelincourt, minister of the Calvinist Church in Paris, and translated by M. D'Assigny, under the title of the « Chris-

tian's Defence against the Fear of Death, with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well.» But however certain the prospect of death, it is not so agreeable (unfortunately) as to invite the eager contemplation of the public; and Drelincourt's book, being neglected, lay a dead stock on the hands of the publisher. In this emergency, he applied to De Foe to assist him (by dint of such means as were then, as well as now, pretty well understood in the literary world), in rescuing the unfortunate book from the literary death to which general neglect seemed about to consign it.

De Foe's genius and audacity devised a plan which, for assurance and ingenuity, defied even the powers of Mr Puff in the *Critic:* for who but himself would have thought of summoning up a ghost from the grave to bear witness in favour of a halting body of divinity? There is a matter-of-fact, business-like style in the whole account of the transaction, which bespeaks ineffable powers of self-possession. The narrative is drawn up « by a gentleman, a *Justice of Peace* at Maidstone, in Kent, a very intelligent person.» And, moreover, « the discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which Mrs Bargrave lives.» The Justice believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a

spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy—and the kinswoman positively assures the Justice, « that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself heard, as near as may be, from Mrs Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent or publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of so much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety.» Scepticism itself could not resist this triple court of evidence so artfully combined, the Justice attesting for the discerning spirit of the sober and understanding gentlewoman his kinswoman, and his kinswoman becoming bail for the veracity of Mrs Bargrave. And here, gentle reader, admire the simplicity of those days. Had Mrs Veal's visit to her friend happened in our time, the conductors of the daily press would have given the word, and seven gentlemen unto the said press belonging, would, with an obedient start, have made off for Kingston, for Canterbury, for Dover,—for Kamtschatka, if necessary,—to pose the Justice, cross-examine Mrs Bargrave, confront the sober and understanding kinswoman, and dig Mrs Veal up from her grave, rather than not get to the bottom of the story. But in our time we doubt and scrutinize; our ancestors wondered and believed.

Before the story is commenced, the under-

standing gentlewoman (not the Justice of Peace), who is the reporter, takes some pains to repel the objections made against the story by some of the friends of Mrs Veal's brother, who consider the marvel as an aspersion on their family, and do what they can to laugh it out of countenance. Indeed, it is allowed, with admirable impartiality, that Mr Veal is too much of a gentleman to suppose Mrs Bargrave invented the story—scandal itself could scarce have supposed that—although one notorious liar, who is chastised towards the conclusion of the story, ventures to throw out such an insinuation. No reasonable or respectable person, however, could be found to countenance the suspicion, and Mr Veal himself opined that Mrs Bargrave had been driven crazy by a cruel husband, and dreamed the whole story of the apparition. Now all this is sufficiently artful. To have vouched the fact, as universally known and believed by every one, *nem. con.*, would not have been half so satisfactory to a sceptic, as to allow fairly that the narrative had been impugned, and hint at the character of one of those sceptics, and the motives of another, as sufficient to account for their want of belief. Now to the fact itself.

Mrs Bargrave and Mrs Veal had been friends in youth, and had protested their attachment should last as long as they lived; but when

Mrs Veal's brother obtained an office in the customs at Dover, some cessation of their intimacy ensued, « though without any positive quarrel.» Mrs Bargrave had removed to Canterbury, and was residing in a house of her own, when she was suddenly interrupted by a visit from Mrs Veal, as she was sitting in deep contemplation of certain distresses of her own. The visitor was in a riding-habit, and announced herself as prepared for a distant journey (which seems to intimate, that spirits have a considerable distance to go before they arrive at their appointed station, and that the females at least put on a *habit* for the occasion). The spirit, for such was the seeming Mrs Veal, continued to wave the ceremony of salutation, both in going and coming, which will remind the reader of a ghostly lover's reply to his mistress, in the fine old Scottish ballad :

> Why should I come within thy bower?
> I am no earthly man;
> And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
> Thy days would not be lang.

They then began to talk in the homely style of middle-aged ladies, and Mrs Veal proses concerning the conversations they had formerly held, and the books they had read together. Her very recent experience probably led Mrs Veal to talk of death, and the books written on

the subject; and she pronounced, *ex cathedrâ*, as a dead person was best entitled to do, that « Drelincourt's book on death was the best book on the subject ever written. » She also mentioned Dr Sherlock, two Dutch books which had been translated, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that subject. She then asked for the work [we marvel the edition and impress had not been mentioned], and lectured on it with great eloquence and affection. Dr Kenrick's *Ascetick* was also mentioned with approbation by this critical spectre [the Doctor's work was, no doubt, a tenant of the shelf in some favourite publisher's shop]; and Mr Norris's *Poem on Friendship* — a work which, I doubt, though honoured with a ghost's approbation, we may now seek for as vainly as Correlli tormented his memory to recover the sonata which the devil played to him in a dream. Presently after, from former habits we may suppose, the ghost desires a cup of tea; but, bethinking herself of her new character, escapes from her own proposal by recollecting that Mr Bargrave was in the habit of breaking his wife's china. It would have been indeed strangely out of character if the spirit had lunched, or breakfasted upon tea and toast. Such a consummation would have sounded as ridiculous as if the statue of the

Commander in *Don Juan* had not only accepted of the invitation of the libertine to supper, but had also committed a beef-steak to his flinty jaws and stomach of adamant. A little more conversation ensued of a less serious nature, and tending to show, that even the passage from life to death leaves the female anxiety about person and dress somewhat alive. The ghost asked Mrs Bargrave whether she did not think her very much altered, and Mrs Bargrave of course complimented her on her good looks. Mrs Bargrave also admired the gown which Mrs Veal wore; and, as a mark of her perfectly restored confidence, the spirit let her into the important secret, that it was a *scoured silk*, and lately made up. She informed her, also, of another secret, namely, that one Mr Bretton had allowed her ten pounds a-year; and, lastly, she requested that Mrs Bargrave would write to her brother, and tell him how to distribute her mourning-rings, and mentioned there was a purse of gold in her cabinet. She expressed some wish to see Mrs Bargrave's daughter; but when that good lady went to the next door to seek her, she found on her return the guest leaving the house. She had got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday, which is market-day, and stood ready to part. She said she must be going, as she had to call upon her cousin Watson (this appears to be a *gratis dictum* on

the part of the ghost), and, maintaining the character of mortality to the last, she quietly turned the corner, and walked out of sight.

Then came the news of Mrs Veal's having died the day before at noon. Says Mrs Bargrave, « I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours.» And in comes Captain Watson, and says Mrs Veal was certainly dead. And then come all the pieces of evidence, and especially the striped silk gown. Then Mrs Watson cried out, « You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs Veal and I that that gown was scoured;» and she cried that the gown was described exactly, for, said she, « I helped her to make it up.» And next we have the silly attempts made to discredit the history. Even Mr Veal, her brother, was obliged to allow that the gold was found, but with a difference, and pretended it was not found in a cabinet, but elsewhere; and, in short, we have all the gossip of *says I*, and *thinks I*, and *says she*, and *thinks she*, which disputed matters usually excite in a country town.

When we have thus turned the tale the seam without, it may be thought too ridiculous to have attracted notice. But whoever will read it, as told by De Foe himself, will agree that, could the thing have happened in reality, so it would have been told. The sobering the whole supernatural visit into the language of middle or low life, gives it an air of probability even

in its absurdity. The ghost of an exciseman's housekeeper, and a seamstress, were not to converse like Brutus with his Evil Genius: and the circumstances of scoured silks, broken tea-china, and such like, while they are the natural topics of such persons' conversation, would, one might have thought, be the last which an inventor would have introduced into a pretended narrative betwixt the dead and living. In short, the whole is so distinctly circumstantial, that, were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story.

The effect was most wonderful. *Drelincourt upon Death*, attested by one who could speak from experience, took an unequalled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a field-piece. In short, the object of Mrs Veal's apparition was perfectly attained.

The air of writing with all the plausibility of truth must, in almost every case, have its own peculiar value; as we admire the paintings of some Flemish artists, where, though the subjects drawn are mean and disagreeable, and such as in nature we would not wish to study or look close upon, yet the skill with which they are represented by the painter gives an

interest to the imitation upon canvas which the original entirely wants. But, on the other hand, when the power of exact and circumstantial delineation is applied to objects which we are anxiously desirous to see in their proper shapeand colours, wehave a double source of pleasure, both in the art of the painter, and in the interest which we take in the subject represented. Thus the style of probability with which De Foe invested his narratives, was perhaps ill bestowed, or rather wasted, upon some of the works which he thought proper to produce, and cannot recommend to us the subject of *Colonel Jack* and *Moll Flanders;* but, on the other hand, the same talent throws an air of truth about the delightful history of *Robinson Crusoe*, which we never could have believed it possible to have united with so extraordinary a situation as is assigned to the hero. All the usual scaffolding and machinery employed in composing fictitious history are carefully discarded. The early incidents of the tale, which in ordinary works of invention are usually thrown out as pegs to hang the conclusion upon, are in this work only touched upon, and suffered to drop out of sight. Robinson, for example, never hears anything more of his elder brother, who enters Lockhart's Dragoons in the beginning of the work, and who, in any common romance, would certainly have appeared before the con-

clusion. We lose sight at once and for ever of the interesting Xury; and the whole earlier adventures of our voyager vanish, not to be recalled to our recollection by the subsequent course of the story. His father — the good old merchant of Hull — all the other persons who have been originally active in the drama, vanish from the scene, and appear not again. This is not the case in the ordinary romance, where the author, however luxuriant his invention, does not willingly quit possession of the creatures of his imagination, till they have rendered him some services upon the scene; whereas in common life, it rarely happens that our early acquaintances exercise much influence upon the fortunes of our future life.

Our friend Robinson, thereafter, in the course of his roving and restless life, is at length thrown upon his Desert Island, a situation in which, existing as a solitary being, he became an example of what the unassisted energies of an individual of the human race can perform; and the author has, with wonderful exactness, described him as acting and thinking precisely as such a man must have thought and acted in such an extraordinary situation.

Pathos is not De Foe's general characteristic—he had too little delicacy of mind; when it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author.

The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony, as he repeated the words, « Oh, that but one man had been saved !—Oh, that there had been but one !» is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonizing reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.

In like manner we may remark, that De Foe's genius did not approach the grand or terrific. The battles, which he is fond of describing, are told with the indifference of an old bucaneer, and probably in the very way in which he may have heard them recited by the actors. His goblins, too, are generally a commonplace sort of spirits, that bring with them very little of supernatural terror; and yet the fine incident of the print of the naked foot on the sand, with *Robinson Crusoe's* terrors in consequence, never fail to leave a powerful impression upon the reader.

The supposed situation of his hero was peculiarly favourable to the circumstantial style of De Foe. *Robinson Crusoe* was placed in a condition where it was natural that the slightest event should make an impression on him; and De Foe was not an author who would leave the slightest event untold. When he

mentions that two shoes were driven ashore, and adds that they were not neighbours, we feel it an incident of importance to the poor solitary.

The assistance which De Foe derived from Selkirk's history, seems of a very meagre kind. It is not certain that he was obliged to the real hermit of Juan Fernandez even for the original hint; for the putting mutineers or turbulent characters on shore upon solitary places, was a practice so general among the bucaneers, that there was a particular name for the punishment; it was called *marooning* a man. De Foe borrowed perhaps, from the account in Woodes Rogers, the circumstance of the two huts, the abundance of goats, the clothing made out of their skins; and the turnips of Alexander Selkirk may have perhaps suggested the corn of Robinson Crusoe. Even these incidents, however, are so wrought up and heightened, and so much is added to make them interesting, that the bare circumstances occurring elsewhere, cannot be said to infringe upon the author's claim to originality. On the whole, indeed, Robinson Crusoe is put to so many more trials of ingenuity, his comforts are so much increased, his solitude is so much diversified, and his account of his thoughts and occupations so distinctly traced, that the course of the work embraces a far wider circle of investigation into human nature, than could be

derived from that of Selkirk, who, for want of the tools and conveniences supplied to Crusoe by the wreck, relapses into a sort of savage state, which could have afforded little scope for delineation. It may, however, be observed, that De Foe may have known so much of Selkirk's history, as to be aware how much his stormy passions were checked and tamed by his long course of solitude, and that, from being a kind of Will Atkins, a brawling dissolute seaman, he became (which was certainly the case) a grave, sober, reflective man. The manner in which Robinson Crusoe's moral sense and religious feeling are awakened and brought into action, are important passages in the work.[1]

Amid these desultory remarks, it may be noticed that, through all his romances, De Foe has made a great deal of the narrative depend upon lucky hits and accidents, which, as he is usually at some pains to explain, ought rather to be termed providential occurrences. This is coupled with a belief in spiritual communication in the way of strong internal suggestions, to which De Foe, as we have seen, was himself sufficiently willing to yield belief. Odd

[1] We should say more on this subject, were it not that Mr Howel, of Edinburgh, a person every way qualified for the task, has collected several particulars concerning the history of Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, which he designs shortly to lay before the public.

and surprising accidents do, indeed, frequently occur in human life; and when we hear them narrated, we are interested in them, not only from the natural tendency of the human mind towards the extraordinary and wonderful, but also because we have some disposition to receive as truths circumstances, which, from their improbability, do not seem likely to be invented. It is the kind of good fortune, too, which every one wishes to himself, which comes without exertion, and just at the moment it is wanted; so that it gives a sort of pleasure to be reminded of the possibility of its arrival, even in fiction.

The continuation of *Robinson Crusoe's* history, after he obtains the society of his man Friday, is less philosophical than that which turns our thoughts upon the efforts which a solitary individual may make for extending his own comforts in the melancholy situation in which he is placed, and upon the natural reflections suggested by the progress of his own mind. The character of Friday is nevertheless extremely pleasing; and the whole subsequent history of the shipwrecked Spaniards and the pirate vessel is highly interesting. Here, certainly, the Memoirs of *Robinson Crusoe* ought to have stopped. The Second Part, though containing many passages which display the author's genius, does not rise high in character above the *Memoirs of Captain Singleton*,

or the other imaginary voyages of the author.

There scarce exists a work so popular as *Robinson Crusoe*. It is read eagerly by young people; and there is hardly an elf so devoid of imagination, as not to have supposed for himself a solitary island in which he could act Robinson Crusoe, were it but in the corner of the nursery. To many it has given the decided turn of their lives, by sending them to sea. For the young mind is much less struck with the hardships of the anchorite's situation than with the animating exertions which he makes to overcome them; and *Robinson Crusoe* produces the same impression upon an adventurous spirit which the *Book of Martyrs* would do on a young devotee, or the *Newgate Calendar* upon an acolyte of Bridewell; both of which students are less terrified by the horrible manner in which the tale terminates, than animated by sympathy with the saints or depredators who are the heroes of their volume. Neither does a re-perusal of *Robinson Crusoe*, at a more advanced age, diminish our early impressions. The situation is such as every man may make his own, and, being possible in itself, is, by the exquisite art of the narrator, rendered as probable as it is interesting. It has the merit, too, of that species of accurate painting which can be looked at again and again with new pleasure.

Neither has the admiration of the work been confined to England, though Robinson Crusoe himself, with his rough good sense, his prejudices, and his obstinate determination not to sink under evils which can be surpassed by exertion, forms no bad specimen of the True-Born Englishman. The rage for imitating a work so popular seems to have risen to a degree of frenzy; and, by a mistake not peculiar to this particular class of the *servum pecus*, the imitators did not attempt to apply De Foe's manner of managing the narrative to some situation of a different kind, but seized upon and caricatured the principal incidents of the shipwrecked mariner and the solitary island. It is computed that, within forty years from the appearance of the original work, no less than forty-one different *Robinsons* appeared, besides fifteen other imitations, in which other titles were used. Finally, though perhaps it is no great recommendation, the anti-social philosopher Rousseau will allow no other book than *Robinson Crusoe* in the hands of Emilius. Upon the whole, the work is as unlikely to lose its celebrity as it is to be equalled in its peculiar character by any other of similar excellence.

# APPENDIX.

## No. I.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Woodes Rogers, who relieved Selkirk from his solitude, was commodore of a commercial expedition round the world, which sailed February 1709, and returned to Britain 1711. A project for the re-settlement of the Bahama Islands having been submitted to Mr Addison (then secretary of state) in 1717, the measure was determined on, and Rogers was appointed to head the expedition. He died governor of those islands in 1732. The following is the account he gives of his meeting, off the island of Juan Fernandez, with Alexander Selkirk :—

«On February 1st, 1709, we came before the island of Juan Fernandez, having had a good observation the day before, and found our latitude to be 34 degrees 10 minutes south. In the afternoon, we hoisted out our pinnace; and Captain Dover, with the boat's crew, went in her to go ashore, though we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the Duchess, who admired our

boat attempting going ashore at that distance from land. It was against my inclination: but to oblige Captain Dover, I let her go. As soon as it was dark, we saw a light ashore. Our boat was then about a league off the island, and bore away for the ships as soon as she saw the lights. We put our lights aboard for the boat, though some were of opinion, the lights we saw were our boat's lights; but, as night came on, it appeared too large for that. We fired our quarter-deck gun and several muskets, showing lights in our mizen and fore-shrouds, that our boat might find us whilst we were in the lee of the island: About two in the morning our boat came on board, having been two hours on board the Duchess, that took them up astern of us; we were glad they got well off, because it began to blow. We were all convinced the light was on the shore, and designed to make our ships ready to engage, believing them to be French ships at anchor, and we must either fight them, or want water. All this stir and apprehension arose, as we afterwards found, from one poor naked man, who passed in our imagination, at present, for a Spanish garrison, a body of Frenchmen, or a crew of pirates. While we were under these apprehensions, we stood on the back side of the island, in order to fall in with the southerly wind, till we were past the island; and then we came back to it again, and ran close aboard the land that begins to make the north-east side.

« We still continued to reason upon this matter; and it is in a manner incredible, what strange notions many of our people entertained from the

sight of the fire upon the island. It served, however, to show people's tempers and spirits; and we were able to give a tolerable guess how our men would behave, in case there really were any enemies upon the island. The flaws came heavy off the shore, and we were forced to reef our topsails when we opened the middle bay, where we expected to have found our enemy; but saw all clear, and no ships, nor in the other bay next the north-east end. These two bays are all that ships ride in, which recruit on this island; but the middle bay is by much the best. We guessed there had been ships there, but that they were gone on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon, with Captain Dover, Mr Fry, and six men, all armed: Meanwhile we and the Duchess kept turning to get in, and such heavy flaws came off the land, that we were forced to let go our topsail-sheet, keeping all hands to stand by our sails, for fear of the wind's carrying them away: But when the flaws were gone, we had little or no wind. These flaws proceeded from the land, which is very high in the middle of the island. Our boat did not return; we sent our pinnace with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of the yawl's stay; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized them. We put out a signal for our boat, and the Duchess showed a French ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of cray-fish, with a man clothed in goats' skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months, being left there by Captain Stradling in

the Cinque Ports; his name was ALEXANDER SELKIRK, a Scotchman, who had been master of the Cinque Ports, a ship that came here last with Captain Dampier, who told me, that this was the best man in her. I immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board our ship: It was he that made the fire last night when he saw our ships, which he judged to be English. During his stay here he saw several ships pass by, but only two came to anchor. As he went to view them, he found them to be Spaniards, and retired from them, upon which they shot at him: Had they been French he would have submitted; but chose to risk his dying alone on the island, rather than fall into the hands of Spaniards in these parts; because he apprehended they would murder him, or make a slave of him in the mines; for he feared they would spare no stranger, that might be capable of discovering the South Seas.

« The Spaniards had landed, before he knew what they were; and they came so near him, that he had much ado to escape; for they not only shot at him, but pursued him to the woods, where he climbed to the top of a tree, at the foot of which they made water, and killed several goats just by, but went off again without discovering him. He told us that he was born in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left here, was a difference between him and his captain; which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here, than go along with him at first; but when he was at last willing to go, the captain would not receive him. He had been at the island before, to wood

and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for six months, till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South-Sea ships. He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months, had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento-trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being almost spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento-wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals; and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying; so that he said, he was a better Christian, while in this solitude, than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again.

« At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief, and partly for want of bread and salt: Nor did he go to bed, till he could watch no longer; the pimento-wood, which burnt very clear, served him both for fire and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell. He might have had fish enough, but would not eat them for want of salt, because they occasioned a looseness, except cray-fish, which are as large as our lobsters, and very good: These he sometimes

boiled, and at other times broiled; as he did his goats' flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours. He kept an account of 500 that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear, and let go. When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot; for his way of living, continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours; so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us: We had a bull-dog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners, to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back.

« He told us, that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so much eagerness, that he catched hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes hiding it from him; so that he fell with the goat down the precipice, a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall, that he narrowly escaped with his life; and, when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him: He lay there about twenty-four hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

« He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread; and, in the season, had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough

of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento-trees, which is the same as Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously. He found also a black pepper, called Malageta, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping in the guts.

«He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running in the woods; and, at last, being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard, that he ran every where without difficulty; and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for not being used to any so long, his feet swelled, when he came first to wear them again.

«After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes with cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left, and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that bred in great numbers, from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes whilst asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goats' flesh, by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids; and, to divert himself, would, now and then, sing and dance with them, and his cats: So that by the favour of Providence, and vigour of his youth, being now but thirty years old, he came, at last, to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy.

«When his clothes were worn out, he made himself a coat and a cap of goat-skins, which he

stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail; and when his knife was worn to the back, he made others, as well as he could, of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin, and ground upon stones. Having some linen-cloth by him, he sewed him some shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him in the island.

«At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarce understand him; for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram; but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there; and it was some time before he could relish our victuals. He could give us an account of no other product of the island than what we have mentioned, except some black plums, which are very good, but hard to come at; the trees which bear them growing on high mountains and rocks. Pimento-trees are plenty here; and we saw some of sixty feet high, and about two yards thick; and cotton-trees higher, and near four fathoms round in the stock. The climate is so good, that the trees and grass are verdant all the year round. The winter lasts no longer than June and July, and is not then severe, there being only a small frost, and a little hail; but sometimes great rains. The heat of the summer is equally moderate; and there is not much thunder, or tempestuous weather of any sort. He saw no venomous or savage creature on the island;

nor any sort of beasts but goats, the first of which had been put ashore here, on purpose for a breed, by Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, who settled there with some families, till the continent of Chili began to submit to the Spaniards; which being more profitable, tempted them to quit this island, capable, however, of maintaining a good number of people, and being made so strong, that they could not be easily dislodged from thence.»

We are indebted for the following additional particulars, respecting the life and fate of this singular character, to the research of the late A. Gibson Hunter, Esq. of Balskelly, in Scotland; who, we believe, was in possession of his will, and some other curious relics. Through this gentleman we learn, that Selkirk was born at Largo in Fife, in the year 1676, where he possessed some trifling landed property. When young, he manifested a violent and turbulent disposition, which was not probably improved during his bucaneering trips, but received a sudden and permanent check by his solitary confinement on this desolate island. He went mate with Captain Stradling, in the Cinque Ports, on a trading voyage round the world, in 1704. In the course of which, a difference arising betwixt him and his captain, the causes of which must now remain for ever unexplained, Selkirk, with all the hardihood of a seaman's character, desired to be landed on the island of Fernandez. Here he remained in perfect solitude, existing, as he has described himself, until discovered by Captain Rogers. Selkirk died on board a king's ship, the Weymouth, of which he

was mate, in 1723; leaving his effects, by will, to sundry «loving female friends,» with whom he had contracted intimacies in the course of his peregrinations. His chest, his gun, and his drinking cup, the last made of a cocoa-nut shell, are, or were till lately, the property of his descendants at Largo.

---

## No. II.

*A true Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs Bargrave, at Canterbury, the eighth of September*, 1705, *which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the fear of Death.*

The Preface.—This relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a Justice of Peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, a kinswoman of the said gentleman's, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs Bargrave lives; . ho believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy; and who positively assured him that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself had in the same words (as near as may be), from Mrs

Bargrave's own mouth, who she knows had no reason to invent and publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie; being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course as it were of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is, to consider, that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body; and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that, if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly, and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought for the time to come, to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well, to seek after God early, if haply he may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future, as may be well-pleasing in his sight.

---

## A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS VEAL.

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious enquirer. Mrs Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance. Though since this relation, she is calumni-

ated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs Veal, who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not yet the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been a witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now, you must know Mrs Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null and quash the story. Mrs Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships. And Mrs Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, while Mrs Veal wanted for both; insomuch that she would often say, « Mrs Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only, friend I have in the world; and no circumstance of life shall ever dissolve my friendship.» They

would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together Drelincourt upon Death, and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr Veal's friends got him a place in the Custom House, at Dover, which occasioned Mrs Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half, though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half year has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the eighth of September, one thousand seven hundred and five, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard: «And,» said she, «I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me.» And then took up her sewing work, which she had no sooner done, but she hears a knocking at the door; she went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit: At that moment of time, the clock struck twelve at noon.

«Madam,» says Mrs Bargrave, «I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;» but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to

salute her, which Mrs Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said, «I am not very well,» and so waved it. She told Mrs Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. «But,» says Mrs Bargrave, «how can you take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond brother.»—«Oh,» says Mrs Veal, «I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey.» So Mrs Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs Veal sat her down in an elbow chair, in which Mrs Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs Veal knock. «Then,» says Mrs Veal, «my dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women.»—«Oh,» says Mrs Bargrave, do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it.»—«What did you think of me?» said Mrs Veal. Says Mrs Bargrave, «I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me.» Then Mrs Veal reminded Mrs Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's Book of Death, which was the best, she said, on the subject ever wrote. She also mentioned Dr Sherlock, and two Dutch books, which were translated, wrote upon death, and

several others. But Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? She said, «Yes.» Says Mrs Veal, «Fetch it.» And so Mrs Bargrave goes up stairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs Veal, «Dear Mrs Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of Heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says; therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings. For I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state. But be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time.» She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that Mrs Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs Veal mentioned Dr Kenrick's *Ascetick*, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, «Their conversation was not like this of our age. For now,» says she, «there is nothing but vain

frothy discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were. But,» said she, « we ought to do as they did; there was an hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?» Says Mrs Bargrave, « It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days.» Says Mrs Veal, « Mr Norris has a fine copy of verses, called Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?» says Mrs Veal. « No,» says Mrs Bargrave; « but I have the verses of my own writing out.»— « Have you?» says Mrs Veal: « then fetch them;» which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs Veal to read, who refused, and waved the thing, saying, « holding down her head would make it ach;» and then desiring Mrs Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, Mrs Veal said, « Dear Mrs Bargrave, I shall love you for ever.» In these verses there is twice used the word « Elysian.»—« Ah,» says Mrs Veal, « these poets have such names for Heaven!» She would often draw her hand across her own eyes, and say, « Mrs Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?» « No,» says Mrs Bargrave, « I think you look as well as ever I knew you.»

After this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does), she said to Mrs Bargrave she would have her write a

letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such; and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself on a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it; for the elbow chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side. And to divert Mrs Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs Bargrave she must not deny her. And she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had opportunity. «Dear Mrs Veal,» says Mrs Bargrave, «this seems so impertinent, that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman! Why,» says Mrs Bargrave, «it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself.» — «No,» says Mrs Veal, «though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reasons for it hereafter.» Mrs Bargrave, then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs Veal said, «Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;» which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs Veal asked for Mrs Bargrave's daughter; she said she was not at home; «but if you have a mind to see her,» says Mrs Bargrave, «I 'll

send for her.»—«Do,» says Mrs Veal; on which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to seek her; and by the time Mrs Bargrave was returning, Mrs Veal was got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast-market on a Saturday (which is market day), and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's, before she went whither she was going. Then she said, she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs Bargrave, in her view till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs Veal's appearance, being Sunday, Mrs Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's, to know if Mrs Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in

town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs Bargrave, «I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours.» They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs Veal was certainly dead, and the escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family; and what gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs Watson cried out, « You have seen her indeed, for none knew, but Mrs Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured.» And Mrs Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; « for,» said she, « I helped her to make it up.» This Mrs Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs Bargrave's seeing Mrs Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that gentlemen, and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task, that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely satisfied with the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs Bargrave was no hypochondriack, for she always appears with such a cheerful air, and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry: and it is thought a great favour if they can but

get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs Veal told Mrs Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs Bargrave, «How came you to order matters so strangely?»—«It could not be helped,» said Mrs Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs Veal was expiring. Mrs Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs Veal, «I do not care if I do: but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs Bargrave's husband) has broke all your trinkets.»—«But,» says Mrs Bargrave, «I'll get something to drink in for all that;» but Mrs Veal waved it, and said, «It is no matter; let it alone:» and so it passed.

All the time I sate with Mrs Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs Bargrave, that old Mr Bretton allowed Mrs Veal ten pounds a-year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs Bargrave till Mrs Veal told her.

Mrs Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs Veal was with her. Mrs Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that, notwithstanding all the trouble and

fatigue Mrs Bargrave has undergone on this account, she never took the value of a farthing nor suffered her daughter to take anything, of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr Bretton's ten pounds a-year. But the person who pretends to say so, has the reputation to be a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now, Mr Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies; but says a bad husband has crazed her; but she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything? And she said no. Now, the things which Mrs Veal's apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in the disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable, for that Mrs Watson owned that Mrs Veal was so very careful of the key of her cabinet

that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs Veal's often drawing her hands over her eyes, and asking Mrs Bargrave, whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother, to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs Bargrave as the effect of her fits coming upon her, and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her, that she should not be affrighted, which, indeed, appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day time, waving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr Veal should think this relation a reflection (as it is plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it), I cannot imagine; because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were, to comfort Mrs Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs Veal's death the very first moment), without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too; she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will

allow. I asked Mrs Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown? She answered modestly, «If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it.» I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knee? She said she did not remember she did, but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did who talked with her. «And I may,» said she, «be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not,» says she, «give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public.» But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she had told it to a room-full of people at the time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact, because we cannot solve things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me; Mrs Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

# CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

## DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY.

---

PUBLISHED IN THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL, SOON AFTER THE MELANCHOLY EVENT TO WHICH IT REFERS.

---

It is so lately as the year 1812, that Scotland was deprived of one of the best patriots and most worthy men to whom she ever gave birth, by the death of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who was succeeded in his rank and titles by his eldest son, whom also his country has now lost. To fill the place of his excellent father was a task of no small difficulty, for there never lived a man in a situation of distinction so generally beloved, so universally praised, and so little detracted from, or censured. The unbounded generosity of Duke Henry, his public munificence, his suavity of disposition, the sound and excellent sense, enlightened

patriotism, and high spirit of honour which united in that excellent person, rendered him the darling of all ranks, and his name was never mentioned without praises by the rich, and benedictions by the poor. The general sorrow of all classes at the news of his death, the unfeigned tears which were shed at his funeral, cannot yet be forgotten.

Bred up under such a father, and a mother worthy of him, and living with those excellent parents in the strictest ties of mutual affection, the late Duke came to the honours and estates with the anxious wish to tread in his father's paths, and to follow the same course of public patriotism and private benevolence, in which he had so eminent an example before him. His country and friends might, to all human appearance, have promised themselves long to enjoy the benefits arising from such dispositions in a person so eminent. He was in the prime of life, of a constitution strong to outward appearance, and seasoned by constant exercise, both on foot and horseback—he was the father of a promising family—the husband of one whom it was impossible to know without loving, or even to look upon without admiring. All seemed to promise a course of life long and happy, as that which his father had just closed. But it has pleased God to show us upon what a slight foundation all earthly prospects rest. Some symptoms of

delicate health had already displayed themselves in 1814; but, in the succeeding year, the Duke, in the loss of his excellent partner, sustained a wound from the effects of which he never recovered. «Come to me as soon as you can,» was his affecting expression to a friend, « and do not fear the excess of my grief—you will find me as much composed as I shall be for the remainder of my life.» And he was so—from a desire that the grief of the dearest objects of his affection might not be augmented by witnessing his. It was also the dying request and admonition of the object whom he lamented, that he would not suffer his regret for her to convert his house into a house of mourning; and while she blamed herself at the same time for indulging long and deep affliction for the death of their eldest son, she implored him not to fall into the same error. He promised, and kept his word. But the early and continued exertions which he made, from a high sense of duty, to suppress his sorrow, had an unfavourable influence upon his own health, which became gradually more and more impaired, until the late catastrophe. The few years during which he possessed his high situation, and the comparative retirement which his state of health required, have combined to render the character of the late Duke less correctly and generally known than that of his father, who filled for so many years a con-

spicuous part in the public eye. We therefore insert, as a tribute to his memory, the following particulars, which are derived from an authentic source.

The late Duke so far differed from his father, Duke Henry, that his temper was more quick, and, for the moment, more easily susceptible of resentment, when undeserved injury was offered to him, or an ungrateful return made to his favours. He had perceived, with indignation, that his father's kindness did not uniformly meet with a suitable return; and he placed, or rather desired to place (for he sometimes forgot the restriction), the noble and generous disposition which he derived from him, under the regulation of reciprocal justice. He was, upon principle, an enemy to that species of beneficence which has its source as much in negligence as in philanthropy, and gives, merely because it is painful to withhold. His first anxiety in every case was to discover what the party with whom he transacted had a right to expect; his next was not only to render him his full due, but to make those additions to it which his own bountiful nature suggested. In a settlement of accounts which had become somewhat perplexed by the illness and death of an ancient friend of the family, the Duke first employed himself in minutely ascertaining the amount of the balance due to him, which was considerable, and then, by a

stroke of his pen, carried a similar sum to the credit of the family of his deceased friend. The accuracy he thought was due to himself, the liberality to the memory of a most excellent man, long attached to his family. As no man's heart was ever so readily opened by an appearance of attachment and kindness, the Duke never, on the other hand, permitted his sense of indifferent usage to hurry him into vindictive measures. At the close of a contested election, in which the usual subjects of irritation had occurred, his first expression was, that « everything was now to be forgotten, excepting the services of his friends.»— Owing to the same sense of justice, we know it has happened more than once, that when applied to for his influence with Government to grant pensions in cases of private distress, the Duke declined to recommend the imposition of such burden on the public, and himself made good the necessary provision. His acts of well-considered and deliberate generosity were not confined to the poor, properly so termed, but sought out and relieved the less endurable wants of those who had seen better days, and had been thrown into indigence by accidental misfortune ; nor were they who received the relief always able to trace the source from whence it flowed.

As a public man, the Duke of Buccleuch was,

like his father, sincerely attached to the principles of Mr Pitt, which he supported on every occasion with spirit and energy, but without virulence or prejudice against those who held different sentiments. He was of opinion that honour, loyalty, and good faith, although old-fashioned words, expressed more happily the duties of a man of rank than the newer denominations which have sometimes been substituted for them. He was a patriot in the noblest sense of the word, holding that the country had a right to the last acre of his estates, and the last drop of his blood: a debt which he prepared seriously to render to her, when there was an expectation that the country would be invaded. While Lord Dalkeith, he sat in the House of Commons: we are not aware that he spoke above once or twice in either House of Parliament; but as president of public meetings he often expressed himself with an ease, spirit, and felicity, which left little doubt that his success would have been considerable in the senate. His Grace was for many years Colonel of the Dumfries-shire regiment of militia, the duties of which situation he performed with the greatest regularity,—showing a turn for military affairs, as well as an attachment to them, which would have raised him high in the profession, had his situation permitted him to adopt it. That it would

have been his choice was undoubted, for the military art, both in theory and in practical detail, formed his favourite study.

The management of the Duke's very extensive estates was conducted on the plan recommended by his father's experience, and which is peculiarly calculated to avoid the evil of rack-renting, — which has been fraught with such misfortune to Scotland, — and to secure the permanent interest both of tenant and landlord. No tenants on the Buccleuch estate, who continued worthy of patronage, were ever deprived of their farms, and scarce any have voluntarily relinquished the possession of them. To improve his large property by building, by plantations of great extent, by every encouragement to agriculture, was at once his Grace's most serious employment, and his principal amusement. The estate of Queensberry, to which he succeeded, although worth from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* yearly, afforded to the Duke, owing to well-known circumstances, scarce the sixth part of the lesser sum. Yet he not only repaired the magnificent Castle of Drumlanrig, but accomplished, during the few years he possessed it, the restoration, with very large additions, of those extensive plantations, which had been laid waste during the life of the last proprietor. We have reason to think that the Duke expended, on this single estate, in repairing the injuries which it

had sustained, not less than eight times the income he derived from it. He was an enthusiastic planter, and personally understood the quality and proper treatment of forest timber. For two or three years past, his Grace extended his attention to the breed of cattle, and other agricultural experiments — a pleasure which succeeded, in some degree, to that of field-sports, to which, while in full health, he was much addicted. Such were the principal objects of the Duke's expense, with the addition of that of a household suitable to his dignity; —and what effect such an expenditure must have produced upon the country may be conjectured by the following circumstance:— In the year 1817, when the poor stood so much in need of employment, a friend asked the Duke why his Grace did not propose to go to London in the spring? By way of answer, the Duke showed him a list of day-labourers, then employed in improvements on his different estates, the number of whom, exclusive of his regular establishment, amounted to *nine hundred and forty-seven persons*. If we allow to each labourer two persons whose support depended on his wages, the Duke was in a manner foregoing, during this severe year, the privilege of his rank, in order to provide with more convenience for a little army of nearly three thousand persons, many of whom must otherwise have found it difficult to obtain sub-

sistence. The result of such conduct is twice blessed, both in the means which it employs, and in the end which it attains in the general improvement of the country. This anecdote forms a good answer to those theorists who pretend that the residence of great proprietors on their estates is a matter of indifference to the inhabitants of that district. Had the Duke been residing and spending his revenue elsewhere, one half of these poor people would have wanted employment and food, — and would probably have been little comforted by any metaphysical arguments upon population, which could have been presented to their investigation.

In his domestic relations, as a husband, a son, a brother, and a father, no rank of life could exhibit a pattern of tenderness and affection superior to that of the Duke of Buccleuch. He seemed only to live for his family and his friends; and those who witnessed his domestic happiness can alone estimate the extent of the present deprivation. He was a kind and generous master to his numerous household, and was rewarded by their sincere attachment.

In the sincerity and steadiness of his friendship, he was unrivalled. His intimacies, whether formed in early days, or during his military life, or on other occasions, he held so sacred that, far from listening to any insinuations

against an absent friend, he would not with patience hear him censured even for real faults. The Duke of Buccleuch also secured the most lasting attachment on the part of his intimates, by the value which he placed upon the sincerity of their regard. Upon one occasion, when the Duke had been much and justly irritated, an intimate friend took the freedom to use some expostulations with his Grace, pressed to the verge of urgency, on the extent to which he seemed to carry his resentment. The Duke's answer, which conceded the point in debate, began with these remarkable words :— « I have reason to thank God for many things, but *especially for having given me friends who will tell me truth.*» On the other hand, the Duke was not less capable of giving advice than willing to listen to it. He could enter with patience into the most minute details of matters far beneath his own sphere in life, and with strong, clear, unsophisticated good sense, never failed to point out the safest, most honourable, and best path to be pursued. Indeed, his accuracy of judgment was such, that even if a law-point were submitted to him, divested of its technicalities, the Duke generally took a view of it, founded upon the great principles of justice, which a professional person might have been benefited by listening to. The punctilious honour with which he fulfilled every promise, made the Duke of Buccleuch cautious in

giving hopes to friends or others, applying for his interest. Nor was he, though with such high right to attention, fond of making requests to Administration. But a promise, or the shadow of a promise, was sacred to him;—and though many instances might be quoted of his assistance having been given farther than his pledge warranted an expectation, there never existed one in which it was not amply redeemed.

Well-educated, and with a powerful memory, the Duke of Buccleuch was both a lover and a judge of literature, and devoted to reading the time he could spare from his avocations. This was not so much as he desired; for the active superintendence of his own extensive affairs took up much of his time. As one article, he answered very many letters with his own hand, and never suffered above a post to pass over without a reply, even to those of little consequence; so that this single duty occupied very frequently two hours a-day. But his conversation often turned on literary subjects—and the zeal with which he preserved the ancient ruins and monuments which exist on his estates, showed his attachment to the history and antiquities of his country. In judging of literary composition, he employed that sort of criticism which arises rather from good taste and strong and acute perception of what was true or false, than from a vivacity of imagination. In this

particular, his Grace would have formed no inadequate representative of the soundest and best educated part of the reading public, and an author might have formed from his opinion a very accurate conjecture how his work would be received by those whom every writer is most desirous to please. The Duke's own style in epistolary correspondence was easy, playful, and felicitous, or strong, succinct, and expressive, according to the nature of the subject.

In gayer hours, nothing could be so universally pleasing as the cheerfulness and high spirits of the Duke of Buccleuch. He bore his high rank (so embarrassing to some others) as easily and gracefully as he might have worn his sword. He himself seemed unconscious of its existence; the guests respected without fearing it. He possessed a lightness and playfulness of disposition, much humour, and a turn for raillery, which he had the singular tact to pursue just so far as it was perfectly inoffensive, but never to inflict a moment's confusion or pain. There are periods in each man's life which can never return again; and the friends of this illustrious person will long look back, with vain regret, on the delightful hours spent in his society.

In his intercourse with his neighbours, the Duke was frank, hospitable, and social; and ready, upon all occasions, to aid their views,

by forming plantations, by exchanging ground, or any similar point of accommodation and courtesy. To the public his purse was ever open, as appears from his Grace's liberal subscriptions to all works of splendour or utility.

We have one trait to add to this portrait—it is the last and the most important. As the Duke of Buccleuch held his high situation for the happiness of those around him, he did not forget by Whom it was committed to him. A portion of his private studies was always devoted to reading Scripture. Public worship was at all proper seasons performed in his family, and his own sense of devotion was humble, ardent, and sincere. A devout believer in the truths of religion, he never, even in the gayest moment, permitted them to be treated with levity in his presence; and to attempt a jest on those subjects, was to incur his serious reproof and displeasure. He has gone to receive the reward of these virtues too early for a country which will severely feel his loss, for his afflicted family and his sorrowing friends; but not too soon for himself, since it was the unceasing labour of his life to improve to the utmost the large opportunities of benefiting mankind with which his situation invested him. Others of his rank might be more missed in the resorts of splendour and of gaiety, frequented by persons of distinction. But the peasant, while

he leans on his spade, age sinking to the grave in hopeless indigence, and youth struggling for the means of existence, will long miss the generous and powerful patron, whose aid was never asked in vain when the merit of the petitioner was unquestioned.

# LORD SOMERVILLE.

FROM THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL, OCT. 27, 1819.

FATE has, during the last twelve months, deprived the Scottish Peerage of some of its noblest names. The three premier Peers, Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleuch, and Lennox, and the Earl of Errol, (eldest of the Scottish Earls), have been successively removed from the scene. Of these, with the exception of the Duke of Hamilton, there were none whose age prepared their friends for the fatal change. The others were in the prime of life, or little past it; in mature manhood, fitted by experience for council, and not disqualified by age from active exertion. To this melancholy list we have now to add Lord Somerville's name, ranking among the most ancient of the Scottish Barons by right of birth, and entitled by every personal quality to the deep and affectionate

regrets of his countrymen. The following particulars regarding this lamented nobleman have been communicated to us from good authority.

John, the fifteenth Lord Somerville, succeeded to his uncle in 1796. There were circumstances respecting his family property, which may be interesting to the general reader as well as the antiquary. The original source of the family was from a bold Baron of Somerville in Normandy, who followed the banner of William the Conqueror to the battle of Hastings. He was rewarded with ample lands, the remnant of which, comprehending Somerville-Aston, in Warwickshire, still considerable, though much dilapidated and encumbered with debt, descended to Somerville the poet, the friend of Shenstone and the author of *The Chase*, etc. A younger brother of the warrior of Hastings, and who had also fought in that memorable battle, attended the Court of Malcolm Canmore, bearing a falcon on his arm, and had the fortune to become that Prince's Grand Falconer, and to obtain a grant of the lands of Linton in Roxburghshire, for some gallant exploit, which tradition states to have been the slaying of a huge serpent, appealing for the truth of the tale to a very ancient monument, over a door of the parish church, on which there is certainly a beast engaged with an armed knight, though the shape



of the animal resembles a wolf, or bear, more than a snake.

The Somervilles rose to eminence in Scotland, then sunk, and then again emerged into consequence; so that Lord Somerville's immediate ancestor, who retained a part of the ancient family patrimony, was a man of considerable wealth. At this time Somerville the poet was in distress for ready money, which the Scottish Lord Somerville advanced in sufficient quantity to remove his embarrassments; in consequence of which, and having no heirs of his own, Mr Somerville settled on the Scottish and ennobled branch of his family, the ancient family estate of Somerville-Aston, in Warwickshire. And thus by a singular contingency, the estates of two families, whose ancestors were brothers during the reign of William the Conqueror, were united in the 18th century. Nay, what is yet more extraordinary, the chateau and dependencies of Somerville in Normandy were on sale about 1790, or thereabouts, and were nearly purchased by the subject of this Memoir. But the state of property in France was then becoming much disturbed, in consequence of the approaching revolution; and a wild report had arisen among the peasantry, that the English desired to make the Duke of York Duke of Normandy, and that the English barons who had left that country in the suite of William the Conqueror, were

to reclaim their estates there. The idea of purchasing the chateau of Somerville was therefore relinquished, otherwise Lord Somerville might have stood in the unique circumstance of representing his Norman, his English, and Scottish ancestor, by possessing some part of the inheritance of each of the three lines.

Soon after his accession to the title, Lord Somerville was elected one of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland, and sat in two successive Parliaments in that capacity. He was appointed President of the Board of Agriculture; an office which he filled for several years, with much honour to himself and eminent advantages to the objects of that institution. Before Lord Somerville succeeded to his title, he had already made himself remarkable by his zeal in agricultural pursuits, and indeed in every object which could promote the national welfare and general comfort of the people. He was early distinguished by the favour of his Sovereign George III, or rather, if we may use the terms as distinct, by the friendship of that revered Prince.

His Majesty, shortly after Lord Somerville's succession to his title and estates, took an opportunity to let him know that he was not ignorant how his time had been employed. « The pursuits of agriculture, » said the King, « particularly become an English gentleman, and I wish more of the British nobility dis-

played the same zeal for public improvement.» Lord Somerville's appointment as one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber, followed in a few years. This office gave him immediate access to the person of his Monarch, and a congeniality of pursuits united them still more intimately; but although a courtier, Lord Somerville could not be termed, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, a politician. He returned with the most dutiful affection the regard of his Sovereign; he felt his duty as a member of the Legislature, and honoured and admired the British Constitution; but he kept aloof from political party, detested political intrigue, and never permitted difference of political opinion to interrupt the harmony of private society. When he served his friends, —and he was most anxious to forward the views of those whom he thought deserving,— he did it by his interest with those in power, not as a politician, but as a private friend; and as no man was more generally beloved, his influence of this kind was such as usually rendered his solicitations effectual, and many who now bewail his death, must add the tears of gratitude to those of friendly sorrow.

Lord Somerville's favourite studies were of an agricultural nature, and respected the growth of stock, the improvement of land, and the other objects of national economy. His

skill, even in the minutiæ of these pursuits, was so remarkable, that a Lord of the Bedchamber, and one of the best bred men in Europe, was often chosen an arbiter by the professional graziers and butchers of Smithfield, to decide disputed questions concerning the weight and value of cattle. In fact, he had turned the full energy of an active and enterprising mind into this particular channel, and had obtained a proportional acquaintance with all the details of information concerned with it.

These favourite pursuits engaged Lord Somerville in the prosecution of various schemes, some of which proved eminently successful, while others terminated in failure. As the first, or one of the first, introducers of Merino sheep into Briton, his Lordship was eminently successful. On the other hand, an attempt which he made, at very considerable expense, to encourage fisheries upon the west coast of England, was totally the reverse. The same may be said of various publications, in which he threw out hints for national improvement in general, and for abridging and facilitating the labours of agriculture. It is proper to mention, that though his domestic establishment was always on a footing becoming his rank, and though he did not scruple to hazard considerable sums in such experiments as we have noticed, Lord Somerville was an excellent,

though liberal economist, in this acting upon a principle which he thought due to a just regard for his independence and rank in society.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist, concerning the wisdom or expediency of Lord Somerville's plans, the determined purity of his motives was never doubted. As an author, indeed, he had no ambition to be distinguished, farther than by throwing together various and miscellaneous hints, suggested by his active mind and keen observation. And of his schemes it might be in general observed, that none terminated in any selfish prospect of advantage to himself, but that, on the contrary, they were always grounded upon views of general and national utility. The pains which Lord Somerville devoted to following out such objects, indicated a perseverance equal to his quickness of observation; and more than once he succeeded in realizing views, which, at first sight, seemed altogether fanciful. Even where he failed, his miscarriage was a caution to others, as a stranded vessel becomes a beacon to those who hold the same course. In these, the great pursuits of Lord Somerville's life, he may be well said to have deserved the gratitude of his country.

In taste, the subject of this Memoir was an admirer of vertu, and possessed a few good pictures, though he did not, we believe, purchase many. A painting of one of his ancestors,

the Earl of Winton and his family, by Sir Antonio More, is one of the most curious old Scottish portraits existing. An ornamented edition of Somerville's *Chase* was published, we believe, at Lord Somerville's expense, who also adorned with engravings a curious family history, compiled by one of his ancestors, which the author of this Memoir prepared for the press, at the request of his noble friend.

When the apprehension of foreign invasion and intestine discord called all to arms, Lord Somerville took his place in the general armament, as Major of the Somersetshire Yeomanry. There is an engraving of him in the uniform of the corps, which gives an accurate idea of his very handsome person and striking countenance.

In religion, Lord Somerville was a humble and devout Christian, regular in his attendance upon the duties of public worship, and sincere in the practice of his faith. His private virtues we cannot here delineate, without violating the delicacy which attended his conduct during life, and ought to follow him to his tomb. It is enough to say, that he was an affectionate brother, an easy master, an active and affectionate friend. Few men, indeed, have possessed a kinder and more benign spirit; and its influence extended not only through the social circle of friends and relatives who surrounded him, but diffused itself among his

domestics, and even descended to the mute animals who were the companions and instruments of his amusements. A nature so susceptible of kindly emotions was, of course, liable to occasional irritability. But the flash of passion was as transitory as it was sudden; and if, in the course of its influence, he conceived himself to have injured the feelings of his meanest dependant, he was uneasy until he had in some way or other made atonement for the supposed offence.

In society, Lord Somerville's presence diffused a degree of general cheerfulness, and even happiness, which, perhaps, many men more learned, more witty, or more profound, would have in vain endeavoured to inspire. His mind had a general tincture of British literature; and he was, in particular, so well acquainted with the works of Shakspeare, that few men could either quote from him more aptly, or enjoy more keenly an allusion to his writings. But Lord Somerville had chiefly studied the great book of human life; and his conversation was full of anecdotes, both serious and humorous, which evinced the depth of his observation, and his knowledge of character.

These talents for conversation were regulated as well as adorned by his general disposition to please and to amuse. His good nature led him to search for, and his good sense to

discover, the particular taste of his friends or his guests; and, keenly interested as he usually was in the prosecution of some favourite scheme of his own, he was never so engrossed by it as to prevent his interesting himself in the pursuits of others. Lord Somerville's kindness seemed to give him the same prejudice in favour of the improvements or plans of his friends, which self-love, in most instances, is apt to limit to one's own. He delighted to praise, not from a desire of increasing his popularity, or bespeaking favour with the parties interested in his eulogium, but from an honest and kindly feeling, which veiled the defects of his friends, and augmented their merits even in his own eyes. He uniformly brought cheerfulness with him into society, and left content and augmented happiness behind him.

Lord Somerville spent a considerable portion of his time in Scotland every year. The society in that country was some years ago, and still is, somewhat limited, by the exclusive prejudices of an ancient gentry in favour of their own rank. No man, in a rational degree, knew the value of ancient family and high birth better than Lord Somerville, and he was not indifferent to his own claims upon that account; but he endeavoured, on many occasions, and with eminent success, to unite the different ranks of society, without hurting the feelings of the lower, or compromising the dignity of

the higher orders; and it was the usual consequence, that the latter departed instructed, the former honoured, and both gratified, from their mutual intercourse.

Lord Somerville's attachment to field sports was another cause of his frequent visits to his native country. His seat at the Pavilion near Melrose, to which are attached extensive salmon-fishings, particularly favourable for the use of the rod, afforded him great facilities in that respect. It may not be uninteresting to brothers of the angle to know, that Lord Somerville commenced this amusement, the noblest work, certainly, in which the fishing-rod can be exercised, rather late in life; he was reckoned a most able proficient, and, with the help of fine tackle, a light hand, and a sure eye, was often successful when the best fishers of the country would have despaired. A range of extensive moorland pasture in Lammermoor gave Lord Somerville the opportunity of moorfowl shooting, an exercise which, from the wild regions into which it carries the sportsman, has much more interest than the tamer amusements of partridge and pheasant shooting. Among Lord Somerville's personal accomplishments, was the much coveted quality of being an excellent shot. We return to those by which he was distinguished in elegant society.

Lord Somerville's exterior and deportment

were admirably qualified to render him the central point of such a society. To a handsome person and face, he added the most polished manners, uniting frankness, kindness, and courtesy, in such just proportion, that it was impossible to say which quality predominated. He had the rare merit (only to be found in a Briton of high rank) of combining the knowledge of the agriculturist with the manners of the courtier; and, as has been said of Virgil in his Georgics, could treat even of the lowest agricultural topics without losing his dignity of character and situation. In these pursuits, as well as in the rural sports, which he followed keenly and successfully, he had frequent and familiar intercourse with the lower classes and peasantry, and most of them in the neighbourhood were known to him by person and name; yet his affability was so well qualified by dignity, that there occurred no instance of any one being seduced by it to exceed the bounds of due respect. His extensive and well-judged charities rendered him still dearer to the peasantry, and it was always with an especial view to their augmented comforts, that he shaped those various plans on which his mind was ever so actively employed.

Such was Lord Somerville. Distinguished in public life by patriotism, and an enlightened zeal for the improvement of the country to which he belonged, and dear to his numerous

friends, from the warmth of his heart, and the amiable personal qualities we have endeavoured to describe. These properties had doubtless their corresponding foibles, arising out of a sanguine temper and quick feelings. But these were of a nature so innocent, that, like a slight irregularity in a beautiful countenance, they rather gave individuality to the character than impaired its lustre. Although Lord Somerville's health had been early impaired by the consequences of a severe fall from a curricle, succeeded by some other accidents, it was, to external appearance, in a great measure restored, though his own internal sensations seemed to assure him of the contrary. Indeed, the weakness of constitution, which repeated accidents had brought on, made his habits somewhat those of a valetudinary. Yet as these were thrown aside upon excitation (so that we have seen the individual, who did not willingly leave a public place in town without wrapping himself in a fur pelisse, throw himself into the Tweed at midnight, when the river was full of icicles, for the amusement of spearing salmon by torch-light), his friends naturally thought that the precautions so readily dispensed with on particular occasions, were not strictly necessary, and hoped that, in the course of nature, they might have long enjoyed the happiness of his society. *Diis aliter visum!* And

we may add, that it is no good omen of the times, otherwise gloomy, when those so well qualified by situation and talents to sustain the best interests of the country, are removed from us when their services might be most availing.

When the fatal period arrived, Lord Somerville was travelling towards Italy with his sister, Miss Somerville. He had taken leave of his native country, and of his neighbours, with a feeling of boding anxiety, which expressed itself in his solemn and affectionate farewell. Yet on his journey he was not in worse health than usual until he reached Switzerland, where he was taken ill at Vevai, of a disease,—a species of dysentery, we believe,—from which he might possibly have recovered, had he had immediate medical assistance. But, with his usual kindness, he had left his personal medical attendant behind him at Pontarlier, to take care of Sir William Harte, a countryman of distinction, whom he found extremely ill at that place. Thus deprived of the means of immediately checking the disorder, its symptoms soon proved mortal. He lingered a few days, possessed of his senses, reconciled to his fate, and endeavouring to soothe the sorrows of his sister, and of those around him. The presence of an English clergyman afforded him in his last moments the consolation of receiving the

visible symbols of that religion which he had always sincerely professed. On the 5th February, 1819, Lord Somerville expired, when, to borrow an idea from a poet whom he read and relished, a warmer heart was never made cold by death.

# KING GEORGE III.

FROM THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL, FEB. 8, 1820.

OUR last Journal acquainted our readers that our venerable Sovereign had closed his long and varied part in the mortal drama. Death has dropped the curtain on a reign of sixty years,—the longest in the British annals, and the most marked with public events; and, at the same time, a life spent in the most conscientious, virtuous, and self-denying efforts to perform the arduous duties of a monarch, has been closed in sickness, in sorrow, and in comparative obscurity. Were a voice from Heaven to proclaim aloud to us, that there is another and a better world, in which virtue may expect its assured reward, the testimony of a miracle could not impress the awful truth more deeply upon the mind than the life and death of GEORGE the THIRD.—Our

readers will forgive us, if, in recording this striking event, we forget for a space our character as Journalists, in the more important duty of the moral teacher. A very brief review of the character of our late beloved Sovereign, though long in reference to our limits, is all we are enabled to give. We trust to perform it with the veneration due to the memory of the dead, and, at the same time, with the truth and sincerity which the living have a right to expect from us.

GEORGE the THIRD was the first of his family who could be termed a British Monarch; for his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, were foreigners both in language and manners; and, without its being possible to impute blame to them for a predilection so natural, the two former loved their German hereditary dominions better than they did the more powerful and wealthy kingdoms which fortune, and the misconduct of the Stuarts, had called them to govern. Accordingly, the accession of our late sovereign, in 1760, was hailed by most of his subjects as the commencement of a new dynasty of kings,—Britain's genuine offspring. The *morgue germanique*, the military pedantry and awkward formality, which characterized the court of George the Second, gave way, under the young Sovereign, to manners and an etiquette of a more easy nature, which better fitted the genius of a free and high-spirited

people. Even the caustic Walpole has recorded favourably the impression made upon him by the change. « I was surprised, » says he, « to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This Sovereign don't stand with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news: he walks about, and speaks to every-body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well. » Of his Majesty's personal appearance and demeanour, we need only add to the testimony of this acute observer, that George the Third continued, till the close of the active part of his reign, to be distinguished by his graceful and dignified elocution in public. The rapture of the celebrated Quin, who had been his tutor, broke out upon the first royal speech from the throne, in the familiar exclamation, « I taught the boy to speak ! » — In private conversation, George the Third's manner was too much hurried to be graceful; but his desire to please and oblige was seconded by a memory tenacious in a most flattering degree, of all the minute particulars which could interest those who had been once introduced to him. Of the King's person, it is only necessary to say, it indicated more of muscular strength than of grace; and with his features, his whole subjects are well acquainted, — for not only the most ordinary prints, but even

the effigies on his coin, however deplorable in other respects, have not failed to preserve a striking likeness of the royal original. We return to the impression made by the King's accession.

A short acquaintance with the new sovereign showed that morals, as well as courtesy, had ascended the throne with him. His early marriage with the late Queen, by a happy union of temper and of virtues on both sides, made the royal household a model of domestic affection. The pleasures of the Monarch were as simple as they were innocent. Without doors, they were limited to the chase, and to the improvement of his farm; the first of which afforded a healthy exercise, and the second a profitable example to his subjects. At home, he filled up the few intervals which the laborious duties of his station left him, with music (the only one of the fine arts to which he was powerfully attached), with mechanical pursuits and scientific experiments, and with the collecting, improving, and arranging that most valuable library, which the munificence of his Royal Successor graciously bestowed on the public. George III might be termed a bibliographer, rather than a student; yet he read a good deal also, and rather for improvement than amusement. The King's habits were temperate even to abstemiousness; and his chief delight was in the conversation of his own family, and

a very few of the nobles about his person who were most devotedly attached to him. Among those who held that distinction, John Duke of Roxburghe was particularly distinguished. He was, as is well known, a bibliomaniac, like his Majesty. Each was the happy possessor of a copy of Caxton's Book of Troye — but the King examined his own with such accuracy, as enabled him to prove to demonstration, that though both copies were of the same edition, that in the Royal Library must have been more early thrown off than the Duke's, because a leaf in the former was what is technically called locked,[1] — an error which had been discerned and corrected in the Duke's copy. So that his Majesty triumphed that his own copy of the first book (we believe) of the English press was also the earliest printed.

Mechanics were also a favourite study of the King, who used to amuse himself with the construction of optical and other philosophical instruments. It will give an idea of his good-nature to mention, that his Majesty had bespoken a complicated instrument from the celebrated Ramsden, and he directed that artist, who was not so much renowned for punctuality as for talents, to have it ready against a particular day. When at length it was sent home, the only

[1] Such is the phrase when, by an error at press, the reverse has been printed on the side of the leaf which should have presented the obverse, so that page 32 precedes 31.

notice which the King took of the want of punctuality, was by telling the optician, good-humouredly, that « he had observed the day of the week and month accurately, he bad only forgotten the year.»

Yet, with all the pretensions to popularity afforded by a life devoted to duty, and relieved only by such innocent amusements, George the Third, at the commencement of his reign, and for a long period after, was by no means popular. His character was respected, and his merits appreciated, by those who approached his person; but he was not a favourite of the people at large, to whom his merits were only known by report.

One of his first acts of royalty was, to call to his administration a nobleman who had been his own tutor; a person of worth and honour, a patron of literature and the arts, but not possessing political talents comparable to those of the celebrated Earl of Chatham, whom he succeeded in power. That daring minister had engaged the country, for no very adequate cause, in a bloody war with France, whom Britain had humbled in every part of the globe. The new minister made a peace so much inferior to the high-blown expectations of the country, that it seemed he had wilfully thrown away the advantages which had been gained so dearly; and the King's support of this unfortunate nobleman gave the utmost dissatisfaction

to the country, and led the way to a spirit of mobbish license, which in British history had never been so directly levelled against the person of the monarch.

This cause of discontent, skilfully kept up by demagogues, did not by any means subside at the dismissal of the obnoxious servant of the crown. The breach between the King and his favourite is now well known to have been absolute, from the dissolution of the ministry; they never afterwards saw each other, except in public, and then in the most formal manner, insomuch, that we are aware of Lord Bute having expressed with some vehemence his sense of the King's harshness, when his Majesty, on an occasion when his lordship appeared at court, did not even ask after the health of his lady, which was then in a precarious condition. Whether the King thought that Lord Bute had too early given way to the popular clamour, and in some degree deserted him, by giving in his resignation before it was required by the royal mandate, we do not pretend to decide. One thing is certain, that if his Majesty's breach with his late favourite had been made so total with the purpose of disarming the obloquy attending the connexion (which we do not believe to have been the case), the intended consequence was not attained. For several years afterwards, the watch-word for discontent was, that ministers actually in office

were merely puppets, and all was managed by Lord Bute behind the curtain. Such assertions served long to excite factious clamours against the King; while the ex-minister, with more reason, complained of the inexorable displeasure which did not permit his Majesty to use even ordinary civility towards his early and faithful servant.

The disputes with the colonies, and the war which ensued, kept up and encouraged the spirit of public disaffection. This unhappy war might have a great colour of justice in theory; but in practice it was so ill conducted, and on the whole was so very impolitic, that all will now allow we had better have manumitted the Americans on their first exhibiting symptoms of discontent. But it is no less clear that the King, in honour and conscience, deemed himself obliged to carry on the unhappy struggle to the very last; and being, in a remarkable degree, the *justus et tenax propositi* of the moral poet, he would not consent to the dismemberment of his dominions, until necessity absolutely compelled him to that sacrifice. His speech to Adams, envoy from the American States, after the peace, was singularly expressive of his character. The ambassador naturally felt that the first interview betwixt him and his late sovereign must be unpleasant; when the King at once relieved him of his painful feelings, by saying to him, with the ut-

most frankness, « Mr Adams, I was the last man to consent to the peace with America — but that peace being made, I will be the first in my dominions to oppose any attempts which may be made to disturb its conditions.» Still the people of Britain only saw that an unsuccessful war had been carried on with pertinacity, until it was concluded by a peace, which was only short of being disgraceful; and remembering the victories of Chatham's administration under George the Second, were in proportion discontented with the ministers and measures, and even with the person, of their present Sovereign.

It might have been thought that the personal character of the monarch would have alleviated the strong censure arising from public misfortunes. But candour must admit, that, with the advantages which we have mentioned, George the Third laboured under some disadvantages, which for a long time obscured his highly estimable qualities. Notwithstanding what we have said of his personal qualities, his education had been narrow and confined in an unusual degree, and no adequate pains had been taken either to form his external manners, or to cultivate his mind in classical or polite literature. The King felt these wants, and, in the earlier part of his reign, was shy and reserved, admitting very few to his familiar society, and avoiding rather than

courting the opportunities of appearing in public. The general voice of an Opposition, distinguished for talents and for wit, accused the King of affecting the retired state of an Eastern sultan, rather than the social dignity of a British monarch. The qualities which ought to have counterbalanced those impressions,—the firmness and soundness of his judgment, the steadiness of his courage, the high principle upon which he regulated his conduct, the sacrifices of case, of amusement, of indulgence, even of health, which, with unostentatious perseverance, George III offered up, year after year, to the regular discharge of his regal duties,—were long in forcing their way to the public. But at length they made their due impression.

The first act of the King's life which obtained him the general expression of the people's gratitude, was his conduct during the riots in 1780. The then lord mayor of London (a man of deep political research, like high civic authorities in the present day), was so steady a friend to the right of petitioning parliament, that instead of dispersing a body of sixty thousand men, who had assembled to exercise this constitutional privilege, he suffered them to occupy the city, which they set on fire in twenty different places. The confusion was yet upon the increase, and the petitioners had already destroyed a million's worth of houses, goods,

and furniture, before the constitutional sages could satisfy their scrupulous consciences, when or how government ought to exercise that important function for which of all others it is chiefly intended,—the protection, namely, of the peaceable subject in his life and property. The King cut the knot, by offering to march into the city at the head of his Guards, and, at every personal risk, to put down this disgraceful commotion. The common sense and manly spirit which dictated his decision, gave energy to the timid counsellors around him—London was saved—no one complained of the infringement of the right of petitioning; and we cannot observe that our liberties suffered much by the forcible dispersion of those who had assembled to exercise it in so tremendous a manner.

But the great burst of public feeling in favour of George the Third, took place at a period somewhat later, when the coalition was formed betwixt the parties of North and Fox; when these two leaders, who had long stood in such inveterate hostility to each other, joined their forces for the purpose of taking the cabinet by storm, and placing the King at their discretion. In this emergency, the King made an appeal, which might be termed a personal one, to the public opinion of the nation, in opposition to a parliamentary majority, obtained by a union of parties so incongruous. A sense

of the real worth and unostentatious merits of the Monarch had by degrees sunk into the minds of the middle classes of the people (in whose voice, and neither in that of the highest nor of the lowest orders, public opinion really lodges), and now that their feelings also were interested in the behalf of the Sovereign, the King's cause was adopted by general acclamation; nor did he ever afterwards lose the firm hold which he then attained on the hearts of his subjects.

Scotland may boast that she took the lead of the sister country, in perceiving, and rewarding by her affection, the virtues of the Sovereign. This did not, however, arise either entirely from the moral character or the sagacity usually imputed to our countrymen; it sprung from honest gratitude, for the King had been a friend to Scotland. Much of the abuse levelled against George III by Wilkes, Churchill, and others, accused him of partiality to the northern part of his dominions; and the imputation, — designed to irritate the English,— served to attach their neighbours to the person of their prince. Besides, the gentleness and kindness of his disposition were well qualified to reclaim to their allegiance the adherents of the unhappy house of Stuart, who now found themselves objects rather of compassionate respect than of political hatred and persecution. The restoration of the forfeited estates

completed the reconciliation of a bold and enthusiastic class of subjects with the reigning monarch; which was not the less perfect, that many, with an amiable inconsistency, retained in theory their old political tenets, and could not in conscience have taken the oath of allegiance to George the Third, while they would have spent in his defence the last drop of their blood.

These causes of the King's popularity were peculiar to those who dwelt « benorth the Roman Wall; » but that popularity soon became universal through Britain. It was in vain that the most indecent satire was directed against the harmless peculiarities of a manner and mode of expression, too precipitate to be graceful; and equally in vain that his private life and amusements were ransacked to serve the purposes of slander. It seemed as if men loved the King the better for knowing, that all which « much malice mingled with a little wit » could say against him, was exaggerated ridicule directed against trifling personal peculiarities, or the quiet pleasures of his inoffensive domestic life. His Majesty even gained by this rigorous examination: he was loved in proportion as he was known.

The King's virtuous and exemplary conduct as a parent and husband, his dislike of the pomp of attendance and apparatus of royalty, the quiet and innocent tenor of his amusements,

the exemplary diligence and precision with which he dispatched the load of public business attached to his functions, were qualities of English growth, and made him dear to the hearts of Englishmen. — It became known, though the King studied to conceal it, that if a strict economy regulated the expenditure of his palace, at least a fifth part of the income assigned to his Majesty by the state, was devoted to public and private charity, with a munificence truly royal. It became known, also, that if, in his solitary rambles around Windsor, his conversation with those whom he casually encountered was marked by his usual rapidity of inquiry, it was also distinguished by traits of benevolence and good-nature, which might well atone for want of grace, or occasional departure from etiquette. In the most trifling instances, as well as in the most important, his Majesty's conduct towards those with whom he was placed in casual contact, was marked by that amiable *bonhommie* and wish to oblige, which indicated the most genuine good-nature. He respected age, and he loved childhood.— Many anecdotes have been given of his private walks in Windsor Forest. That which follows is trivial, but we know it to be correct; and it shows the kindly benevolence which wished to make every one happy : — Two Eton boys were spending their holidays with a friend at Sunning-hill, and had wandered into the Fo-

rest, where they met a fresh-looking old gentleman in the Windsor uniform, who stopped them, and jestingly asked if they were playing truant. They gave an account of themselves, and said they had come to see the King's stag-hounds throw off. « The King does not hunt to-day,» said the kind stranger, « but when he does, I will let you know; and you must not come to the ground by yourselves, lest you should meet with some accident.» They parted; and, two or three days after, while the family were at breakfast, one of the Royal Yeomanry-prickers rode up to the gate, to acquaint them that the King was waiting till he brought the two young gentlemen to a place of safety, where they might see the hounds thrown off: — it is probable this little trait of overflowing good-nature made two Royalists for life.

All these anecdotes got abroad, and all told to the King's advantage. Great bounties may be bestowed in policy, and striking occasions may be chosen to do generous actions out of vanity and ostentation; but the bounty and the kindness which marked the King's disposition in the calm tenor of his privacy, could not be assumed as a disguise, and were appreciated as the generous effusions of his excellent heart. Known popularly and familiarly by the name of *Farmer George*, the British people at once loved him as a father, respected him as their

sovereign, and regarded even his peculiarities as something belonging to the character and humour of the nation, of whom he might be termed at once the king and the representative.

The deplorable circumstances of the malady with which he was seized, showed the regard of the subjects to their sovereign, and served to increase it, by interesting their compassion in his behalf; and we are persuaded that, from the period of his recovery to that of his death, there never lived a monarch so firmly enthroned in the hearts of his subjects. His conduct during the stormy period which followed that event, served to rivet their affections to him firmly and indissolubly. His name was the rallying word of patriotism and gallantry; and when Britons were called upon to fight for their all, it was the more willingly obeyed because they were also to fight for their good old king. No human voice was more fit to call a nation to arms, for no man possessed more courage in his own person than George the Third. During the period when disaffected and misguided men were forming daily plots against his person and life, he could not be persuaded to adopt any of the precautions which were recommended by his anxious counsellors. « My life, » he said, « assume what precautions I may, must always be in the power of every man desperate enough to throw away

his own; and to appear apprehensive on the topic, would be to invite the attempt.» When the danger was imminent, his courage was as steady as his understanding was correct in judging of it at a distance. Upon one occasion, when his Majesty was assaulted by a furious rabble in the Park, and the carriage-doors nearly forced open, he was not observed to change countenance, or to alter a single muscle; and when the maniac Hatfield fired a pistol at him in the theatre, he was, when the smoke cleared off, discovered standing in the front of the box upright and unmoved, the only composed man in the crowded and convulsed assembly, and anxious only to prevent the Queen from being alarmed. This personal courage was the inalienable inheritance of the house of Brunswick, which is distinguished for a constitutional fearlessness of danger — the kind and generous affection with which it was united was his Majesty's own.

We have spoken of our lamented sovereign as a man; it remains to speak of him as a king. We do not at present pretend either to question or to defend the principles on which his foreign and domestic policy were conducted, further than in illustration of his personal character. In both the great and predominant events of his reign, he was guided by a sense of justice and of duty. In the American, and afterwards in the Revolutionary war, he was

actuated by no pique against his neighbour, nor by any ambitious wish to extend his own dominions. The former was unfortunate from the commencement to the conclusion, and the latter was so during the whole period in which George the Third exercised the government. But it was never hinted that the King, in encouraging and supporting the ministers who carried on the one or the other, had any other object but that of maintaining the lawful rights of his crown, and of upholding the constitution of the country which he governed. Even the tongue of slander went no farther than to charge him with an obstinate adherence to what it termed an extravagant opinion. And there was that firmness and hardihood in the King's mind which, even when things seemed most desperate, refused the unmanly expedient which sovereigns have sometimes resorted to, in casting off an unfortunate minister to shelter themselves from popular indignation, as a sultan causes the head of the grand-vizier to be thrown over the gates of the seraglio, to appease a mutiny among the Janizaries. In the situation of Charles the First, George the Third would never have abandoned the Earl of Strafford. The obnoxious Earl of Bute retreated from his post of premier, giving way to a storm which he perhaps foresaw would be dangerous to his master as well as to himself. But he was not dismissed by the King, who seems rather

to have resented than approved of his resignation.

Taking his full share of the responsibility of the actions of his ministers when censured, George the Third was equally ready to ascribe to them the full measure of merit which they could justly claim, even when he did them this justice at his own expense. The following anecdote is a remarkable proof of what we have said. The Egyptian expedition was planned almost exclusively by the late Lord Melville, and did not receive a cordial assent even from Mr Pitt himself. It was resolved upon in the council by the narrowest majority, and the Sovereign gave his written assent in words like the following: « I consent, with the utmost reluctance, to a measure, which seems to me calculated to peril the flower of my army upon a distant and hazardous expedition.»— Under such discouraging auspices that expedition was undertaken, which was the first in the lengthened war that served distinctly to show, that, whether the encounter be by land or sea, the Briton is more than a match for his enemies. On occasion of the King's breakfasting with Lord Melville at Wimbledon, during his retirement from office, in Lord Sidmouth's administration, he took a public and generous mode of acknowledging that minister's merit. He filled a glass of wine, and, having desired the Queen and company to follow his example,

he drank « to the health of the minister, who, in opposition to the opinion of his colleagues, and under the avowed reluctance of his sovereign, dared to plan, and carry into execution, the Egyptian expedition.»

The King's conduct towards the Coalition ministry, and afterwards to Fox and Grenville's administration,—both of which were well understood to be forced upon him by parliament, in opposition to his own choice and wishes,— was equally candid, open, and manly. He used no arts to circumvent or deceive the councillors whom he unwillingly received into the cabinet; nor did he, on the other hand, impede their measures by petty opposition. While they were ministers, he gave them the full power of their situation: not affecting, at the same time, to conceal, that they were not those whose assistance he would voluntarily have chosen.

It is very well known, that many of the distinguished statesmen, who were called upon these occasions to approach the King's person, were surprised to find that they had formed a false estimate of his character. They had repeated it so often, that they were themselves convinced that the King's firmness was but the pertinacity of an obstinate unpersuadable man, of small abilities and a contracted judgement. They found, on a nearer approach to the Sovereign, that it was the resolution of a

man of strong intellectual capacity, a shrewd and excellent judge of mankind, well acquainted with the constitution of Great Britain, and yet better with the peculiar character of her inhabitants. « They may say what they will of the King,» said a Scottish Whig, of great and deserved esteem in that party, « but he has more sense than the whole bunch of them.»

Indeed, however inferior George the Third might be to many of the ministers whom the voice of Parliament had recommended, in theoretical or general information, he possessed, in a degree far superior to most, perhaps to all of them, an accurate practical acquaintance with the temper and opinions of the people of Great Britain. « Charles Fox,» said a lady of great sagacity, when speaking of that accomplished statesman, « is a very clever and highly-gifted man, but he has never discovered the great secret that John Bull is a Tory by nature.» The King, however, had made this discovery. He knew that the sense of the kingdom could not be expressed by the mob, to whom the Whigs made too frequent appeals, and who swallow by wholesale whatever flatters their passions for the time; nor by the highest order of society, whom political connexions lead to form preconceived and unalterable opinions, or whom the eager pursuit of some favourite political scheme sometimes renders callous to

the choice of the means by which it may be served; but by those numerous classes, whose education has prepared their minds for deciding on points which their leisure and habits give them opportunity and inclination to consider, and who, themselves unengaged in the game, can the more soundly judge of the manner in which it is played. The King was aware of the weight which his personal character gave him amongst that middling but independent portion of the community; and, trusting to his influence amongst them, he watched for and embraced the opportunities when he could make a successful appeal to their judgment and feelings. He availed himself, perhaps equally, of his natural tact, and of the experience which the miscarriages of the early part of his reign had taught him, to wait for the moment when the popular gale shifted against an unacceptable ministry, to make this appeal; and he chose his time so judiciously, that he was always successful, because, like an able general, he never commenced the contest until he had gained the advantage-ground on which the struggle was to be made. The two remarkable changes of administration which followed on Fox's India Bill, and on the Catholic question, manifested the King's skill in this species of tactics.

We have purposely delayed to mention one marked feature in George the Third's charac-

ter. We have endeavoured to show him in his private and in his public capacity; but it remains to mention his sentiments and conduct in that relation, in which the King of the Islands, and of the Ocean which surrounds them, was of no higher importance than one of his meanest subjects. His conduct as a Christian indicated the firmest belief in the doctrines of our holy religion, as well as the deepest reverence for its practical precepts.—He was conscientiously scrupulous, even where the grounds of his scruples might seem questionable; and his dismissing the Fox and Grenville administration, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, could not be wondered at, since he had parted with Pitt on the same grounds. In both cases, the nation gave him credit for the utmost sincerity; and many sympathized with his feelings, who doubted the solidity of the grounds on which they were awakened. His Majesty set, in his own conduct, as well as in the regulation of his family and household, the example of a sincere and pious Christian. His faith illustrated his conduct, and his conduct did credit to the doctrines which he received and defended.

Here, then, we pause, arrived by a circular path at the point from which we commenced. This Monarch, so worthy of affection, so devoted to his people, so faithful in the discharge of every duty, so blameless in his private con-

duct, whose greatest errors were the fruits of the best intentions, opened his career amid a storm of turbulence and calumny, and closed it, virtually at least, amidst national calamity, amounting nearly to despair. He nailed the colours of Britain to the mast; but he was not rewarded by seeing them float triumphant over all her enemies! He reaped not, in this world, the reward of his firmness, his virtue, his enduring patriotism; but was stricken with mental alienation, while he wept, broken-hearted, over the bed of a beloved and amiable daughter, and died, the secluded inhabitant of a private apartment, in darkness mental as well as bodily.

Deep, therefore, is our conviction, while comparing the life of George III with its termination, that Heaven had destined for our beloved Sovereign a far richer reward, in the applause of his own conscience, whilst struggling with so many difficulties;—and when these, with all the troubles of life, had disappeared, in the exchange of a temporal crown, entwined with thorns, for that glory which passeth not away.

# LORD BYRON.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL.

AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes, which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. LORD BYRON, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. He died at Missolonghi, on the 19th April, 1824. That mighty Genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant, whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame, and that of malignant censure, are at once silenced;

and we feel almost as if the great luminary of Heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question, what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly-gifted persons, has produced none who approached Byron in ORIGINALITY, — the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old — so much already done for immortality — so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition, — who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path, such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject, ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart, — for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense, — nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the

enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature — its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. — When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could or dared venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances

of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot — « to show his arbitrary power.» It is needless to say, that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and that if the noble bard gained a species of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave, in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic and democratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to

which he naturally belonged. His own feelings on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of Don Juan; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country:—« If we are to fall,» he expressed himself to this purpose, « let the independent aristocracy and gentry of England suffer by the sword of an arbitrary prince, who has been born and bred a gentleman, and will behead us after the manner of our ancestors; but do not let us suffer ourselves to be massacred by the ignoble swarms of ruffians, who are endeavouring to throttle their way to power.» Accordingly, he expresses in the strongest terms his purpose of resisting to the last extremity the tendency to anarchy which commercial distress had generated, and disaffection was endeavouring to turn to its own purposes. His poetry expresses similar sentiments.

It is not that I adulate the people:
Without *me* there are Demagogues enough,
And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
And set up in their stead some proper stuff.
Whether they may sow Scepticism to reap Hell,
As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
I do not know;—I wish men to be free
As much from mobs and kings—from you as me.
The consequence is, being of no party,
I shall offend all parties.—

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for *now*, alas! he needs none. His excellencies will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of Childe Harold,—a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution, which little authors call « taking care of their fame.» Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction—almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his Don Juan), he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion, or a situation, which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the Weeping and the

Laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither Childe Harold, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of Don Juan, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea — scarce think that the voice is silent for ever which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest.

> All that 's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest!

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious, as well as upon our most idle, employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron

in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor.

Since this sketch first appeared, the author has had an opportunity of learning, from the very first authority, that the importance of Lord Byron's life to the Greek cause was even greater than he had ventured to suppose it. His whole influence was turned to the best and wisest purposes; and most singular it was to behold an individual, certainly not remarkable for prudence in his own private affairs, direct with the utmost sagacity the course to be pursued by a great nation, involved in a situation of extraordinary difficulty. It seems as if his keen and hasty temper was tamed by the importance of the task which he had undertaken; as the war-horse, which prances and curvets under a light burden, moves steadily, as well as actively, under the armed warrior, when he guides it to battle. His advice and control were constantly exerted to reconcile the independent and jarring chiefs with each other, to induce them to lay aside jealousies, feuds, and the miserable policy of seeking each some individual advantage; and to determine them to employ their united means against the common enemy. It was his constant care

to postpone the consideration of disputes upon speculative political maxims, and direct every effort to the recovery of national independence, without which no form of government could be realized.

To the honour of the Greek nation, they repaid with warm gratitude the wise and disinterested zeal with which they beheld him undertake their cause. Had he remained to uphold their banner, it had not, perhaps, been in the present danger of sinking under their own disunion, rather than the force of their barbarous enemies. Greece and the world, however, were to be deprived of this remarkable man. And surely to have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerating calumny has propagated against Byron.

---

When the preceding remarks on Lord Byron's death appeared in the newspapers, they attracted some observation, and called forth from certain critics an expression of censure upon the author, who had delayed, till the scene was closed upon a great contemporary, to render a tribute to his genius. This was not the case, however; for during the most calamitous part of Lord Byron's life, the author

had, without attempting to justify what could not admit of vindication, done his best to do justice to his distinguished talents, without reserving either his praise or censure until their object was no more. The following article, which appeared in the Quarterly Review, eleven years since,[1] is here inserted, because it serves to show that during Lord Byron's lifetime, and at a period when circumstances rendered him personally unpopular, the author's feelings and sentiments towards his illustrious friend, were the same which he has attempted to express in the preceding sketch.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, 1816, VOL. XVI.

We have felt ourselves very much affected by the perusal of these poems, nor can we suppose that we are singular in our feelings. Other poets have given us their literary productions as the subject of criticism, impersonally, as it were, and generally speaking abstracted from their ordinary habits and feelings; and all, or almost all, might apply to their poetical effusions, though in somewhat a different sense, the *l'envoi* of Ovid—

Sine me, Liber, ibis in urbem.

The works of such authors are indeed be-

[1] Review of the Third Canto of Childe Harolde, with other poems, by Lord Byron.

fore the public, but the character, the habits of the poet, the events of his life and the motives of his writing, are known but to the small circle of literary gossips, for whose curiosity no food is too insipid. From such, indeed, those supposed to be in intimacy with the individual have sometimes undergone an examination which reminds us of the extravagances of Arabella in the *Female Quixote*, who expected from every lady she met in society a full and interesting history of her life and adventures, and whose inquiries could only be answered in the words of the « ~~Weary~~ Knife-grinder, »—

Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, ma'am!

The time, therefore, appeared to be passed, when the mere sin of having been dipped in rhyme, was supposed to exclude the poet from the usual business and habits of life, and to single him out from the herd as a marked deer, expected to make sport by his solitary exertions for escape. Whether this lack of personal distinction has arisen from the diminished irritability of the rhyming generation, from the peculiar habits of those who have been distinguished in our time, or from their mental efforts having been early directed to modify and to restrain the excess of their enthusiasm, we do not pretend to conjecture; but it is certain, that for many years past, though the num-

ber of our successful poets may be as great as at any period of our literary history, we have heard little comparatively of their eccentricities, their adventures, or their distresses. The wretched Dermody is not worth mentioning as an exception, and the misfortunes of Burns arose from circumstances not much connected with his powerful poetical genius.

It has been, however, reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description; afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. Nor does it require much time, or a deep acquaintance with human nature, to discover why these extraordinary powers should in many cases have contributed more to the wretchedness than to the happiness of their possessor.

The «imagination all compact,» which the greatest poet who ever lived has assigned as the distinguishing badge of his brethren, is in

every case a dangerous gift. It exaggerates, indeed, our expectations, and can often bid its possessor hope, where hope is lost to reason: but the delusive pleasure arising from these visions of imagination, resembles that of a child whose notice is attracted by a fragment of glass, to which a sunbeam has given momentary splendour. He hastens to the spot with breathless impatience, and finds the object of his curiosity and expectation is equally vulgar and worthless. So is it with the man of quick and exalted powers of imagination. His fancy over-estimates the object of his wishes, and pleasure, fame, distinction, are alternately pursued, attained, and despised when in his power. Like the enchanted fruit in the palace of a sorcerer, the objects of his admiration lose their attraction and value as soon as they are grasped by the adventurer's hand, and all that remains is regret for the time lost in the chase, and wonder at the hallucination under the influence of which it was undertaken. The disproportion between hope and possession which is felt by all men, is thus doubled to those whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect by the rays of imagination.

These reflections, though trite and obvious, are in a manner forced from us in considering the poetry of Lord Byron, by the sentiments of weariness of existence and enmity with the

world which it so frequently expresses, and by the singular analogy which such sentiments hold with incidents of his life so recently before the public. The works before us contain so many direct allusions to the author's personal feelings and private history, that it becomes impossible that we should divide Lord Byron from his poetry, or offer our criticism upon the continuation of *Childe Harold*, without reverting to the circumstances in which the commencement of that singular and original work first appeared.

Distinguished by title, and descent from an illustrious line of ancestry, Lord Byron showed, even in his earliest years, that nature had added to those advantages the richest gifts of genius and fancy. His own tale is partly told in two lines of Lara :—

> Left by his Sire, too young such loss to know,
> Lord of himself, that heritage of woe.

His first literary adventure and its fate are well remembered. The poems which he published in his minority had, indeed, those faults of conception and diction which are inseparable from juvenile attempts; and, in particular, might rather be considered as imitations of what had captivated the ear and fancy of the youthful author, than as exhibiting originality of conception and expression. It was like the

first essay of the singing bird catching at and mimicking the notes of its parent, ere habit and time have given the fullness of tone, confidence, and self-possession, which render assistance unnecessary. Yet though there were many, and those not the worst judges, who discerned in those juvenile productions a depth of thought and felicity of expression which promised much at a more mature age, their errors did not escape the critical lash; and certain distinguished brethren of ours yielded to the opportunity of pouncing upon a titled author, and to that sin which most readily besets our fraternity (and to which we dare not pronounce ourselves inaccessible), the temptation, namely, of showing our own wit, and entertaining our readers with a lively article, without much respect to the feelings of the author, or even to the indications of merit which the work may exhibit. The review was read and raised mirth; the poems were neglected, the author was irritated, and took his revenge in keen iambics, not only on the offending critic, but on many others, in whose conduct or writings the juvenile bard had found, or imagined he had found, some cause of offence. The satire, which has been since suppressed, as containing opinions hastily expressed, evinced a spirit at least sufficiently poignant for all the purposes of reprisal; and although the verses might, in many respects,

be deemed the offspring of hasty and indiscriminating resentment, they bore a strong testimony to the ripening talents of the author. Having thus vented his indignation against the critics and their readers, and put many, if not all the laughers upon his side, Lord Byron went abroad, and the controversy was forgotten for some years.

It was in 1812, when Lord Byron returned to England, that *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* made its first appearance, producing an effect upon the public, at least equal to that of any work which has appeared within this or the last century. Reading is now indeed so general among all ranks and classes, that the impulse received by the public mind on such occasions is instantaneous through all but the very lowest classes of society, instead of being slowly communicated from one set of readers to another, as was the case in the days of our fathers. *The Pilgrimage*, acting on such an extensive medium, was calculated to rouse and arrest the attention in a peculiar degree.

The fictitious personage (whose sentiments, however, no one could help identifying with those of the author), presented himself with an avowed disdain of all the attributes which most men would be gladly supposed to possess. Childe Harold is represented as one satiated by indulgence in pleasure, and seeking in change of place and clime a relief from the

tedium of a life which glided on without an object. The assuming of such a character as the medium of communicating his poetry and his sentiments, indicated a feeling towards the public, which, if it fell short of contemning their favour, disdained, at least, all attempt to propitiate them. Yet the very audacity of this repulsive personification, joined to the energy with which it was supported, and to the indications of a bold, powerful, and original mind, which glanced through every line of the poem, electrified the mass of readers, and placed at once upon Lord Byron's head the garland, for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late. He was placed pre-eminent among the literary men of his country by general acclamation. Those critics who had so rigorously censured his juvenile essays, and perhaps «dreaded such another field,» were the first to pay warm and sincere homage to his matured efforts; while others, who saw in the sentiments of Childe Harold much to regret and to censure, did not withhold their tribute of applause to the depth of thought, the power and force of expression, the beauty of description, and the energy of sentiment, which animated the *Pilgrimage*. If the volume was laid aside for a moment, under the melancholy and unpleasing impression that it seemed calculated to chase hope from the side of man, and to dim his prospects

both of this life and of futurity, it was immediately and almost involuntarily assumed again, as our feeling of the author's genius predominated over our reluctance to contemplate the gloomy views of human nature, which it was his pleasure to place before us. Something was set down to the angry recollection of his first failure, which might fairly authorize so high a mind to hold the world's opinion in contempt; something was allowed for the recent family losses to which the poem alluded, and under the feeling of which it had been partly written: and it seemed to most readers, as if gentler and more kindly features were, at times, seen to glance from under the cloud of misanthropy, which the author had flung around his hero. Thus, as all admired the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, all were prepared to greet the author with that fame which is the poet's best reward, and which is chiefly and most justly due to one who, in these exhausted days, strikes out a new and original line of composition.

It was amidst such feelings of admiration that Lord Byron entered, we may almost say for the first time, the public stage, on which he has made so distinguished a figure. Every thing in his manner, person, and conversation, tended to maintain the charm which his genius had flung around him; and those admitted to his conversation, far from finding

that the inspired poet sunk into ordinary mortality, felt themselves attached to him, not only by many noble qualities, but by the interest of a mysterious, undefined, and almost painful curiosity.

It is well known how wide the doors of society are opened in London to literary merit even of a degree far inferior to Lord Byron's, and that it is only necessary to be honourably distinguished by the public voice to move as a denizen in the first circles. The passport was not necessary to Lord Byron, who possessed the hereditary claims of birth and rank to enter the best society. But the interest which his genius attached to his presence, and to his conversation, was of a nature far beyond what these hereditary claims could of themselves have conferred, and his reception was enthusiastic beyond anything we have ever witnessed, or even heard reported. We have already noticed that Lord Byron was not one of those literary men of whom it may be truly said, *Minuit præsentia famam.* A countenance, exquisitely modelled to the expression of feeling and passion, and exhibiting the remarkable contrast of very dark hair and eye-brows, with light and expressive eyes, presented to the physiognomist the most interesting subject for the exercise of his art. The predominating expression was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid

play of features when he engaged in interesting discussion; so that a brother poet compared them to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. The flashes of mirth, gaiety, indignation, or satirical dislike, which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken by a stranger for its habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree with us that their proper language was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this kind interrupted even his gayest and most happy moments, and the following verses are said to have dropped from his pen to excuse a transient expression of gloom which overclouded the general hilarity.

When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye—
Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the captives shrink,
And bleed within their silent cell.

It was impossible to behold this interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belong-

ing neither to the rank, the age, nor the literary success of this young nobleman, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur—

> ——————— I remember when I was in France,
> Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
> Only for wantonness———————

But, howsoever derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports as if he contemned them, and felt that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character whose tints were otherwise romantic. Noble and far descended—his mind fraught with ancient learning and modern accomplishment—the pilgrim of distant and savage countries—eminent as a poet among the first whom Britain has produced—and having besides cast around him a mysterious charm arising from the sombre tone of his poetry, and the occasional melancholy of his deportment, Lord Byron occupied the eyes and interested the feelings of all. The enthusiastic looked on him to admire, the serious with a wish to admonish, and the soft with a desire to console. Even literary envy—

a base sensation, from which, perhaps, this age is more free than any other--forgave the man whose splendour dimmed the fame of his competitors. The generosity of Lord Byron's disposition, his readiness to assist merit in distress, and to bring it forward where unknown, deserved and obtained the general regard of those who partook of such merit; while his poetical effusions, poured forth with equal force and fertility, showed at once a daring confidence in his own powers, and a determination to maintain, by continued effort, the high place he had attained in British literature. This rapidity of composition and publication we have heard blamed as endangering the fame of the author, while it gave such proofs of talent. We are inclined to dispute the proposition, at least in the present instance.

We are sometimes tempted to blame the timidity of those poets, who possessing powers to arrest the admiration of the public, are yet too much afraid of censure to come frequently forward, and thus defraud themselves of their fame, and the public of the delight which they might afford us. Where success has been unexpectedly, and perhaps undeservedly, obtained by the capricious vote of fashion, it may be well for the adventurer to draw his stake and leave the game, as every succeeding hazard will diminish the chance of his rising a winner. But they cater ill for the public, and give in-

different advice to the poet, supposing him possessed of the highest qualities of his art, who do not advise him to labour while the laurel around his brows yet retains its freshness. Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure that any labour which he might bestow in revisal would not rather efface than refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality, which they exhibit when flung rough from the hand of the master. No one would have wished to condemn Michel Angelo to work upon a single block of marble, until he had satisfied, in every point, the petty criticism of that Pope, who, neglecting the sublime and magnificent character and attitude of the sculptor's Moses, descended to blame a wrinkle in the fold of the garment. Should it be urged, that in thus stimulating genius to unsparing exertion, we encourage carelessness and hurry in the youthful candidates for literary distinction, we answer, it is not the learner to whom our remarks apply — they refer to him only, who, gifted by nature with the higher power of poetry (an art as difficult as it is enchanting), has made himself master, by application and study, of the mechanical process, and in whom, we believe, frequent exertions upon new works awaken and stimulate that genius, which might be cramped and rendered tame by long and minute anxiety to finish to the highest possible

degree any one of the number. If we look at our poetical library, we shall find, generally speaking, that the most distinguished poets have been the most voluminous, and that those who, like Gray, limited their productions to a few poems, anxiously and sedulously corrected and revised, have given them a stiff and artificial character, which, far from disarming criticism, has rather embittered its violence,—while the Aristarch, like Achilles assailing Hector, meditates dealing the mortal wound through some unguarded crevice of the supposed impenetrable armour, with which the cautious bard has vainly invested himself. Our opinion must be necessarily qualified by the caution, that as no human invention can be infinitely fertile, as even the richest genius may be, in agricultural phrase, *cropped out*, and rendered sterile, and as each author must necessarily have a particular style in which he is supposed to excel, and must, therefore, be more or less a mannerist; no one can with prudence persevere in forcing himself before the public, when, from failure in invention, or from having rendered the peculiarities of his style over trite and familiar, the veteran « lags superfluous on the stage,» a slighted mute in those dramas where he was once the principal personage. To this humiliation vanity frequently exposes genius; and it is, no doubt, true that a copious power of diction, joined to

habitual carelessness in composition, has frequently conduced to it. We would therefore be understood to recommend to authors, while a consciousness of the possession of vigorous powers, carefully cultivated, unites with the favour of the public, to descend into the arena and continue their efforts vigorously while their hopes are high, their spirits active, and the public propitious, in order that, on the slightest failure of nerves or breath, they may be able to withdraw themselves honourably from the contest, gracefully giving way to other candidates for fame, and cultivating studies more suitable to a flagging imagination than the fervid art of poetry. This, however, is the affair of the authors themselves — should they neglect this prudential course, the public will no doubt have more indifferent books on their table than would otherwise have loaded it; and as the world always seizes the first opportunity of recalling the applause it has bestowed, the former wreaths of the writers will for a time be blighted by their immediate failure. But these evils, so far as the public is concerned, are greatly overbalanced by such as arise from the timid caution, which bids genius suppress its efforts, until they shall be refined into unattainable perfection;—and we cannot but repeat our conviction that poetry, being, in its higher classes, an art which has for its elements sublimity and unaffected beau-

ty, is more liable than any other to suffer from the labour of polishing, or from the elaborate and composite style of ornament, and alternate affectation of simplicity and artifice, which characterize the works even of the first poets, when they have been over-anxious to secure public applause, by long and reiterated correction. It must be remembered that we speak of the higher tones of composition — there are others, of a subordinate character, where extreme art and labour are not bestowed in vain. But we cannot consider over-anxious correction as likely to be employed with advantage upon poems like those of Lord Byron, which have for their object to rouse the imagination, and awaken the passions.

It is certain, —to return to the subject from which we have gone somewhat astray, — that the rapidity with which Lord Byron's poems succeeded each other during four years, served to arrest as well as to dazzle and delight the public; nor did there appear room to apply to him, in the height of his fame and the flower of his age, the caution which we might whisper to other bards of popular celebrity. The Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara, the Siege of Corinth, followed each other with a celerity, which was only rivalled by their success; and if at times the author seemed to pause in his poetic career, with the threat of forbearing further adventure for a time, the

public eagerly pardoned the breach of a promise by keeping which they must have been sufferers. Exquisitely beautiful in themselves, these tales received a new charm from the romantic climes into which they introduced us, and from the oriental costume, so strictly preserved and so picturesquely exhibited. Greece, the cradle of the poetry with which our earliest studies are familiar, was presented to us among her ruins and her sorrows. Her delightful scenery, once dedicated to those deities who, though dethroned from their own Olympus, still preserve a poetical empire, was spread before us in Lord Byron's poetry, varied by all the moral effect derived from what Greece is, and what she has been; while it was doubled by comparisons, perpetually excited between the philosophers and heroes, who formerly inhabited that romantic country, and their descendants, who either stoop to the Scythian conquerors, or maintain, among the recesses of their classical mountains, an independence as wild and savage as it is precarious. The oriental manners also, and diction, so peculiar in their picturesque effect, that they can cast a charm even over the absurdities of an eastern tale, had here the more honourable occupation of decorating that which in itself was beautiful, and enhancing by novelty what would have been captivating without its aid. The powerful impression produced by this peculiar

species of poetry confirmed us in a principle, which, though it will hardly be challenged when stated as an axiom, is very rarely complied with in practice. It is, that every author should, like Lord Byron, form to himself, and communicate to the reader, a precise, defined, and distinct view of the landscape, sentiment, or action, which he intends to describe to the reader. This simple proposition has been so often neglected, that we feel warranted in giving it a little more consideration and illustration than plain men may, at first sight, think necessary.

An author occasionally forgets, that it is his business rather to excite than to satiate the imagination of his readers; rather to place before him such a distinct and intelligible sketch as his own mind can fill up, than, by attempting to exhaust all that can be said on the subject, to confuse the apprehension, and weary the attention. There should be, even in poetical description, that *keeping* and *perspective*, which is demanded in the sister art of painting, and which alone can render the scenes presented by either, distinct, clear, and intelligible. Here the painter has, in some degree, the advantage of the poet, for *perspective* is the very foundation of his art. The most stupid bungler that ever took brush in hand, is aware that his objects must diminish as they withdraw from the eye, that he is not entitled to

render the rocks of his distance too distinct, and that the knowledge that such things do actually exist, will not justify him in painting with minuteness the lichens and shrubs which grow on their surface and in their crevices, when to be represented at a distance from which these minute objects cannot be discovered by the eye. Yet suppose such a novice a follower of the Muses, and he will not hesitate a moment to transgress this wholesome rule. In fact, he will, with the confused minuteness of a Chinese painter, labour to introduce into his verbal description every thing which he knows to exist, and, by confounding that which is important to his purpose with that which is subordinate, he will produce a mass of images, more or less splendid, according to the vivacity of his imagination, but perplexing, incongruous, and unsatisfactory, in all respects, to the reader, who in vain endeavours to reduce them, in his own mind, into one distinct landscape, the various parts of which shall bear a just proportion to each other. Such a poet has assembled, perhaps, excellent materials for composition, but he does not present them in intelligible arrangement to the reader; and he fails to produce upon the mind of others the desired effect, probably because the picture has never been presented to his own with sufficient accuracy.

This is more particularly the case with such

authors as, lacking the erudition of Southey, the fancy of Moore, or the personal experience of Lord Byron, attempt to lay their scene in countries or ages, with the costume and manners of which they are but imperfectly acquainted. Such adventurers are compelled to draw heavily on their slender stock of knowledge on every occasion, and to parade, as fully as they can, before the eye of the reader, whatsoever their reading has gleaned concerning their subject. Without Chatterton's genius, they fall into Chatterton's error, who, not considering that in the most ancient authors scarcely one word in ten has become obsolete, wrote a set of poems in which every second word was taken from a glossary, and necessarily remitted to one, under the idea that he was imitating the language of the ancients. Thus, when a poet deals in materials of which he is not fully master, he is obliged, at the risk of outraging both taste and nature, to produce as frequently, and detain before the reader as long as possible, those distinctive marks by which he means to impress him with the reality of his story. And the outrage is committed in vain; for it is not enough for the representation of an eastern landscape, that the foreground should be encumbered with turbans and sabres, and the fantastical architecture of the kiosk or the mosque, if the distance be not marked by those slight but discriminating

touches which mark the reality of the scene, the lightly indicated palm-tree, which overhangs the distant fountain, or the shadowy and obscure delineation of the long column of the caravan, retreating through the distance; or the watchman who rests on his lance, while his tribe slumber around him, as in the following exquisite picture taken from one of the poems before us:

> The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
> Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
> And his Soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
> With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
> Himself like what he had been; on the sea
> And on the shore he was a wanderer;
> There was a mass of many images
> Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
> A part of all; and in the last he lay
> Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
> Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
> Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
> Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
> Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
> Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
> Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
> While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
> And they were canopied by the blue sky,
> So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
> That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.
>
> *The Dream.*

This is true *keeping*—an Eastern picture, perfect in its foreground, and distance, and

sky, and no part of which is so dwelt upon or laboured as to obscure the principal figure. It is often in the slight and almost imperceptible touches that the hand of the master is shown, and that a single spark, struck from his fancy, lightens with a long train of illumination that of the reader.

It is another remarkable property of the poetry of Lord Byron, that although his manner is frequently varied—although he appears to have assumed for an occasion the characteristic stanza and style of several contemporaries, yet not only is his poetry marked in every instance by the strongest cast of originality, but in some leading particulars, and especially in the character of his heroes, each story so closely resembles the others, that, managed by a writer of less power, the effect would have been an unpleasing monotony. All, or almost all his heroes, have somewhat the attributes of Childe Harold:—all, or almost all, have minds which seem at variance with their fortunes, and attempt to conceal high and poignant feelings of pain and pleasure, a keen sense of what is noble and honourable, and an equally acute susceptibility of injustice or injury, under the garb of stoicism or contempt of mankind. The strength of early passion, and the glow of youthful feeling, are uniformly painted as chilled or subdued by a train of early imprudences or of darker guilt, and the sense of en-

joyment tarnished, by too intimate and experienced an acquaintance with the vanity of human wishes. These general attributes mark the stern features of all Lord Byron's heroes, from those which are shaded by the scalloped hat of the illustrious Pilgrim, to those which lurk under the turban of Alp, the Renegade. The public, ever anxious in curiosity or malignity to attach to fictitious characters real prototypes, were obstinate in declaring that in these leading traits of character Lord Byron copied from the individual features reflected in his own mirror. On this subject the noble author entered, on one occasion, a formal protest, though, it will be observed, without entirely disavowing the ground on which the conjecture was formed.

« With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of 'drawing from self,' the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than

the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow,) in very reputable plight, and quite exempt from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than 'The Giaour,' and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever 'alias' they please.»

It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers: but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who «knew himself a villain,» than they looked for the atrocity of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water: yet even in the features of Conrad, those who have looked on Lord Byron will recognise some likeness.

——— to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;

And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen;
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view.

*The Corsair.*

And the ascetic regimen which the noble author himself observed, was no less marked in the description of Conrad's fare.

Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill—
That goblet passes him untasted still;
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.

*Idem.*

The following description of Lara suddenly and unexpectedly returned from distant travels, and reassuming his station in the society of his own country, has in like manner strong points of resemblance to the part which the author himself seemed occasionally to bear amid the scenes where the great mingle with the fair.

——'t is quickly seen,
Whate'er he be, 't was not what he had been:
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passions past;
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;

A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound;
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe:
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

*Lara.*

We are not writing Lord Byron's private history, though, from the connexion already stated between his poetry and his character, we feel ourselves forced upon considering his literary life, his deportment, and even his personal appearance. But we know enough, even of his private story, to give our warrant, that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretions of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse, or gloomy misanthropy. To what, then, are we to ascribe the singular peculiarity which induced an author of such talent, and so well skilled in tracing the darker impressions which guilt and remorse leave on the human character, so frequently to affix fea-

tures peculiar to himself to the robbers and corsairs which he sketched with a pencil as forcible as that of Salvator?—More than one answer may be returned to this question; nor do we pretend to say which is best warranted by the facts. The practice may arise from a temperament, which radical and constitutional melancholy has, as in the case of Hamlet, predisposed to identify its owner with scenes of that deep and arousing interest which arises from the stings of conscience contending with the stubborn energy of pride, and delighting to be placed in supposed situations of guilt and danger, as some men love instinctively to tread the giddy edge of a precipice, or, holding by some frail twig, to stoop forward over the abyss into which the dark torrent discharges itself. Or it may be that these disguises were assumed capriciously, as a man may chuse the cloak, poniard, and dark-lantern of a bravo, for his disguise at a masquerade. Or, feeling his own powers in painting the sombre and the horrible, Lord Byron assumed in his fervour the very semblance of the beings he describes, like an actor who presents on the stage at once his own person and the tragic character with which for the time he is invested. Nor is it altogether incompatible with his character to believe, that, in contempt of the criticisms which on this account had attended Childe Harold, he was

determined to show to the public how little he was affected by them, and how effectually it was in his power to compel attention and respect, even when imparting a portion of his own likeness and his own peculiarities to pirates and outlaws.

But although we do not pretend to ascertain the motive on which Lord Byron acted in bringing the peculiarities of his own sentiments and feelings so frequently before his readers, it is with no little admiration that we regard these extraordinary powers, which, amidst this seeming uniformity, could continue to rivet the public attention, and secure general and continued applause. The versatility of authors who have been able to draw and support characters as different from each other as from their own, has given to their productions the inexpressible charm of variety, and has often secured them against that neglect which in general attends what is technically called mannerism. But it was reserved to Lord Byron to present the same character on the public stage again and again, varied only by the exertions of that powerful genius, which, searching the springs of passion and of feeling in their innermost recesses, knew how to combine their operations, so that the interest was eternally varying, and never abated, although the most important personage of the drama retained the same lineaments. It will

one day be considered as not the least remarkable literary phenomenon of this age, that during a period of four years, notwithstanding the quantity of distinguished poetical talent of which we may be permitted to boast, a single author, and he managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality, and chusing for his theme subjects so very similar, and persons bearing so close a resemblance to each other,—did, in despite of these circumstances, of the unamiable attributes with which he usually invested his heroes, and of the proverbial fickleness of the public, maintain the ascendency in their favour, which he had acquired by his first matured production. So, however, it indisputably has been; and that comparatively small circle of admirers excepted, which assemble naturally around individual poets of eminence, Lord Byron has been for that time, and may, for some time continue to be, the Champion of the English Parnassus. If his empire over the public mind be in any measure diminished, it arises from no literary failure of his own, and from no triumph of his competitors, but from other circumstances.

We may add extracts of a different description from the same article, tending to show, that if the author offered willingly and freely his tribute, humble as it might be, to the ge-

nius of Byron, while that distinguished individual walked amongst us, he was not prevented, either by the kindness which he felt for his friend, or the reverence which he owed to the man of genius, from noticing with freedom of animadversion the points on which they differed.

Childe Harold arrives on Waterloo—a scene where all men, where a poet especially, and a poet such as Lord Byron, must needs pause, and amid the quiet simplicity of whose scenery is excited a moral interest, deeper and more potent even than that which is produced by gazing upon the sublimest efforts of Nature in her most romantic recesses.

That Lord Byron's sentiments do not correspond with ours is obvious, and we are sorry for both our sakes. For our own,—because we have lost that note of triumph with which his harp would otherwise have rung over a field of glory such as Britain never reaped before; and on Lord Byron's account,—because it is melancholy to see a man of genius duped by the mere cant of words and phrases, even when facts are most broadly confronted with them. If the poet has mixed with original, wild, and magnificent creations of his imagination, prejudices which he could only have caught by the contagion which he most professes to despise, it is he himself must be the

loser. If his lofty muse has soared in all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington, his merit can dispense even with the praise of Lord Byron. And as, when the images of Brutus were excluded from the triumphal procession, his memory became only the more powerfully imprinted on the souls of the Romans,—the name of the British hero will be but more eagerly recalled to remembrance by the very lines in which his praise is forgotten.

We would willingly avoid mention of the political opinions hinted at by Childe Harold, and more distinctly expressed in other poems of Lord Byron;—the more willingly, as we strongly suspect that these effusions are rather the sport of whim and singularity, or at best the suggestion of sudden starts of feeling and passion, than the expressions of any serious or fixed opinion. A French author (*Le Censeur du Dictionnaire des Girouettes*), who has undertaken the hardy task of vindicating the consistency of the actors in the late revolutions and counter-revolutions of his country, gives it as his decided opinion, that poets in particular are not amenable to censure whatever political opinions they may express, or however frequently these opinions may exhibit marks of inconsistency,—« Le cerveau d'un poète est une cire molle et flexible où s'imprime natu-

rellement tout ce qui le flatte, le séduit, et l'alimente. La Muse du chant n'a pas de parti: c'est une étourdie sans conséquence, qui folâtre également et sur de riches gazons et sur d'arides bruyères. Un poète en délire chante indifféremment Titus et Thamasp, Louis XII. et Cromwell, Christine de Suède et Fanchon la Vielleuse.»

We suspect that Lord Byron will not feel much flattered by the opportunity we have given him of sheltering himself under the insignificance which this Frenchman attaches to the political opinion of poets. But if he renounces the defence arising from the difficulty of resisting a tempting subject, and the pleasure of maintaining a paradox, it will be difficult for him to escape from the charge of inconsistency. For to compare Waterloo to the battle of Cannæ, and speak of the blood which flowed on the side of the vanquished as lost in the cause of freedom, is contrary not only to plain sense and general opinion, but to Lord Byron's own experience, and to the testimony of that experience which he has laid before the public. Childe Harold, in his former Pilgrimage, beheld in Spain the course of the «tyrant and of the tyrant's slaves.» He saw «Gaul's vulture with her wings unfurled,» and indignantly expostulated with Fate on the impending destruction of the patriotic Spaniards.

And must they fall,—the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign,
No step between submission and a grave,
The rise of rapine, and the fall of Spain!

Childe Harold saw the scenes which he celebrates—and does he now compare to the field of Cannæ the plain of Waterloo, and mourn over the fall of the tyrant and the military satraps and slaves whose arms built his power, as over the fall of the cause of liberty? We know the ready answer which will be offered by the few who soothe their own prejudices, or seek to carry their own purposes, by maintaining this extravagant proposition. They take a distinction: Buonaparte, according to their creed, fell a tyrant in 1814, and revived a deliverer in 1815. A few months' residence in the Isle of Elba had given him time for better thoughts, and had mortified within his mind that gorging ambition, for which Russia was not too great, nor Hamburgh too small a morsel; which never evaporated under the burning sun of Egypt, nor was chilled by the Polar snows; which survived the loss of millions of soldiers, and an incalculable tract of territory, and burned as fiercely during the conferences of Chatillon, when the despot's fate was trembling in the scales, as at those of Tilsit, when that of his adversary had kicked the beam. All the experience which Europe ad bought, by oceans of blood and years of

degradation, ought, according to these gentlemen, to have been forgotten upon the vague and empty professions of one, whose word, whensoever and wheresoever pledged, never bound him an instant, when interest or ambition required a breach of it. Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, had assured the world he was changed in temper, mind, and disposition; and his old agent and minister (Fouché of Nantes) was as ready to give his security as Bardolph was to engage for Falstaff. When Gil Blas found his old comrades in knavery, Don Raphael and Ambrose de Lamela, administrating the revenues of a Carthusian convent, he shrewdly conjectured that the treasure of the holy fathers was in no small danger, and grounded his suspicion on the old adage, «Il ne faut pas mettre à la cave un ivrogne qui a renoncé au vin.» But Europe—when France had given the strongest proof of her desire to recover what she termed her glory, by expelling a king whose reign was incompatible with foreign wars, and recalling Napoleon, to whom conquest was as the very breath of his nostrils —Europe, most deserving, had she yielded to such arguments, to have been crowned with «the diadem, hight foolscap,» is censured for having exerted her strength to fix her security, and confuting with her own warlike weapons those whose only law was arms, and only argument battle.

We do not believe there lives any one who can seriously doubt the truth of what we have said. If, however, there were any simple enough to expect to hail Freedom, restored by the victorious arms of Buonaparte, their mistake (had Lord Wellington not saved them from its consequences) would have resembled that of poor Slender, who, rushing to the embraces of Ann Page, found himself unexpectedly in the gripe of a lubberly post-master's boy. But probably no one was foolish enough to nourish such hopes, though there are some—their number is few—whose general opinions concerning the policy of Europe are so closely and habitually linked with their party prejudices at home, that they see in the victory of Waterloo only the triumph of Lord Castlereagh; and could the event have been reversed, would have thought rather of the possible change of seats in St Stephen's, than of the probable subjugation of Europe. Such were those who, hiding perhaps secret hopes with affected despondence, lamented the madness which endeavoured to make a stand against the Irresistible, whose military calculations were formed on plans far beyond the comprehension of all other minds; and such are they who, confuted by stubborn facts, now affect to mourn over the consequences of a victory which they had pronounced impossible. But, as we have already hinted, we cannot trace in

Lord Byron's writings any systematic attachment to a particular creed of politics, and he appears to us to seize the subjects of public interest upon the side in which they happen to present themselves for the moment, with this qualification, that he usually paints them on the shaded aspect, perhaps that their tints may harmonize with the sombre colours of his landscape. Dangerous as prophecies are, we could almost hazard a prediction, that, if Lord Byron enjoys that length of life which we desire for his sake and our own, his future writings may probably show that he thinks better of the morals, religion, and constitution of his country, than his poems have hitherto indicated. Should we fail in a hope which we cherish fondly, the disgrace of false prophecy must rest with us, but the loss will be with Lord Byron himself.

Childe Harold, though he shuns to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, gives us a most beautiful description of the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre Bras, the alarm which called out the troops, and the hurry and confusion which preceded their march.

A beautiful elegiac stanza on the Honourable Major Howard, a relation of Lord Byron; and several verses, in which the author contemplates the character and fall of Napoleon, —close the meditations suggested by the field of Waterloo. The present situation of Buo-

naparte ought to exempt him (unless when, as in the following pages, he is brought officially before us), from such petty warfare as we can wage. But if Lord Byron supposes that Napoleon's fall was occasioned, or even precipitated, by a «just habitual scorn of men and their thoughts,» too publicly and rashly expressed, or, as he has termed it in a note, «the continued obtrusion of mankind on his want of all community of feeling with or for them,»—we conceive him to be under a material error. Far from being deficient in that necessary branch of the politician's art, which soothes the passions and conciliates the prejudices of those whom they wish to employ as instruments, Buonaparte possessed it in exquisite perfection. He seldom missed finding the very man that was fittest for his immediate purpose; and he had, in a peculiar degree, the art of moulding him to it. It was not, then, because he despised the means necessary to gain his end that he finally fell short of attaining it, but because, confiding in his stars, his fortune, and his strength, the ends which he proposed were unattainable even by the gigantic means which he possessed. But if we are to understand that the projects of Napoleon intimated, too plainly for the subsistence of his power, how little he regarded human life or human happiness in the accomplishment of his personal views, and that this conviction

heated his enemies and cooled his friends, his indeed may be called a *scorn*, but surely not a *just scorn* of his fellow-mortals.

The next theme on which the poet rushes, is the character of the enthusiastic, and as Lord Byron well terms him, « self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,» a subject naturally suggested by the scenes in which that unhappy visionary dwelt, at war with all others, and by no means at peace with himself; an affected contemner of polished society, for whose applause he secretly panted, and a waster of eloquence in praise of the savage state in which his paradoxical reasoning, and studied, if not affected, declamation, would never have procured him an instant's notice. In the following stanza, his character and foibles are happily treated.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was frenzied—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was frenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

In another part of the poem, this subject is renewed, where the traveller visits the scenery of La Nouvelle Héloïse.

Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought,
By rays which sleep there lovingly.

There is much more of beautiful and animated description, from which it appears that the impassioned parts of Rousseau's romance have made a deep impression upon the feelings of the noble poet. The enthusiasm expressed by Lord Byron is no small tribute to the power possessed by Jean-Jacques over the passions; and, to say truth, we needed some such evidence, for, though almost ashamed to avow the truth, which is probably very much to our own discredit, still, like the barber of Midas, we must speak or die, we have never been able to feel the interest, or discover the merit, of this far-famed performance. That there is much eloquence in the letters, we readily admit: there lay Rousseau's strength. But his lovers, the celebrated St Preux and Julie, have, from the earliest moment we have heard the tale (which we well remember) down to the present hour, totally failed to interest us. There might be some constitutional hardness of heart; but, like Lance's pebble-hearted cur, Crab, we remained dry-eyed, while all wept around us. And still, on resuming the volume, even now, we can see little in the loves of these

two tiresome pedants to interest our feelings for either of them; we are by no means flattered by the character of Lord Edward Bomston, produced as the representative of the English nation; and, upon the whole, consider the dulness of the story as the best apology for its exquisite immorality. To state our opinion in language much better than our own, we are unfortunate enough to regard this far-famed history of philosophical gallantry as an «unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculations, blended with the coarsest sensuality.»[1] Neither does Rousseau claim a higher rank with us on account of that Pythian and frenetic inspiration which vented

> Those oracles which set the world in flame,
> Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more.

We agree with Lord Byron that this frenzied sophist, reasoning upon false principles, or rather presenting that show of reasoning which is the worst pitch of madness, was a primary apostle of the French Revolution; nor do we differ greatly from his Lordship's conclusion, that good and evil were together overthrown in that volcanic explosion. But when Lord Byron assures us, that after the successive

[1] Burke's Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.

changes of government by which the French legislators have attempted to reach a theoretic perfection of constitution, mankind must and will begin the same work anew, in order to do it better and more effectually,—we devoutly hope the experiment, however *hopeful*, may not be renewed in our time, and that the « fixed passion » which Childe Harold describes as « holding his breath, » and waiting the « atoning hour, » will choke in his purpose ere that hour arrives. Surely the voice of dear-bought experience should now at length silence, even in France, the clamour of empirical philosophy. Who would listen a moment to the blundering mechanic who should say, « I have burned your house down ten times in the attempt, but let me once more disturb your old-fashioned chimneys and vents, in order to make another trial, and I will pledge myself to succeed in heating it upon the newest and most approved principle? »

The poem proceeds to describe, in a tone of great beauty and feeling, a night-scene witnessed on the Lake of Geneva; and each natural object, from the evening grasshopper to the stars, « the poetry of heaven, » suggests the contemplation of the connexion between the Creator and his works. The scene is varied by the « fierce and fair delight » of a thunder-storm, described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. We had marked it

for transcript, as one of the most beautiful passages of the poem; but quotation must have bounds, and we have been already liberal. But the «live thunder leaping among the rattling crags»—the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other—the plashing of the big rain—the gleaming of the wild lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea,—present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry. The Pilgrim reviews the characters of Gibbon and Voltaire, suggested by their residences on the lake of Geneva, and concludes by reverting to the same melancholy tone of feeling with which the poem commenced. Childe Harold, though not formally dismissed, glides from our observation; and the poet, in his own person, renews the affecting address to his infant daughter:—

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end.
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

He proceeds in the same tone for several

stanzas, and then concludes with this paternal benediction:—

> Sweet be thy cradled slumbers: o'er the sea,
> And from the mountains where I now respire,
> Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,
> As with a sigh I deem thou might'st have been to me.

Having finished the analysis of this beautiful poem, we have the difficult and delicate task before us, of offering some remarks on the tone and feeling in which it is composed. But before discharging this part of our duty, we must give some account of the other fasciculus with which the fertile genius of Lord Byron has supplied us.

The collection to which the *Prisoner of Chillon* gives name, inferior in interest to the continuation of *Childe Harold*, is marked, nevertheless, by the peculiar force of Lord Byron's genius. It consists of a series of detached pieces, some of them fragments, and rather poetical prolusions, then finished and perfect poems.

Some of our readers may require to be informed, that Chillon, which gives name to the first poem, is a castle on the lake of Geneva, belonging of old to the Dukes of Savoy, employed by them during the dark ages as a state prison, and furnished of course with a tremendous range of subterranean dungeons,

with a chamber dedicated to the purpose of torture, and all the apparatus of feudal tyranny. Here the earlier champions of the Reformation were frequently doomed to expiate their heretical opinions. Among the hardiest of these was Bonnivard, whom Lord Byron has selected as the hero of his poem. He was imprisoned in Chillon for nearly six years, from 1530, namely, to 1536, and underwent all the rigour of the closest captivity. But it has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of Bonnivard, nor do we find anything to remind us of the steady firmness and patient endurance of one suffering for conscience-sake. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne's celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were, a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains. This transmutation we believe to be founded on fact: at least, in the Low Countries, where capital punishments are never inflicted, and where solitary confinement for life is substituted in the case of enormous crimes, something like it may be witnessed. On particular days in the course of the year, these victims of a jurisprudence which calls itself humane, are presented to the public eye upon a stage erected in the

open market-place, apparently to prevent their guilt and their punishment from being forgotten. It is scarcely possible to witness a sight more degrading to humanity than this exhibition:—with matted hair, wild looks and haggard features, with eyes dazzled by the unwonted light of the sun, and ears deafened and astounded by the sudden exchange of the silence of a dungeon for the busy hum of men, the wretches sit more like rude images fashioned to a fantastic imitation of humanity, than like living and reflecting beings. In the course of time, we are assured, they generally become either madmen or idiots, as mind or matter happens to predominate, when the mysterious balance between them is destroyed. But they who are subjected to such a dreadful punishment are generally, like most perpetrators of gross crimes, men of feeble internal resources. Men of talents like Trenck have been known, in the deepest seclusion, and most severe confinement, to battle the foul fiend Melancholy, and to come off conquerors, during a captivity of years. Those who suffer imprisonment for the sake of their country or their religion have yet a stronger support, and may exclaim, though in a different sense from that of Othello—

> It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul.

And hence the early history of the church is

filled with martyrs, who, confident in the justice of their cause, and the certainty of their future reward, endured with patience the rigour of protracted and solitary captivity, as well as the bitterness of torture, and of death itself. This, however, is not the view which Lord Byron has taken of the character and captivity of Bonnivard, for which he has offered an apology in the following passage in the notes. « When the foregoing poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I would have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues.» The theme of the poem is therefore the gradual effect of protracted captivity upon a man of powerful mind, tried at the same time by the successive deaths of his two brethren.

It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal even for the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable, as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings. Yet as a picture, however gloomy the colouring, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn; nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corres-

ponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered.

We have said that Lord Byron occasionally, though without concealing his own original features, assumes the manner and style of his contemporaries. Of this we have more than one instance in the present collection. It is impossible to read the *Prisoner of Chillon* without finding several passages, which strongly remind us of Wordsworth. There is another, called *Churchill's Grave*, for which Southey seems to afford the model, not in his epic strains, but in his English eclogues, in which moral truths are expressed, to use the poet's own language, in « an almost colloquial plainness of language,» and an air of quaint and original expression assumed, to render the sentiment at once impressive and *piquant*. The grave of Churchill, however, might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration; for though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered, stream; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The writings of both ex-

hibit an inborn, though sometimes ill regulated, generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness. In the flower of his age, Churchill died in a foreign land. Here, we trust, the parallel will cease, and that the subject of our criticism will long survive to honour his own.[1]

Two other pieces in this miscellany recal to our mind the wild, unbridled, and fiery imagination of Coleridge. To this poet's high poetical genius we have always paid deference,—even where, perhaps, he has, too frequently for his own popularity, wandered into the wild and mystic, and left the reader at a loss accurately to determine his meaning. Perhaps in that called the *Spell*, the resemblance may be fanciful, but we cannot allow it to be so in the singular poem called *Darkness*, well entitled,

A dream which is not all a dream.

In this case, our author has abandoned the art so peculiarly his own, of showing the reader where his purpose tends, and has contented

[1] Such was the vain hope we then expressed. Alas! the resemblance was doomed to be completed in the catastrophe which we deprecated.

himself with presenting a mass of powerful ideas unarranged, and the meaning of which we certainly confess ourselves not always able to attain. A succession of terrible images is placed before us, flitting and mixing, and disengaging themselves as in the dream of a feverish man—Chimeras dire, to whose existence the mind refuses credit, which confound and weary the ordinary reader, and baffle the comprehension even of those more accustomed to the flights of a poetic muse, are dashed off as in an Arabesque painting. The subject is the progress of Utter Darkness, until it becomes, in Shakspeare's phrase, the «burier of the dead,» and the assemblage of terrific ideas which the poet has placed before us only fail in exciting our terror from the extravagance of the plan. These mystical prolusions do indeed produce upon us the effect described in Henry More's lines, quoted in Southey's Omniana—

> A lecture strange he seem'd to read to me;
> And though I did not rightly understand
> His meaning, yet I deem'd it to be
> Some goodly thing.

But the feeling of reverence which we entertain for that which is difficult of comprehension, gives way to weariness whenever we begin to suspect that it cannot be distinctly comprehended by any one.

To speak plainly, the framing of such phantasms is a dangerous employment for the exalted and teeming imagination of such a poet as Lord Byron, whose Pegasus has ever required rather a bridle than a spur. The waste of boundless space into which they lead the poet, the neglect of precision which such themes may render habitual, make them, in respect to poetry, what mysticism is to religion. The meaning of the poet as he ascends upon cloudy wing, becomes the shadow only of a thought, and having eluded the comprehension of others, necessarily ends by escaping from that of the author himself. The strength of poetical conception, and beauty of diction, bestowed upon such prolusions, is as much thrown away as the colours of a painter, could he take a cloud of mist, or a wreath of smoke, for his canvas.

Omitting one or two compositions of less interest, we cannot but notice the *Dream*, which, if we do not misconstrue it, has a covert and mysterious relation to the tale of Childe Harold. It is written with the same power of poetry, nor have we here to complain of obscurity in the mode of narrating the vision, though we pretend not to the skill or information necessary to its interpretation. It is difficult, however, to mistake who or what is meant in the conclusion, and more especially as the tone too well agrees with similar passages in the continuation of Childe Harold.

The Wanderer was alone as heretofore:
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention.
———————— he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains; with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

The reader is requested to contrast these lines with the stern and solemn passage in which Childe Harold seems to bid a long and lasting farewell to social intercourse, and, with exceptions so cautiously restricted and guarded as to be almost none, brands the mass of humanity whom he leaves behind him as false and treacherous.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things—hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing; I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

Though the last of these stanzas has something in it mystic and enigmatical, yet with the passage already quoted from the *Dream*, and some other poems which are also before the public, they remove the scrupulous delicacy with which otherwise we would have avoided allusion to the mental sufferings of the noble poet. But to uncover a wound, is to demand a surgeon's hand to tent it. With kinder feelings to Lord Byron in person and reputation no one could approach him than ourselves: we owe it to the pleasure which he has bestowed upon us, and to the honour he has done to our literature. We have paid our warmest tribute to his talents: it is their due. We will touch on the uses for which he was invested with them: it is our duty; and happy, most happy, should we be, if, in discharging it, we could render this distinguished author a real service. We do not assume the office of harsh censors—we are entitled at no time to do so towards genius, least of all in what may be termed its hour of

adversity; and we are prepared to make full allowance for the natural effect of misfortune upon a bold and haughty spirit.

> ——— When the splitting wind
> Makes flexible the knee of knotted oaks,
> And flies fled under shade, the Thing of Courage,
> As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
> And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
> Returns to chiding fortune.

But this mode of defiance may last too long, and hurry him who indulges it into further evils; and to this point our observations tend. The advice ought not to be contemned on account of the obscurity of those by whom it was given:—the roughest fisherman is an useful pilot when a gallant vessel is near the breakers; the meanest shepherd may be a sure guide over a pathless heath, and the admonition which is given in well-meant kindness should not be despised, even when tendered with a frankness which may resemble a want of courtesy.

If the conclusion of Lord Byron's literary career were to be such as these mournful verses have anticipated—if this darkness of the spirit, this scepticism concerning the existence of worth, of friendship, of sincerity, were really and permanently to sink like a gulf between this distinguished poet and society, another name will be added to the illustrious list to whom Preston's caution refers.

Still wouldst thou write?—to tame thy youthful fire,
Recall to life the masters of the lyre;
Lo, every brow the shade of sorrow wears,
And every wreath is stain'd with dropping tears!

But this is an unfair picture. It is not the temper and talents of the poet, but the use to which he puts them, on which his happiness or misery is grounded. A powerful and unbridled imagination is, we have already said, the author and architect of its own disappointments. Its fascinations, its exaggerated pictures of good and evil, and the mental distress to which they give rise, are the natural and necessary evils attending on that quick susceptibility of feeling and fancy incident to the poetical temperament. But the Giver of all talents, while he has qualified them each with its separate and peculiar alloy, has endowed the owner with the power of purifying and refining them. As if to moderate the arrogance of genius, it is justly and wisely made requisite, that the conscious possessor must regulate and tame the fire of his fancy, and descend from the heights to which she exalts him, in order to obtain ease of mind and tranquillity. The materials of happiness, that is, of such degree of happiness as is consistent with our present state, lie around us in profusion. But they lie so low, that the man of talents must stoop to gather them; and it is just they should do so, otherwise they would be beyond the reach of the

nass of society, for whose benefit, as well as or his, Providence has created them. There is no royal and no poetical path to contentment nd heart's-ease: that by which they are attained is open to all classes of mankind, and ies within the most limited range of intellect. To narrow our wishes and desires within the cope of our powers of attainment; to consider our misfortunes, however peculiar in their character, as our inevitable share in the patrimony of Adam; to bridle those irritable feelings, which, ungoverned, are sure to become governors; to shun that intensity of galling and self-wounding reflection which our poet has so forcibly described in his own burning language:

> ——— I have thought
> Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
> In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,
> A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame;—

—to stoop, in short, to the realities of life; repent if we have offended, and pardon if we have been trespassed against; to look on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve, but neither to court nor contemn—such seem the most obvious and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.

——Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

We are compelled to dwell upon this subject; for future ages, while our language is remembered, will demand of this, why Lord Byron was unhappy? We retort this query on the noble poet himself while it is called « to-day.» He does injustice to the world, if he imagines he has left it exclusively filled with those who rejoice in his sufferings. If the voice of consolation be, in cases like his, less loudly heard than that of reproach or upbraiding, it is because those who long to conciliate, to advise, to mediate, to console, are timid in thrusting forward their sentiments, and fear to exasperate where they most seek to soothe; while the busy and officious intrude, without shame or sympathy, and embitter the privacy of affliction by their rude gaze and importunate clamour. But the pain which such insects can give only lasts while the wound is raw. Let the patient submit to the discipline of the soul enjoined by religion, and recommended by philosophy, and the scar will become speedily insensible to their stings. Lord Byron may not have loved the world, but the world *has* loved him; not perhaps with a wise or discriminating affection, but as well as it is capable of loving any one. And many who do not belong to the world, as the word is generally un-

erstood, have their thoughts fixed on Lord yron, with the anxious wish and eager hope hat he will bring his powerful understanding o combat with his irritated feelings, and that is next efforts will show that he has acquired he peace of mind necessary for the free and seful exercise of his splendid talents.

I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.

# THE DUKE OF YORK.

FROM THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL, JAN. 10, 1827.

In the person of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, we may justly say, in the language of Scripture, « there has fallen this day in our Israel a Prince and a Great Man.» He has from an early period of his manhood, performed a most important part in public life. In the early wars of the French Revolution, the Duke of York commanded the British forces on the Continent, and although we claim not for his memory the admiration due to the rare and high gifts, which, in our latter times, must combine to form a military genius of the first order, yet it has never been disputed that in the field his Royal Highness displayed intelligence, military skill, and his family attribute, the most cool and unalterable courage. He had also the universal testimony of the army for

his efforts to lessen the distresses of the privates, during the horrors of an unsuccessful campaign, in which he acquired, and kept to his death, the epithet of the Soldier's Friend. It was singular that on the trial of the maniac Hatfield, where the Duke was examined as a witness, the accused person recognised his Royal Highness by that title.

But it is not on account of these early services that we now, as boldly as our poor voice may, venture to bring forward the late Duke of York's claims to the perpetual gratitude of his country. It is as the reformer and regenerator of the British army, which he brought from a state nearly allied to general contempt, to such a pitch of excellence, that we may, without much hesitation, claim for them an equality with, if not a superiority over, any troops in Europe. The Duke of York had the firmness to look into and examine the causes, which, ever since the American war, though arising out of circumstances existing long before, had gone as far to destroy the character of the British army, as the natural good materials of which it is composed would permit. The heart must have been bold that did not despair at the sight of such an Augean stable.

In the first place, our system of purchasing commissions,—itself an evil in a military point of view, and yet indispensable to the freedom of the country,—had been stretched so far as

to open the way to every sort of abuse. No science was required on the part of the candidate for a commission, no term of service as a cadet, no previous experience whatsoever; the promotion went on equally unimpeded; the boy let loose from school the last week, might in the course of a month be a field-officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were, against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle; and when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some standing, by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances bestowed upon young ladies, when pensions could not be had. We knew ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of captain in the —— dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who, at that period, actually did duty; for, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers. If they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there were no means open either of direction or of instruction. But as a zeal for knowledge rarely exists where its attainment brings no credit or advantage, the gay young

men who adopted the military profession were easily led into the fashion of thinking, that it was pedantry to be master even of the routine of the exercise which they were obliged to perform. An intelligent sergeant whispered from time to time the word of command, which his captain would have been ashamed to have known without prompting; and thus the duty of the field-day was huddled over rather than performed. It was natural, under such circumstances, that the pleasures of the mess, or of the card or billiard table, should occupy too much of the leisure of those who had so few duties to perform, and that extravagance, with all its disreputable consequences, should be the characteristic of many officers, while others, despairing of promotion, which could only be acquired by money or influence, sunk into mere machines, performing without hope or heart a task which they had learned by rote, and only remaining in the profession because it was too late to begin another.

To this state of things, by a succession of well-considered and effectual regulations, gradually the Duke of York put a stop, with a firm yet gentle hand. Terms of service were fixed for every rank, and neither influence nor money were permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the inferior rank from which he desired to be promoted. No rank short of that of the

Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his Royal Highness, could have accomplished a change so important to the service, but which yet was so unfavourable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and protegés had formerly found a brief way to promotion. Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service, while at the same time the young military aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions.

In other respects, the influence of the Commander-in-Chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating influence. The vicissitudes of real service, and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable, as it was speedily found that mere valour, however fiery, was inadequate, on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duty and discharged it, were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but chiefly distinguished at head-quarters, and most certain of promotion. Thus a taste for studying mathematics and calculations applicable to war, was gradually introduced into the army, and carried by some to a great length, while a perfect acquaintance with the routine of the field-day was positively demanded from

every field-officer in the service as an indispensable qualification.

His Royal Highness also introduced a species of moral discipline among the officers of our army, which has had the highest consequences on their character. Persons of the old school of Captain Plume and Captain Brazen, men who swore hard, drank deep, bilked tradesmen, and plucked pigeons, were no longer allowed to arrogate a character, which they could only support by deep oaths and ready swords. If a tradesman, whose bill was unpaid by an officer, thought proper to apply at the Horse-Guards, the debtor received a letter from head-quarters, requiring to know if there existed any objections to the account, and failing the party's rendering a satisfactory answer, he was put under stoppages until the creditor's demand was satisfied. Repeated applications of this kind might endanger the officer's commission, which was then sold for the payment of his creditors. Other moral delinquencies were at the same time adverted to; and without maintaining an inquisitorial strictness over the officers, or taking too close inspection of the mere gaieties and follies of youth, a complaint of any kind, implying a departure from the character of a gentleman and man of honour, was instantly inquired into by the Commander-in-Chief, and the delinquent censured or punished, as the case seemed to

require. The army was thus like a family under protection of an indulgent father, who, willing to encourage merit, checks with a timely frown the temptations to license and extravagance.

The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his Royal Highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress, the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and comfortable for the men, and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules about tying and powdering of hair, and other trifling punctilios (which had been found sometimes to goad excellent troops into mutiny), were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head-dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same time taken that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a general officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice, which our officers borrowed from the Germans), was entirely prohibited, and even regular corporal punishments by the sentence of a court-martial have been gradually diminished.

If, therefore, we find in the modern British

officer better general information, a more regular course of military study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exactions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sustains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced,—it is to the talents and labours of his Royal Highness the Duke of York that we owe this change from the state of the forces forty years since.

The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape his Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion, as light infantry, or as a battalion in quick time, slow time, double quick time, or no time at all. Thus, if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and the coun-

tenance of his Royal Highness. This one circumstance, of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are after all but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute combined movements of any sort whatsoever.

We can but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea for the orphans of soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which is a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the Staff. It comprehends two classes, one of cadets, and one of young officers of some standing; and the studies of both are directed according to the differences of their ages. The excellent officers who have been formed at this institution, are the best pledge of what is due to its founder. Again we repeat, that if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility of manœuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession, it is to the

exertions of the Duke of York that the army and the country owe this.

The former condition of the British army denied to his Royal Highness the possibility of conquering at its head; but he prepared then, for their arduous task, those soldiers by whom the victories of Britain were finally achieved.

The character of his Royal Highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation, in a branch of the public service in which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time. His judgment, in itself clear and steady, was inflexibly guided by honour and principle. No solicitations could make him promise what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstance induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. At the same time, his feelings, humane and kindly, were, upon all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wife widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done on the part of the Duke of York to render their calamities more tolerable.

As a statesman, the Duke of York, from his earliest appearance in public life, was guided by the opinions of Mr Pitt. But two circumstances are worthy of remark. First, that his

Royal Highness never permitted the consideration of politics to influence him in his department of Commander-in-Chief, but gave alike to Whig as to Tory, the preferment their service or their talents deserved. Secondly, in attaching himself to the party, whose object is supposed to be to strengthen the Crown, his Royal Highness would have been the last man to invade, in the slightest degree, the rights of the people. The following anecdote may be relied upon. At the table of the Commander-in-Chief, not many years since, a young officer entered into a dispute with Lieut.-Col.——— upon the point to which military obedience ought to be carried. The young gentleman was at the time of life when soldiers are apt to carry a sense of military duty to enthusiasm. « If the Commander-in-Chief,» said the young officer, like a second Seid, « should command me to do a thing which I knew to be civilly illegal, I should not scruple to obey him, and consider myself as relieved from all responsibility by the orders of my military superior.» —« So would not I,» returned the gallant and intelligent officer who maintained the opposite side of the question. « I should rather prefer the risk of being shot for disobedience by my commanding officer, than hanged for transgressing the laws, and violating the liberties of the country.» —« You have answered like yourself,» said his Royal Highness, whose

attention had been attracted by the vivacity of the debate; « and the officer would deserve both to be shot and hanged that should act otherwise. I trust all British officers would be as unwilling to execute an illegal command, as I trust the Commander-in-Chief is incapable of issuing one.»

The religion of the Duke of York was sincere, and he was particularly attached to the doctrines and constitution of the Church of England. In this his Royal Highness strongly resembled his father; and, like his father, he entertained a conscientious sense of the obligations of the Coronation Oath, which prevented him from acquiescing in the further relaxation of the laws against Catholics. We pronounce no opinion on the justice of his Royal Highness's sentiments on this important point; but we must presume them to have been sincerely entertained, since they were expressed at the hazard of drawing down upon his Royal Highness much odium from a party equally zealous and powerful.

In his person and countenance, the Duke of York was large, stout, and manly; he spoke with some of the indistinctness of utterance peculiar to his late father, rather than with the precision of enunciation which distinguishes the King, his Royal Brother. Indeed, his Royal Highness resembled his late Majesty perhaps the most of any of George the Third's descen-

dants. His family affections were strong, and the public cannot have forgotten the pious tenderness with which he discharged the duty of watching the last days of his Royal Father, darkened as they were by corporeal blindness and mental incapacity. No pleasure, no business, was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention. The same ties of affection united his Royal Highness to other members of his family, and particularly to its present Royal Head. Those who witnessed the coronation of his present Majesty, will long remember, as the most interesting part of that august ceremony, the cordiality with which his Royal Highness the Duke of York performed his act of homage, and the tears of affection which were mutually shed between the Royal Brethren. We are aware, that under this heavy dispensation, his Majesty will be chief mourner, not in name only, but in all the sincerity of severed affection. The King's nearest brother in blood was also his nearest in affection; and the subject who stood next to the throne, was the individual who would most willingly have laid down his life for its support.

In social intercourse the Duke of York was kind, courteous, and condescending; general attributes, we believe, of the Blood Royal of

England, and well befitting the Princes of a free country. It may be remembered, that when, in « days of youthful pride,» his Royal Highness had wounded the feelings of a young nobleman, he never thought of sheltering himself behind his rank, but manfully gave reparation by receiving the (well-nigh fatal) fire of the offended party, though he declined to return it.

We would here gladly conclude the subject; but to complete a portrait, the shades as well as the lights must be inserted, and in their foibles as well as their good qualities, Princes are the property of History. Occupied perpetually with official duty, which, to the last period of his life, he discharged with the utmost punctuality, the Duke of York was peculiarly negligent of his own affairs; and the embarrassments which arose in consequence were considerably increased by an imprudent passion for the turf and for deep play. Those unhappy propensities exhausted the funds with which the nation supplied him liberally, and sometimes produced extremities which must have been painful to a man of a temper so honourable. The exalted height of his rank, which renders it doubtless more difficult to look into and regulate domestic expenditure, together with the engrossing duties of his Royal Highness's office, may be admitted as alleviations, but not apologies for such imprudence.

A criminal passion of a different nature proved, at one part of the Duke's life, fraught with consequences likely to affect his character, destroy the confidence of the country in his efforts, and blight the fair harvest of national gratitude, for which he had toiled so hard. It was a striking illustration of the sentiment of Shakspeare :—

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make whips to scourge us.——

The Duke of York, married to Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia, Sept. 29, 1791, lived with her on terms of decency, but not of affection; and his Royal Highness had formed, with a female called Clarke, a connexion, justifiable certainly neither by the laws of religion nor morality. Imprudently he suffered this woman to express her wishes to him for the promotion of a few officers, to whose preferment there could be no other objection than that they were recommended by such a person. It ought doubtless to have occurred to the Duke, that the solicitations of a woman like this were not likely to be disinterested. In fact, she seems to have favoured one or two persons, as being her paramours—several for mere prospect of gain, which she had subordinate agents to hunt out for—and one or two from a real sense of good-nature and bene-

volence. The examination of this woman and her various profligate intimates before the House of Commons, occupied that assembly for nearly three months, with an intenseness of anxiety seldom equalled. The Duke of York was acquitted from the motion brought against him by a majority of eighty; but so strong was the outcry against him without doors, so much was the nation convinced that all Mrs Clarke said was true, and so little could they be brought to doubt that the Duke of York was a conscious and participant actor in all that person's schemes, that his Royal Highness, seeing his utility obstructed by popular prejudice, tendered to his Majesty the resignation of his office, which was accepted accordingly, March 20, 1809. And thus, as, according to Solomon, a dead fly can pollute the most precious unguent, was the honourable fame, acquired by the services of a life-time, obscured by the consequences of what the gay world would have termed a venial levity. The warning to those of birth and eminence is of the most serious nature.

This step had not been long taken, when the mist in which the question was involved began to disperse. The public accuser, in the House of Commons, Colonel Wardle, was detected in some suspicious dealings with the principal witness, Mrs Clarke. It became manifest that she was brought to the bar as a

bribed witness, and it began to be remarked that a great part of her testimony was only supported by that of her own visitors and confidants. Next occurred, in the calm moments of retrospect, the great improbability that his Royal Highness ever could know on what terms she had previously negotiated with those in whose favour she solicited. It may be well supposed she concealed her secret motive for interesting herself in such as were her abused protector's own favoured rivals; and what greater probability was there, that she should explain to him her mercenary speculations, or distinguish them from the intercessions which she made upon more honourable motives? When the matter of accusation was thus reduced to his Royal Highness's having been, in two or three instances, the dupe of an artful woman, the public began to see, that when once the guilt of entertaining a mistress was acknowledged, the disposition to gratify such a person, who must always exercise a natural influence over her paramour, followed as a matter of course. It was then that the public compared the extensive and lengthened train of public services, by which the Duke had distinguished himself in the management of the army, with the trifling foible of his having granted one or two favours, not in themselves improper, at the request of a woman who had such opportunities to press her suit; and,

doing to his Royal Highness the justice he well deserved, welcomed him back, in May, 1811, to the situation from which he had been driven, for a time, by calumny and popular prejudice.

In that high command his Royal Highness continued to manage our military affairs till within a very few days of his death. During the last years of the most momentous war that ever was waged, his Royal Highness prepared the most splendid victories our annals boast, by an unceasing attention to the character and talents of the officers, and the comforts and health of the men. Trained under a system so admirable, our army seemed to increase in efficacy, power, and even in numbers, in proportion to the increasing occasion which the public had for their services. Nor is it a less praise, that when the men so disciplined returned from scenes of battle, ravaged countries, and stormed cities, they reassumed the habits of private life as if they had never left them; and that of all the crimes which the criminal calendar presents, (in Scotland at least), there are not above one or two instances in which the perpetrators have been disbanded soldiers. This is a happy change since the reduction of the army, after the peace with America in 1783, which was the means of inundating the country with ruffians of every description; and when in the prison of Edinburgh alone, there were six or seven disbanded

soldiers under sentence of death at the same time. These advantages are not peculiar to Scotland; the amended character of the army has been felt in every part of the British Empire.

Since laying this hasty sketch before the public, men of all parties and principles have concurred in expressing similar sentiments respecting the distinguished Personage to whom we have offered our tribute of regret. We retreat from a task which is in better hands, and only claim the credit of seniority in a panegyric, which, however worthless it may be, we have not been accustomed to offer upon light grounds.

THE END.




*Henry Crossley Irwin*